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E.H.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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1857-58

A MAGAZINE OF

LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.



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BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY,
13 WINTER STREET.

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LONDON: TRÜBNER AND COMPANY.

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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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VOL. I.—NOVEMBER, 1857.—NO. I.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

My personal acquaintance with Douglas Jerrold began in the spring of 1851. I had always had a keen relish for his wit and fancy; I felt a peculiar interest in a man who, like myself, had started in life in the Navy; and one of the things poor Douglas prided himself on was his readiness to know and recognize young fellows fighting in his own profession. I shall not soon forget the dinner he gave at the Whittington Club that spring. St. Clement's had rung out a late chime before we parted; and it was a drizzly, misty small hour as he got into a cab for Putney, where he was then living. I had found him all I expected; and he did not disappoint, on further acquaintance, the promise of that first interview. It will be something to remember in after-life, that one enjoyed the friendship of so brilliant a man; and if I can convey to my readers a truer, livelier picture of his genius and person than they have been able to form for themselves hitherto, I shall be delighted to think that I have done my duty to his memory. The last summer which he lived to see is now waning; let us gather, ere it goes, the "lilies" and "purple flowers" that are due to his grave.

Jerrold's Biography is still unwritten. The work is in the hands of his eldest son,—his successor in the editorship of "*Lloyd's*,"—and will be done with pious carefulness. Meanwhile I cannot do more than *sketch* the narrative of his life; but so much, at all events, is necessary as shall enable the reader to understand the Genius and Character which I aspire to set before him.

Douglas William Jerrold was, I take it, of South-Saxon ancestry,—dashed with Scotch through his grandmother, whose maiden name was Douglas, and who is said to have been a woman of more than ordinary energy of character. As a Scot, I should like to trace him to that spreading family apostrophized by the old poet in such beautiful words,—

"O Douglas, O Douglas,
Tender and true!"

But I don't think he ever troubled himself on the subject; though he had none of that contempt for a good pedigree which is sometimes found in men of his school of politics. As regarded fortune, he owed every thing to nature and to himself; no man of our age had so thoroughly fought his own way; and no

man of any age has had a much harder fight of it. To understand and appreciate him, it was, and is, necessary to bear this fact in mind. It colored him as the Syrian sun did the old crusading warrior. And hence, too, he was in a singular degree a representative man of his age ; his age having set him to wrestle with it,—having tried his force in every way,—having left its mark on his entire surface. Jerrold and the century help to explain each other, and had found each other remarkably in earnest in all their dealings. This fact stamps on the man a kind of genuineness, visible in all his writings,—and giving them a peculiar force and raciness, such as those of persons with a less remarkable experience never possess. We are told, that, in selling yourself to the Devil, it is the proper traditional practice to write the contract in your blood. Douglas, in binding himself against him, did the same thing. You see his blood in his ink,—and it gives a depth of tinge to it.

He was the son of a country manager named Samuel Jerrold, and was born in London on the 3d of January, 1803. His father was for a long time manager of the seaport theatres of Sheerness and Southend,—which stand opposite each other, just where the Thames becomes the sea. Douglas spent most of his boyhood, therefore, about the sea-coast, in the midst of a life that was doubly dramatic,—dramatic as real, and dramatic as theatrical. There were sea, ships, sailors, prisoners, the hum of war, the uproar of seaport life, on the one hand ; on the other, the queer, rough, fairy world (to him at once fairy world and home world) of the theatre. It was a position to awaken precociously, one would think, the feelings of the quick-eyed, quick-hearted lad. No wonder he took the sea-fever to which all our blood is liable, and tried a bout of naval life. At eleven years of age he became a midy, and served a short time—not two years in all—in a vessel stationed in the North Sea. Naval life was a rough affair in those days. Jerrold's most re-

markable experience seems to have been bringing over the wounded of Waterloo from Belgium ; which stamped on his mind a sense of the horrors of war that never left him, but is marked on his writings everywhere, in spite of a certain combative turn and an admiration of heroes which also belonged to him. To the last, he had an interest in sea matters, and spoke with enthusiasm of Lord Nelson. But the literary use he made of his nautical experience ended with "Black-eyed Susan." He was a boy when he came ashore and threw himself on the very different sea of London ; and it is the influence of London that is most perceptible in his mature works. Here his work was done, his battles fought, his mind formed ; and you may observe in his writings a certain romantic and ideal way of speaking of the country, which shows that to him it was a place of retreat and luxury, rather than of sober, practical living. This is not uncommon with literary men whose lot has been cast in a great city, if they possess, as Jerrold did, that poetic temperament which is alive to natural beauty.

He now became an apprentice in a printing-office, and went through the ordinary course of a printer's life. He felt genius stirring in him, and he strove for the knowledge to give it nourishment, and the field to give it exercise. He read and wrote, as well as worked and talked. It would be a task for antiquarian research to recover his very earliest lucubrations scattered among the ephemeral periodicals of that day. Plays of his might be dug out, whose very names are unknown to his most intimate friends. He scattered his early fruit far and wide,—getting little from the world in exchange. Literature was then a harder struggle than in our days. Jerrold did not know the successful men who presided over it. He had no patrons ; and he had few friends. The isolation and poverty in which he formed his mind and style deepened the *peculiarity* which was a characteristic of

these. They gave to his genius that intense and eccentric character which it has; and no doubt (for Fortune has a way of compensating) the chill they breathed on the fruits of his young nature enriched their ripeness, as a touch of frost does with plums. The grapes from which Tokay is made are left hanging even when the snow is on them ;—all the better for Tokay !

His youth, then, was a long and hard struggle to get bread in exchange for wit ;—a struggle like that of the poor girls who sell violets in the streets. He was wont to talk of those early days very freely,—passionately, even to tears, when he got excited,—and always bravely, heartily, and with the right “moral” to follow. When Diderot had passed a whole day without bread, he vowed that if he ever got prosperous, he would save any fellow-creature that he could from such suffering. Jerrold had learned the same lesson. Through life, he took the side of the poor and weak. It was the secret, at once, of his philosophy and his politics. He got endless abuse for his eternal tirades against the great and the “respectable,”—against big-wigs of every size and shape. But the critics who attacked him for this negative pole of his intellectual character overlooked the positive one. He had kindness and sympathy enough ; but he always gave them first to those who wanted them most. And as humorist and satirist he had a natural tendency to attack power, —to play Pasquin against the world’s Pope. In fact, his radicalism was that of a humorist. He never adopted the utilitarian, or, as it was called, “philosophical,” radicalism which was so fashionable in his younger days ;—not, indeed, the Continental radicalism held by a party in England ;—but was an independent kind of warrior, fighting under his own banner, and always rather with the weapons of a man of letters than those of a politician. For the business aspect of politics he never showed any predilection from first to last.

Well, then,—picture him to yourself,

reader, a small, delicate youth, with fair, prominent features,—long, thin hair,—keen, eager, large, blue eyes, glancing out from right to left, as he walks the streets of Babylon,—and seizing with a quick impulsiveness every feeling of the hour. Still young,—and very young,—he has married for love. He is living in a cottage or villakin on the outskirts of town, where there is just a peep of green to keep one’s feelings fresh ; and he is writing for the stage. It is hard work, and sometimes the dun is at the door, and contact is inevitable with men who don’t understand the precious jewel he weareth in his head ;—but the week’s hard work is got through somehow ; and on Sundays he sallies forth for rural air with a little knot of friends, and the talk is of art, and letters, and the world. So quick and keen a nature as his had immense buoyancy in it. Nay, for the very dun young Douglas had an epigram,—as bright, but not as welcome, as a sovereign. A saying of those early days has found its way into a comedy,—but not the less belongs to his authentic biography. A threatening attorney shakes his fist at the villakin where at the window the wit is parleying with him. “I’ll put a man in the house, Sir !” “Couldn’t you,” says Douglas, (and of course the right-minded reader is shocked,) “couldn’t you make it a woman ?” What a scandalous way to treat a man of business ! Between Douglas and the lawyers, for many years, there was open war. He was a kind of Robin Hood to these representatives of the Crown,—adopting the plucky and defiant gaiety of the old outlaw, and shooting keen arrows at them with a bow that never grew weak.

The theatres were his regular sources of employment for many years, and he wrote dramas at a salary. Tradition and family connection must have led him chiefly to this walk ; for though he had some of the most important qualities of a dramatist, very few of his dramas seem likely to live,—and even these are not equal to his works in other departments. The

"Man made of Money" will outlast his best play. His most popular drama,—"Black-eyed Susan,"—though clever, pretty, and tender, is not, as a work of art, worthy of his genius; nor did he consider it so himself. In his dramas we find, I think, rather touches of character, than characters,—scenes, rather than plots,—*disjecta membra* of dramatic genius, rather than harmonious creations of it. He could not separate himself from his work sufficiently for the purposes of the higher stage. As Johnson says of "Cato," "We pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison,"—so one may say of any character of Jerrold's, that it suggests and refers us to its author. All the gold has his head on it. To be sure, there is plenty of gold; and I wish somebody would put his scores of plays, big and little, into a kind of wine-press and give us the wine. There is always the wit of the man, whether the play be "Gertrude's Cherries," or "The Smoked Mixer," or "Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life," —or what not. *That* quality never failed him. He dresses up all his characters in that brilliant livery. But dialogue is not enough for the stage, and compared with the attraction of an intense action is nothing. Besides, Jerrold found the modern taste for spectacle forming thirty years ago. In his prefaces he complains bitterly of the preference of the public for the mechanical over the higher attractions of the art. And the satirical war he waged against actors and managers showed that he looked back with little pleasure to the days when his life was chiefly occupied with them and their affairs. It may be mentioned here, that he was very shabbily treated by several people who owed fame and fortune to his genius. I have heard a curious story about his connection with Davidge, manager of the Surrey,—the original, as I take it, of his Bajazet Gay. They say that he had used Douglas very ill,—that Douglas invoked this curse upon him,—"that he might live to keep his carriage, and yet not be able to ride in it,"—and that it was fulfilled, curiously, to the letter. The

ancient gods, we know, took the comic poet under their protection and avenged him. Was this a case of the kind,—or but a flying false anecdote? I would not be certain;—but at least, when Davidge died one evening, and Douglas was informed of the hour, he remarked, "I did not think he would have died before the half-price came in!" Sordid fellows are not safe from genius even in the grave. It spoils their sepulchral monuments,—as the old heralds tore the armorial blazonry from plebeian tombs.

His first fame and success, however, were owing to the Drama; and though his non-dramatic labors were greater and still more successful, he never altogether left the stage. I repeat, that I value his plays, most, because they helped to discipline him for his after-work; and I thank the theatre chiefly for ripening in its heat the philosophic humorist. That was the real character of the man. He tried many things, and he produced much; but the root of him was that he was a humorous thinker. He did not write first-rate plays, or first-rate novels, rich as he was in the elements of playwright and novelist. He was not an artist. But he had a rare and original eye and soul,—and in a peculiar way he could pour out himself. In short, to be an Essayist was the bent of his nature and genius. English literature is rich in such men,—in men whose works are cherished for the individuality they reveal. What the Song is in poetry the Essay is in prose. The producer pours out himself in his own way, and cannot be separated even in thought from that which he has produced. Jerrold's characters in plays and novels are interesting to me because they are Jerrold in masquerade.

But none of us are just what we should like to be. Fortune has her say in the matter; and as Bacon observes, a man's fortune works on his nature, and his nature on his fortune. Many a play Jerrold no doubt wrote when he would rather have been writing something else,—and so on, as life rolled by, and the day that was passing over him required to be pro-

vided for. His fight for fame was long and hard ; and his life was interrupted, like that of other men, by sickness and pain. In the stoop in his gait, in the lines in his face, you saw the man who had reached his Ithaca by no mere yachting over summer seas. And hence, no doubt, the utter absence in him of all that conventionalism which marks the man of quiet experience and habitual conformity to the world. In the streets, a stranger would have known Jerrold to be a remarkable man ; you would have gone away speculating on him. In talk, he was still Jerrold ;—not Douglas Jerrold, Esq., a successful gentleman, whose heart and soul you were expected to know nothing about, and with whom you were to eat your dinner peaceably, like any common man. No. He was at all times Douglas the peculiar and unique,—with his history in his face, and his genius on his tongue,—nay, and after a little, with his heart on his sleeve. This made him piquant ; and the same character makes his writings piquant. Hence, too, he is often *quaint*,—a word which describes what no other word does,—always conveying a sense of originality, and of what, when we wish to be condemnatory, we call egotism, but which, when it belongs to genius, is delightful.

As he became better known, he wrote in higher quarters. "Men of Character" appeared in "Blackwood,"—a curious collection of philosophical stories ;—for artist he was not ; he was always a thinker. He had a way of dressing up a bit of philosophical observation into a story very happily. He had much feeling for symbol, and, like the old architects, would fill all things, pretty or ugly, with meaning. When one reads these stories, one does not feel as if it were the writer's vocation to be a story-teller, but as if he were using the story as a philosophical toy. And it was fortunate for him that he fell on an age of periodicals, a class of works which just suited his genius. He and the modern development of periodical literature grew up together, and grew prosperous together. He was never com-

pletely known in England till after the establishment of "Punch." An independent and original organ just suited him, above all ; for there he had the full play which he required as a humorist, and as a self-formed man with a peculiar style and experience. "Punch" was the "Argo" which conveyed him to the Golden Fleece.

Up to the time of the appearance of this journal, Jerrold had scattered himself very freely over periodical literature. He had conquered a position. He had formed his mind. He had seen the world in many phases, and besides his knowledge of London, had varied his experience of that city by a lengthened residence in France. Still, he had not yet caught the *nation*,—there being many degrees of celebrity below that stage of it ; and now, in middle life, his best and crowning success was to begin.

I believe that Jerrold had long desiderated a "Punch" ; but it is certain that the present famous periodical of that name was started by his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Mayhew. For a while it had no great success, and the copyright was sold for a small sum to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Success came, and such a success that "Punch" must always last as part of the comic literature of England. That literature is rich in political as well as other forms of satire ; and from various causes, about the time of "Punch," political satire was at a low ebb. The newspapers no longer published squibs as they once had done. The days of the Hooks and Moores had gone by ; there was nobody to do with the pen what H. B. did with the pencil. So "Punch" was at once a novelty and a necessity,—from its width of scope, its joint pictorial and literary character, and its exclusive devotion to the comic features of the age. "Figaro" (a satirical predecessor, by Mr. a Beckett) had been very clever, but wanted many of "Punch's" features, and was, above all, not so calculated to hit "society" and get into families.

Jerrold's first papers of mark in "Punch" were those signed "Q." His

style was now formed, as his mind was, and these papers bear the stamp of his peculiar way of thinking and writing. Assuredly, his is a *peculiar* style in the strict sense; and as marked as that of Carlyle or Dickens. You see the self-made man in it,—a something *sui generis*,—not formed on the “classical models,” but which has grown up with a kind of twist in it, like a tree that has had to force its way up surrounded by awkward environments. Fundamentally, the man is a thinking humorist; but his mode of expression is strange. The perpetual inversions, the habitual irony, the mingled tenderness and mockery, give a kind of gnarled surface to the style, which is pleasant when you get familiar with it, but which repels the stranger, and to some people even remains permanently disagreeable. I think it was his continual irony which at last brought him to writing as if under a mask; whereas it would have been better to write out flowingly, musically, and lucidly. His mixture of satire and kindness always reminds me of those lanes near Beyrouth in which you ride with the prickly-pear bristling alongside of you, and yet can pluck the grapes which force themselves among it from the fields. Inveterately satirical as Jerrold is, he is even “spoonily” tender at the same time; and it lay deep in his character; for this wit and *bon-vivant*, the merriest and wittiest man of the company, would cry like a child, as the night drew on, and the talk grew serious. No theory could be more false than that he was a cold-blooded satirist,—sharp as steel is sharp, from being hard. The basis of his nature was sensitiveness and impulsiveness. His wit is not of the head only, but of the heart,—often sentimental, and constantly *fanciful*, that is, dependent on a quality which imperatively requires a sympathetic nature to give it full play. Take those “Punch” papers which soon helped to make “Punch” famous, and Jerrold himself better known. Take the “Story of a Feather,” as a good expression of his more earnest and tender mood. How

delicately all the part about the poor actress is worked up! How moral, how stoical, the feeling that pervades it! The bitterness is healthy,—healthy as bark. We cannot always be

“Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet;”

in the presence of such phenomena as are to be seen in London alongside of our civilization. If any feeling of Jerrold’s was intense, it was his feeling of sympathy with the poor. I shall not soon forget the energy and tenderness with which he would quote these lines of his favorite Hood:—

“Poor Peggy sells flowers from street to street,
And—think of that, ye who find life sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses.”

He was, therefore, to be pardoned when he looked with extreme suspicion and severity on the failings of the rich. *They* at least, he knew, were free from those terrible temptations which beset the unfortunate. They could protect themselves. They needed to be reminded of their duties. Such was his view, though I don’t think he ever carried it so far as he was accused of doing. Nay, I think he sometimes had to prick up his zeal before assuming the *flagellum*. For a successful, brilliant man like himself,—full of humor and wit,—eminently convivial, and sensitive to pleasure,—the temptation rather was to adopt the easy philosophy that every thing was all right,—that the rich were wise to enjoy themselves with as little trouble as possible,—and that the poor (good fellows, no doubt) must help themselves on according as they got a chance. It was to Douglas’s credit that he always felt the want of a deeper and holier theory, and that, with all his gaiety, he felt it incumbent on him to use his pen as an implement of what he thought reform. Indeed, it was a well-known characteristic of his, that he disliked being talked of as “a wit.” He thought (with justice) that he had something better in him than most wits, and he sacredly cherished high aspirations.

To him buffoonery was pollution. He attached to *salt* something of the sacredness which it bears in the East. He was fuller of repartee than any man in England, and yet was about the last man that would have condescended to be what is called a "diner-out." It is a fact which illustrates his mind, his character, and biography.

The "Q." papers, I say, were the first essays which attracted attention in "Punch." In due time followed his "Punch's Letters to his Son," and "Complete Letter-Writer," with the "Story of a Feather," mentioned above. A basis of philosophical observation, tinged with tenderness, and a dry, ironical humor,—all, like the Scottish lion in heraldry, "within a double tressure-fleurie and counter-fleurie" of wit and fancy,—such is a Jerroldian paper of the best class in "Punch." It stands out by itself from all the others,—the sharp, critical knowingness, sparkling with puns, of a Beckett,—the inimitable, wise, easy, playful, worldly, social sketch of Thackeray. In imagery he had no rivals there; for his mind had a very marked tendency to the ornamental and illustrative,—even to the grotesque. In satire, again, he had fewer competitors than in humor;—sarcasms lurk under his similes, like wasps in fruit or flowers. I will just quote one specimen from a casual article of his, because it happens to occur to my memory, and because it illustrates his manner. The "Chronicle" had been attacking some artists in whom he took an interest. In replying, he set out by telling how in some vine countries they repress the too luxuriant growths by sending in asses to crop the shoots. Then he remarked gravely, that young artists required pruning, and added, "How thankful we ought all to be that the 'Chronicle' keeps a donkey!" This is an average specimen of his playful way of ridiculing. In sterner moods he was grander. Of a Jew money-lender he said, that "he might die like Judas, but that he had no bowels to gush out";—also, that "he would have sold

our Saviour for *more money*." An imaginative color distinguished his best satire, and it had the deadly and wild glitter of war-rockets. This was the most original quality, too, of his satire, and just the quality which is least common in our present satirical literature. He had read the old writers,—Browne, Donne, Fuller, and Cowley,—and was tinged with that richer and quainter vein which so emphatically distinguishes them from the prosaic wits of our day. His weapons reminded you of Damascus rather than Birmingham.

A wit with a mission,—this was the position of Douglas in the last years of his life. Accordingly he was a little ashamed of the immense success of the "Caudle Lectures,"—the fame of which I remember being bruited about the Mediterranean in 1845,—and which, as social drolleries, set nations laughing. Douglas took their celebrity rather sulkily. He did not like to be talked of as a funny man. However, they just hit the reading English,—always domestic in their literary as in their other tastes,—and so helped to establish "Punch" and to diffuse Jerrold's name. He began now to be a Power in popular literature; and coming to be associated with the *liberal* side of "Punch," especially, the Radicals throughout Britain hailed him as a chief. Hence, in due course, his newspaper and his magazine,—both of which might have been permanently successful establishments, had his genius for business borne any proportion to his genius for literature.

This, however, was by no manner of means the case. His nature was altogether that of a literary man and artist. He could not speak in public. He could not manage money matters. He could only write and talk,—and these rather as a kind of *improvvisatore*, than as a steady, reading, bookish man, like a Mackintosh or a Macaulay. His politics partook of this character, and I always used to think that it was a queer destiny which made him a Radical teacher. The Radical literature of England is,

with few exceptions, of a prosaic character. The most famous school of radicalism is utilitarian and systematic. Douglas was, emphatically, neither. He was impulsive, epigrammatic, sentimental. He dashed gaily against an institution, like a *picador* at a bull. He never sat down, like the regular workers of his party, to calculate the expenses of monarchy or the extravagance of the civil list. He had no notion of any sort of "economy." I don't know that he had ever taken up political science seriously, or that he had any preference for one kind of form of government over another. I repeat,—his radicalism was that of a humorist. He despised big-wigs, and pomp of all sorts, and, above all, humbug and formalism. But his radicalism was important as a sign that our institutions are ceasing to be picturesque; of which, if you consider his nature, you will see that his radicalism *was* a sign. And he did service to his cause. Not an abuse, whether from the corruption of something old, or the injustice of something new, but Douglas was out against it with his sling. He threw his thought into some epigram which stuck. Praising journalism once, he said, "When Luther wanted to crush the Devil, didn't he throw *ink* at him?" Recommending Australia, he wrote, "Earth is so kindly there, that, tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest." The last of these sayings is in his best manner, and would be hard to match anywhere for grace and neatness. Here was a man to serve his cause, for he embodied its truths in forms of beauty. His use to his party could not be measured like that of commoner men, because of the rarity and attractive nature of the gifts which he brought to its service. They had a kind of *incalculable* value, like that of a fine day, or of starlight.

He was now immersed in literary activity. He had all kinds of work on hand. He brought out occasionally a five-act comedy, full as usual of wit. He wrote in "*Punch*,"—started a news-

paper,—started a magazine,—published a romance,—all within a few years of each other. The romance was "*A Man made of Money*," which bids fair, I think, to be read longer than any of his works. It is one of those fictions in which, as in "*Zanoni*," "*Peter Schlemil*," and others, the supernatural appears as an element, and yet is made to conform itself in action to real and every-day life, in such a way that the understanding is not shocked, because it reassures itself by referring the supernatural to the regions of allegory. Shall we call this a kind of bastard-allegory? Jericho, when he first appears, is a common man of the common world. He is a money-making, grasping man, yet with a bitter savour of satire about him which raises him out of the common place. Presently it turns out, that by putting his hand to his heart he can draw away bank-notes,—only that it is his life he is drawing away. The conception is fine and imaginative, and ought to rank with the best of those philosophical stories so fashionable in the last century. Its working-out in the every-day part is brilliant and pungent; and much ingenuity is shown in connecting the tragic and mysterious element in Jericho's life with the ordinary, vain, worldly existence of his wife and daughters. It is startling to find ourselves in the regions of the impossible, just as we are beginning to know the persons of the fable. But the mind reassures itself. This Jericho, with his mysterious fate,—is not he, in this twilight of fiction, shadowing to us the real destiny of real money-grubbers whom we may see any day about our doors? Has not the money become the very life of many such? And so feeling, the reader goes pleasantly on,—just excited a little, and raised out of the ordinary temperature in which fiction is read, by the mystic atmosphere through which he sees things,—and ends, acknowledging that with much pleasure he has also gathered a good moral. For his mere amusement the best fireworks have been cracking round him on his

journey. In short, I esteem this Jerrold's best book,—the one which contains most of his mind. Certain aspects of his mind, indeed, may be seen even to better advantage in others of his works; his sentimental side, for instance, in "Clovernoak," where he has let his fancy run riot like honeysuckle, and overgrow every thing; his wit in "Time works Wonders," which blazes with epigrams like Vauxhall with lamps. But "A Man made of Money" is the completest of his books as a creation, and the most characteristic in point of style,—is based on a principle which predominated in his mind,—is the most original in imaginativeness, and the best sustained in point and neatness, of the works he has left.

During the years of which I have just been speaking, Jerrold lived chiefly in a villa at Putney, and afterwards at St. John's Wood,—the mention of which fact leads me to enter on a description of him in his private, social, and friendly relations. Now-a-days it is happily expected of every man who writes of another to recognize his humanity,—not to treat him as a machine for the production of this or that—scientific, or literary, or other—material. *Homo sum* is the motto of the biographer, and so of the humbler biographic sketcher. Jerrold is just one of those who require and reward this kind of personal sympathy and attention;—so radiant was the man of all that he put into his books!—so quick, so warm, so full of light and life, wit and impulse! He was one of the few who in their conversation entirely come up to their renown. He sparkled wherever you touched him, like the sea at night.

The first thing I have to remark, in treating of Jerrold the man, is the entire harmony between that figure and Jerrold the writer. He talked very much as he wrote, and he acted in life on the principles which he advocated in literature. He united, remarkably, simplicity of character with brilliancy of talk. For instance, with all his success, he never sought higher society than that which

he found himself gradually and by a natural momentum borne into, as he advanced. He never suppressed a flash of indignant sarcasm for fear of startling the "genteel" classes and Mrs. Grundy. He never aped aristocracy in his household. He would go to a tavern for his oysters and a glass of punch as simply as they did in Ben Jonson's days; and I have heard of his doing so from a sensation of boredom at a very great house indeed,—a house for the sake of an admission to which, half Bayswater would sell their grandmothers' bones to a surgeon. This kind of thing stamped him in our polite days as one of the old school, and was exceedingly refreshing to observe in an age when the anxious endeavour of the English middle classes is to hide their plebeian origin under a mockery of patrician elegance. He had none of the airs of success or reputation,—none of the affectations, either personal or social, which are rife everywhere. He was manly and natural,—free and off-handed to the verge of eccentricity. Independence and marked character seemed to breathe from the little, rather bowed figure, crowned with a lion-like head and falling light hair,—to glow in the keen, eager, blue eyes glancing on either side as he walked along. Nothing could be less commonplace, nothing less conventional, than his appearance in a room or in the streets.

His quick, impulsive nature made him a great talker, and conspicuously convivial,—yea, convivial, at times, up to heights of vinous glory which the Currans and Sheridans shrank not from, but which a respectable age discourages. And here I must undertake the task of saying something about his conversational wit,—so celebrated, yet so difficult (as is notoriously the case with all wits) to do justice to on paper.

The first thing that struck you was his extreme *readiness* in conversation. He gave the electric spark whenever you put your knuckle to him. The first time I called on him in his house at Putney, I found him sipping claret. We

talked of a certain dull fellow whose wealth made him prominent at that time.

"Yes," said Jerrold, drawing his finger round the edge of his wineglass, "that's the range of his intellect,—only it had never any thing half so good in it." I quote this merely as one of the average *bons-mots* which made the small change of his ordinary conversation. He would pun, too, in talk, which he scarcely ever did in writing. Thus he extemporized as an epitaph for his friend Charles Knight, "GOOD NIGHT!"—

When Mrs. Glover complained that her hair was turning gray,—from using essence of lavender (as she said),—he asked her "whether it wasn't essence of thyme?"—On the occasion of starting a convivial club, (he was very fond of such clubs,) somebody proposed that it should consist of twelve members, and be called "The Zodiac,"—each member to be named after a sign. "And what shall I be?" inquired a somewhat solemn man, who feared that they were filled up. "Oh, we'll bring you in as the weight in Libra," was the instant remark of Douglas.—A noisy fellow had long interrupted a company in which he was. At last the bore said of a certain tune, "It carries me away with it." "For God's sake," said Jerrold, "let somebody whistle it."—Such *dictoria*, as the Romans called them, bristled over his talk. And he flashed them out with an eagerness, and a quiver of his large, somewhat coarse mouth, which it was quite dramatic to see. His intense chuckle showed how hearty was his gusto for satire, and that wit was a regular habit of his mind.

I shall set down here some *Jerroldiana* current in London,—some heard by myself, or otherwise well authenticated. Remember how few we have of George Selwyn's, Hanbury Williams's, Hook's, or indeed any body's, and you will not wonder that my handful is not larger.

When the well-known "Letters" of Miss Martineau and Atkinson appeared, Jerrold observed that their creed was,

"There is no God, and Miss Martineau is his prophet."

"I have had such a curious dinner!" said C. "Calves' tails."—"Extremes meet," Douglas said, instantly.

He admired Carlyle; but objected that he did not give definite suggestions for the improvement of the age which he rebuked. "Here," said he, "is a man who beats a big drum under my windows, and when I come running down stairs has nowhere for me to go."

A wild Republican said profanely, that Louis Blanc was "next to Jesus Christ."—"On which side?" asked the wit.

Pretty Miss —, the actress, being mentioned, he praised her early beauty. "She was a lovely little thing," he said, "when she was a bud, and"—(a pause)—"before she was a blowen'."—This was in a very merry vein, and the serious reader must forgive me.

He called a small, thin London *littérateur* of his acquaintance, "a pin without the head or the point."

When a plain, not to say ugly, gentleman intimated his intention of being godfather to somebody's child, Jerrold begged him not to give the youngster his "mug."

A dedication to him being spoken of,—"Ah!" said he, with mock gravity, "that's an awful power that — has in his hands!"

Carlyle and a much inferior man being coupled by some sapient review as "biographers,"—"Those two joined!" he exclaimed. "You can't plough with an ox and an ass."

"Is the legacy to be paid immediately?" inquired somebody,—*apropos* of a will which made some noise.—"Yes, on the coffin-nail," answered he.

Being told that a recent play had been "done to order,"—he observed, that "it would be done to a good many 'orders,' he feared."

It may be honestly said that these are average specimens of the pleasantries which flowed from him in congenial society. His talk was full of such, among friends and acquaintance, and he certainly enjoyed the applause which they excited. But in his graver and tenderer moods, in the country walks and lounges of which he was fond, his range was higher and deeper. For a vein of natural poetry and piety ran through the man,—wit and satirist as he was,—and appeared in his speech, occasionally, as in his writings.

A long habit of indulgence in epigram had made him rather apt to quiz his friends. But we are to remember that he was encouraged in this, and that a self-indulgent man is only too liable to have the nicety of his sensitiveness spoiled. Certainly, he had a kind heart and good principles. He would lend any man money, or give any man help,—even to the extent of weakness and imprudence. This was one reason why he died no better off,—and one reason why his friends have so much exerted themselves to pay a tribute to his memory in the shape of an addition to the provision he had made for his family. The quickness of feeling which belonged to him made him somewhat ready to take offence. But if he was easily ruffled, he was easily smoothed. Of few men could you say, that their natural impulses were better, or that, given such a nature and such a fortune, they would have arrived at fifty-four years of age with so young a heart.

The last literary event of any magnitude in Jerrold's life was his assuming the editorship of "Lloyd's Newspaper." This journal, which before his connection with it had no position to brag of, rose under his hands to great circulation and celebrity. Every week, there you traced his hand at its old work of embroidering with queer and fanciful sarcasm some bit of what he thought timely and necessary truth. Against all tyrants, all big-wigged impostors, black, white, or gray, was his hammer ringing, and sparks of wit were flying about as

ever under his hand. He was getting up in years; but still there seemed many to be hoped for him, yet. Though not so active in schemes as formerly, he still talked of works to be done; and at "Our Club," and such-like friendly little associations, the wit was all himself, and came to our stated meetings as punctually as a star to its place in the sky. He had suffered severely from illness, especially from rheumatism, at various periods of life; and he had lived freely and joyously, as was natural to a man of his peculiar gifts. But, *death!* We never thought of the brilliant and radiant Douglas in connection with the black river. He would have sunk Charon's boat with a shower of epigrams, one would have fancied, if the old fellow, with his squalid beard, had dared to ask *him* into the stern-sheets. To more than one man who knew him intimately the first announcement of his decease was made by the "Times."

On the evening of the 16th of May, I met him,—as I frequently did on Saturday evenings,—and on no evening do I remember him more lively and brilliant. Next Saturday, I believe, he was at the same kindly board; but some accident kept me away;—I never saw him again. Soon after, he was taken ill. There passed a week of much suffering. June had come, warm and rainy, but our friend was dying. The nature of the illness might be doubtful, but there could be no doubt that the end was near. He prepared himself to meet it. He sent friendly messages of farewell to those he loved, begging, too, that if what he had ever said had pained any one, he might now be forgiven. His mind was made up, and his children were all about him. On a fine evening in the first week of June, he was moved to the window, that he might see the sun setting. On Monday, the eighth of that month, being perfectly conscious almost till the very last, he died.

The time is not yet come to discuss what his ultimate place will be in the literature of his century. It will not be

denied that he was a man of rare gifts, and of a remarkable experience in life; and his life and the popularity of his writings will by and by help posterity to understand this our generation. Meanwhile I shall leave him in his resting-place in Norwood, among the hills and fields of Surrey, near the grave of the friend of his youth, the gentle and gifted Laman Blanchard, where he was laid on the 15th of June, amidst a concourse of people not often assembled round the remains of one who has begun life as humbly as he did.

His death made a great impression;

and the acuteness with which his friends felt it said more than could be said in a long dissertation for the kindly and love-inspiring qualities of the man. As soon as it appeared that his family were left in less prosperous circumstances than had been hoped, their interest took an active form. A committee met to organize a plan by which the genius of those who had known Jerrold might be employed in raising a provision for his family. The rest has been duly recorded in the newspapers, where the success of these benevolent exertions may be read.

FLORENTINE MOSAICS.

I.

HISTORICAL.

THE capital of Tuscany—according to its most respectable and veracious chroniclers—is the oldest city extant. Its history is traced with great accuracy up to the Deluge, which is as much as could be reasonably expected. The egg of Florence is Fiesole. This city, according to the conscientious and exhaustive Villani,* was built by a grandson of Noah, Attalus by name, who came into Italy in order “to avoid the confusion occasioned by the building of the Tower of Babel.”† Noah and his wife had, however, already made a visit to Tuscany, soon after the Deluge; so that it is not remarkable that “King Attalus” should have felt inclined to visit the estates of his ancestor. At the same time, it is obvious that the Noahs had not been satisfied with the locality, and had reëmigrated; for Attalus, upon his arrival, found Italy entirely without inhabitants. He, therefore, with great propriety claimed jurisdiction over the whole coun-

try, elected himself king, and his wife Electra queen; built himself a palace, with a city attached to it; and in short, made himself, generally, at home. We are also fortunate in having some genealogical particulars as to his wife’s antecedents; and it is to be regretted that modern historians, of the skeptical, the irreverent, and the startling schools, could not imitate the gravity, the good faith, and the respect for things established, by which the elder chroniclers were inspired. The apothecaries of the Middle Ages never dealt so unkindly with the Pharaohs of Egypt, as the historical excavators of more recent times have done with the embalmed, crowned, and consecrated mummies which they have been pleased to denounce as delusions. Your Potiphars or your Mizraims, even when converted into balsam, or employed as a styptic, were at least not denuded of their historical identity by the druggists who reduced their time-honored remains to a powder. Their dust was made merchandise, but their characters were respected. Moreover, there was an object and a motive, even if mistaken ones, on the part of the mediæval charla-

* Cronica. Lib. I. c. vii.

† “per evitare la confusione creata per la edificazione della torre di Babel,” etc.

tans. But what ointment, what soothing syrup, what panacea has been the result of all this pulverizing of Semiramis and Sardanapalus, Mucius Scævola and Junius Brutus? Are all the characters graven so deeply by the stylus of Clio upon so many monumental tablets, and almost as indelibly and quite as painfully upon school-boy memory, to be sponged out at a blow, like chalk from a black-board? We, at least, cling fondly to our Tarquins; we shudder when the abyss of historic incredulity swallows up the familiar form of Mettus Curtius; we refuse to be weaned from the she-wolf of Romulus. Your unbelieving Guy Faux, who approaches the stately superstructures of history, not to gaze upon them with the eye of faith and veneration, but only that he may descend to the vaults, with his lantern and his keg of critical gunpowder, in order to blow the whole fabric sky-high,—such an ill-conditioned trouble-tomb should be burned in effigy once a year.

Electra, then, wife of Attalus, founder and king of Fiesole, was of very brilliant origin, being no less than one of the Pleiades, and the only one of the sisters who seems to have married into a patriarchal family. "The reason why the seven stars are seven is a pretty reason"; but it is not "because they are not eight," as Lear suggests, but, as we now discover by patient investigation, because one of them had married and settled in Tuscany. We are not informed whether the lost Pleiad, thus found on the Arno, was happy or not, after her removal from that more elevated sphere which she had just begun to move in. But if respectability of connection and a pleasant locality be likely to insure contentment to a fallen star, we have reason to believe that she found herself more comfortable than Lucifer was after his emigration.

Great care must be taken not to confound Attalus with Tantalus,—a blunder which, as Villani observes,* is often committed by ignorant chroniclers. But Tantalus, as we all very well know, was the son

of Jupiter, and grandson of Saturn. Now we are quite sure that Noah never married a daughter of Saturn, because that voracious heathen ate up all his children except Jupiter. This simple fact precludes all possibility of a connection with Saturn by the mother's side, and illustrates the advantage of patient historical investigation, when founded upon a reverence for traditional authority. Had it not been for such an honest chronicler as Giovanni Villani, our historic thirst might have been tantalized for seven centuries longer with this delusion. Certainly, to confound Tantalus, ancestor of all the Trojans, with Attalus, ancestor of all the Tuscans, would be worse than that "confusion of Babel" which the quiet-loving potentate came to Florence to avoid.

Attalus brought with him from Babel an eminent astrologer and civil engineer, who assured him, after careful experiments, that, of all places in Europe, the mount of Fiesole was the healthiest and the best. He was therefore ordered to build the city there at once. When finished, it was called *Fia sola*, because of its solitariness; Attalus, in consequence of his participation in the Babel confusion, having become familiar with Tuscan several thousand years before that language was invented. The city, thus auspiciously established, flourished forty or fifty centuries, more or less, without the occurrence of any event worth recording, down to the time of Catiline. The Fiesolans, unfortunately, aided and comforted that conspirator in his designs against Rome, and were well punished for their crime by Julius Cæsar, who battered their whole town about their ears, in consequence, and then ploughed up their territory, and sowed it with salt. The harvest of that agricultural operation was reaped by Florence; for the conqueror immediately afterwards, by command of the Roman Senate, converted a little suburb at the bottom of the hill into a city. Into this the Fiesolans removed at once, and found themselves very comfortable there; being saved the trouble of going up and down

* Cron. Lib. I. c. vii.

a mountain every time they came out and went home again. Florence took its name from one Fiorino, marshal of the camp, in the Roman army, who was killed in the battle of Fiesole. As he was the flower of chivalry, his name was thought of good augury; the more so, as roses and lilies sprang forth plenteously from the spot where he fell. Hence the fragrant and poetical name which the City of Flowers has retained until our days; and hence the cognizance of the three flowers-de-luce which it has borne upon its shield. Julius Cæsar, whose sword had severed the infant city from its dead mother in so Cæsarean a fashion, had set his heart upon calling the town after himself, and took the contrary decree of the Roman Senate very much in dudgeon. He therefore left the country in a huff, and revenged himself by annihilating vast numbers of unfortunate Gauls, Britons, Germans, and other barbarians, who happened to come in his way.

The first public edifice of any importance erected in the city was a temple to Mars, with a colossal statue of that divinity in the midst of it. This is the present baptistery, formerly cathedral, of Saint John; for the temple never was destroyed, and never can be destroyed, until the day of judgment. This we know on the authority of more than one eminent historian. It is also proved by an inscription to that effect in the mosaic pavement, which any one may inspect who chooses to do so.*

The town was utterly destroyed A. D. 450, by Totila, *Flagellum Dei*, who, with great want of originality, immediately rebuilt Fiesole; thus repeating, but reversing, the achievement of the Romans five hundred years before. So Fiesole and Florence seem to have alternately filled and emptied themselves, like two buckets in a well, down to the time of Charlemagne. That emperor rebuilt Florence, but experienced some difficulty in doing so, by reason of the statue of Mars, which had been thrown into the Arno. The temple, converted

to Christian purposes, had been the only building to escape the wrath of Totila; but owing to the pagan incantations practised when the town was originally consecrated to the god of war, the statue of that divinity would not consent to lie quietly and ignominiously in the bed of the Arno, while his temple and town were appropriated to other purposes. The river was dragged. The statue was found and set upon a column near the edge of the river, on a spot which is now the head of the Ponte Vecchio. True to its pugnacious character, it brought nothing but turbulence and bloodshed upon the town. The long and memorable feuds between the Guelphs and Ghibellines began by the slaying of Buondelmonte in his wedding dress, at the base of the statue. (A. D. 1215.)

There could be no better foundation for romance or drama than the famous Buondelmonte marriage, before which, sings Dante, Florence had never cause to shed a tear, and after which the white lily of her escutcheon was dyed red in her heart's blood. There were four noble families in Florence, of surpassing importance,—the Buondelmonti, the Uberti, the Donati, and the Amidei. A match-making widow of the Donati has a daughter of extraordinary beauty, whom she intends to bestow in marriage upon the young chief of the Buondelmonti. Before she has time to complete her arrangements, however, Buondelmonte betroths himself to a daughter of the house of Amidei. Signora Donati waylays him, as he passes the door, and suddenly displays to him the fatal beauty of her daughter. "She should have been your bride," said the widow, "had you not been so hasty." The gentleman, dazzled by the beauty of the girl, and satisfied by the prudent mother as to the dowry, marries Signorina Donati upon the spot. Next day, riding across the Ponte Vecchio upon a white horse, he is beset by a party of friends and relatives of the deserted damsel, and killed close by the statue of Mars. All the nobles of Florence take part in the question;

* Villani, Cron. Lib. I. c. xlvi.

upon one side the Nerli, the Rossi, the Frescobaldi, the ——; but “courage, gentle reader,” as Tristram Shandy observes, in his famous historical chapter upon Calais; “I scorn it; ‘tis enough to have thee in my power; but to make use of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee would be too much.”

Thirty years long, then, the town gates were all fastened, and the streets all chained, so as to make many little compact inclosures for slaughtering purposes; while the whites and blacks, Guelphs and Ghibellines, red caps and brown, all buffeted each other pell-mell. To the exhaustion thus produced of noble blood is often ascribed the establishment of a popular government at the close of the thirteenth century. The causes lay really much deeper, however,—in the great revolutions consequent upon the extinction of the Suabian dynasty, and in the wonderful progress in culture made by the Florentine democracy.

O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti
Le nozze sue per gli altri conforti!
Molti sarebber lieti, che son tristi,
Se Dio t' avesse conceduto ad Ema
La prima volta ch' a città venisti.
Ma conveniasi a quella pietra scema
Che guarda il ponte, che Fiorenza fesse
Vittima nella sua pace postrema.
Con queste genti, e con altre con esse,
Vid' io Fiorenza in sì fatto riposo,
Che non avea cagione onde piangesse.
Con queste genti vid' io glorioso
E giusto il popol suo tanto, che 'l giglio
Non era ad asta mai posto a ritroso,
Nè per division fatto ver miglio.

Paradiso, XVI. 140-154.

II.

SAN MINIATO.

The walk to the church of San Miniato is a paved, steep path, through olive orchards fringed by a row of cypresses, to the little church of San Salvadore; thence, through a garden of roses and cabbages, fresh and fragrant in the December sun, to the convent of Miniato. From the terrace is one of the best views of the city; not so fine, however, as that

from Bello Sguardo. The gentle, beautiful chain of hills which encircle Florence smile cheerfully in the sunshine, clapping their hands and skipping like lambs, if little hills ever did make such a demonstration. These environs of the town are like a frame of golden filigree, almost too fantastic a one for so shadowy and sombre a city. The green hill-sides and plains are sown thickly with palaces and villas glancing whitely through silvery forests of olives and myrtle; while the distant Apennines, like guardian giants, lift their icy shields in the distance.

The church is built upon the grave of the eminent saint, Miniato. This personage was, it seems, the son of the king of Armenia,—very much as all the heroes in the Arabian Nights are sons of the emperor of China. Having been converted to Christianity, he was offered by the emperor Decius great honors and rewards suitable to his royal rank, if he would renounce his faith. (A. D. 250.) He refused, and the emperor cut off his head. The execution took place in Florence, on the north side of the Arno. The holy man was not so easily disposed of, however; for he immediately clapped his head upon his shoulders again, and holding it on with both hands, waded across the river, and marched steadily up the hill on the other side. Arrived at the top, he gave up his head and the ghost. Hence the convent and church of San Miniato.

The church, to an architectural student, is interesting and important. A man needs a good eye and a good education to feel and thoroughly appreciate the grand symphonies which this wonderful architectural music of the Middle Ages has so long been silently playing. San Miniato belongs to the close of the Romanesque or Latin period. The early Christian school had expired in the midst of the general convulsions of the ninth and tenth centuries,—in the struggles of an effete and expiring antiquity with the brutal, blundering, but vigorous infancy of mediæval Europe. During the

three centuries which succeeded, there was rather a warming into unnatural life of the mighty corpse, than the birth of a new organism, capable of healthy existence and unlimited reproduction. The Romanesque art seems to have dealt with the ancient forms, without moulding any thing essentially and vitally new. Where there seemed originality, it was, after all, only a theft from the Saracenic or Byzantine, and the plagiarism became incongruity when engrafted upon the Roman. Thus a Latin church was often but an early Christian *basilica* with a Moorish arcade.

The San Miniato has an arcade, of course not pointed, upon the façade and the interior. Its tessellated marble work, its ancient mosaics, with its Roman capitals and columns, all make it interesting. These last show that at the close of the epoch, even as at its beginning, the chain which binds the school to the ancient Roman is fastened anew.

The frescos in the sacristy, by Spinello Aretino, painted at the end of the fourteenth century, are singularly well preserved,—fresh as if painted yesterday. 'Tis a great pity that the works of other masters of the same age, Spinello's superiors, could not have been as fortunate. If the frescos of Orgagna, and of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Campo Santo at Pisa, were in as good condition, it would be much more satisfactory.

These pictures of Spinello are drawn with much boldness and energy, but it is not the fortunate audacity of Orgagna. They are much more the work of a mechanic, not self-distrustful, but with comparatively little feeling for the higher range of artistic expression. They are quite destitute of sentiment, but are not without a strong, rough, hardy humor. The drawing is far from accurate, but the coloring is well laid on. They represent the life and adventures of Saint Benedict, are of colossal size, and depict the saint in various striking positions. Here he is portrayed as rescuing a brother friar from the inconveniences resulting from a house having fallen upon him;

in another he is miraculously mending a crockery jug belonging to his nurse; and in a third he is unsuccessfully attempting to move a large stone, upon which the Devil has seated himself, much to Benedict's discomfiture. The fiend is drawn, *con amore*, in black, with hairy hide, bat's wings, and a monkey's tail; the traditional Devil who has come down to us unharmed through all the vicissitudes of the Middle Ages. The saints and friars are generally attired in mazarine blue.

III.

ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

There is here a large hall, containing a brief chronicle of the progress of painting from Cimabue to — Carlo Dolce! There may be a still deeper descent; but that is bathos sufficient for any lover of his species.

It is desirable to look at these painters of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries with some reference to the political condition of Florence and of Italy at that time. In truth, Florence during the period of its life *was* Italy,—the *vivida vis*, creative, contemplative, ornative, impulsive to the clay of Europe. The art of painting seems to spring full-grown into existence, with the appearance of Cimabue in the latter part of the thirteenth century. Even so the Italian language suddenly crystallizes itself into a brilliant and perpetual type, at the same epoch as the wondrous poem of Dante flashes forth from the brooding chaos,—the *fiat lux* of a new intellectual world.

The Emperor Frederic II., last of the imperial Hohenstaufens, died in 1250. Chivalrous, adventurous, despotic, as became the head of the conquering German races at their epoch of triumph, —imaginative, poetical, debauched, atheistical, as might be expected of a prince born in Italy, he seemed to justify the somewhat incongruous eagerness with which the Florentine mind sought political salvation in the bosom of the Church.

Yet here seems the fatal flaw in the liberal system of Italy at that period. The Ghibelline party was at least consistent. To be an imperialist, a Hohenstaufenite, was at least definite; as much so as to be an absolutist, a Habsburgite, a Napoleonite to-day. But to be a Guelph,—to be in favor of municipal development, local self-government, intellectual progress, and to fight for all these things under the banner of the Church, in an age which witnessed the establishment of the Inquisition, in an age when the mighty spirit of Hildebrand was rising every day from his grave in more and more influential and imposing shape,—this was to place one's self in a false position. Dante, no doubt, felt all this to the core of his being. A poet by nature, with that intense, morbid, proud, uncomfortable, alternately benevolent and misanthropical temperament which occasionally accompanies the poetic faculty, he had little in common with the bustling, vivacious character of his fellow-towns-men. *Fiorentino di nascita, non di costume*, as he describes himself, he had slight sympathy with Blacks or Whites, Guelphs or Ghibellines. A Guelph by birth, a Ghibelline by banishment, he was in reality an absolutist in politics, and a bigot in religion. Had a hell never been heard of, he would have invented one, for the mere comfort of roasting his enemies in it, and his friends along with them,—the solitary enjoyment of his lifetime. His part in public affairs has been much magnified. He was prior in 1300; but almost any citizen of Florence might be prior. He was once sent to Rome, on a diplomatic errand; but he was only the envoy of a party, only one of a set of delegates appointed by the Whites. He was banished for his political opinions, and afterwards condemned to death; but even this was no distinction; for six hundred other persons, most of them obscure men, were included in the same sentence, for the same offence. They all happened, in short, to belong to the party opposed to the one which was successful. His

merits of style can hardly be exaggerated. Alone of mankind he almost created a language. Imagine the English, or the German, or the French poetry of the year 1300 flowing musically and familiarly from the lips of 1857! The culture, too, of his epoch might almost be measured by his personal accomplishments. The Aristotle, the Bacon, the Humboldt of Florence was one of the world's great poets into the bargain; but he was any thing but a statesman or a politician.

In his poetry, accordingly, written when the Florentine democracy was young, vigorous, and mischievous, there is no chord of sympathy with the polity of his native place. On the contrary, the whole magnificent "*Commedia*" is a *De profundis* chanted out of an oppressed and scornful bosom, a fiery protest, an excoriating satire against the liberty upon which the Commonwealth prided itself. Florence banished and would have burned her poet. The poet banished and burned Florence in the great hell which his imagination created and peopled. His ashes,—so often and so vainly implored for by the repentant and sorrowing mother, who had driven him from her bosom with curses, to wander and to starve, "to eat the bitter bread of exile, and to feel that sharpest arrow in the bow of exile, the going up and down in another's house,"—his ashes are not the property of the Republic. Are his laurels? Yes. The "*Divina Commedia*" is a splendid proof of the vitality which pervades a republican atmosphere. There was little of justice perhaps, and less of security and comfort; but there was at any rate life, intellectual development, thought, pulsation, fierce collision of mind with mind, attrition of human passions and divine faculties, out of which an elemental fire was created which flamed over the civilized world, and has lighted the torches of civilization for centuries. He who would study the *artes humaniores* must turn of necessity to two fountain heads; and he finds them in the trampled market-places of two noisy, turbulent, unreasonable, pestilent little democratic cities,—

Athens and Florence. Extinguish the architecture and the sculpture, the poetry and the philosophy of Attica; obliterate from the sum of civilization the names of Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Machiavelli,—of Cimabue, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Brunelleschi, Michel Angelo,—of Brunetto, Ficino, Politian; and how much diminished will be the remainder!

Nevertheless, it is in vain to look for any special seal set by the spirit of liberty upon the artistic productions of the earlier age in Florence. The works of the great painters bear the impress of the Church. If the spirit of liberty be present at all, it is veiled and hooded by monastic garments. But it should never be forgotten, that, in this age, the Church embodied an element of liberty. The keys of Saint Peter were brandished against the universal sceptre of the Suabians; cultivated intellect was matched, and often successfully, against brutal violence. The Pope was the rival of Caesar.

The first great painting in the Academy—to return from this digression—is the famous Madonna of Cimabue. This picture is astonishing. Although considered by many critics to manifest lingering traces of the Byzantine bandages, it seems to us, on the contrary, to be wonderfully free from stiffness and conventionality. The genius of Cimabue extricates itself at a bound from the trammels of preceding systems, and flies vigorously towards nature.

The Madonna is colossal. She wears a hood, and holds her child in her arms. There is a strong human, yet spiritualized expression upon the face. The drapery is gracefully arranged, not folded like mummy cloths; and the color is strong and liberally laid on, without any attempt, however, at transparency of shadow. There is little indication of the technical glories of succeeding centuries. Perhaps the best part of the picture is in the lower margin. Here are four heads of saints, painted with a breadth and energy absolutely startling, when one recollects by whom and when they were

executed. Dominic Ghirlandaio, two hundred years later, could hardly have put more masculine expression into a quartet of heads.

Giotto's Madonna is the pendant to that of Cimabue; but although painted twenty-five years later, it shows less progress in art than might be expected. Giotto's triumphs are to be found in the frescos of the Santa Croce. In that unequalled series, the art-student recognizes, almost at a glance, the power of the master. Large-ness, rhythm, and harmony of composition,—dramatic movement, and individual beauty of expression,—heads which have brains, eyes which can smile, lips which can speak, fluent limbs which can move, or remain in natural repose,—the whole surrounded and inspired by that atmosphere of piety, that effluence of religious ecstasy, which can never be imitated, and which came from the unquestioning faith of the artist;—such wonders were for the first time revealed by Giotto. The shepherd boy, whom Cimabue found drawing pictures upon a stone in the open field, nobly repaid his patron and master, by extending still farther the domain of art,—by throwing its doors wide open to the cool breath of nature and the liberal sunshine. To pass from the Byzantines into the school of Giotto is to come out from the catacombs into the warm precincts of the cheerful day.

Of the pictures of the early part of the fifteenth century, none are more worthy of attention in this collection than those of Fra Angelico of Fiesole. (1387–1455.) Nevertheless, it seems no great progress from Cimabue, Giotto, and Orgagna, whose compositions are so full of energetic life and human passion, to these careful, gentle miniatures upon an expanded scale. The Fra was a *miniatore*, after all,—a manuscript illuminator of the first class. His effort to represent a descent from the cross in a large and dramatic manner is feeble and flat. This flight seems beyond his strength; and his waxy little wings, which sustained him so well within his own sphere, melted at once in this higher region.

Far better is an exquisite little picture in his very best manner, a work which hangs in the apartment De' Piccoli Quadri. This is a Judgment Day, and a cheerful painting of its class. There is an old conceit, very cleverly carried out through the whole composition, of representing all the just made perfect as actually converted into little children. Kings with crowns, popes, bishops, cardinals in hats and mitres, monks cowled and robed in conventional habiliments, are all philandering together through gardens of amaranth and asphodel towards the Grecian portico of heaven; and all these fortunate personages, whether monarchs, priests, fine ladies, or beggars, are depicted with perfectly infantine faces. To do this well lay exactly in the quaint, delicate nature of the angelic Frater; and this portion of the picture is most exquisitely handled. The other moiety, where devils with rabbits' ears, tiger faces, and monkeys' tails, are forking over the damned into frying-pans, while Satan devours them as fast as cooked, is common-place and vulgar. At the same time, it is certain that the whole composition shows much poetry of invention and delicacy of finish.

Andrew Castagno's Magdalen, like Donatello's Wooden Statue of the same penitent in the Baptistry, seems a female Robinson Crusoe,—hirsute, cadaverous, fleshless, uncombed and uncomely,—certainly a more edifying spectacle than the voluptuous, Titianesque exhibitions of fair frailty which became the fashion afterwards.

Of Gentile da Fabriano, a very rare master, there hangs an Adoration of the Magi, marked May, 1423. One always feels grateful to such of the *Quattrocentisti* as enlarged the sphere of artistic action, by going out of the conventional circle of holy families, nativities, and entombments. There is a dash about Gentile, a fresh, cavalier-like gentility, quite surprising, and altogether his own. A showy, flippant frivolity in several of the figures enlivens and refreshes us with its mundane sparkle and energy. One

of the three kings, in particular,—a young, well-dressed, vivacious, *goguenard*-looking personage, with a very glittering pair of spurs, which his groom is just unbuckling, while another holds a highly bedizened war-horse, who is throwing up his head, showing all his teeth, and crying ha, ha, with all his might,—has a very dramatic effect.

Of the Lippo Lippis, the Lorenzo di Credis, the Ghirlandaios, the Peruginos, and the other great masters of the fifteenth century, of whom are many masterpieces in this collection, there shall, for the present, not a word be said.

There is also a portrait of Savonarola, by Fra Bartolommeo. The face is neither impressive nor attractive. The head is shorn, except the monastic coronal, and shows a small organ of benevolence, and a very large one of self-esteem. The profile is not handsome,—the nose being regularly aquiline, while the mouth is heavy with a projecting upper lip. A strong, blue beard, closely shaven, but very visible, darkens and improves the physiognomy.

IV.

SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.

This church was so beloved by Michel Angelo as to be called his bride. It must be confessed that the great artist was determined in his choice less by the external charms than by the interior excellence of his *sposa*; for although she has now got herself a new front and vamped herself up a little, thus looking a trifle younger than she must have done three hundred years ago, still she has any thing but a bridal or virginal aspect.

This church and monastery belong to the earlier German period of Italy, if such a thing as Italian Gothic can be said to have ever existed. The truth is, that with the exception of Milan cathedral, which is modern, exotic, and exceptional, the German, or, to use the common and senseless expression, the Gothic system of architecture never fairly took root in Italy. Certainly, the pointed windows

and arches of the Florence *duomo* and its *campanile* do not constitute it a Gothic church. The square cornices, vast masses of wall, heavy pilasters, and, in general, the horizontal outlines and heavy expression of all these churches, have a character very remote from that of the airy, upspringing, fantastic German architecture, in which every shaft, arch, vault-girdle, pillar, window-frame, pinnacle, seems struggling and panting upward with an almost audible eloquence. This is not the expression of the *duomo* here. There is no perpetual *Excelsior* ringing from point, spire, and turret. On the contrary, the grave, almost rigid aspect of the ancient *basilica*—the Roman business-hall, compounded of Greek elements, and transformed into a Grecian temple—is ever at work repressing that devotional ecstasy which is the characteristic of the Gothic church. The Italian language in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was like the Italian architecture of the same period. The different intellectual manifestations, subjected to the same influences, obeyed one general law. The conquering German mind of the Dark Ages easily impressed itself where the soil was still virgin. Throughout savage Europe the dominion was yielded at once to the new power which succeeded to the decrepit empire of Rome. Gaul, Germany, Britain, Iberia obeyed instinctively the same impulse. The children born of that vigorous embrace were of fresh and healthy beauty. The manifestations of the German mind in the cathedrals of Paris, Cologne, Antwerp are undimmed and unrivalled. The early German architecture in the actual realms of Germany is as romantic, energetic, and edifying as its poetry at the same epoch. A great German cathedral is a religious epic in stone. All the ornaments, all the episodes, spring from and cluster around one central, life-giving principle.

In Italy, on the other hand, the architecture of the so-called Gothic period embodies a constant struggle between the ancient and the new-born mind,—a contest in which the eventual triumph of

the elder is already foreshadowed, even while the new has apparently gained the ascendancy. Why was this? Because in Italy the German conquerors had invaded the land of ancient culture, of settled and organized form. The world could not be created *de novo*, as in the shaggy deserts of Hercynia and Belgica. The seeds of human speech, planted in those vast wildernesses, sprouted readily into new and luxuriant languages. English, Flemish, German, French spring from German roots hidden in Celtic soil. The Latin element, afterwards engrafted, is exotic, excrecent, and not vital to the organization. In Italy, where a language, a grammar, a literature already existed in full force, the German element was almost neutralized. The Goths could only deface the noble language of Rome. They gave it auxiliary verbs,—that feeblest form of assistance to human eloquence,—and they took away its declensions. Architecture presented the same phenomenon. It submitted to what seemed the German tyranny for a time, but it submitted under a perpetual and visible protest.* The Gothic details in the *campanile* and the *duomo* look altogether extraneous and compulsory; they are not assimilated into the constitution of the structure. The severe Roman profile is marked as distinctly as ever, notwithstanding the foreign ornaments which it has been forced to assume.

Santa Maria Novella, then, is as good a German Italian church as can be found; but, for the reasons stated, it is not particularly interesting as a piece of architecture. Its wealth is in its frescos. In the quadrangle of the cloister is a series of pictures by Paolo Uccello, who, by the introduction of linear perspective, of which he is esteemed the inventor, made a new epoch in art. In the "chapel of the Spaniards" is a famous collection of frescos by Giotto's scholars. A large, thoughtful, and attractive composition is called the Wisdom of the Church. On the opposite side is a very celebrated

* Compare Kugler, *Kunstgeschichte*, pp. 590, 591.

painting, entitled the Church Militant and Triumphant; the militating and triumphing business being principally confided to the dogs of the Lord,—*videlicet, Domini-canis*. A large number of this dangerous fraternity is represented as a pack of hounds, fighting, pulling, biting, and howling most vigorously in a life-and-death-struggle with the wolves of heresy. In the centre of the composition are introduced various portraits. These were thought for a long time to represent Cimabue (in a white night-cap), Petrarch (in long petticoats), Laura (in short ones), and various other celebrities. Vasari is the original authority* for this opinion, which has ceased to be entertained by *cognoscenti*. It is also no longer believed that the pictures are the work of Taddeo Gaddi and Simon Memmi. The *custode* clings to both delusions,—the portraits and the painters. Whether red Murray, and that devoted band of English and Americans who follow his flag, patronize the Vasari theory or more modern ones, we are at this moment unable to state.

By what subtle threads are international hearts bound together! Two great nations have wrangled for a century; but they have a common property in Shakspeare and Tupper,—and—most precious of all joint-possessions—in the hand-books of Murray. We feel with one throb upon all aesthetic subjects. We admire the same great works of art. We drop a tear upon exactly the same spots, hallowed in ancient or modern history. The fraternity is absolute.

In the Strozzi chapel are an altar-piece and several wall-pictures by Andrew Orgagna. They are not so grandly conceived as that wondrous composition of his, the Triumph of Death, in the Pisan Campo Santo; but they are additional proofs of his intense and Dante-like genius. No doubt Dante influenced him deeply, as he did all his contemporaries, whose minds were fertile enough to ripen such seed. The large picture on the left

—a view of paradise—is full of energetic and beautiful figures, combined with much dramatic effect and great technical skill. The opposite pictures, representing hell, were not by Andrew, but by Bernard Orgagna, a man of far inferior calibre. They have, moreover, been entirely revamped.

In the choir are the renowned frescos of Dominic Ghirlandaio,—scenes from the lives of John the Baptist and the Virgin Mary. These, however, are but names and frames. The great merit of these paintings is that they were the first, or among the first, to introduce the actual into the world of conventional and conventional art. They form a series of full-length portraits,—sometimes of celebrated contemporaries, as Politian, Marsilio Ficino, and others,—but always of flesh-and-blood people, living, moving, and having a being. That group of Platonists, with their looks of profound wisdom and dogmatic eloquence, are lifting their fore-fingers, pricking up their ears, opening their mouths, (each obviously interrupting the flow of the others' rhetoric,) in most lifelike fashion. One almost catches the winged syllogisms as they fly from lip to lip. We are almost drawn into the dispute ourselves, and are disposed to ventilate a score of outrageous paradoxes, for the mere satisfaction of contradicting such wiseacres. These heads are painted with a vivacity and an energy worthy of the Dutch great masters of the seventeenth century. In fact, there is something caught, no doubt, from the early schools of Flanders; for Dominic was the contemporary of the glorious masters protected by Philip the Good of Burgundy,—the only good thing he ever did in his life,—the man who opened the road for that long triumphant procession which for two centuries was to march through the Netherlands, Germany, and Italy. There is no want, however, of historical dignity in these compositions. Each one has a stately rhythm, an harmonious grandeur of conception and execution, which, in connection with the lifelike fidelity and unaffected beauty of the heads, stamp

* Vite da Vasari, ed. Lemonnier, 1846. Sim. and Lippo Memmi, p. 90, and notes.

their creator as a dramatic genius of a higher order than any of his contemporaries.

The Madonna of Cimabue, which hangs at the end of the south transept, resembles the one in the Academy. In place of the powerful saints' heads, is a group of angels of much grace and purity, supporting a shrine. This picture is considered a bolder and more untrammeled composition than the other. It is the world-renowned masterpiece of the thirteenth century, which all Florence turned out in procession to honor when it left the painter's hands; and which even Charles of Anjou, dripping in blood, and stalking through the scenes of that great tragedy whose catastrophe was the Sicilian vespers, paused on his way to admire.

V.

SAN SPIRITO.

In this church, which the admirers of Brunelleschi must study, are two small, but most exquisite masterpieces of Lippo Lippi. All the works of this most profigate of friars are tender and holy beyond description. They have also that distinguishing charm of the Florentine school of the fifteenth century, *naïveté*,—a fresh, gentle, and loving appreciation

of the beautiful and the natural. It is evident that the Fra went through the world with his eyes open, looking for beauty wherever it was visible; and in his works, at least, there is no lingering trace of Byzantinism. A scholar of Masaccio, of a far inferior mind both to Masaccio and Masolino, and without the force of hand of either, he is still, more than both together, the founder of the natural school of Florence.

One of his pictures is in this church,—a Madonna with the child on her lap. The Christ is leaning forward and playing with a cross which the infant Saint John holds in his hand. Nothing can be more suggestive or touching than this prophetic infantile movement. Although the color of the picture is rather feeble and washy, as frequently may be observed of Lippo's paintings, the whole expression is bathed in purity and piety. Yet the Fra was such an incorrigible *mauvais sujet*, that when he was employed to decorate the *palazzo* of Cosmo Vecchio, the *Pater Patrie* was obliged to lock up his artist in the chamber which he was painting. The holy man was not easily impounded, however; for he cut his bedclothes into strips, let himself into the street from an upper-story window, and departed on his usual adventures; so that it was weeks before Cosmo could hear of his painter again.

[Concluded in the next Number.]

SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,

And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

SALLY PARSONS'S DUTY.

THE sun that shines on eastern Massachusetts, specially on buttercups and dandelions, and providentially on potatoes, looks down on no greener fields in these days than it saw in the spring of 1775, fenced in and fenced off by the zigzag snake-fences of 'Zekiel Parsons's farm.

"About this time," as almanacs say, young orchards were misty with buds, red maples on the highway shone in the clear light, and a row of bright tin pans at the shed door of the farm-house testified to a sturdy arm and skilful hand within,—arm and hand both belonging to no less a person than Miss Sally, 'Zekiel Parsons's only daughter, and the prettiest girl in Westbury; a short, sturdy, rosy little maid, with hair like a ripe chestnut shell, bright blue eyes full of mischief, and such a sunny, healthy, common-sense character, one is almost afraid to tell of it, it is so out of date now.

But of what use is it to describe her? How can I impress upon moderns how enlivening and refreshing was her aspect, as she spun, or scoured pans, in a linsey-woolsey petticoat and white short gown, wearing her pretty curls in a crop? George Tucker knew it all without telling; and so did half a dozen of the Westbury boys, who haunted the picket fence round 'Zekiel's garden every moonlight night in summer, or scraped their feet by the half hour together on his door-step in winter evenings. Sally was a belle; she knew it and liked it, as every honest girl does;—and she would have been a belle without the aid of her father's wide farm and pine-tree shillings; for she was fresh and lovely, with a spice of coquetry, but a true woman's heart beneath it all.

It was very hard to discover whom Sally Parsons favored among her numerous beaux. Her father seriously inclined to George Tucker; not because he was rich,—for 'Zekiel had not arrived at fashionable principles,—but because he

was honest, kind-hearted, and reliable; but as yet Sally showed no decided preference; time and the hour were near, but not in sight.

One Sunday night, early in April, after the nine o'clock bell had scattered Sally's admirers far and wide, and old 'Zekiel sat by the chimney corner, watching his sister, Aunt Poll, rake up the rest of the hickory log in the ashes, while he rubbed away sturdily at his feet, holding in one hand the blue yarn stockings, "wrought by no hand, as you may guess," but that of Sally; the talk, that had momentarily died away, began again, and with a glance at Long Snapps,—a lank, shrewd-faced old sailor, who, to use his own speech, had "cast anchor 'longside of an old ship-met fur a spell, bein' bound fur his own cabin up in Lenox,"—'Zekiel spoke after this wise:

"I expect, Long, you sailors hev a drefful hard, onsartain time navigatin', don't ye?"

"Well, skipper! that are depen's on folks. I don't calk'late to hev no sort of a hard time, ef I don't get riled with it; but these times I doo rile easy."

"What onsettles ye, Snapps?"

"Well, there's a squall to wind'ard, skipper; 'ta'n't no cat's-paw neither; good no-no-east, ef it's a flaw. And you landlubbers are a-goin' to leeward, some on ye."

"You don't say! what be you a hintin' at?"

"Well, there's a reel blow down to Bostin, Zekle; there's no more gettin' out o' harbour with our old sloop; she's ben an' gone, an' got some 'tarnal lawyer's job spliced to her bows, an' she's laid up to dry; but that's a pesky small part o' judgment. Bostin's full o' them Britishers, sech as scomfishkated the Susan Jane, cos our skipper done suthin' he hedn't oughter, or didn't do suthin' he hed oughter; and I tell *yew* the end o' things is nigh about comin' on here!"

Sally, in the chimney corner, heard Long Snapps with open eyes, and hitching her wooden chair nearer, inquired solemnly,—

“What do you mean, Mister Snapps? Is the end of the world comin’ here?”

“Bless your poaty little figger-head, Sally! I don’t know as ‘tis, but suthin’ nigh about as bad is a-comin’. Them Britishers is set out for to hev us under hatches, or else walk the plank; and they’re darned mistook, ef they think men is a-goin’ to be steered blind, and can’t blow up the cap’en no rate. There a’n’t no man in Ameriky but what’s got suthin’ to fight for, afore he’ll gin in to sech tyrants; and it’ll come to fightin’, yet, afore long!”

“Oh my! oh goody! the land’s sakes! yew don’t mean ter say that, Long?” wofully screeched Aunt Poll, whose ideas of war were derived in great measure from the tattered copy of Josephus extant in the Parsons family; and who was at present calculating the probable effect of a battering-ram on their back buttery, and thinking how horrid it would be to eat up Uncle ’Zekiel in case of famine,—even after long courses of rats and dogs.

“Well, I dew, Aunt Poll; there’ll be some poppin’ an’ stickin’ done in these parts, afore long!”

“The Lord deliver us! an’ the rest on’t!” devoutly ejaculated Poll, whose piety exceeded her memory; whereat ’Zekiel, pulling on the other blue stocking that had hung suspended in his fingers, while the sailor discoursed, exhorted a little himself.

“Well, the Lord don’t deliver nobody, without they wriggle for themselves pretty consider’ble well fust. This a’n’t the newest news to me; I’ve been expectin’ on’t a long spell, an’ I’ve talked consider’ble with Westbury folks about it; and there a’n’t nobody much, round about here, but what’ll stand out agin the Britishers, exceptin’ Tucker’s folks; they’re desp’rit for Church an’ King; they tell as ef the Lord gin the king a special license to set up in a big chair an’ rewl

creation; an’ they think it’s particular sin to speak as though he could go ’skew anyhow. Now I believe the Lord lets folks find out what He does, out o’ Scriptur; and I han’t found nothin’ yet to tell about kings bein’ better than their neighbours, and it don’t look as ef this king was so clever as common. I s’pose you ha’n’t heerd what our Colony Congress is a-doin’, hev ye, Snapps?”

“Well, no, I ha’n’t. They was a-layin’ to, last I heerd, so’s to settle their course, I ’spect they’ve heaved up an’ let go by this, but I han’t seen no signals.”

“Dear me!” interrupted Sally, “a real war coming! and I a’n’t any thing but a woman!”

Her cheeks and eyes glowed with fervent feeling, as she said this; and the old sailor, turning round, surveyed her with a grin of honest admiration.

“Well said, gal! but you’re out o’ your reckonin’, ef you think women a’n’t nothin’ in war-time. I tell yew, them is the craft that sails afore the wind, and does the signallin’ to all the fleet. When gals is full-rigged an’ tonguey, they’re reg’lar press-gangs to twist young fellers round, an’ make ‘em sail under the right colors. Stick to the ship, Miss Sally; give a heave at the windlass now’n then, an’ don’t let nary one o’ them fellers that comes a buzzin’ round you the hull time turn his back on Yankee Doodle; an’ you won’t never hanker to be a man, ef ‘tis war-time!”

Sally’s eyes burned bluer than before. “Thank you kindly, Mister Snapps. I’m bleeged to you for putting the good thought into my head. (If I don’t pester George Tucker! the plaguy Tory!)”

This parenthesis was mental, and Sally went off to bed with a busy brain; but the sleep of youth and health quieted it; and if she dreamed of George Tucker in regimentals, I am afraid they were of flagrant militia scarlet;—the buff and blue were not distinctive yet. However, for the next week Sally heard enough revolutionary doctrine to revive her Sunday-night enthusiasm; the flame of “successful rebellion” had spread; the country

began to stir and hum ominously; people assembled in groups, on corners, by church steps, around tavern-doors, with faces full of portent and expectance; ploughs stood idly in the fields; and the raw-boned horses, that should of right have dragged the reluctant share through heavy clay and abounding stones, now, bestridden by breathless couriers, scoured the country hither and yon, with news, messages, and orders from those who had taken the right to order out of the hands of sleek and positive officials.

Nor were Westbury people the last to wake up in the general *réveille*. Everybody in the pretty, tranquil village, tranquil now no more, declared themselves openly on one side or the other;—Peter Tucker and his son George for the king, of course; and this open avowal caused a sufficiently pungent scene in Miss Sally Parsons's keeping-room the very next Sunday night, when the aforesaid George, in company with several of his peers, visited the farm-house for the laudable purpose of "sparkin'" Miss Sally.

There were three other youths there, besides George; all stout for the Continental side of the question, and full of eager but restrained zeal; ready to take up arms at a moment's notice; equally ready to wait for the ripened time. Of such men were those armies made up that endured with a woman's patience and fought with a man's fury, righting a great wrong as much by moral as by physical strength, and going to death for the right, when death, pitiless and inevitable, stared them in the face.

Long Snapps had been, in his own phrase, "weather-bound" at Westbury, and was there still, safe in the chimney-corner, his shrewd face puckered with thought and care, his steady old heart full of resolute bravery, and longing for the time to come; flint and steel ready to strike fire on the slightest collision. On the other side of the hearth from Snapps sat Zekle in his butternut-colored Sunday suit; the four young men ranged in a grim row of high-backed wooden chairs; Sally, blooming as the roses

on her chintz gown, occupying one end of the settle, while Aunt Poll filled the rest of that institution with her ample quilted petticoat and paduasoy cloak, trying hard to keep her hands still, in their unaccustomed idleness,—nay, if it must be told, surreptitiously keeping up a knitting with the fingers, in lieu of the accustomed needles and yarn.

An awful silence reigned after the preliminary bows and scrapes had been achieved,—first broken by George Tucker, who drew from under his chair a small basket of red-cheeked apples and handed them to Aunt Poll.

"Well, now, George Tucker!" exclaimed the benign spinster, "you dew beat all for sass out o' season! Kep 'em down sullar, I expect?"

"Yes'm, our sullar's very dry."

"Well, it hed oughter. What kind be they?"

"English pippins, ma'am."

"Dew tell! be you a-goin to hev one, Sally?"

"No, Aunt Poll! I don't want any thin' English 'round!"

The three young men grinned and chuckled. George Tucker turned red.

"Hooray for you, Sally!" sung out old Snapps. "You're a three-decker, et ever there was 'un!"

Again George reddened, fidgeted on his chair, and at last said, in a disturbed, but quite distinct voice,—

"I think the apples are good, Miss Sally, if the name don't suit you."

"The name's too bad to be good, sir!" retorted Sally, with a decided sniff and toss of the head. Old Zekle gave a low laugh and interfered.

"You see, George Tucker, these here times is curus! It wakes up the wimmen folks to hev no tea, nor no prospects of peace an' quiet, so's to make butter an' set hens."

"Oh, father!" burst out Sally, "do you think that's all that ails women? I wouldn't care if I eat samp forever, and had nothing but saxifrax tea; but I can't stand by cool, and see men driven like dumb beasts by another man, if he

has got a crown, and never be let speak for themselves!"

Sally's logic was rather confused, but George got at the idea as fast as was necessary.

"If 'twas a common man, Miss Sally; but a king's set up on high by the Lord, and we ought to obey what He sets over us."

"I don't see where in Scriptur you get that idee, George," retorted Zekle.

"Well, it says in one place you're to obey them that has the rule over you, sir."

"So it do; but ef the king ha'n't got no rewl over us, (an' it looks mighty like it jes' now,) why, I don't see's we're bound to mind him!"

This astute little sophism confounded poor George for a minute, during which Sally began to giggle violently, and flirt in her rustic fashion with the three rebels in a row. At length George, recovering his poise and clear-sightedness, resumed,—

"But he did rule over us, Mister Parsons, and I can't see how it's right to rebel."

"There don't everythin' come jest square about seein' things," interposed Long Snapps; "folks hed better steer by facts sometimes, than by yarns. It's jest like v'yagin'; yew do'no' sumtimes what's to pay with a compass; it'll go all p'ints to once; mebbe somebody's got a hatchet near by, or some lubber's throwed a chain down by the binnacle, or some darned thing's got inside on't, or it's shpped a sea an' got rusted; but there's allers the Dipper an' the North Star; they're allers true to their bearin's, and you can't go to Davy Jones's locker for want of a lightus so long's they're ahead. I talk'late its jes' so about this king-talk; orders is very well when they a'n't agin common sense an' the rights o' natur; but you see, George Tucker, folks will go 'cordin to natur an' reason, ef there's forty parlamints an' kings in tow. Natur's jest like a no'west squall; you can't do nothin' but tack ag'inst it; and no men is goin' to stan' still and see the wind taken out o' their sails, an' their liberty flung to sharks, without one mutiny to know why!"

"No!" burst out Sally, who had stopped flirting, and been listening with soul and body to Long; "and no man, that *is* a man, will go against the right and the truth just because the wrong is strongest!"

This little feminine insult was too much for George Tucker, particularly as he had not the least idea how its utterance burned Sally's lips, and made her heart ache. He got up from his chair with a very bitter look on his handsome face.

"I see," said he, quite coldly, "I am likely to be scarce welcome here. I believe the king is my master, made so by the Lord, and I think it is my honest duty to obey him. It hurts me to part otherwise than kind with friends; but I wish you a good night, and better judgment."

There was something so manly in George's speech, that, but for its final fling and personality, every man in the room would have crowded round him to shake hands; but what man ever coolly heard his judgment impeached?

Sally swallowed a great round sob; but being, like all women, an actress in her way, bowed as calmly to Mr. George as if he only said adieu, after an ordinary call.

Aunt Poll snuffled, and followed George to the door; Uncle Zekle drew himself up straight, and looked after him, his clear blue eyes sparkling with two rays,—one of honest patriotic wrath, one of affection and regret for George; while Long, from the corner, eyed all with a serpent's wisdom in his gaze, oracularly uttering, as the door shut,—

"Well, that 'are feller is good grit!"

"All the worse for us!" growled Eliashib Sparks, the biggest of the three, surprising Sally into a little hysterical laugh, and surprised himself still more at this unexpected sequence to his remark.

"Pooty bad! George is a clever fellow!" ejaculated Zekle. "He han't got the rights on't, but I think he'll come round by'n by."

"I do'n'," said Long, meditatively; "he's pooty stiff, that 'are feller. He's sot on dooty, I see; an' that means suthin', when a man that oughter be

called a man sez it. Wimmin-folks, now, don't sail on that tack. When a gal sets to talkin' about her dooty, it's allers suthin' she wants ter do and han't got no grand excuse for't. Ye never see a woman 't didn't get married for dooty yet; there a'n't nary one on 'em darst to say they wanted ter."

"Oh! Mister Long!" exclaimed Sally.

"Well, Sally, it's nigh about so; you han't lived a hundred year. Some o' these days you'll get to know yer dooty."

Sally turned red, and the three young men sniggered. Forgive the word, gentle and fair readers! it means what I mean, and no other word expresses it; let us be graphic and die!

Just then the meeting-house bell rang for nine o'clock; and every man got up from his seat, like a son of Anak, bowed, scraped, cleared his throat to say "Good-night," did say something like it, and left.

"Well, Sally, I swear you're good at signallin'," broke out Long, as soon as the youths were fairly out of sight and sound; "you hev done it for George Tucker!"

Sally gave no answer, but a brand from the back-log fell, blazed up in a shaft of rosy flame, and showed a suspicious glitter on the girl's round, wholesome cheek. Aunt Poll had gone to bed; Zekle was going the nightly rounds of his barns, to see to the stock; Long Snapps was aware of opportunity, the secret of success.

"Sally," said he, "is that feller sparkin' you?"

Sally laughed a little, and something, perhaps the blaze, reddened her face.

"I don't know," said the pretty hypocrite, demurely.

"H'm! well, I do," answered Long; "and you a'n't never goin' to take up with a Tory? don't think it's yer dooty, hey?"

"No indeed!" flashed Sally. "Do you think I'd marry a Britisher? I'd run away and live with the Indians first."

"Pooty good! pooty good! you're calk'latin' to make George into a rebel, I 'spect?"

Long was looking into the fire when he said this; he did not see Sally's look of rage and amazement at his unpleasant penetration.

"I'm sure I don't care what George Tucker thinks," said she, with a toss of her curly head.

"H'm!" uttered Long, meditatively, "lucky! I 'xpect he carries too many guns to be steered by a woman; 'tis a kinder pity you a'n't a man, Sally; mebbe you'd argufy him round then; it's plain as the Gulf you can't crook his v'yage; he's too stiff for wimmin-folks, that is a fact!"

Oh, Long Snapps! Long Snapps! how many wives, in how many ports, went to the knowledge of feminine nature that dictated that speech? Sally set her lips. From that hour George Tucker was a doomed man; but she said nothing more audible than "Goodnight." Long looked at her, as she lit the tallow dip by the fire, and chuckled when he heard her shut the milk-room door in the safe distance. He was satisfied.

The next afternoon, Sally was weeding onions in the garden;—heroines did, in those days;—the currant-bushes had but just leafed out; so George Tucker, going by, saw her; and she, who had seen him coming before she began to weed, accidentally of course, looked up and gave him a very bright smile. That was the first spider-thread, and the fly stepped into it with such a thrill!

Of course he stopped, and said,—

"What a pleasant day!"—the saving phrase of life. Then Sally said something he couldn't hear, and he leaped the low fence without being asked, rather than request her to raise her voice; he was so considerate! Next he remembered, just as he turned to go away, that there were some white violets down in the meadow, that Sally always liked. Couldn't she spend time to walk down there across lots and get some? Sally thought the onions could not be left. Truth to tell, her heart was in her mouth. She had been playing with edge-tools; but just then she smelt a whiff of smoke

from Long Snapp's pipe, and the resolve of last night came back ; her face relented, and George, seeing it, used his utmost persuasiveness ; so the result was, that Sally washed her hands at the well, and away they went, in the most serene silence, over fences, grass-lots, and ditches, through bits of woodland, and fields of winter-green, till they reached the edge of the great meadow, and sat down on a log to rest. It was rather a good place for that purpose. An old pine had fallen at the feet of a majestic cluster of its brethren, so close that the broad column of one made a natural back to part of the seat. The ground was warm, dry sand, strown with the fine dead leaves of past seasons, brown and aromatic. A light south wind woke the voices of every bough above, and the melancholy susurrus rose and fell in delicate cadences ; while beyond the green meadow, Westbury River, a good-sized brook, babbled and danced as if there were no pine-tree laments in the world.

I believe the air, and the odor, and the crying wind drove the violets quite out of both the two heads that drooped silently over that pine log. If Sally had been nervous or poetical, she would have been glad to recollect them ; but no such morbidness invaded her healthy soul. She sat quite still till George said, in a suppressed and rather broken tone,—

“ I was sorry to vex you last night, Sally ! I could not be sorry for any thing else.”

“ You did grieve me very much, Mister George,” said Sally, affecting a little distance in her address, but sufficiently tender in manner.

“ Well, I suppose you don't see it the way I do,” returned George ; “ and I am very sorry, for I had rather please you than any body else.”

This was especially tender, and he possessed himself of Sally's little red hand, unaware or careless that it smelt of onions ; but it was withdrawn very decidedly.

“ I think you take a strange way of showing your liking ! ” sniffed the damsel.

George sat astounded. Another tiny spider-thread stopped the fly ; a subtle ray of blue sped sideways out of Sally's eye, that meant,—“ I don't object to be liked.”

“ I wish with all my heart I knew any good way to please you,” he fervently ejaculated.

“ I should think any way to please people was a good way,” retorted Sally, saying more with her eyes than with her voice,—so much more, that in fact this fly was fast. A little puff of wind blew off Sally's bonnet ; she looked shy, flushed, lovely. George stood up on his feet, and took his hat off.

“ Sally ! ” said he, in the deepest notes of his full, manly voice, “ I love you very much indeed ; will you be my wife ? ”

Sally was confounded. I rejoice to say she was quite confounded ; but she was made of revolutionary stuff, and what just now interfered with her plans and schemes was the sudden discovery how very much indeed she loved George Tucker ; a fact she had not left enough margin for in her plot.

But, as I said, she was made of good metal, and she answered very low,

“ I do like you, George ; but I never will marry a Britisher and a Tory.”

A spasm of real anguish distorted the handsome face, bent forward to listen.

“ Do you mean that, Sally ? Can't you love me because we don't think alike ? ”

Sally choked a little ; her tones fell to a whisper. George had to sit down close to her to hear.

“ I didn't say I didn't love you, George ! ”—A blissful pause of a second ; then in a clear, cold voice,—“ But my mind's set. I can't marry a Britisher and a Tory, if I died sayin' so.”

George gasped.

“ And I cannot turn traitor and rebel, Sally. I can *not*. I love you better than any thing in the world ; but I can't do a wicked thing ; no, not even for you.”

He was pale as death. Sally's secret heart felt proud of him, and never had she been so near repenting of her work

in the good cause before; but she was resolute.

"Very well!" replied she, coolly, "if you prefer the king to me, it's not my fault; when your side beats, you can take your revenge!"

The thorough injustice of this speech roused her lover's generous indignation.

"If you can think that way of me, Sally, it is better for us both to have me go! Good night!" And away strode the loyal fellow, never looking back to see his sweetheart have a good cry on the pine-log, and then an equally comfortable fit of laughter; for she knew very well how restless Mister George would be, all alone by himself, and how much it meant that they both loved each other, and both knew it.

Sally's heart was stout. A sort of Yankee Evangeline, she would not have gone after Gabriel; she would have staid at home and waited for him to the end of time; doing chores and mending meanwhile, but unmarried, in the fixed intention of being her lover's sixth wife possibly, but his wife at last.

So she went home and got supper, strained and skimmed milk, set a sponge for bread, and slept all night like a dormouse. George Tucker never went to bed.

"Hooraw!" roared Long Snapps, trundling in to dinner, the next day; "they're wakin' up down to Boston! Good many on 'em's quit the town. Them 'are Britishers is a-gettin' up sech a breeze; an' they doo say the reg'lars is comin' out full sail, to cair' off all the amminition in these parts, fear o' mutiny 'mongst the milishy!"

"Come along!" shouted Zekle, "let 'em come! like to see 'em takin' our powder an' shot 'thout askin'! Guess they'll hear thunder, ef they stick their heads inter a hornet's nest."

"Dredful suz!" exclaimed Aunt Poll, pulling turnips out of the pot with reckless haste, and so scalding her brown fingers emphatically; "be they a-comin' here? will they fetch along the batterin' rams?"

"Thunder an' dry trees," ejaculated Zekle, "what does the woman —"; but at that instant Long made for the door, and flung it open, thereby preventing explanations.

"Goin' to Concord, George?" shouted he to George Tucker, who in a one-horse wagon and his Sunday-best clothes was driving slowly past.

"No! goin' to Lexington, after corn. Can I do anything for you?"

"Well, no, I 'xpect not. When be you a-comin' back?"

"I don't know."

"Well, go long! good-luck to ye; keep to wind'ard o' squalls, George."

Long nodded, and George drove on. That day the whole village of Westbury was in an uproar. News had come from Boston that the British were about to send out forces to possess themselves of all the military stores in the country, and forestall rebellion by rendering it helpless. From every corner of every farm and village, young men and old mustered; from every barn, horses of all sizes and descriptions were driven out and saddled; rusty muskets, balls of all shapes and of any available metal that would melt and run, disabled broad-swords, horse-pistols, blunderbusses, whatever wore any resemblance to a weapon, or could be rendered serviceable to that end,—all were hunted out, cleaned, mended, and laid ready;—an array that might have made a properly drilled and equipped army smile in contempt, but whose deficiencies were more than supplied by iron sinews, true blood, resolve and desperate courage.

Sally and Aunt Poll partook the gale of patriotism. They scoured the "ole queen's arm" to brilliancy; they ran bullets by the hour; baked bread and brewed Spring beer, with no more definite purpose than a general conviction that men must and would eat, as the men of their house certainly did, in the intervals of repairing harness, filling powder-horns and shot-belts, trotting over to the tavern after news, and coming back to retail it, till Aunt Poll began to

imagine she heard the distant strokes of a battering-ram, and rushing out in terror to assure herself, discovered it to be only Sam Pequot, an old Indian, who, with the apathy of his race, was threshing in the barn.

Aunt Poll took down Josephus to refresh her memory, and actually drew a laugh from Sally's grave lips by confiding to her this extreme horror of the case; a laugh she forgave, since Sally reassured her by recommending to her notice the fact that Jerusalem had stone walls that were more difficult to climb than stone fences. As for Sally, she thought of George, all day of George, all night; and while the next day deepened toward noon, was still thinking of him, when in rushed Long Snapps, tarpaulin in hand, full of news and horror.

"I swan! we've got it now!" said he. "Them darned Britishers sot out fur Concord last night, to board our decks an' plunder the magazine; the boys heerd on't, and they was ready over to Lexin'ton, waitin' round the meetin'us; they stood to't, an' that old powder monkey Pitcairn sung out to throw down their arms, darned rebels; an' cause they didn't muster to his whistle, he let fly at 'em like split; an' there's some killed an' more wounded; pretty much all on 'em our folks, though they did giv the reg'lars one round o' ball afore they run."

"Hooray!" shouted Zekle; "that's the talk; guess they'll sing smaller next time!"

"They'll do more'n that, Zekle," responded Long; "this a'n't but the beginnin' o' sorriers, as Parson Marsh sez, sez he; there'll be a hull gulf stream o' blood, afore them darned reg'lars knows the color on't well enough to lay their course."

Sally glided past Long, and plucked him by the sleeve, unseen by the rest. He followed her into the shed. She was ghastly pale. "Long," said she, "hurriedly, "did you hear who? was anybody shot?"

"Bless ye, gal! a hull school on 'em was shot; there wasn't many went to the bottom, though; han't heerd no names."

"But George?" gasped Sally; "he went to Lexington yesterday."

"Well, I am took aback!" growled Long. "I swear I never thought on't. I'll go see."

"Come back and tell me?" whispered Sally.

"Lord-a-massy, yes, child! jest as soon's I know myself trewly! but I shan't know nothin' more till sundown, I expect. Desire Trowbridge is a-ridin' post; he'll come through 'bout that time with news."

Long did not come back for several hours, some time after sundown, when he found Sally in the shed, waiting for him. She saw the news in his face. "Dead?" said she, clutching at the old sailor's hand.

"No! no! he a'n't slipt his moorins' yet, but he is badly stove about the figger-head; he's got a ball through his head somewhere, an' another in his leg; and he a'n't within hail; don't hear no speakin'-trumpets; fact is, Sally, he's in for the dockyard a good spell, ef he a'n't broke up hull and all."

"Who shot him?" whispered Sally.

"That's the best on't, gal; he's took an' tacked beautiful; he went into port at Lexin'ton yesterday, and heerin' there all sides o' the story, an' how them critters sot up for to thieve away our stores, he got kinder riled at the hull crew, like a common-sense feller, an' when Pitcairn come along, George finally struck his colors, run up a new un to the mast-head, borrhored a musket, an' jined the milishy, an' got shot by them cussed reg'lars fur his pains; an ef he doos die, I'll hev a figger cut on a stun myself, to tell folks he was a rebel and an honest man arter all."

"Where is he?" asked Sally in another whisper.

"He's to the tavern there in Lexin'ton. There a'n't nobody along with him, cause his father's gone to Bostin to see 'bout not gettin' scomfishkated, or arter a protection, or sumthin'."

"And his mother is dead," said Sally, slowly. "Long! I must go to Lexington to-night, on the pillion, and you must go

with me. Father's got too much rheumatiz to ask it of him."

" Well!" said Long, after a protracted stare at Sally,—" wimmin is the oddest craft that ever sailed. I swan, when I sight 'em I don't know a main-top-sail from a flyin' jib! Goin' to take care o' George, be ye ?"

" Yes," said Sally, meekly.

Long rolled the inseparable quid in his cheek, and slyly drawled out, " W-ell, if ye must, ye must! I a-n't a-goin' ter stand in the way of yer dooty !"

Sally was too far away to hear, or she might have smiled.

Uncle Zeke and Aunt Poll were to be told and coaxed into assent;—no very hard task; for George Tucker was a favorite of 'Zekiel's, and now he had turned rebel, the only grudge he had ever owed him was removed; he was only too glad to help him in any way. Aunt Poll's sole trouble was lest Sally should take cold. The proprieties, those gods of modern social worship, as well as their progenitors, the improprieties, were unknown to these simple souls; they did things because they were right and wrong. They were not nice according to Swift's definition, nor proper in the mode of the best society, but they were good and pure; are the disciples and lecturers of the 'proper' equally so?

Sally's simple preparations were quickly made. By nine o'clock she was safe on the pillion behind Long Snapps, folded in Aunt Poll's red joseph, and provided with saddle-bags full of comforts and necessities. The night was dark, but Sally did not feel any fear; not Tam O'Shanter's experience could have shaken the honest little creature's courage, when George filled the perspective before her. The way was lonely; the hard road echoed under the old cart-horse's hoofs; many a black and desolate tract of forest lay across their twenty miles' ride; more than once the tremulous shriek of a screech-owl smote ominously on Sally's wakeful sense, and quavered away like a dying groan; more than once a mournful whip-poorwill cried out in pain and expostu-

lation, and in the young leaves a shivering wind foreboded evil;—but they rode on. Presently Sally's drooping head rose erect; she listened; she laid her hand on the bridle. " Stop, Long !" said she. " I hear horses' feet, and shouts."

" Look here !" said Long, after a moment's listening, " there's breakers ahead, Sally; let's heave to in these 'ere piny bushes side o' the track; it's pitch dark, mebbe they'll go by."

He reined the horse from the road, and forced him into a group of young hemlocks, which hid them entirely from passers by. Just as he was well ensconced, a company of British cavalry rode up, broken and disorderly enough, cursing and swearing at the Yankees, and telling to unseen ears a bloody story of Concord and its men. Sally trembled, but it was with indignation, not fear, and as soon as the last hoof-beat died away, she urged Long forward; they regained the road, and made their way at once to George in Lexington.

Is it well to paint, even in failing words, such emotions as Sally fought with and conquered in that hour? Whoever has stood by the bed of a speechless, hopeless, unconscious human being, in whom their own soul lived and suffered, will know these pangs without my interpretation. Whoever knows them not need not so anticipate. If Sally had been less a woman, I might have had more to say; but she was only a woman, and loved George, so she went on in undisturbed self-control, and untiring exertion, to nurse him.

The doctor said he could not live; Long said he was booked for Davy Jones; the minister prayed for "our dying brother";—but Sally said he should live, and he did. After weeks of patient care he knew her; after more weeks he spoke, —words few, but precious; and when accumulating months brought to the battle-fields of America redder stains than even patriotic blood had splashed upon their leaves,—when one nation began to hope, and another to fear, both hope and fear had shaken hands with Sally and said

good-bye. She was married to George Tuckerman, and, with the prospect of a crippled husband for life, was perfectly happy; too happy not to laugh, when, the day after their wedding, sitting on the door-sill of the old Westbury homestead, with George and Long Snaps, George

said, "Would you ever have come to take care of me, Sally, if I'd 'a' been shot on the side of the reg'lars?"

Sally looked at him, and then looked away.

"I 'xpect she'd 'a' done her dooty," said Long Snaps dryly; and Sally laughed.

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

In a number of the "Illustrated News," not long since, there was what professed to be a view of Manchester. It represented a thousand tall factory-chimneys rising out of a gray mist, and surmounted by a heavy, drifting cloud of smoke. And in truth a view not very different from this was presented to any one who, standing at the entrance of the Palace of the Exhibition of Art Treasures, turned and looked back before going within. Two miles off lies the body of the great workshop-city, already stretching its begrimed arms in the direction of the Exhibition. The vast flat expanse of brick walls, diversified by countless chimneys and occasional steeples, now and then interrupted by the insertion of a low shed or an enormous warehouse, offers no single object upon which the eye or the imagination can rest with pleasure. Such a view was never to be seen in the world before this century; a city built merely by trade, built for the home of labor, of machines, and of engines, and for the dwelling-place (one cannot call it the home) of crowds of human beings, whose value is, for the most part, estimated according to the development of their machine-like qualities. Beauty is not consulted here. In those places in or near the city, where Nature, reluctant to be driven utterly away, still tries to keep a foothold, she is parched and scorched by the feverish breath of forges and furnaces. Standing here, one may see the cloud of smoke,

which waves in the wind like a pall over the city, slowly moving and settling down upon the land. One may almost hear the roar of the continual fires, the throb of the engines, the heavy beat of the trip-hammers, and the rattle of the spindles, by which the work of the world is done; and their noises, blended by the distance into one monotonous sound, seem like the voice of the restless, hard-working, unsettled spirit of gain. Manchester is built and is worked for profit, not for pleasure; beauty is driven away from her as a thing at variance with practical life; and even the sky above her and the fields around her yield only at rare moments and for short seasons those precious and gracious shows of beauty which are the free and blessed gift of love to all the world. Smoke, steam, coal-dust, blackened walls, and bare fields lie outside the Exhibition; and now let us go within.

The world could show no sharper and more affecting contrast. Outside, all suggests the competitions and struggles of trade, the crowded street, the bustle of the exchange, the cold and dry elements of purely unimaginative life. Inside, all suggests the quietness and composure of solitary and delightful labor, the silence of the studio, the resort to nature, and the frequenting of the springs of poetry. From the present, one is suddenly transferred to the past; from the near, to the remote. In place of the blank, black factory wall, there is the low wall of

some Italian Campo Santo, its painted sides more precious than marbles or gold could have made them; in place of the dull and heavy stone of the Exchange, the glowing mosaics of some southern cathedral; in place of the factory bell and the rush into the steaming and dirty workroom, the bell of a convent on Fiesole, and the slow walk through its cool cloisters; in place of the dead files of uniform ugly houses, Venetian palaces, with the water at their base, reflecting the colors which Giorgione and Titian, housepainters at Venice, left upon their stones; in place of the racket of the street, the quiet greenness of an English lane, or the inaccessible ice and glory of a far-off mountain summit; in place of the burnt waste of fields covered with ashes and coal-dust, the burning stretch of the desert with the Sphinx looking out over it century after century; in place of the shower coming down through the dirty air to wash the dirty roofs, a storm breaking over the sea-shore rocks, or beating down on the broken wreck; instead of the drabbled calico of the factory girl and her face old before its time, the satins of Vandyck's beauties, and the fair looks of Sir Peter Lely's heroines; instead of Manchester mayors and masters of factories, Tintoret's noble Venetian counsellors and doges, and Titian's Shakspearian men. It was a bold thought thus to bring pictures and statues into one great collection at Old Trafford, and to set off the art of the world against the manufactures of Manchester.

The Exhibition building was admirably designed for its purpose. Its plan is simple, and not unpleasing, although the proportions, which its object required, were such as to prevent any attempt at grand architectural effect. The general arrangement of the interior is easily understood, even without the aid of a ground-plan. The chief entrance leads into a nave, which has on each side an aisle of less height, separated from it by a wall. The wall is broken by two openings, through which is the passage from

nave to aisle, or aisle to nave. The nave and aisles end in a transept, and behind the transept are two small saloons, and a large hall or aisle crossing the building transversely and forming its western end. A gallery runs round the transept, and another crosses the nave at its eastern end. This is the general arrangement. The walls of the nave or central hall are occupied by the gallery of British portraits, and between the iron columns that support the roof are set pieces of sculpture, and the cases containing the precious collection of Ornamental Art, (works of the minor arts, as they might be called,) which has been brought together from private and public sources, and is quite unrivalled in its completeness. The southern aisle contains the main collection of pictures by ancient, foreign masters; while the opposite aisle is filled with the works of the British school. The transept, being chiefly given up to arrangements for an orchestra, contains below little but a collection of busts, but its galleries are occupied with the collection of miniatures, a most admirable and extensive historical series of engravings, a large number of photographs, and a very precious collection of original drawings by the old masters. The saloon at the north end of the transept is filled with East Indian and Chinese tapestries, furniture, and works of ornamental design; while the opposite saloon continues the collection of paintings of ancient masters, being chiefly occupied with works from the gallery of the Marquis of Hertford, which he sent to the Exhibition on condition that they should be kept together. The hall that crosses the building at the western end is filled with a collection of water-color drawings.—Such, in brief, is an outline of the distribution of the treasures contained in this great palace of Art.

The first impression, on entering the nave, is that of the vast space filled with light and rich with color. The attention is not attracted to particular details. Separate objects are dwarfed in the long vista. The eye rests on nothing that is

not precious, and is at first contented to wander rapidly from one object to another, without attempting to delay on any thing. Passing down the middle between the ordered files of statues, (all modern works, and few of them worthy of remark,) we enter from the transept the south nave, where the works of the foreign schools of painting are arranged for the most part in chronological order. This nave, like the opposite, is divided into three saloons and two vestibules. We are now in the first saloon. On the one side are the works of the earlier Italian masters, and on the other those of the masters of the earlier German and Flemish schools. And it is here that one observes the chief deficiency of the collection. The pictures which are here have been brought from the private galleries in which England is so rich. Many a famous country-house, full of historic and poetic associations, gains additional interest from its gallery of pictures or of marbles. Blenheim, Wilton House, Warwick Castle, have their old walls hung with pictures by Titian, Vandyck, and Holbein. Who does not remember, as one of his most delightful recollections of England,—delightful as all his recollections of that dear old Mother-land are, if he has really seen her,—who does not thus remember the drive from the little country town to the old family place, up the long avenue under its ancestral trees, the ferny brook crossed by the stone bridge with its carved balustrade, the deer feeding on the green slope of the open park or lying under some secular oak, the heavy white clouds casting their slow shadows on the broad lawn, the dark spreading cedars of Lebanon standing on the edge of the bright flower-garden,—the old house itself, with its quaint gables and oriel, the broad flight of steps leading to the wide door,—the cheerful reception from the prim, but good-natured housekeeper,—her pride in the great hall, and in the pleasant, home-like rooms, in Vandyck's portrait of the beautiful countess, and in Holbein's of

the fifth earl,—the satisfaction with which she would point to the pictures and the marbles brought two centuries ago from Italy, now stopping before this to tell you that “it is considered a very improportionable Virgin by Parmigianino,” and calling you to observe this old statue “of a couching Silenus wrapped in the skin of a Pantheon”—and then, when the Rubens, and the Claude, and all the other pictures have been seen, her letting you pass, as a great favor, through the library with its well-filled oaken shelves, the gilding worn off the backs of many of its books by the love of successive generations;—who does not remember such scenes as these, and recall the glorious pictures from Florence, or from Venice, or from Antwerp, that enrich many an English country home?

It was, indeed, from such homes that the Manchester collection was, in great measure, brought together; and this being the case, it is not to be wondered at that it was difficult to form an historic sequence of pictures by which the course and progress of Art should be properly illustrated, or that many of the old pictures that hang on the walls of the Exhibition bear the names of greater masters than they deserve to be honored with. Nor is it strange that the earlier schools of Art should be but very scantily represented. The earlier painters did not do much work that would answer for the decoration of homes; their work was of a public, and, for the most part, a consecrated nature. The pictures of later centuries are more easily appreciated by those who have not made a thoughtful study of Art, and they have consequently been more loudly praised and more generally sought for. The later works have attractive qualities in which the earlier are often deficient, and it is not until very recently that the real beauty and value of these first pictures of the revival have been felt with any due appreciation. The masters of the fourteenth, and of the greater part of the fifteenth century, did not, as we have said, paint pictures simply as objects of

beauty or for mere purposes of adornment, nor were those methods of painting then in use which have brought pictures into private homes and within private means. And so it happens that the schools of this period are not represented at Manchester in any fair proportion to the schools of the sixteenth century.

The two most important centuries of Art are not to be studied here. Of the six pictures, for instance, that profess to be by Giotto, the great head and master of Italian Art, there are but two from which even a faint impression of his style can be gained. There is nothing here which would enable one who had not seen his works in Italy to conceive a true idea of their character and merits. Giotto stands at the threshold of the fourteenth century, breaking open the door, so long barred up, that was to let men into the glories of the unseen world. The friend of Dante, he, as painter, stands side by side with the poet. In the midst of the tumults, the confusion, and violence of those bloody times, his soul rose above the discord of the world, his hand snapped the fetters of authority and tradition, and revealed by line and color the exalted visions of his imagination. Painting, with him, took its inspiration from religious faith, and spent itself in religious service. Whether at Padua, in the little withdrawn Arena chapel, or on the bare mountains at Assisi, in the great church of St. Francis, or at Naples, in the king's chapel, his frescos, though dimmed by the dust of five hundred years, blackened by the smoke of incense, abused by restorers, still show a power of imagination, a spirituality and tenderness of feeling, a simplicity and directness of treatment, which give them place among the most sacred and precious works that Art has yet produced. That quiet, solitary chapel of the Arena at Padua is one of the places most worthy of reverence in Italy; for in the pictures from the lives of the Virgin and the Saviour, that are painted upon its walls,

there is the expression of such religious fervor, such faith and love, as Art has rarely or never reached in later times.

Nor is there at Manchester any picture by Duccio da Siena, the great, and, one may almost say, the worthy contemporary of Giotto, from which his power and feeling are to be well estimated. Like Giotto he struggled to free himself from the swathing-clothes in which the traditions of Byzantine Art had bound up the limbs and the imaginations of artists, and he succeeded in at last breaking loose. But the long restraint had impaired the power of all who were subjected to it; and as in the works of Giotto, so in the rarer works of Duccio, one often finds an effort after truth of expression, which is almost pathetic in its character, from its revealing the inefficiency of the hand to carry out the thought, and the resolute will striving half in vain to overcome the impediments of bad teaching and imperfect knowledge of the materials and limits of painting. It is this groping effort after truth which results often in the *naïve* rendering of details, and the quaintness of composition, which are so common in the works of these early masters; but the deep feeling of the artists penetrates through all, and thus even their awkward and imperfect drawing frequently produces a stronger effect, and seems a better rendering of nature, than the cold, unfeeling, academic accuracy of Bologna, or all the finished science of the eclectic schools.

In passing down through the century one finds lamentable omissions at Manchester. Fifty pictures, of which half at least have been restored, (that is to say, in part or wholly spoiled,) and half originally the work of inferior masters, do not represent the art of a century which was full of the glow of reawakening life, and which, as the spring covers the earth with flowers, covered Italy with cathedrals, campaniles, churches, baptisteries, and camposantos, and decorated their walls with sculpture and painting. Art was gaining gradually a knowledge of her own powers. Orgagna, the Michel An-

gelo of his time, (one of his pictures is at Manchester,) was opening a wider field for her progress; and ten years after his death Fra Angelico was born. He was a boy of fifteen years old when in 1402 Masaccio was born at Florence, and the brightness of the fifteenth century had begun.

There is one, among the four pictures ascribed to Fra Angelico in this collection, from which something of the heavenly purity, the sweetness, and the tenderness of this great and gentle master may be learned. It is a picture of the Last Judgment. Unfortunately, it has been much injured by time and by neglect; its brilliant colors have sunk and become dim,—those pure, clear colors which give to Fra Angelico's panel pictures the brilliancy of a missal illumination, and which reflect the purity and the clearness of his tranquil life and his reverential soul. It is no fanciful theory which connects the uses of color with moral qualities, and which from the coloring of a picture will deduce something of the moral character of its painter. Thus it is not only from the exquisite delicacy of form, the spirituality of expression, and the sweet, reverent fancy in attitude, of the angels from which Fra Angelico derived his name, but also from the brightness of their golden wings, from the deep glow of their crimson, or scarlet, or azure robes, and from the clear shining of the stars on their foreheads, that one learns that he deserved that name as characteristic of his temper and his life. Something of the influence of the cloister shows itself in most of his larger works; but if his vision was narrowed within convent walls, it did but pierce the more clearly into the regions of tranquillity and loveliness that lay above them.

With the end of the fifteenth century religion almost disappears from Art. John Bellini, dying ninety years old in 1516, was the last and one of the greatest of the long line of artists who had loved Art as the means granted them of serving God upon earth. The manly vigor of his conceptions, the ten-

der and holy purity of his imagination, the delicate strength of his fancy, are not to be discovered in the few pictures that bear his name at Manchester. His pictures are to be fairly seen only at Venice, where, in out-of-the-way churches, over tawdry altars, his colors gleam undimmed by time, and the faces of his Virgins look down with a still celestial sweetness. But there is one picture here, by a Venetian contemporary of John Bellini, before which we shall do well to pause. It is a St. Catharine, by Cima da Conegliano. It is the picture of a noble woman, full of fortitude, serenity, and faith. The richness of the color of her dress, her calm dignity, the composure of her attitude, recall to mind and make her the worthy companion of the beautiful St. Barbara of the church of Santa Maria Formosa. It is well to look at her, for we are coming to those days when such saints as these were no longer painted; but in their places whole tribes of figures with faces twisted into every trick of sentimental devotion, imbecile piety, and pretended fervor.

But before this time, somewhere about the middle of the fifteenth century, the fashion of painting pictures upon panel for private purposes, though as yet religious subjects were principally chosen for treatment, had already begun; and we find the masters of the early part of the sixteenth century represented with tolerable fulness at Manchester. English collectors have long had a passion for Raphael, and England is almost as rich in his works in oils as Italy herself. Italy, however, keeps his frescos; and may she long keep them! There are more than thirty works ascribed to Raphael hanging on the walls of the Exhibition. Many of them are of doubtful genuineness; many of them have been restored.

It is impossible to trace in these pictures the progress of Raphael's manner, and to mark the development of his style; but even in these one may see something of the change from the simplicity and feeling of his early works, produced under the influence of religious senti-

ment, and the still clinging stiffness of traditional restraints, to the freedom and coldness of his later works, painted under the influence of success at a dissolute court, of flattery, of jealousy, and of indifference to the motives of religion.

The Venetian masters of the sixteenth century fill a large portion of the sides of one of the great saloons of this aisle, covering it with a glow of deepest color. The opposite side is hung with many pictures by Rubens; and the contrast between the works of the mighty colorists of Venice and the famous colorist of Antwerp is not without curious interest and instruction. The Venice wall has the color of Venetian sunsets, the gold and crimson of its clouds, the solemn blue of the Cadore hills, the deep green of the lagoons, the brown and purple of the seaweeds, and the shadows of the city of decaying palaces. Here are such harmonies as Nature strikes in her great symphony of color. But on the other wall are the colors of the courts in which Rubens passed so many of his days,—the dyes of tapestry, the sheen of jewels and velvet, the glaring crimson and yellow of royal displays; while the harmonies that he strikes out with his rapid and powerful hand are like those of the music of some great military band.

There are noble pictures here by Giorgione, and Titian, and Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, and Bonifazio. Look at this Musical Party by Giorgione, this landscape by Titian, this portrait of the vile Duke of Alva by the same great master, the greatest master of all in portraiture. It is the Duke himself, not merely in his outward presence, but such as the insight of one as profoundly versed in human as in external nature beheld him. The portrait is a biography of the man, and one may read in the narrow, hard, and wily face the history of his cruel life. The same qualities of inward vision are displayed by Tintoret in his more hasty portraits, and one learns as much of Venetian men and of their lives from the pencil of Titian and of Tintoret as from the pens of contemporary chroniclers. The picture by

Bonifazio of a Virgin and Child surrounded by saints is a splendid example of this almost unsurpassed colorist; while several of the pictures by Paul Veronese are among the most precious things in all the Exhibition, as clear and uninjured specimens of admirable Venetian work.

The Bolognese school is represented at Manchester out of all proportion to its worth, in comparison with the earlier and greater schools of Italy. It is essentially the school of decline, and, after the time of Francia, very few pictures proceeded from it dignified by noble thought, or exhibiting either purity or power of imagination. Its very method condemned it to inferiority. But debased as it is, it has been during the last two centuries the object of perhaps more real and affected admiration than any other of the schools of Italian art. Fortunately, we have entered upon a better period of criticism, and a change is fast coming over the public taste. But it is a curious fact, that the most popular picture in the whole gallery of ancient masters, the picture before which larger crowds assemble and linger than before any other, is one from this school,—the three Maries weeping over the body of the Saviour, by Annibale Carracci. A portion of the interest which it excites undoubtedly arises from the report that Louis Napoleon has offered the sum of £20,000 for it to its possessor, the Earl of Carlisle; but its intrinsic qualities are such as to explain much of its attraction for uneducated eyes. The attitudes of the figures are violent and theatrical, the colors are strong, the surface is smooth, the subject is easily recognized and of general interest. But whatever value be set upon these points, it is an example of many of the worst defects of the school. The expressions of the figures are exaggerated and unnatural, the color, though strong, is cold and inharmonious, the drawing feeble and incorrect, the sentiment inconceivably material. It is a true exponent of the low ebb of artistic power and of religious feeling at the period at which it was painted.

But we are delaying too long in these halls of the old painters. We have scarcely looked at a tithe of the eleven hundred pictures that hang around, and we must pass by with only a glance the long lines of German, Flemish, and Dutch works, and the rows of pictures by the great Spanish masters. We can but see how much there is for pleasure and for study, and wish in vain to pause before Rembrandt, and Cuyp, and Ruysdael, and Vandyck, before Murillo and Velasquez.

We come out into the nave, and, forgetting for a time pictures as works of art, let us look at them as representations of men, as we pass along before the portraits of British worthies, with which the two sides of this great hall are hung. It is a gallery of which every one of British blood may be proud; for no other country could show such a long line of the portraits of her famous men, and feel at the same time that so many of her greatest were not to be found in the collection. The gallery begins with a portrait of King Henry IV.; it ends with that of Mr. Prescott. After nearly four hundred English worthies, at last one American,—and only one; for in the whole collection there is but one other portrait of an American,—West, the painter,—and he was English by adoption, though not by birth. We could spare his fame without great loss, but it would not do for us to give up that of our popular historian. In the next great assemblage of the portraits of the worthies of the English race and speech, perhaps those born on this side of the Atlantic may appear in larger numbers and in even rank of honor.

The first portrait on the catalogue is that of King Henry IV.; but he has displaced here, as in life, his predecessor on the throne. Henry VI. and Richard III. follow in near succession; but it is not till Henry VIII.'s time that we really enter upon the field of English portraiture. We begin with the king himself. Here is Holbein's famous picture of him; a picture that represents a man so gross,

so sensual, so disgusting in appearance, that one recognizes its truth, and wonders that the court-painter did not lose his head for such a libellous sincerity.

Wolsey is near his master; his face is that of a man "exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading"; he has a large, full brow, narrow and shrewd eyes, a delicate nose, and somewhat heavy and sensual cheeks. A little later the portraits become more numerous. Of Queen Elizabeth there are seven here, and in them may be traced the great changes of her face,—from that of the plain, awkward, not altogether unpleasing, red-haired girl, to that of the hard, bitter, disappointed old woman. Some of her courtiers surround her;—Leicester, with a treacherous uncertainty of expression; and Burleigh, riding on a mule, and holding flowers in his hand,—an odd representation of the great Lord Treasurer. And here, too, is Henry Wriothesley, the Earl of Southampton, finding a deserved place among the chief men of his time,—for he was Shakespeare's friend, and to him the "Rape of Lucrece" was dedicated, with the words, "What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours." Here is Holbein's portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, with the face of a true knight. Sidney is not here, but "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," has an honored place,—and though her portrait is not of so "fair" a woman as one might desire to have seen her, it has the look of a woman "wise and good." And here are Shakspeare and Ben Jonson themselves;—the Chandos portrait of Shakspeare, with which all the world is familiar, more interesting from its own fame than from its being either an authentic or a satisfactory likeness of the poet; and Ben Jonson close by, with his strong features and manly face. And Fletcher, and Shirley, and Dick Burbadge, who first acted Hamlet, and whose picture explains why the queen should say, "He's fat and scant of breath,"—and others of the same great band of contemporaries. Their heads be-

long for the most part to one broad type; their common characteristics are strongly marked. There were never finer heads than these;—the broad, uplifted, solidly based skulls; the strong and vigorous marking of the features, giving evidence, both in shape and in expression, of the union of pure intellect and pure imagination. Compare with them the heads of the wits and statesmen of Charles II.'s time. See the difference;—the high, wide arch of the skull is lowered or narrowed; the broad brow cramped; the features finer cut, but losing in force what they gain in fineness. Look, for instance, at this Vandyck of Sir John Suckling,—only the next generation after the great men; but his portrait is that of an idler, his head that of a man without great thoughts or great interests. The age of imagination had passed; the age of fancy was setting in. Here and there in the later days one finds a man who might belong to the earlier time;—for instance, this likeness of Sir Henry Wotton, also by Vandyck, gives us a broad and noble head; but one sees the time to which he belonged in his somewhat affected meditative attitude, and in the word *Philosophemur*, which is inscribed upon the canvas. The finest type of head which England has had since the time of Elizabeth was that developed among the Roundheads. *Round* heads they were, and noble heads too. They are well represented here. Look at this portrait of Cromwell;—it has the same character and expression with that still nobler likeness of him which he sent to the Duke of Tuscany, and which hangs now in one of the back halls of the Pitti Gallery, a stern, silent monitor to the dull Florentines. Frederick Tennyson said of it, that it was the best battle-piece he ever saw;—“In its red ruggedness it looks as if it had been sketched in by the gleam of Dunbar's cannon flashes.” Hampden, Eliot, and Pym, with wide individual differences, all belong to the same class;—the lines of their faces, which in Hampden and in Eliot have settled into a cast

of resolute melancholy, and in Pym betray the sternness of his nature, tell in all of the hard discipline of their lives, and the upright patriotism of their hearts. Compare the faces of these patriots with those of the leaders of the French Revolutions. The Cavaliers, with a type of head less fine, were for the most part handsomer men than the Roundheads. Here is Lovelace, the poet, for instance; Aubrey says of him, “He was an extraordinary handsome man,” and this likeness bears out the assertion. His face has a look of enthusiasm and of gallantry, appropriate to the man who could write, “Stone walls do not a prison make.” With the portraits of Brooke, and Fairfax, and Falkland, and Astley, and others of the time, the comparison between Roundhead and Cavalier might be carried still farther,—but we must pass on.

The portrait of Hobbes of Malmesbury, as an old man, hangs near that of Sir Thomas Browne. It is a curious contrast between the imaginative and the unimaginative philosopher,—between the student of innumerable books, and the cynic who declared that “he should know as little as other men, if he had read as many books.”

There is a whole bevy here of the famous beauties of Charles II.'s court,—full of the affected airs and languishing graces which Sir Peter Lely knew well how to paint, and rarely showing any thing in their portraits of the sprightliness which some of them at least possessed in life. The only one of Sir Peter's full-length beauties, who calls up any associations but such as belong to Grammont's Memoirs, is Margaret Lucas, the Duchess of Newcastle. Who does not know her through Charles Lamb, and love her for Charles Lamb's sake? She looks out of place here, between Charles II. and the Duchess of Cleveland; and it was not in a fancy dress of most fantastic style that she wrote her memoir of her husband,—in which she tells of what My Lord would eat at dinner, as well as collects the wise things which dropped from My Lord's lips.

The worthy Secretary Pepys appears here, in "an excellent conceited picture," of which he himself has told the story in his Diary :—

" 1666, March 17. To Hales's, and paid him £14 for the picture, and £1 5s. for the frame. This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's; and I sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder, to make the posture for him to work by."

" March 30. To Hales's, and there sat till almost quite dark upon working my gowne, which I hired to be drawn in; an Indian gowne."

" April 11. To Hales's, where there was nothing found to be done more to my picture, but the musique, which now pleases me mightily, it being painted true."*

And here is Kneller's familiar portrait of John Evelyn, the other diarist of the times. And Lely's portrait of Rochester, the *roué*, represented in the characteristic act of crowning his monkey with laurel,—laurel to which he sometimes aspired himself. And Kneller's portrait of Lord William Russell, with a face that answers better to the character of the man, as it appeared before he was brought face to face with death, and forced to exert and to display the manlier qualities of his nature.

The men of letters of the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century appear here in great force. With the faces of most of them the world is familiar. Here are six of the Kit-Kat Club portraits that were painted for Jacob Tonson. First in order Tonson himself, the very personification of the flourishing publisher and patron of authors, with the pleasant air of the happy discoverer of genius, and the maker of its fortune as well as of his own. He holds a folio copy of "Paradise Lost"; it is Tonson patting Milton on the back. Dryden,

* Mr. Peter Cunningham has quoted these passages in his excellent catalogue of the gallery.

Vanbrugh, Congreve, Steele, Addison, and Lord Chancellor Somers are the other five of these celebrated portraits. What a congress of wits! But we have besides, Atterbury, and Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Prior, and Tickell, and Swift. Pope's face, as given in Kneller's portrait, (which recalls the poet's stolen complimentary verse to the painter,) has a sad and weary look, and is marked by that pallor, and that peculiar hollowness of eye and cheek, which often accompany bodily deformity. Swift's face betrays but little of the bitterness of his soul; but it was painted in his best days, before the cloud of darkness had begun to settle down upon him. It is the portrait of him as he was in London, among his set,—not as he was in the half-banishment of his Irish life.

The end of the century brings us to other familiar portraits, and at length to portraits painted by great native artists. Gainsborough and Reynolds appear in full rivalry. Here are Gainsborough's Johnson, the well-known profile portrait, and Sir Joshua's Boswell; Gainsborough's Garrick, a most delightful portrait of Garrick's pleasantest expression, and Sir Joshua's Gibbon, which looks as ugly and as conceited as the little man himself. One of Reynolds's most pleasing portraits is his likeness of himself in spectacles. It has suffered from the fading of colors and the cracking of the paint, as so many of Sir Joshua's best pictures have done; but it still presents him amiable, cultivated, and unpretending, the accomplished artist and the kindly friend, and affords the best possible illustration of the character which Goldsmith drew of him in his "Retaliation."

We pass rapidly before the portraits of the present century. Every one knows by heart the faces of Scott and Byron, Southey and Coleridge. But there is one little portrait, hung at the end of the gallery, in front of which we pause. It has no remarkable merit as a work of art, but it is the portrait of Keats, painted in Rome by his friend Severn. The young poet is resting his

head on his hand, as if it were heavy and tired. His face has a look of illness; his eyes are large, and the spaces around them are hollow. His wide and well-formed brow, and all the features, betray a temperament delicate, passionate, and sensitive to excess. This portrait was painted, according to tradition, in the little summer-house studio, at the corner of the Via Strozzi. The windows look out over the garden with its cypress walks, its old pine trees, its rows of cabbages and artichokes, its weather-stained statues and bits of ancient marbles. Beyond are the walls of Rome, and beyond these the Campagna stretches away in level lines of beauty to the blue bellow of the Alban hills. On this view the eyes of the dying poet rested, while his heart gave no prophecy to him of coming fame. Would it have cheered him, during those last disheartened days, to have foreseen that so soon England would rank him among her honored children, and place his portrait in the gallery of the most worthy of her dead; while a line of his writing, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," should be emblazoned in glowing letters at the end of the great hall of her first great Palace of Art?

We come now to the northern aisle, the aisle which contains the works of the British school of painters. It is the most complete of the sections of this great collection of pictures, and the lessons which are to be learned from it of the present condition and prospects of Art are of the highest interest. Here are six hundred pictures, the English record of about a hundred years of painting. Never before has there been such a collection of the works of English painters, and never before has there been an opportunity of studying so fully and satisfactorily the course and progress of the English school.

The beginning of this school hardly dates before the first quarter of the last century. Public taste was then at its lowest level. The fall of Art in Italy, in the preceding century, had carried down

with it both the appreciation and the feeling for what was truly good. A factitious taste had taken the place of honest and simple likings. The worst things were often preferred, the worst pictures bought. Artists, as a class, had given up the study of Nature as the foundation of Art; and in the place of Nature, they had put other men's pictures. They had substituted a system of conventional rules and traditional methods, for the infinite variety and the unceasing study of truth. They preferred falsehood, they liked imitation, and their patrons soon came to consider the feeble results of falsehood and imitation as better than honest work and strong originality. Of course, here and there was a man whose native love of truth or spirit of opposition would give him strength to break loose from the fetters of artistic convention and prevailing taste, and to exhibit the truth in his pictures. Such a man was the first great artist of the English school, Hogarth; the greatest humorist of a century rich in humorists, with a knowledge of human nature that reminds one sometimes of Fielding's in its clearness and variety, sometimes of Goldsmith's in its tender pleasantry. But Hogarth had to struggle all his life against the taste of his time, which was unable to appreciate his merit. He was too natural for an artificial age. Among the pictures exhibited here is one from his famous series of the Harlot's Progress. It is too well known by the engravings to need description; but when the eight masterly pictures which compose this series were sold at auction during Hogarth's life, they brought the sum of fourteen guineas each! The March of the Guards to Finchley, so admirable in composition, so full of incident and character, so rich in humor, could not be sold by the artist, and he disposed of it in a lottery, in which many tickets were left on his hands. And while this was the fate of works which still stand unsurpassed in their peculiar field, the amateurs were paying enormous prices for worthless pictures of second-

rate Italian masters, and talking about their "Correggios and Raphaels and stuff."

From Hogarth to Sir Joshua Reynolds is a wide step. Sir Joshua is well represented here by some thirty pictures; and Gainsborough is at his side with perhaps half as many. If Sir Joshua had not been a man of genius, he would have been ruined by his academic principles. He laid down rules which he constantly violated. He praised the Bolognese masters, and advised all students of Art in Italy to study at Bologna; but he did not confine himself to the study of other men's works, but sometimes gave himself, with honest sincerity and affection, to the study of Nature; and thus it is that it becomes hard to draw the line of praise between some of his pictures and some of those by Gainsborough, and to say which are the best. Gainsborough was no academician; he did not believe in conventionalities. When Sir Joshua laid down as a rule that blue was bad as a prevailing color in pictures, Gainsborough painted his famous Blue Boy, and made one of the most charming portraits and pleasantest pictures that had ever been painted in England. Look at Sir Joshua's delightful, winning Nelly O'Brien,—what a happy picture of a girl!—and then look at Gainsborough's Mrs. Graham, with her exquisite, perhaps even too exquisite, beauty; and see, not which of the artists was the best, for that it is hard to see, but how great both were as students and renderers of human nature. One of the best of Reynolds's portraits is that of Foote, the actor. He is leaning over a chair, and his laughing face is looking out from the canvas, as if he were watching the effect of one of his own most brilliant and easy jokes. But Sir Joshua does not compare with Gainsborough in landscape; there the lover of Nature had the advantage over the lover of Poussin and Claude. The famous picture of Puck, which Lord Fitzwilliam lately bought at Mr. Rogers's sale for the extravagant sum of nine hundred and eighty guineas,

is here for all eyes to see how far the imagination of the President of the Royal Academy differed from that of Shakspeare.

But the principles which Sir Joshua laid down, though they did not ruin his own works, did much to ruin those of the next generation of painters. There was still the struggle between the painters by rule and according to convention, and the painters of truth as found in Nature. But the painters of Nature were in a minority so small as to be powerless against the prevailing current. English Art seemed to be running down; cold formalisms, classicalities, extravagances, affectations, imitations, "high art," occupied the field almost to the exclusion of better things. West, Fuseli, Northcote, Barry, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Haydon, Maclise, and Sir Charles Eastlake form a famous line of painters who have been admired, but whose works have little value except as warnings, and as showing into what errors a false method and want of recognition of the foundation and the end of Art may lead men not destitute of ability.

But while these men had their day, the school of the lovers of Nature as seen in the external world was making irregular progress. The overwhelming pressure of conventional traditions is shown most forcibly, however, by the fact that the great leader of this school of the students of landscape nature, the man to whom was given the power to see and to represent Nature in all the changing glories and beauties of her ceaselessly varying moods, the man who knew the value of truth and set his desires upon it accordingly,—that this man should have been for years of his life kept down to the imitation of and competition with the works of painters of previous centuries who were supposed to have painted landscapes. But it was Pegasus running a race with cart-horses. He had reached the goal which they had never aspired after. There are nineteen pictures of Turner's here at Manchester; some of them among his noblest works. Here

is his Cologne at Sunset; look at it, for the picture will fade before your eyes, and you will stand looking at the golden glow of evening over the church towers, and the gleaming river of the ancient city.

With the growth of Turner's power, and the commencement of a better period of public taste and feeling, as marked not only in Art, but in letters, the study of Nature became more manifest in the English school. In different directions, and with different degrees of success, many artists, but generally with more or less faltering, broke away from the old system. Wilkie, Etty, Constable, Collins, and others, often painted simple and sincere pictures, pictures that showed careful study and real love of Nature. All these artists may be seen to advantage here. But in looking at the mass of the collection, one sees that the true principles of Art have not even as yet been generally recognized by the majority of English artists. The last hall of the gallery, which is devoted to the works of living artists, gives especial proof of this fact. But at the same time, it gives proof of the rise of a spirit among a small body of the younger painters, whose influence promises to be of strong and beneficial effect. The artists among whom this spirit exists are the Pre-Raphaelites.

Great misconception exists with regard to the works and to the principles of Art of this school. The name by which it is known has in part occasioned this misconception. It was not happily chosen; for these Pre-Raphaelites, instead of being three centuries behind their times, are fully up with the day in which they live. Pre-Raphaelitism was not intended to mean, as it might seem to imply, the going back to worn-out and obsolete methods of painting, the resort to past modes of representation; it does not mean the adoption of the artistic forms, traditions, or rules of the old painters; it does not mean the seeking of inspiration from the works of any other men; but, in theory at least, it means the pursuit of

Art in that spirit which the painters before Raphael possessed, the spirit which united Art with Religion; it means the pursuit of Art with the humility of learners, with the faith of apostles. It does not mean the reproduction of the quaintnesses, and awkwardnesses, and limitations of the early artists, more than it means the adoption of the errors of their creed as exhibited in their paintings; but it means that as those artists broke loose from the bondage of Byzantine captivity, and found in Nature the source of all true inspiration, the exhaustless fountain from which their imaginations might draw perpetual refreshment,—so these artists who took this name would free themselves from whatever they could discern to be false in the teaching and practice of Art in our times, and give themselves to the study of that beauty and that truth which are to be found in God's world to-day, whether in external nature or in human hearts, actions, and lives. Truth was to be their device; Nature was to be their mistress. And in the ardor of youth, they set forth for the conquest of new and untravelled lands.

It is greatly to be regretted that there should be but an inconsiderable number of pictures in this last hall of the English gallery by Pre-Raphaelite artists. A little private exhibition of seventy-two pictures and drawings, by some twenty artists of this school, which was held in a small house in London, during the month of June, gave a far better view of what had been already accomplished by them, of the practical working out of their principles of Art, and of their present tendencies. Three men stand as the prominent leaders of the movement,—Rosetti, Hunt, and Millais. There is not a single picture by Rosetti at Manchester; but two (if we remember rightly) by Millais; and although there are several by Hunt, there are none of his latest works, nor the most powerful and beautiful of his comparatively early ones, the well-known *Light of the World*. Rosetti has never, we believe, exhibited in public. But

whether he paint Dante led in a vision by Love to see Beatrice lying dead,—or the Angel leading King and Shepherd to adore the new-born Saviour, while the angelic choir in white robes stand around the manger in the night, singing their song of Peace and Good-will,—or Queen Guinever and Sir Lancelot meeting in the autumn day at King Arthur's tomb,—or Mary of Magdala flying from the house of revels, and clasping the alabaster box of ointment to her bosom,—or Ophelia redelivering to Hamlet his gifts of remembrance, while he strips the leaves from a rosetree as he breaks her heart,—or the young farmer, who, having driven his cart to London, and crossed one of the bridges over the black river, finds in the cold, wet morning his old love, long lost, now fallen at the side of the street, fainting against the dead brick wall of a graveyard; whether he paint these or other scenes, in all are to be found such sense of the higher truths of Nature and such faithful rendering of them, such force of expression, and such beauty of conception, as place them as works of imagination among the first that this age has produced. With equal fidelity to Nature, with a more definite moral purpose, perhaps with a more consistent steadiness of work, but with less delicate sense of beauty, and with imagination of a very different order, Hunt stands with Rosetti in the front ranks of Pre-Raphaelitism. The earnestness and directness of moral expression in most of his pictures is such as has for a long time been rare in Art. Art is with him a means of enforcing the recognition of truths often avoided or carefully concealed. Their powerful dramatic character compels the attention of the careless to his pictures. He paints Claudio and Isabella in the prison scene, and it is not merely a vivid rendering of the scene in its external features, but also a true rendering of the character of Claudio and Isabella, of the weakness of the coward, of the strength that dwells with the pure. His Awakened Conscience is a scene from the interior of

London life; a denunciation of the vice of which the world is so careless; a sad, stern picture of the bitterness of sin. Millais is less in earnest, and his pictures, with many great technical merits, with portions of very exquisite painting, have rarely possessed any great worth as works of imagination. One of the tenderest of them all is the Huguenots, the girl and her lover parting, which is now becoming generally known through the engraving that has recently been published. The Autumn Leaves, which is exhibited at Manchester, is one of his least satisfactory pictures.

But all these men are young, and what they have already accomplished is but as the promise of greater things to come. It is impossible, however, to look forward for these greater things, without a feeling of doubt and uncertainty as to their being produced. The times in which we are living are not fitted to develop and confirm the qualities on which the best results of Art depend. Ours is neither an age of composure nor of faith. It urges speedy results; it desires effective, rather than simple, truthful work. But the Pre-Raphaelites are exposed to especial dangers; just now to the dangers that come from success. And these are of two kinds; first, the undermining of that humility which is the secret of mastery; and secondly, the tendency to the development of peculiarities and mannerisms, to the exaggeration of special features that have attracted attention in their work, and which have a factitious value set upon them by the public, as they are taken to be the signs and passwords of initiation into the new school. But, lying deeper than these, there is a danger to Pre-Raphaelitism from the tendency to insist on too literal an application of its own principles. The best principles will not include all cases. The workings and ways of Nature are infinite, and the principles of Art are finite deductions from these infinite examples. As yet these deductions have been but imperfectly made. The most exact and truthful representation of

Nature may be the rule of the artist, but it is not an easy thing to attain to an understanding of the truth of Nature. The actual is not always the real. Literal truth is not always exact truth; and the seeming truth, which is what Art must often represent, is very different from the absolute truth. And here there has been much stumbling in Pre-Raphaelitism, and there is likelihood of fall; likelihood of the actual being mistaken for the real, the show for the essence. It is, indeed, apparently, a tendency toward this error which has deprived most of the best pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites of the quality of *breadth*, a quality which Nature usually preserves in herself, which in painting takes the place of harmony in music, and

which only the greatest painters have acquired.

But if Pre-Raphaelitism be true, not to the letter, but to the spirit of its principles,—if its artists remain unspoiled by flattery and success,—if they avoid mannerisms, conceits, and the affectations of originality,—if they can keep religious faith undimmed by the “world’s slow stain”; then we may expect from the school such works of painting as have not been seen in past times,—works which shall be the forerunners of a new period of Art, and shall show what undreamed conquests yet lie open before it,—works which shall take us into regions of yet undiscovered beauty, and reveal to us more and more of the exhaustless love of God.

THE ROMMANY GIRL.

THE sun goes down, and with him takes
The coarseness of my poor attire;
The fair moon mounts, and aye the flame
Of gypsy beauty blazes higher.

Pale northern girls! you scorn our race;
You captives of your air-tight halls,
Wear out in-doors your sickly days,
But leave us the horizon walls.

And if I take you, dames, to task,
And say it frankly without guile,
Then you are gypsies in a mask,
And I the lady all the while.

If, on the heath, under the moon,
I court and play with paler blood,
Me false to mine dare whisper none,—
One sallow horseman knows me good.

Go, keep your cheek’s rose from the rain,
For teeth and hair with shopmen deal;
My swarthy tint is in the grain,
The rocks and forest know it real.

The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
The birds gave us our wily tongues,
The panther in our dances flies.

You doubt we read the stars on high,
Nathless we read your fortunes true ;
The stars may hide in the upper sky,
But without glass we fathom you.

THE CHARTIST'S COMPLAINT.

DAY ! hast thou two faces,
Making one place two places ?
One, by humble farmer seen,
Chill and wet, unlighted, mean,
Useful only, triste and damp,
Serving for a laborer's lamp ?
Have the same mists another side,
To be the appanage of pride,
Gracing the rich man's wood and lake,
His park where amber mornings break,
And treacherously bright to show
His planted isle where roses glow ?
O Day ! and is your mightiness
A sycophant to smug success ?
Will the sweet sky and ocean broad
Be fine accomplices to fraud ?
O Sun ! I curse thy cruel ray !
Back, back to chaos, harlot Day !

DAYS.

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts, after his will,—
Bread, kingdoms, stars, or sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,
 Or if the slain think he is slain,
 They know not well the subtle ways
 I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near,
 Shadow and sunlight are the same,
 The vanished gods to me appear,
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;
 When me they fly, I am the wings ;
 I am the doubter and the doubt,
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
 But thou, meek lover of the good !
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.

I WAS just going to say, when I was interrupted, that one of the many ways of classifying minds is under the heads of arithmetical and algebraical intellects. All economical and practical wisdom is an extension or variation of the following arithmetical formula : $2+2=4$. Every philosophical proposition has the more general character of the expression $a+b=c$. We are mere operatives, empirics, and egotists, until we learn to think in letters instead of figures.

They all stared. There is a divinity student lately come among us to whom I commonly address remarks like the above, allowing him to take a certain share in the conversation, so far as assent or pertinent questions are involved. He abused his liberty on this occasion by presuming to say that Leibnitz had the same observation.—No, sir, I replied, he has not. But he said a mighty good thing about

mathematics, that sounds something like it, and you found it, *not in the original*, but quoted by Dr. Thomas Reid. I will tell the company what he did say, one of these days.

—If I belong to a Society of Mutual Admiration ?—I blush to say that I do not at this present moment. I once did, however. It was the first association to which I ever heard the term applied ; a body of scientific young men in a great foreign city who admired their teacher, and to some extent each other. Many of them deserved it ; they have become famous since. It amuses me to hear the talk of one of those beings described by Thackeray—

“ Letters four do form his name ”—about a social development which belongs to the very noblest stage of civilization. All generous companies of artists, authors,

philanthropists, men of science, are, or ought to be, Societies of Mutual Admiration. A man of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration. They may even associate together and continue to think highly of each other. And so of a dozen such men, if any one place is fortunate enough to hold so many. The being referred to above assumes several false premises. First, that men of talent necessarily hate each other. Secondly, that intimate knowledge or habitual association destroys our admiration of persons whom we esteemed highly at a distance. Thirdly, that a circle of clever fellows, who meet together to dine and have a good time, have signed a constitutional compact to glorify themselves and put down him and the fraction of the human race not belonging to their number. Fourthly, that it is an outrage that he is not asked to join them.

Here the company laughed a good deal, and the old gentleman who sits opposite said, "That's it! that's it!"

I continued, for I was in the talking vein. As to clever people's hating each other, I think *a little* extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wineglass spoil a draught of fair water. No wonder the poor fellow we spoke of, who always belongs to this class of slightly flavored mediocrities, is puzzled and vexed by the strange sight of a dozen men of capacity working and playing together in harmony. He and his fellows are always fighting. With them familiarity naturally breeds contempt. If they ever praise each other's bad drawings, or broken-winded novels, or spavined verses, nobody ever supposed it was from admiration; it was simply a

contract between themselves and a publisher or dealer.

If the Mutuals have really nothing among them worth admiring, that alters the question. But if they are men with noble powers and qualities, let me tell you, that, next to youthful love and family affections, there is no human sentiment better than that which unites the Societies of Mutual Admiration. And what would literature or art be without such associations? Who can tell what we owe to the Mutual Admiration Society of which Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher were members? Or to that of which Addison and Steele formed the centre, and which gave us the *Spectator*? Or to that where Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Reynolds, and Beauclerk, and Boswell, most admiring among all admirers, met together? Was there any great harm in the fact that the Irving's and Paulding wrote in company? or any unpardonable cabal in the literary union of Verplanck and Bryant and Sands, and as many more as they chose to associate with them?

The poor creature does not know what he is talking about, when he abuses this noblest of institutions. Let him inspect its mysteries through the knot-hole he has secured, but not use that orifice as a medium for his popgun. Such a society is the crown of a literary metropolis; if a town has not material for it, and spirit and good feeling enough to organize it, it is a mere caravansary, fit for a man of genius to lodge in, but not to live in. Foolish people hate and dread and envy such an association of men of varied powers and influence, because it is lofty, serene, impregnable, and, by the necessity of the case, exclusive. Wise ones are prouder of the title M. S. M. A. than of all their other honors put together.

—All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called "facts." They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two that they lead after them into decent company like so many bull-dogs,

ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy? I allow no "facts" at this table. What! Because bread is good and wholesome and necessary and nourishing, shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? and is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech?

[The above remark must be conditioned and qualified for the vulgar mind. The reader will of course understand the precise amount of seasoning which must be added to it before he adopts it as one of the axioms of his life. The speaker disclaims all responsibility for its abuse in incompetent hands.]

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

"Do not dull people bore you?" said one of the lady-boarders,—the same that sent me her autograph-book last week

with a request for a few original stanzas, not remembering that "*The Paetolian*" pays me five dollars a line for every thing I write in its columns.

"Madam," said I, (she and the century were in their teens together,) "all men are bores, except when we want them. There never was but one man that I would trust with my latch-key."

"Who might that favored person be?"
"Zimmermann."

The men of genius that I fancy most have erectile heads like the cobra-di-cappello. You remember what they tell of William Pinkney, the great pleader; how in his eloquent paroxysms the veins of his neck would swell and his face flush and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organization. The bulbous-headed fellows that steam well when they are at work are the men that draw big audiences and give us marrowy books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of a thermometer.

—You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage-stamps, do you,—each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus, a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *Littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social teacup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. "Yes," he replied, "I am like the Huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the ears, as he is always on the wing."—Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. "You are constantly going from place to place," she said.—"Yes," he answered, "I am like the Huma,"—and finished the sentence as before.

What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the Huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating machine.

—What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! A Frankenstein-monster, a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out formulæ like a corn-sheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them!

I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* "the mathematics." But the calculating power alone should seem

to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it; since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I had not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of "detached lever" arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I suppose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.

—Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

So you admire conceited people, do you? said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for—the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a centre is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a

straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its centre, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought, that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual centre.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne to "peel" in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two: "*Non omnis moriar*," and "I have taken all knowledge to be my province"! Even in common people, conceit has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself severally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good-humored person, though liable to be tedious at times.

—What are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else;—long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order, so a code of finalities is a necessary condition of profitable talk between two persons. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

—Do you mean to say the pun-question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbicide*—that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal

results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *prima facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark; also, whether the Deluge was not a deal huger than any modern inundation.

A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such cause, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking, When charity was like a top? It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, "When it begins to hum." Doe then—and not till then—struck Roe, and his head happening to strike a bound volume of the *Monthly Rag-bag and Stolen Miscellany*, intense mortification ensued, with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimously replied, "Jest so." The chief rejoined, that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was acquitted, and the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff. The bound volume was forfeited as a deodand, but not claimed.

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick

may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism.

I will thank you, B. F., to bring down two books, of which I will mark the places on this slip of paper. (While he is gone, I may say that this boy, our landlady's youngest, is called BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, after the celebrated philosopher of that name. A highly merited compliment.)

I wished to refer to two eminent authorities. Now be so good as to listen. The great moralist says: "To trifl with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence. He who would violate the sanctities of his mother tongue would invade the recesses of the paternal till without remorse, and repeat the banquet of Saturn without an indigestion."

And, once more, listen to the historian. "The Puritans hated puns. The Bishops were notoriously addicted to them. The Lords Temporal carried them to the verge of license. Majesty itself must have its Royal quibble. 'Ye be burly, my Lord of Burleigh,' said Queen Elizabeth, 'but ye shall make less stir in our realm than my Lord of Leicester.' The gravest wisdom and the highest breeding lent their sanction to the practice. Lord Bacon playfully declared himself a descendant of 'Og, the King of Bashan. Sir Philip Sidney, with his last breath, reproached the soldier who brought him water, for wasting a casque full upon a dying man. A courtier, who saw Othello performed at the Globe Theatre, remarked, that the blackamoor was a brute, and not a man. 'Thou hast reason,' replied a great Lord, 'according to Plato his saying; for this be a two-legged animal *with* feathers.' The fatal habit became universal. The language was corrupted. The infection spread to the national conscience. Political double-dealings naturally grew out of verbal double meanings. The teeth of the new dragon were sown by the Cadmus who introduced the alphabet of equivocation. What was levity in the time of the

Tudors grew to regicide and revolution in the age of the Stuarts."

Who was that boorder that just whispered something about the Macaulay-flowers of literature?—There was a dead silence.—I said calmly, I shall henceforth consider any interruption by a pun as a hint to change my boarding-house. Do not plead my example. If I have used any such, it has been only as a Spartan father would show up a drunken helot. We have done with them.

—If a logical mind ever found out anything with its logic?—I should say that its most frequent work was to build a *pons asinorum* over chasms that shrewd people can bestride without such a structure. You can hire logic, in the shape of a lawyer, to prove anything that you want to prove. You can buy treatises to show that Napoleon never lived, and that no battle of Bunker-hill was ever fought. The great minds are those with a wide span, that couple truths related to, but far removed from, each other. Logicians carry the surveyor's chain over the track of which these are the true explorers. I value a man mainly for his primary relations with truth, as I understand truth,—not for any secondary artifice in handling his ideas. Some of the sharpest men in argument are notoriously unsound in judgment. I should not trust the counsel of a smart debater, any more than that of a good chess-player. Either may of course advise wisely, but not necessarily because he wrangles or plays well.

The old gentleman who sits opposite got his hand up, as a pointer lifts his forefoot, at the expression, "his relations with truth as I understand truth," and when I had done, sniffed audibly, and said I talked like a transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him.

Precisely so, my dear sir, I replied; common sense, *as you understand it*. We all have to assume a standard of judgment in our own minds, either of things or persons. A man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of

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whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self. On the whole, I had rather judge men's minds by comparing their thoughts with my own, than judge of thoughts by knowing who utter them. I must do one or the other. It does not follow, of course, that I may not recognize another man's thoughts as broader and deeper than my own; but that does not necessarily change my opinion, otherwise this would be at the mercy of every superior mind that held a different one. How many of our most cherished beliefs are like those drinking-glasses of the ancient pattern, that serve us well so long as we keep them in our hand, but spill all if we attempt to set them down! I have sometimes compared conversation to the Italian game of *mora*, in which one player lifts his hand with so many fingers extended, and the other matches or misses the number, as the case may be with his own. I show my thought, another his; if they agree, well; if they differ, we find the largest common factor, if we can, but at any rate avoid disputing about remainders and fractions, which is to real talk what tuning an instrument is to playing on it.

—What if, instead of talking this morning, I should read you a copy of verses, with critical remarks by the author? Any of the company can retire that like.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening ~~de vn~~
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavour
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

What do *you* think of these verses, my friends?—Is that piece an *impromptu*? said my landlady's daughter. (Act 19+. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says, "Yes?" when you tell her anything.)—*Oui et non, ma petite*,—Yes and no, my child. Five of the seven verses were written off-hand; the other two took a week,—that is, were hanging round the desk in a ragged, forlorn, unrhymed condition as long as that. All poets will tell you just such stories. *C'est le DERNIER pas qui couture*. Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlour or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern-foremost, into their "native element," the great ocean of out-doors. Well, now, there are poems as hard to get rid of as these rural visitors. They come in glibly, use up all the serviceable rhymes, *day, ray, beauty, duty, skies, eyes, other, brother, mountain, fountain*, and the like; and so they go on until you think it is time for the wind-up, and the wind-up won't come on any terms. So they lie about until you get sick of the

sight of them, and end by thrusting some cold scrap of a final couplet upon them, and turning them out of doors. I suspect a good many "impromptus" could tell just such a story as the above.—Here turning to our landlady, I used an illustration which pleased the company much at the time, and has since been highly commended. "Madam," I said, "you can pour three gills and three quarters of honey from that pint jug, if it is full, in less than one minute; but, Madam, you could not empty that last quarter of a gill, though you were turned into a marble Hebe, and held the vessel upside down for a thousand years."

One gets tired to death of the old, old rhymes, such as you see in that copy of verses,—which I don't mean to abuse, or to praise either. I always feel as if I were a cobbler, putting new top-leathers to an old pair of boot-soles and bodies, when I am fitting sentiments to these venerable jingles.

. . . .	youth
. . . .	morning
. . . .	truth
. . . .	warning.

Nine tenths of the "Juvenile Poems" written spring out of the above musical and suggestive coincidences.

"Yes?" said our landlady's daughter.

I did not address the following remark to her, and I trust, from her limited range of reading, she will never see it; I said it softly to my next neighbour.

When a young female wears a flat circular side-curl, gummed on each temple, —when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers,—and when she says "Yes?" with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the "feller" was you saw her with.

"What were you whispering?" said the daughter of the house, moistening her lips, as she spoke, in a very engaging manner.

"I was only giving some hints on the fine arts."

"Yes?"

—It is curious to see how the same wants and tastes find the same implements and modes of expression in all times and places. The young ladies of Otaheite, as you may see in Cook's Voyages, had a sort of crinoline arrangement fully equal in radius to the largest spread of our own lady-baskets. When I fling a Bay-State shawl over my shoulders, I am only taking a lesson from the climate that the Indian had learned before me. A *blanket*-shawl we call it, and not a plaid; and we wear it like the aborigines, and not like the Highlanders.

—We are the Romans of the modern world,—the great assimilating people. Conflicts and conquests are of course necessary accidents with us, as with our prototypes. And so we come to their style of weapon. Our army sword is the short, stiff, pointed *gladius* of the Romans; and the American bowie-knife is the same tool, modified to meet the daily wants of civil society. I announce at this table an axiom not to be found in Montesquieu or the journals of Congress:—

The race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries.

Corollary. It was the Polish *lance* that left Poland at last with nothing of her own to bound.

"Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear!"

What business had Sarmatia to be fighting for liberty with a fifteen-foot pole between her and the breasts of her enemies? If she had but clutched the old Roman and young American weapon, and come to close quarters, there might have been a chance for her; but it would have spoiled the best passage in "The Pleasures of Hope."

—Self-made men?—Well, yes. Of course every body likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from

drain to chimney-top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little farther on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it, when I say, that, *other things being equal*, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

What do I mean by a man of family? —O, I'll give you a general idea of what I mean. Let us give him a first-rate fit out; it costs us nothing.

Four or five generations of gentlemen and gentlewomen; among them a member of his Majesty's Council for the Province, a Governor or so, one or two Doctors of Divinity, a member of Congress, not later than the time of top-boots with tassels.

Family portraits. The member of the Council, by Sniert. The great merchant-uncle, by Copley, full length, sitting in his arm-chair, in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him, to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying round, one directed conspicuously to The Honourable etc. etc. Great-grandmother, by the same artist; brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative; grand old lady, stiffish, but imposing. Her mother, artist unknown; flat,

angular, hanging sleeves; parrot on fist. A pair of Stuarts, viz., 1. A superb full-blown, mediæval gentleman, with a fiery dash of Tory blood in his veins, tempered down with that of a fine old rebel grandmother, and warmed up with the best of old India Madeira; his face is one flame of ruddy sunshine; his ruffled shirt rushes out of his bosom with an impetuous generosity, as if it would drag his heart after it; and his smile is good for twenty thousand dollars to the Hospital, besides ample bequests to all relatives and dependants. 2. Lady of the same; remarkable cap; high waist, as in time of Empire; bust à la *Josephine*; wisps of curls, like celery-tips, at sides of forehead; complexion clear and warm, like rose-cordial. As for the miniatures by Malbone, we don't count them in the gallery.

Books, too, with the names of old college-students in them,—family names;—you will find them at the head of their respective classes in the days when students took rank on the catalogue from their parents' condition. Elzevirs, with the Latinized appellations of youthful progenitors, and *Hic liber est meus* on the title-page. A set of Hogarth's original plates. Pope, original edition, 15 volumes, London, 1717. Barrow on the lower shelves, in folio. Tillotson on the upper, in a little dark platoon of octodecimos.

Some family silver; a string of wedding and funeral rings; the arms of the family curiously blazoned; the same in worsted, by a maiden aunt.

If the man of family has an old place to keep these things in, furnished with claw-foot chairs and black mahogany tables, and tall bevel-edged mirrors, and stately upright cabinets, his outfit is complete.

No, my friends, I go (always, other things being equal) for the man that inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations. Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books, that

have not handled them from infancy. Do you suppose our dear Professor over there ever read *Poli Synopsis*, or consulted *Castelli Lexicon*, while he was growing up to their stature? Not he; but virtue passed through the hem of their parchment and leather garments whenever he touched them, as the precious drugs sweated through the bat's handle in the Arabian story. I tell you he is at home wherever he smells the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather. No self-made man feels so. One may, it is true, have all the antecedents I have spoken of, and yet be a boor or a shabby fellow. One may have none of them, and yet be fit for councils and courts. Then let them change places. Our social arrangement has this great beauty, that its strata shift up and down as they change specific gravity, without being clogged by layers of prescription. But I still insist on my democratic liberty of choice, and I go for the man with the gallery of family portraits against the one with the twenty-five-cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two.

—I should have felt more nervous about the late comet, if I had thought the world was ripe. But it is very green yet, if I am not mistaken; and besides, there is a great deal of coal to use up, which I cannot bring myself to think was made for nothing. If certain things, which seem to me essential to a millennium, had come to pass, I should have been frightened; but they haven't. Perhaps you would like to hear my

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS.

When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle—rasp—and straw—
Grow bigger downwards through the box,

When he that selleth house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,—

When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light,—

When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean,—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean,—

When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take,—
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience' sake,—

When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof,—

When in the usual place for rips
Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair,—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret-bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before,—
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore;

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

The company seemed to like the verses, and I promised them to read others occasionally, if they had a mind to hear them. Of course they would not expect it every morning. Neither must the reader suppose that all these things I have reported were said at any one breakfast-time. I have not taken the trouble to date them, as Raspail, *père*, used to date every proof he sent to the printer; but they were scattered over several breakfasts; and I have said a good many more things since, which I shall very possibly print some time or other, if I am urged to do it by judicious friends.

ILLUSIONS.

SOME years ago, in company with an agreeable party, I spent a long summer day in exploring the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. We traversed, through spacious galleries affording a solid masonry foundation for the town and county overhead, the six or eight black miles from the mouth of the cavern to the innermost recess which tourists visit,—a niche or grotto made of one seamless stalactite, and called, I believe, Serena's Bower. I lost the light of one day. I saw high domes, and bottomless pits; heard the voice of unseen waterfalls; paddled three quarters of a mile in the deep Echo River, whose waters are peopled with the blind fish; crossed the streams "Lethe" and "Styx"; plied with music and guns the echoes in these alarming galleries; saw every form of stalagmite and stalactite in the sculptured and fretted-chambers,—the icicle, the orange-flower, the acanthus, the grapes, and the snow-ball. We shot Bengal lights into the vaults and groins of the sparry cathedrals, and examined all the masterpieces which the four combined engineers, water, limestone, gravitation, and time, could make in the dark.

The sights and scenery of the cave had the same dignity that belongs to all natural objects, and which shames the fine things to which we foppishly compare them. I remarked, especially, the mimetic habit, with which Nature, on new instruments, hums her old tunes, making night to mimic day, and chemistry to ape vegetation. But I then took notice, and still chiefly remember, that the best thing which the cave had to offer was an illusion. On arriving at what is called the "Star-Chamber," our lamps were taken from us by the guide, and extinguished or put aside, and, on looking upwards, I saw or seemed to see the night heaven thick with stars glimmering more or less brightly over our heads, and even what seemed a comet

flaming among them. All the party were touched with astonishment and pleasure. Our musical friends sung with much feeling a pretty song, "The stars are in the quiet sky," &c., and I sat down on the rocky floor to enjoy the serene picture. Some crystal specks in the black ceiling high overhead, reflecting the light of a half-hid lamp, yielded this magnificent effect.

I own, I did not like the cave so well for eking out its sublimities with this theatrical trick. But I have had many experiences like it, before and since; and we must be content to be pleased without too curiously analyzing the occasions. Our conversation with Nature is not just what it seems. The cloud-rack, the sunrise and sunset glories, rainbows, and northern lights are not quite so spherical as our childhood thought them; and the part our organization plays in them is too large. The senses interfere everywhere, and mix their own structure with all they report of. Once, we fancied the earth a plane, and stationary. In admiring the sunset, we do not yet deduct the rounding, coördinating, pictorial powers of the eye.

The same interference from our organization creates the most of our pleasure and pain. Our first mistake is the belief that the circumstance gives the joy which we give to the circumstance. Life is an ecstasy. Life is sweet as nitrous oxide; and the fisherman dripping all day over a cold pond, the switchman at the railway intersection, the farmer in the field, the Irishman in the ditch, the fop in the street, the hunter in the woods, the barrister with the jury, the belle at the ball, all ascribe a certain pleasure to their employment, which they themselves give it. Health and appetite impart the sweetness to sugar, bread, and meat. We fancy that our civilization has got on far, but we still come back to our primers. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is pathetic in its name,

and in his use of the name. It is an admission from a man of the world in the London of 1850, that poor old Puritan Bunyan was right in his perception of the London of 1650. And yet now, in Thackeray, is the added wisdom or skepticism, that though this be really so, he must yet live in tolerance of and practically in homage and obedience to these illusions.

The world rolls, the din of life is never hushed. In London, in Paris, in Boston, in San Francisco, the carnival, the masquerade is at its height. Nobody drops his domino. The unities, the fictions of the piece it would be an impertinence to break. The chapter of fascinations is very long. Great is paint; nay, God is the painter; and we rightly accuse the critic who destroys too many illusions. Society does not love its unmaskers. It was wittily, if somewhat bitterly, said by D'Alembert, "*Un état de vapeur était un état très fâcheux, parcequ'il nous faisait voir les choses comme elles sont.*" I find men victims of illusion in all parts of life. Children, youths, adults, and old men, all are led by one bawble or another. Yoganidra, the goddess of illusion, Proteus, or Momus, or Gylfi's Mocking,—for the Power has many names,—is stronger than the Titans, stronger than Apollo. The toys, to be sure, are various, and are graduated in refinement to the quality of the dupe. The intellectual man requires a fine bait; the sots are easily amused. But everybody is drugged with his own dream, and the pageant marches at all hours, with music and banner and badge.

Amid the joyous troop who give in to the charivari, comes now and then a sad-eyed boy, whose eyes lack the requisite refractions to clothe the show in due glory, and who is afflicted with a tendency to trace home the glittering miscellany of fruits and flowers to one root. Science is a search after identity, and the scientific whim is lurking in all corners. At the State Fair, a friend of mine complained that all the varieties of

fancy pears in our orchards seem to have been selected by somebody who had a whim for a particular kind of pear, and only cultivated such as had that perfume; they were all alike. And I remember the quarrel of another youth with the confectioners, that, when he racked his wit to choose the best comfits in the shops, in all the endless varieties of sweetmeat he could only find three flavors, or two. What then? Pears and cakes are good for something; and because you, unluckily, have an eye or nose too keen, why need you spoil the comfort which the rest of us find in them? I knew a humorist, who, in a good deal of rattle, had a grain or two of sense. He shocked the company by maintaining that the attributes of God were two,—power and risibility; and that it was the duty of every pious man to keep up the comedy. And I have known gentlemen of great stake in the community, but whose sympathies were cold,—presidents of colleges, and governors, and senators,—who held themselves bound to sign every temperance pledge, and act with Bible societies, and missions, and peacemakers, and cry *Hist-a-boy!* to every good dog. We must not carry comity too far, but we all have kind impulses in this direction. When the boys come into my yard for leave to gather horsechestnuts, I own I enter into Nature's game, and affect to grant the permission reluctantly, fearing that any moment they will find out the imposture of that showy chaff. But this tenderness is quite unnecessary; the enchantments are laid on very thick. Their young life is thatched with them. Bare and grim to tears is the lot of the children in the hovel I saw yesterday; yet not the less they hung it round with frippery romance, like the children of the happiest fortune, and talked of "the dear cottage where so many joyful hours had flown." Well, this thatching of hovels is the custom of the country. Women, more than all, are the element and kingdom of illusion. Being fascinated, they fascinate others. They see through

Claude-Lorraines. And how dare any one, if he could, pluck away the *coulisses*, stage effects, and ceremonies, by which they live? Too pathetic, too pitiable, is the region of affection, and its atmosphere always liable to *mirage*.

We are not very much to blame for our bad marriages. We live amid hallucinations; and this especial trap is laid to trip up our feet with, and all are tripped up first or last. But the mighty Mother who had been so sly with us, as if she felt that she owed us some indemnity, insinuates into the Pandora-box of marriage some deep and serious benefits, and some great joys. We find a delight in the beauty and happiness of children, that makes the heart too big for the body. In the worst-assorted connections there is ever some mixture of true marriage. Teague and his jade get some just relations of mutual respect, kindly observation, and fostering of each other, learn something, and would carry themselves wiselier, if they were now to begin.

'Tis fine for us to point at one or another fine madman, as if there were any exempts. The scholar in his library is none. I, who have all my life heard any number of orations and debates, read poems and miscellaneous books, conversed with many geniuses, am still the victim of any new page; and, if Marmaduke, or Hugh, or Moosehead, or any other, invent a new style or mythology, I fancy that the world will be all brave and right, if dressed in these colors, which I had not thought of. Then at once I will daub with this new paint; but it will not stick. 'Tis like the cement which the peddler sells at the door; he makes broken crockery hold with it, but you can never buy of him a bit of the cement which will make it hold when he is gone.

Men who make themselves felt in the world avail themselves of a certain fate in their constitution, which they know how to use. But they never deeply interest us, unless they lift a corner of the curtain, or betray never so slightly their penetration of what is behind it.

'Tis the charm of practical men, that outside of their practicality are a certain poetry and play, as if they led the good horse Power by the bridle, and preferred to walk, though they can ride so fiercely. Bonaparte is intellectual, as well as Caesar; and the best soldiers, sea-captains, and railway men have a gentleness, when off duty; a good-natured admission that there are illusions, and who shall say that he is not their sport? We stigmatize the cast-iron fellows, who cannot so detach themselves, as "dragon-ridden," "thunder-stricken," and fools of fate, with whatever powers endowed.

Since our tuition is through emblems and indirections, 'tis well to know that there is method in it, a fixed scale, and rank above rank in the phantasms. We begin low with coarse masks, and rise to the most subtle and beautiful. The red men told Columbus, "they had an herb which took away fatigue"; but he found the illusion of "arriving from the east at the Indies" more composing to his lofty spirit than any tobacco. Is not our faith in the impenetrability of matter more sedative than narcotics? You play with jackstraws, balls, bowls, horse and gun, estates and politics; but there are finer games before you. Is not time a pretty toy? Life will show you masks that are worth all your carnivals. Yonder mountain must migrate into your mind. The fine star-dust and nebulous blur in Orion, "the portentous year of Mizar and Alcor," must come down and be dealt with in your household thought. What if you shall come to discern that the play and playground of all this pompous history are radiations from yourself, and that the sun borrows his beams? What terrible questions we are learning to ask! The former men believed in magic, by which temples, cities, and men were swallowed up, and all trace of them gone. We are coming on the secret of a magic which sweeps out of men's minds all vestige of theism and beliefs which they and their fathers held and were framed upon.

With such volatile elements to work in, 'tis no wonder if our estimates are loose and floating. We must work and affirm, but we have no guess of the value of what we say or do. The cloud is now as big as your hand, and now it covers a county. That story of Thor, who was set to drain the drinking-horn in Asgard, and to wrestle with the old woman, and to run with the runner Lok, and presently found that he had been drinking up the sea, and wrestling with Time, and racing with Thought, describes us who are contending, amid these seeming trifles, with the supreme energies of Nature. We fancy we have fallen into bad company and squalid condition, low debts, shoe-bills, broken glass to pay for, pots to buy, butcher's meat, sugar, milk, and coal. "Set me some great task, ye gods! and I will show my spirit." "Not so," says the good Heaven; "plod and plough, vamp your old coats and hats, weave a shoe-string; great affairs and the best wine by and by." Well, 'tis all phantasm; and if we weave a yard of tape in all humility and as well as we can, long hereafter we shall see it was no cotton tape at all, but some galaxy which we braided, and that the threads were Time and Nature.

We cannot write the order of the variable winds. How can we penetrate the law of our shifting moods and susceptibility? Yet they differ as all and nothing. Instead of the firmament of yesterday, which our eyes require, it is to-day an eggshell which coops us in; we cannot even see what or where our stars of destiny are. From day to day, the capital facts of human life are hidden from our eyes. Suddenly the mist rolls up, and reveals them, and we think how much good time is gone, that might have been saved, had any hint of these things been shown. A sudden rise in the road shows us the system of mountains, and all the summits, which have been just as near us all the year, but quite out of mind. But these alternations are not without their order, and we are parties

to our various fortune. If life seems a succession of dreams, yet poetic justice is done in dreams also. The visions of good men are good; it is the undisciplined will that is whipped with bad thoughts and bad fortunes. When we break the laws, we lose our hold on the central reality. Like sick men in hospitals, we change only from bed to bed, from one folly to another; and it cannot signify much what becomes of such castaways,—wailing, stupid, comatose creatures,—lifted from bed to bed, from the nothing of life to the nothing of death.

In this kingdom of illusions we grope eagerly for stays and foundations. There is none but a strict and faithful dealing at home, and a severe barring out of all duplicity or illusion there. Whatever games are played with us, we must play no games with ourselves, but deal in our privacy with the last honesty and truth. I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds. I prefer to be owned as sound and solvent, and my word as good as my bond, and to be what cannot be skipped, or dissipated, or undermined, to all the *éclat* in the universe. A little integrity is better than any career. This reality is the foundation of friendship, religion, poetry, and art. At the top or at the bottom of all illusions I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances, in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune.

One would think from the talk of men, that riches and poverty were a great matter; and our civilization mainly respects it. But the Indians say, that they do not think the white man with his brow of care, always toiling, afraid of heat and cold, and keeping within doors, has any advantage of them. The permanent interest of every man is, never to be in a false position, but to have the weight of Nature to back him in all that he does. Riches and poverty are a thick or thin

costume ; and our life—the life of all of us—identical. For we transcend the circumstance continually, and taste the real quality of existence ; as in our employments, which only differ in the manipulations, but express the same laws ; or in our thoughts, which wear no silks, and taste no ice-creams. We see God face to face every hour, and know the savour of Nature.

The early Greek philosophers Heraclitus and Xenophanes measured their force on this problem of identity. Diogenes of Apollonia said, that unless the atoms were made of one stuff, they could never blend and act with one another. But the Hindoos, in their sacred writings, express the liveliest feeling, both of the essential identity, and of that illusion which they conceive variety to be. “The notions, ‘I am,’ and ‘This is mine,’ which influence mankind, are but delusions of the mother of the world. Dispel, O Lord

of all creatures ! the conceit of knowledge which proceeds from ignorance.” And the beatitude of man they hold to lie in being freed from fascination.

The intellect is stimulated by the statement of truth in a trope, and the will by clothing the laws of life in illusions. But the unities of Truth and of Right are not broken by the disguise. There need never be any confusion in these. In a crowded life of many parts and performers, on a stage of nations, or in the obscurest hamlet in Maine or California, the same elements offer the same choices to each new comer, and, according to his election, he fixes his fortune in absolute nature. It would be hard to put more mental and moral philosophy than the Persians have thrown into a sentence :—

“ Fooled thou must be, though wisest of the wise :
Then be the fool of virtue, not of vice.”

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS of Heripolis one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from beneath a miserable voice,—
A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot rose, the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry,
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair aflow,
And withered hands stretched up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried : “ For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis ! ” “ What I can
I give,” Tritemius said, “ my prayers.” “ O man

Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold;
Words cannot serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies!"

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence are we always poor.
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers; what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;
God well may spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then said Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it; and our gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled!
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He laid within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came
He rose to find the chapel all a-flame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

THE MOURNING VEIL.

Then in life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles flow,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

LONGFELLOW.

It was sunset. The day had been twenty-four hours had melted it like the one of the sultriest of August. It would pearl in the golden cup of Cleopatra, and seem as if the fierce alembic of the last it lay in the West a fused mass of trans-

parent brightness. The reflection from the edges of a hundred clouds wandered hither and thither, over rock and tree and flower, giving a strange, unearthly brilliancy to the most familiar things.

A group of children had gathered about their mother in the summer-house of a garden which faced the sunset sky. The house was one of those square, stately, wooden structures, white, with green blinds, in which of old times the better classes of New England delighted, and which remain to us as memorials of a respectable past. It stood under the arches of two gigantic elms, and was flanked on either side with gardens and grounds which seemed designed on purpose for hospitality and family freedom.

The evening light colored huge bouquets of petunias, which stood with their white or crimson faces looking westward, as if they were thinking creatures. It illuminated flame-colored verbenas, and tall columns of pink and snowy phloxes, and hedges of August roses, making them radiant as the flowers of a dream.

The group in the summer-house requires more particular attention. The father and mother, whom we shall call Albert and Olivia, were of the wealthiest class of the neighbouring city, and had been induced by the facility of railroad travelling, and a sensible way of viewing things, to fix their permanent residence in the quiet little village of Q——. Albert had nothing in him different from multitudes of hearty, joyous, healthily constituted men, who subsist upon daily newspapers, and find the world a most comfortable place to live in. As to Olivia, she was in the warm noon of life, and a picture of vitality and enjoyment. A plump, firm cheek, a dark eye, a motherly fulness of form, spoke the being made to receive and enjoy the things of earth, the warm-hearted wife, the indulgent mother, the hospitable mistress of the mansion. It is true that the smile on the lip had something of earthly pride blended with womanly sweetness,—the pride of one who has as yet known only prosperity and success, to whom no mis-

chance has yet shown the frail basis on which human hopes are built. Her foot had as yet trod only the high places of life, but she walked there with a natural grace and nobleness that made every one feel that she was made for them and they for her.

Around the parents were gathered at this moment a charming group of children, who with much merriment were proceeding to undo a bundle the father had just brought from the city.

"Here, Rose," said little Amy, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired pet, who seemed to be a privileged character, "let me come; don't be all night with your orderly ways; let me cut that string." A sharp flash of the scissors, a quick report of the bursting string, and the package lay opened to the little marauder. Rose drew back, smiled, and gave an indulgent look at her eager younger sister and the two little ones who immediately gathered around. She was one of those calm, thoughtful, womanly young girls, that seem born for pattern elder sisters, and for the stay and support of mothers' hearts. She watched with a gentle, quiet curiosity the quick and eager fingers that soon were busy in exposing the mysteries of the parcel.

"There's a dress for Rose," said Amy, triumphantly drawing out a delicate muslin; "I can always tell what's for her."

"How?" put in the father, who stood regarding the proceeding with that air of amused superiority with which the wearers of broadcloth look down on the mysteries of muslin and barége.

"How?" said Amy, "why, because they look just like her. If I were to see that lilac muslin in China, I should say it was meant for Rose. Now this is mine, I know,—this bright pink; isn't it, mamma? No half shades about me!"

"No, indeed," said her mother; "that is your greatest fault, Amy."

"Oh, well, mamma, Rose has enough for both; you must rub us together, as they do light red and Prussian blue, to make a neutral tint. But oh, what a ribbon! oh, mother, what a love of a ribbon!"

Rose! Rose! look at this ribbon! And oh, those buttons! Fred, I do believe they are for your new coat! Oh, and those studs, father, where did you get them? What's in that box? a bracelet for Rose, I know! oh, how beautiful! perfectly exquisite! And here—oh!"

Here something happened to check the volubility of the little speaker; for as she hastily, and with the license of a petted child, pulled the articles from the parcel, she was startled to find lying among the numerous colored things a black crape veil. Sombre, dark, and ill-omened enough it looked there, with pink, and lilac, and blue, and glittering bijouterie around it!

Amy dropped it with instinctive repugnance, and there was a general exclamation, "Mamma, what's this? how came it here? what did you get this for?"

"Strange!" said Olivia; "it is a *mourning veil*. Of course I did not order it. How it came in here nobody knows; it must have been a mistake of the clerk."

"Certainly it is a mistake," said Amy; "we have nothing to do with mourning, have we?"

"No, to be sure; what should we mourn for?" chimed in little Fred and Mary.

"What a dark, ugly thing it is!" said Amy, unfolding and throwing it over her head; "how dismal it must be to see the world through such a veil as this!"

"And yet till one has seen the world through a veil like that, one has never truly lived," said another voice, joining in the conversation.

"Ah, Father Payson, are you there?" said two or three voices at once.

Father Payson was the minister of the village, and their nearest neighbor; and not only their nearest neighbor, but their nearest friend. In the afternoon of his years, life's day with him now stood at that hour when, though the shadows fall eastward, yet the colors are warmer, and the songs of the birds sweeter, than even in its jubilant morning.

God sometimes gives to good men a guileless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties in full fruit and ripeness are mellow without sign of decay. This is that songful land of Beulah, where they who have travelled manfully the Christian way abide awhile to show the world a perfected manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of these not yet ascended saints! Gentle are they and tolerant, apt to play with little children, easy to be pleased with simple pleasures, and with a pitying wisdom guiding those who err. New England has been blessed in numbering many such among her country pastors; and a spontaneous, instinctive deference honors them with the title of Father.

Father Payson was the welcome inmate of every family in the village, the chosen friend even of the young and thoughtless. He had stories for children, jokes for the young, and wisdom for all. He "talked good," as the phrase goes, —not because he was the minister, but because, being good, he could not help it; yet his words, unconsciously to himself, were often parables, because life to him had become all spiritualized, and he saw sacred meanings under worldly things.

The children seized him lovingly by either hand and seated him in the arbor.

"Is'n't it strange," said Amy, "to see this ugly black thing among all these bright colors? such a strange mistake in the clerk!"

"If one were inclined to be superstitious," said Albert, "he might call this an omen."

"What did you mean, sir," asked Rose, quietly seating herself at his feet, "by 'seeing life through this veil'?"

"It was a parable, my daughter," he said, laying his hand on her head.

"I never have had any deep sorrow,"

said Olivia, musingly; "we have been favored ones hitherto. But why did you say one must see the world through such a medium as this?"

"Sorrow is God's school," said the old man. "Even God's own Son was not made perfect without it; though a son, yet learned he obedience by the things that he suffered. Many of the brightest virtues are like stars; there must be night or they cannot shine. Without suffering, there could be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy. Take all sorrow out of life, and you take away all richness and depth and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love. Many are hard and inconsiderate, not because they lack capability of feeling, but because the vase that holds the sweet waters has never been broken."

"Is it, then, an imperfection and misfortune never to have suffered?" said Olivia.

Father Payson looked down. Rose was looking into his face. There was a bright, eager, yet subdued expression in her eyes that struck him; it had often struck him before in the village church. It was as if his words had awokened an internal angel, that looked fluttering out behind them. Rose had been from childhood one of those thoughtful, listening children with whom one seems to commune without words. We spend hours talking with them, and fancy they have said many things to us, which, on reflection, we find have been said only with their silent answering eyes. Those who talk much often reply to you less than those who silently and thoughtfully listen. And so it came to pass, that, on account of this quietly absorbent nature, Rose had grown to her parents' hearts with a peculiar nearness. Eighteen summers had perfected her beauty. The miracle of the growth and perfection of a human body and soul never waxes old; parents marvel at it in every household as if a child had never grown before; and so Olivia and Albert looked on their fair

Rose daily with a restful and trusting pride.

At this moment she laid her hand on Father Payson's knee, and said earnestly,—"Ought we to pray for sorrow, then?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" interrupted Olivia, with an instinctive shudder,—such a shudder as a warm, earnest, prosperous heart always gives as the shadow of the grave falls across it,—"don't say yes!"

"I do not say we should pray for it," said Father Payson; "yet the Master says, 'Blessed are they that mourn,' not 'Blessed are they that prosper.' So heaven and earth differ in their judgments."

"Ah, me!" said Olivia, "I am afraid I have not courage to wish to be among the blessed."

"Well," said Albert, whom the gravity of the discussion somewhat disturbed, "let us not borrow trouble; time enough to think of it when it happens. Come, the dew is falling, let us go in. I want to show Father Payson some peaches that will tempt his Christian graces to envy. Come, Rose, gather up here."

Rose, in a few moments, gathered the parcel together, and quietly flitted before them into the house.

"Now," said Albert, "you'll see that girl will have everything quietly tucked away in just the right place; not a word said. She is a born housewife; it's in her, as much as it is in a pointer to show game."

"Rose is my right hand," said Olivia; "I should be lost without her."

Whence comes it, that, just on the verge of the great crises and afflictions of life, words are often spoken, that, to after view, seem to have had a prophetic meaning? So often do we hear people saying, "Ah, the very day before I heard of this or that, we were saying so and so!" It would seem sometimes as if the soul felt itself being drawn within the dark sphere of a coming evil, of which as yet nothing outward tells. Then the thoughts and conversation flow in an almost prophetic channel, which a coming future too well interprets.

The evening passed cheerfully with our friends, notwithstanding the grave conversation in the arbor. The mourning veil was laid away in a drawer along with many of its brilliant companions, and with it the thoughts it had suggested; and the merry laugh ringing from the half-open parlor-door showed that Father Payson was no despiser of the command to rejoice with them that do rejoice.

Rose played and sung, the children danced, and the mirth was prolonged till a late hour in the evening.

Olivia and Albert were lingering in the parlor after the departure of the family, busy in shutting windows, setting back chairs, and attending to all the last duties of orderly householders.

A sudden shriek startled them; such a shriek as, once heard, is never forgotten. With an answering cry of horror, they rushed up the stairs. The hall lamp had been extinguished, but the passage and staircase were red with a broad glare from the open door of the nursery.

A moment more showed them the drapery of the bed in which their youngest child was sleeping all in flames; then they saw a light form tearing down the blazing curtains.

"Oh, Rose! Rose! take care, for God's sake! your dress! you'll kill yourself! oh, God help us!"

There were a few moments—awful moments of struggle—when none knew or remembered what they did; a moment more and Rose lay panting in her father's arms, enveloped in a thick blanket which he had thrown around her burning night-dress. The fire was extinguished, the babe lay unawakened, and only the dark flecks of tinder scattered over the bed, and the trampled mass on the floor, told what had been. But Rose had breathed the hot breath of the flame, deadly to human life, and no water could quench that inward fire.

A word serves to explain all. The child's nurse had carelessly set a lamp too near the curtains, and the night breeze had wafted them into the flame,

The apartment of Rose opened into the nursery, and as she stood in her night-dress before her mirror, arranging her hair, she saw the flashing of the flame, and, in the one idea of saving her little sister, forgot every other. That act of self-forgetfulness was her last earthly act; a few short hours of patient suffering were all that remained to her. Peacefully as she had lived, she died, looking tenderly on her parents out of her large blue eyes, and only intent to soothe their pain.

"Yes, I suffer," she said, "but only a short pain. We must all suffer something. My Father thinks a very little enough for me. I have had such a happy life, *I might* bear just a little pain at the last."

A little later her mind seemed to wander. "Mamma, mamma," she said, hurriedly, "I put the things all away; the lilac muslin and the barége. Mamma, that veil, the mourning veil, is in the drawer. Oh, mamma, that veil was for you; don't refuse it; our Father sends it, and he knows best. Perhaps you will see heaven through that veil."

It is appalling to think how near to the happiest and most prosperous scene of life stands the saddest despair. All homes are haunted with awful possibilities, for whose realization no array of threatening agents is required,—no lightning, or tempest, or battle; a peaceful household lamp, a gust of perfumed evening air, a false step in a moment of gayety, a draught taken by mistake, a match overlooked or mislaid, a moment's oversight in handling a deadly weapon,—and the whole scene of life is irretrievably changed!

It was but a day after the scene in the arbor, and all was mourning in the so lately happy, hospitable house; everybody looked through tears. There were subdued breathings, a low murmur, as of many listeners, a voice of prayer, and the wail of a funeral hymn,—and then the heavy tread of bearers, as, beneath the black pall, *she* was carried over the threshold of her home, never to return.

And Olivia and Albert came forth behind their dead. The folds of the dark veil seemed a refuge for the mother's sorrow. But how did the flowers of home, the familiar elms, the distant smiling prospect look through its gloomy folds,—emblem of the shadow which had fallen between her heart and life? When she looked at the dark moving hearse, she wondered that the sun still shone, that birds could sing, and that even her own flowers could be so bright.

Ah, mother! the world had been just as full of sorrow the day before; the air as full of "farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead"; but thou knewest it not! Now the outer world comes to thee through the *mourning veil!*

But after the funeral comes life again,—hard, cold, inexorable life, knocking with business-like sound at the mourner's door, obtruding its common-place pertinacity on the dull ear of sorrow. The world cannot wait for us; the world knows no leisure for tears; it moves onward, and drags along with its motion the weary and heavy-laden who would fain rest.

Olivia would have buried herself in her sorrows. There are those who refuse to be comforted. The condolence of friends seems only a mockery; and truly, nothing so shows the emptiness and poverty of human nature as its efforts at condolence.

Father Payson, however, was a visitor who would not be denied; there was something of gentle authority in his white hairs that might not be resisted. Old, and long schooled in sorrow, his heart many times broken in past years, he knew all the ways of mourning. His was no official common-place about "afflictive dispensations." He came first with that tender and reverent silence with which the man acquainted with grief approaches the divine mysteries of sorrow; and from time to time he cast on the troubled waters words, dropped like seeds, not for present fruitfulness, but to germinate after the floods had subsided.

He watched beside a soul in affliction

as a mother waits on the crisis of a fever whose turning is to be for life or for death; for he well knew that great sorrows never leave us as they find us; that the broken spirit, ill set, grows callous and distorted ever after.

He had wise patience with every stage of sorrow; he knew that at first the soul is blind, and deaf, and dumb. He was not alarmed when returning vitality showed itself only in moral spasms and convulsions;—for in all great griefs come hours of conflict, when the soul is tempted, and complaining, murmuring, dark, skeptical thoughts are whirled like withered leaves through all its desolate chambers.

"What have I learned by looking through this veil?" said Olivia to him, bitterly, one day when they were coming out of a house where they had been visiting a mourning family. "I was trusting in God as an indulgent Father; life seemed beautiful to me in the light of his goodness; now I see only his inflexible severity. I never knew before how much mourning and sorrow there had been even in this little village. There is scarcely a house where something dreadful has not at some time happened. How many families here have been called to mourning since we have! I have not taken up a paper in which I have not seen a record of two or three accidental deaths; some of them even more bitter and cruel than what has befallen us. I read this morning of a poor washerwoman, whose house was burned, and all her children consumed, while she was away working for her bread. I read the other day of a blind man whose only son was drowned in his very presence, while he could do nothing to help him. I was visiting yesterday that poor dress-maker whom you know. She has by toil and pains been educating a fine and dutiful son. He is smitten down with hopeless disease, while her idiot child, who can do nobody any good, is spared. Ah, this mourning veil has indeed opened my eyes; but it has taught me to add all the sorrows of the world to

my own; and can I believe in God's love?"

"Daughter," said the old man, "I am not ignorant of these things. I have buried seven children; I have buried my wife; and God has laid on me in my time reproach, and controversy, and contempt. Each cross seemed, at the time, heavier than the others. Each in its day seemed to be what I least could bear; and I would have cried, '*Anything but this!*' And yet, now when I look back, I cannot see one of these sorrows that has not been made a joy to me. With every one some perversity or sin has been subdued, some chain unbound, some good purpose perfected. God has taken my loved ones, but he has given me love. He has given me the power of submission and of consolation; and I have blessed him many times in my ministry for all I have suffered, for by it I have stayed up many that were ready to perish."

"Ah," said Olivia, "you indeed have reason to be comforted, because you can see in yourself the fruit of your sorrows; but I am not improving; I am only crushed and darkened,—not amended."

"Have patience with thyself, child; weeping must endure for a night; all comes not at once. 'No trial *for the present* seemeth joyous'; but '*afterwards* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit';—have faith in this *afterwards*. Some one says that it is not in the tempest one walks the beach to look for the treasures of wrecked ships; but when the storm is past we find pearls and precious stones washed ashore. Are there not even now some of these in your path? Is not the love between you and your husband deeper and more intimate since this affliction? Do you not love your other children more tenderly? Did you not tell me that you had thought on the sorrows of every house in this village? Courage, my child! that is a good sign. Once, as you read the papers, you thought nothing of those who lost friends; now you notice and feel. Take the sorrows of others to your heart; they shall

widen and deepen it. Ours is a religion of sorrow. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering; our Father is the God of all consolation; our Teacher is named the Comforter; and all other mysteries are swallowed up in the mystery of the Divine sorrow. 'In all our afflictions He is afflicted.' God refuseth not to suffer;—shall we?"

There is no grave so desolate that flowers will not at last spring on it. Time passed with Albert and Olivia with healing in its wings. The secret place of tears became first a temple of prayer, and afterwards of praise; and the heavy cloud was remembered by the flowers that sprung up after the rain. The vacant chair in the household circle had grown to be a tender influence, not a harrowing one; and the virtues of the lost one seemed to sow themselves like the scattered seeds of a fallen flower, and to spring up in the hearts of the surviving ones. More tender and more blessed is often the brooding influence of the sacred dead than the words of the living.

Olivia became known in the abodes of sorrow, and a deep power seemed given her to console the suffering and distressed. A deeper power of love sprung up within her; and love, though born of sorrow, ever brings peace with it. Many were the hearts that reposed on her; many the wandering that she reclaimed, the wavering that she upheld, the desolate that she comforted. As a soul in heaven may look back on earth, and smile at its past sorrows, so, even here, it may rise to a sphere where it may look down on the storm that once threatened to overwhelm it.

It was on the afternoon of just such another summer day as we have described at the opening of our story, that Olivia was in her apartment, directing the folding and laying away of mourning garments. She took up the dark veil and looked on it kindly, as on a faithful friend. How much had she seen and learned behind the refuge of its sheltering folds! She turned her thoughts within herself. She was calm once more, and

happy,—happy with a wider and steadier basis than ever before. A new world seemed opened within her; and with a heart raised in thankfulness she placed the veil among her most sacred treasures.

Yes, there by the smiling image of the lost one,—by the curls of her glossy hair,—by the faded flowers taken from her bier, was laid in solemn thankfulness the Mourning Veil.

PENDLAM: A MODERN REFORMER.

My theatre-going friend pulled up suddenly in his ambling discourse concerning the merits of the last actress, dropped his voice to a whisper, touched my arm, and pointed with his cane.

"Look! the Reverend John Henry Pendlam!"

"Coming out of a bar-room! Ho, ho! Sir Reverend!"

I spoke gayly, but with an indefinitely serious sentiment at heart. I was interested in this John Henry Pendlam; not particularly on account of the reputation for eloquence and zeal which he had so early and rapidly achieved, but his approaching marriage with my friend's second cousin, Susan D——, (whom I had myself even barely escaped marrying,) quickened a personal curiosity regarding my successor.

"He is on no base errand," replied Horatio. "He goes about carrying the Gospel into these dens. The papers you see in his hand are tracts. Shall I introduce you?"

Before I could fairly answer, No, (for I felt a repugnance to making the acquaintance of any man who was to marry Susan,) Pendlam, standing a moment in the gas-light before the door of the saloon, observed my friend, and advanced quickly.

"Too late to escape!" cried the young clergyman, seizing Horatio by the collar. "I have you, truant!" And he drew a tract upon him, like a revolver.

"I surrender!" said Horatio. "If it's you, don't shoot; I'll come down, as the treed coon said to the hunter."

"Don't think to disarm me by a pleasantry," replied Pendlam, brandishing his spiritual weapon. "This is my sermon on the theatre, which you engaged to hear me preach; I have had it printed for you."

"Really," said Horatio, with a humorous smile, "I had forgotten my promise. Besides, I was engaged,—let me see, it was two Sundays ago, wasn't it?—yes, I was engaged to dine with Miss Kellerton."

"The actress! On Sunday!" said Pendlam, with a shocked expression. "But you might have heard me in the morning."

"In the morning we rode together," laughed Horatio.

I knew all this was a fiction on the part of my friend, designed to mystify the minister. I said nothing, to avoid an introduction; I had stepped aside, and now stood, amused and observant, under the street lamp. Pendlam especially I studied, with one eye (figuratively speaking) on him, and the other on Susan. I compared him with myself, and had no doubt but she was weak enough to consider him the handsomer man of the two. He was of medium height, slightly built, of a nervous temperament, with bright, quick-glancing eyes, and vehement gestures. The chief characteristic of the man seemed intensity. It manifested itself in his eager movements, in his emphasis and tones of voice, in his swiftly changing expression, in his wild hair, in his neckerchief, which seemed to have been tied with a jerk, and in his dress through-

out, which was evidently that of a man who had things of vaster importance to think of.

He was whirling Horatio away in a torrent of eloquence, poured out against the sins of the age, and mainly against the theatre, which he denounced as the citadel of dissipation and all immoralities; and my poor friend, who had opened the gates of this flood by his indiscreet pleasure, was vainly endeavouring to escape and rejoin me, when I observed a person come out of the saloon, and gradually draw near, until he stood within a few feet of the zealous reformer. A group watched him from the door. Before I suspected his object, he threw out the coils of a concealed whip, and springing upon Pendlam from behind, dealt him furious successive blows over the shoulders and head. I ran to the rescue. But already Horatio had seized the whip.

"Good for evil," cried Pendlam, as I was on the point of throttling the assailant. "My friend, how have I injured you?"

"Interfering with my business! getting away my custom! insulting folks with your cursed tracts!" frothed the angry man. "I swore to cowhide you, and I've done it!"

"If that is the case, I have no complaint to make," said Pendlam. "You can go on with your cowhiding."

"You've had enough for once!" growled the other, rolling up the lash.

"But if I deserve whipping for doing my duty, I deserve a good deal more," cried Pendlam. "And if you are to be my castigator for each offence, you will find yourself pretty well employed. It would be less trouble, I should think, to do a little more, while you have your hand in. Meanwhile, take this tract upon the sin of Anger, carry it home with you, and read it carefully at your leisure."

Muttering threats, the man returned to the saloon, amid the laughs and acclamations of his constituents. Pendlam followed impulsively, and left the tract

within. He then returned to us. Up to this time, he had appeared exalted and firm; but now there came a reaction; his voice forsook him, he trembled violently, and we were obliged to give him the support of our arms. As we conducted him away, his condition might have been taken for that of many others who get into difficulty in bar-rooms. Arrived at his boarding-house, he thanked us with pathetic earnestness, and urged us to go in.

"On one condition," said Horatio,— "that you say no more about the theatres."

Pendlam smiled faintly. "I should think I might refrain from that and kindred topics, at least until my shoulders have done smarting! But I assure you, my zeal will only be quickened by the occurrences of this night. The first horsewhipping is a great event. I now know what it is to be a martyr!"

We went in and conversed. My repugnance to forming a friendship with the man who was to marry Susan had vanished. I found him rather too zealous,—almost fanatical; but we forgive every thing in a man who shows generosity of heart, and sincere aspirations. Horatio took a paper from his pocket and read for the twentieth time a certain criticism upon Miss Kellerton's acting; occasionally looking up, to listen to some remark from either Pendlam or myself,—then returning to his favorite article.

I had the honor of differing, on many essential points, with my new clerical acquaintance; and we were soon on excellent terms of courteous dispute. I assumed the philosopher, and expressed candidly my conviction that his intellect had early projected itself into doctrines which would prove too confined for its future growth. I remember distinctly his reply.

"On the contrary, it is you," he said, "who, I perceive, will some day come over upon the very ground I now occupy. Our modern ways of thinking have become too free and lax. We

cannot draw the rein and tighten the girth."

There was a charming sparkle in his blue eyes as he spoke. I gave him my hand, and we parted. As we walked away together, Horatio asked how I liked him.

"He is in earnest, and that is everything. But mark me, he is not the man for Susan."

"Your jealousy!" said Horatio.

"Not a bit! I see a discrepancy."

"Where?"

"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

I concluded that silence was discretion, and refused to answer more questions. Horatio looked at his watch.

"We have just time to see Miss Kelerton in the last act of 'The Stranger.' She is great! You should see her, when she turns and embraces the children; it's a scene of overwhelming pathos! Come!"

"With Pendlam's printed sermon in your pocket?"

Horatio laughed. "We will read it during the dance!"

But I declined; and he went alone into the theatre.

Not long after, I received a certain wedding card, and, in consequence, made a certain call. Susan was all blushes and smiles at sight of me; but I was cool and circumspect.

"We are friends, are we not?" I said. "We once thought we were more than that; but we became older and wiser. We agreed to disagree, very properly. It did not break our hearts; and that shows that it is better as it is."

"Perhaps," murmured Susan.

"Let us be quite frank with each other; that is the best way, Susan. We are good friends?"

"O, yes!" said Susan.

"Thank you, dear Susan,—if I may still call you so, in the sense of friendship. I know your husband, and love him. I congratulate you on having so noble a companion."

Susan sighed, and concealed a tear. Just then Pendlam entered. He seemed

abstracted, and took a quick turn across the room; then gave me a surprised look, a pleased smile, and a cordial grasp of the hand. The next hour I was oblivious of all external things, in the delightful excitement of our conversation. I even forgot Susan. Poor Susan! the trouble was, she was not intellectual; not at all imaginative; but a very plain, matter-of-fact person, with deep affections, and paramount instincts. During that memorable hour, she spoke not one word. When at length I observed her consciously, she was gazing at us with a look of weariness and vacancy.

"Is it not so?" cried Pendlam.

He appealed to her. She smiled sweetly, and said with simplicity that she scarcely understood any thing that had been said.

I could see that Pendlam was a little shocked. From clear, joyous heights of poetic discourse, we looked down, and saw how far off below was her beingless mind. To the vision we then enjoyed, there was something thick and earthy in her expression. It was the first time Pendlam had observed it; I had seen it before. And even as before, I looked back, with wonder at myself, to the earlier period when I deemed her beauty peerless.

Both Pendlam and I were chilled. The fine tension of the spiritual chords relaxed, and gave forth heavier music. Susan failing to ascend to us, we came down to her. She now made haste to atone for her long silence by talking freely of the pretty new church, and the people she saw out Sunday; and she seemed proud and happy when she brought out her wedding gifts, and I praised them.

It was several weeks before I again saw Pendlam. I went with Horatio to hear him preach. The sermon surprised me. Many of the thoughts which I had advanced in our private conversations, and which he had opposed, were reproduced, but very slightly modified, in his discourse.

"Pendlam is enlarging," whispered

Horatio. "The very things you said to him the first time you met!"

I was gratified by the fact, and gratified that Horatio observed it; regarding it as evidence of Pendlam's emancipation from his chains.

The services over, the young clergyman made his way to us through the crowd.

"I have so much wished to see you!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand. "You were a little astonished at my sermon."

"And a good deal pleased," I added.

Pendlam's delicate and changing features colored finely.

"You think I have altered my views, I see by your smile. Not at all, except that I have gone farther."

"I am glad you have gone farther," I answered.

"But in the same direction, I assure you!" said Pendlam, quickly. "Step by step, step by step."

"You were on your way back to Paul and the Fathers."

"Yes; and on my arrival among them, I found myself one of the Fathers! It was a necessary experience. As Paul spoke by authority, so I, when I stand where Paul stood, also speak by authority. We must first be obedient, before we can be free. You see where I am," said Pendlam.

Here a young woman came forward, and, with tears in her eyes, thanked her pastor for the glorious truths he had that day preached.

"They are not my truths; they are the Lord's; I am but his mouthpiece," answered Pendlam, well pleased.

A gray-haired deacon now approached.—"On the hull," said he, "I liked your sermon tolerable well, Brother Pendlam; but it warn't one o' your best; and if anybody else had preached it, I should have thought it contained a little dangerous doctrine."

Pendlam blushed. This compliment did not please him quite so well. But before he could shape a reply, quite an old woman seized his hand and kissed it.

"God bless you for those words! They have done my soul good, sir!"

Her gratitude and piety were quite affecting. Tears gushed into Pendlam's eyes. The deacon turned away with a smirk and an ominous shake of the head.

Horatio had found Susan. Pendlam took my arm, and we walked out of the church. The crowd pressed on before us; and as we reached the vestibule, we overheard suppressed voices discussing the merits of the sermon.

"It was full of beautiful truth!" said a sweet young girl's voice.

"The most eloquent discourse I ever heard!" added a young man with a singing-book under his arm.

"For my part," remarked a portly and well-dressed pillar of the church, "I was a good deal surprised. Rather too wild and flowery. Must have a bad tendency."

"What we want is sound doctrine," observed another prosperous pillar. "Better let such abstract subjects alone."

"Dangerous doctrine! dangerous doctrine!" chimed in the gray-haired deacon.

On reaching the open air, I observed that Pendlam was quite tremulous and flushed.

"You see," he said with a smile, "what it is to be a minister."

We went home to his house. Horatio had arrived before us, in company with Susan and her mother. The latter was looking very uncomfortable at seeing me, I thought, for she had hated me cordially since my affair with her daughter.

"I declare, John Henry," she said, in her energetic way, "I hope you never will preach another such sermon as long as I live! I couldn't make neither head nor tail to it." And she gathered up her Sunday things, which she had taken off in the parlour, with an air of offended piety that occasioned a general smile. Pendlam smiled with the rest.

"Well, Horatio, you next,—what did you think of my sermon?"

"I liked it."

"Good! but give your reason."

"Because you said nothing about the theatre. I was mortally afraid you would; for, d'ye see, you had a distinguished theatrical personage in your audience."

"Indeed! I was not aware; who?"

"Miss Kellerton herself!"

"Is it possible?" Pendlam looked surprised, Susan interested, Mrs. D—— (with her Sunday things on her arm) amazed.

"She told me she was going to hear you, to show you that she could be quite as tolerant as yourself. She expects you to return the compliment, and go to her benefit."

Poor Pendlam hardly knew what to say in his confusion. Susan spoke up,—

"Why didn't you point her out to me? I have such a curiosity to see her."

"It was to her I took off my hat, coming away from the church door."

"To her!" broke forth Mrs. D——, "to an actress! Horatio, I'm ashamed of you. You wouldn't have caught me walking with you, if I had known!" She shook her Sunday things indignantly; and there was another general smile, as she took these representatives of her piety abruptly out of the room.

"All this is very interesting," said Pendlam, recovering his equanimity. "I wonder what sort of a sermon I shall preach next Sabbath?"

We were invited to stay to luncheon. Horatio consented; but I declined, and took my leave, much to the gratification of Susan's mother, no doubt.

Some months passed before I again saw Pendlam. Our next meeting was in the street. I observed him coming towards me with the peculiarly abstracted and intense expression which his face assumed under excitement.

"What now?" I asked.

"A little difficulty with my people," he said, with a forced smile. "I have just come from a church meeting; it was terribly hot there!"

"No serious trouble, I hope?"

"O, no,—only, you will hardly be surprised to hear, my preaching has been somewhat too liberal for them."

"Why, sir," I cried, "if I remember right, you were for restoring the more rigorous and stringent forms of religion; drawing the rein and tightening the girth."

"Most certainly! and do you not see? Step by step I worked back to the primitive and central principle, the soul of all religion. You know what that is. It is Love! This I have preached," said Pendlam, his features suffused, his eyes glistening bright; "and this I shall continue to preach, while life lasts. Persecution cannot influence me. I know my duty, and I shall perform it, at all risks. You see where I am," added Pendlam.

I was thrilled to admiration by his enthusiasm and heroic resolution. At the same time I saw him in that transitional state which is so full of peril to persons of certain temperaments, escaping into too sudden freedom and light from the walls of a narrow and gloomy belief; and I could not but smile, with mingled amusement and commiseration, at his singular step-by-step processes.

It was during the following autumn that Horatio and I one day looked in upon a reform meeting, held at the Melodeon. The audience was thin, the speakers numerous. The platform was crowded with male and female reformers, among whom I recognized our clerical friend Pendlam. A celebrated female orator sat down, and Pendlam stood up. The audience cheered a little; the platform cheered a good deal. He at first stammered and hesitated, not from want of thoughts, but from their pressure and multitude. They soon fused, however, and poured forth streams of fire, rather largely mixed with smoke.

"There is no other religion but Love," declared the speaker. "And where Love is, there is Religion; in the Mohammedan, in the Mormon, in the savage,—I care not for names. And where Love is not, there Religion is not, though her image be preserved and clothed in all Christian forms. Theology and sects fall away from it; it is alone vital; it is eternal, it is unitary, it is God. Here I pro-

claim it to the world; here I announce to you and to all where I stand."

This speech was reported along with others in the morning papers. It was not long before Pendlam had more church business to perplex him; and he soon withdrew from the pastorship of his troublesome flock. A number of these went with him; there was a schism in the church; and the following spring, a new society was formed, which gave Pendlam a call.

I also gave him a call, at his house. Changes had taken place since my last visit. I was shocked at Susan's altered appearance. She had had an infant, and untold trouble along with it. The bloom of the bride was gone, and the finer permeating beauty of the happy mother had failed to replace it. Mrs. D—— was with her. This excellent lady received me with surprising politeness, and brought out the little Pendlam for my inspection.

"Is it possible, Susan, that this living, breathing, dimpled little wonder is yours?"

"I suppose it is," said the blushing Susan.

"Where is its father?" I inquired, for John Henry had not yet appeared.

"It hasn't got any father!" ejaculated Mrs. D——, with grim sarcasm. "A man can't be a reform-preacher, and a father too. His sermons, lectures, and conventions are of too much importance for him even to think of his wife and child."

I looked to see poor Susan writhe with pain under these harsh words. But she merely heaved a sigh, and let fall a tear on the babe, which she had taken from its grandmother's arms.

"I will speak to Mr. Pendlam," she said, as she hastily left the room.

"I am glad you have come," said Mrs. D——, bitterly, seating herself on the sofa. "I am glad to see any person enter this house, who isn't all eaten up with the evils of society. I have heard about the evils of society till I'm heartily sick of them. People that come to

see Pendlam don't generally talk about anything else. It's the ruin of him, as I tell Susan; I never in this world can be reconciled to his leaving his church."

Mrs. D—— became confidential, and abused her daughter's husband in a style which did not argue much for the peace of his household during that energetic lady's visits. Her indignation against him had quite swallowed up her old cherished resentment against myself. She soon went so far as to insinuate a regret that Susan had not married a man of solid sense and some mental ballast, (meaning me,) instead of a hot-headed reformer.

Susan reentered. "Mr. Pendlam is very busy; but he will come down presently."

She sighed, and took a seat. Mrs. D—— continued her abuse of her son-in-law, in her daughter's presence,—which I thought in very bad taste, to say the least. Susan uttered not one word in her husband's defence, but simply sat and sighed. I defended and praised him; for which act of friendship I earned not one look of gratitude from her, and only contempt and sneers from her mother.

I was glad when Pendlam appeared. He was looking care-worn and toil-worn; his expression had grown more intense than ever. His face lighted up a little at sight of me; but it was some minutes before his mind seemed capable of extricating itself from its abstractions, and meeting me upon social grounds.

"You will excuse me. I am heartily rejoiced to see you. I was hard at work. Just pass your hand over my forehead; it will relieve the pressure upon my brain. My mission is now fully revealed to me; everything is reform, reform. I have been led here step by step. Your magnetism is very soothing. The old crumbling walls of creeds and conventionalities are to be swept away, and their foundations subjected to the plough and the harrow. I am in the harness. I have no motive for concealment; I tell you frankly where I stand," said Pendlam.

Another long sigh from Susan. Mrs. D—— tossed her contemptuous chin, and expressed scorn in divers significant ways.

"I should want to conceal a little, if I was in your place," she remarked, cuttingly.

"Truth is truth; it can harm only those who are in error," said Pendlam.

"It certainly hasn't done you a very great amount of good." Another toss of the contemptuous chin.

"On the contrary, it has done me incalculable good," answered the son-in-law, with a smile.

"Oh! you consider it good, then, to be cut off from the church,—to give up a good situation and sure salary,—to lose the respect of everybody whose respect is worth having!"

"If I have done all this for the truth's sake, it is good,"—the reformer's face kindled with enthusiasm,—"and I for one find it good."

"Perhaps you do, but I know who don't. I believe reform, like charity, begins at home. You talk of your duty to humanity; I believe the first duty is to one's own family. I don't think much of that man's mission to the world, who forgets his own wife and child."

Horatio had previously told me, what I could hardly believe, that Mrs. D—— was accustomed to abuse her son-in-law in this way, in the presence of strangers. Susan did nothing but sigh. Pendlam smiled, as if he was used to it.

"I need a little such invective occasionally, to refresh my zeal," he said, with provoking meekness. "It shows me where I am. It assures me that I am fighting the good fight. I do not blame my good mother; she is worldly-minded, and sees things from her stand-point. Neither she nor Susan can perceive anything but loss and disgrace, in the change from the handsome, fashionable church, where I used to preach, to the naked hall where our new society holds its meetings. Very natural for people upon their plane. But I view things from another stand-point, to which I have

been led step by step; and I have simply to be true to my own revealed mission."

"Mission! revealed! step by step! planes and stand-points!" exclaimed Mrs. D——, rising in great disgust. "For my part, I believe in common sense; I don't know any other plane or stand-point, and I don't believe Providence ever intended we should have any other. There, you have my opinion!" And with a violent gesture, as if throwing her opinion from her, and shutting our little party into the room with that formidable object, she swept out, slammed the door after her, and rustled remorselessly up stairs.

"Persons upon her plane are very much to be pitied," observed Pendlam, quietly.

Susan began to cry, and the scene became so painful to me, that I made haste to shake hands with the ill-mated couple, say a few soothing words, and take leave of them. From that time, I saw Pendlam occasionally, but avoided the house. It was a peculiarity of his impenetrable nature, to imbibe, unconsciously to himself, the sentiments of powerful persons with whom he came in contact, retain and revolve them in his intellect, until they reappeared as his own original convictions. He now went with reformers, and carried with him their atmosphere. To hear him talk, you would have thought universal reorganization at hand. I said I avoided the house; but one day Horatio came to me with a doleful face, backing a petition that I would go and talk with Susan.

"There has been an explosion! The old woman is gone; she has declared open, interneccine war against Pendlam."

"I thought she had declared that some time ago, good Horatio!"

"Ah, but now she is trying to get his wife away from him! She has sent plenipotentiaries, with threats and entreaties, and they have frightened Susan out of her poor little wits. Go and reassure her."

"Horatio, I am not certain what would be best. They never belonged together.

But at your request, I will go and see what I can do."

I went. Susan received me with an effort at a smile, which was a failure, and at my inquiry for Pendlam, burst into tears.

"He is not dead, I hope."

"No," sobbed Susan.

"Nor in jail?"

"No." Another sob.

"Nor in any serious trouble?"

"Trouble enough, Heaven knows! Mother has gone. I don't know what to do. All the nice people we used to visit with have turned against us."

"But our happiness does not depend upon nice people, you know, dear Susan."

"But he is getting into the strangest ways! Shabby folks, with long beards, come to see him. He has left off family devotions."

Susan was weeping; when, at a quick step in the hall, she took alarm, and hurried from the room, just in time to hide her tears from her husband.

"Alone?" said Pendlam.

"No; Susan has just left me."

"I am glad you have come. I have thought for several days that I required your magnetism. Every thing with me now is magnetism. My nature demands a certain magnetism, as the appetite demands a certain quality of food. There are coarse magnetisms, and fine magnetisms; yours is peculiarly agreeable to me. Some repel me, and some attract irresistibly. I have only to follow my impressions, to get what is necessary for me. That's where I am," said Pendlam.

He urged me to stay and dine; and as I desired an opportunity to converse further with Susan, I consented. I was surprised to see a dish of roast meat come upon the table,—Pendlam having, for the past year, preached vegetarianism. But he assured me that he had not changed his theory of dietetics.

"There are times, however, when we require the magnetisms of certain animal foods. To-day I perceived that my system demanded the magnetism of lamb.

If your constitution is wanting in the lamb element, you will find this tender."

Pendlam, I should observe, had neglected to say grace.

"Your theory of magnetisms," said I, "would seem a very convenient one. To-morrow, for example, you can require the magnetism of roast beef. The next day, the magnetisms of turtle-soup and venison will be found agreeable. The magnetisms of some birds are said to be excellent. And I have no doubt but in time you will arrive at the discovery, that the magnetism of a certain distilled beverage, called brandy, stimulates digestion."

Pendlam laughed and blushed.

"I have not forgotten that for three good years of my life I waged war against King Alchohol. (Will you try a bit of the lamb?) But I do not push my principles over the verge of prejudice, as those do who condemn the grape."

"Condemn the grape?" I repeated.

"The juice of the grape, which is the same thing. Where this can be obtained pure, it will be found highly beneficial to persons on a certain plane. The grape magnetism is eminently spiritualizing."

So saying, to my utter astonishment, Pendlam uncorked a small bottle, which I had supposed to contain pepper-sauce, and commenced pouring out WINE.

"This will answer in lieu of grace," I suggested.

"The act of prayer," said Pendlam, "has indisputable uses. It opens the avenues to an influx of spiritual magnetisms. But where the mind is kept in the receptive condition without the aid of the external form of prayer, this becomes like a scaffolding after the house is built. Step by step, I have been led to this high spiritual plane."

Susan, as of old, sat and sighed.

Pendlam found my magnetism so attractive, that it was impossible for me to obtain a minute's conversation with Susan alone. I departed, wearied and disheartened with her sad, despairing face haunting me.

I had little further personal knowledge of Pendlam's career, until Horatio came for me, one evening, to attend a meeting of the Disciples of Freedom.

We found the Melodeon crowded by one of those stifling audiences for which no ventilation seems availing. A portion had come to be interested, a portion to be amused. To the former, the object of the meeting was wise and great; to the latter, it was ridiculous enough to be worth an evening's senseless laughter. For my own part, only the strong desire I felt to observe the characteristics of a new sect daily increasing in numbers and influence could induce me to undergo the exhaustion of sitting an hour in such an assembly.

We took seats in an obscure corner, and looked around. Here were curious, lank stalks of humanity, which seemed to have been raked from unheard-of, outlandish stubbles. Occasionally, in beautiful relief out of these, a clear, full-berried stem of ripened grain lifted its gracious head. It was a strange mixture; a strange power, indeed, that had swept together such promising wheat and such refuse chaff and straw in one incongruous mass.

We turned our eyes to the platform. There sat Pendlam, with other prominent Disciples. A young man was speaking wise and beautiful words. From the well of a deep and sincere soul he drew needed counsel for the perishing multitude; said what he seemed impelled to say, and sat down. He was followed by a sallow-visaged, black-bearded speaker, who poured forth abundant venomous froth of denunciation. He had caught enough of the phraseology of the more philosophical Disciples, to impress the earnest ignorant with some show of profundity. I was glad when his stream dried up. Pendlam next arose and read a paper upon "Magnetisms and Organizations." After him, came forward a gentleman with a model, illustrating the design of a dwelling-house for the Associated Disciples. He showed, entirely to the satisfaction of himself at least, that

society should be reduced to a mechanism, and mankind to pivots and wheels. This was the dawn of the millennial era. The world was to be saved by organization. First, an association; then an association of associations, which should spread over the United States, abolish taxes, banks, slavery, and private property, elect its president, annex South America, the British and Russian possessions, and eventually Europe, Africa, and Asia. The model dwelling-house was likened to a manger, in which Christ was to be born, at his second coming. The speaker ended by introducing the "Practical Organizer of the Initial Association of Free Disciples."

Horatio and myself had already remarked upon the platform an individual whose features seemed somehow familiar to us. He was rather stoutly built, full-faced, of a sanguine complexion and temperament. His mouth indicated both sensuality and decision of character. His forehead was prominent and low, his eye keen, his neck thick and muscular. We were not surprised to see him arise and step forward as the Practical Organizer of the Initial Association of Free Disciples.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I am no orator. I am a business man. I am not here to make a speech, but to tell you about the practical part of this Association."

At the first words he spoke, a flood of recollections rushed over me. For a moment my breath was quite taken away.

"I know him!" "I remember him!" Horatio and I whispered almost simultaneously.

His voice was unmistakable. He was the fellow who had flogged Pendlam four years before.

Extremes had met. The temperance missionary and the infuriate liquor-dealer stood upon the same platform.

Soon after, we took our leave. We walked up and down in the fresh air. How sweet, how cool it seemed, after an hour spent amid the heated breaths of the packed audience!

I had parted from my friend, and was returning home, when I met two persons walking arm in arm. I heard one of them say,—

"I find that no great work can be accomplished, without due regard paid to magnetisms; and in organization, we must take care that they are harmoniously distributed. I find that I now assume relations with every individual according to these subtle laws. You see where I am," said Pendlam.

For Pendlam was the speaker. His companion was the Practical Organizer of the Initial Association of Free Disciples.

I went home, filled with a multitude of reflections. Strong interest led me soon after to pay a visit to Pendlam's house. As I went in, I met a man coming out. He had a stout frame, keen eye, sensual mouth, sanguine complexion, muscular neck.

"Susan," said I, "who is that man?"

"One of my husband's friends," answered Susan, in some confusion.

"And yours?"—eyeing her closely.

"Oh, he comes frequently to the house; I see him occasionally."

"'Tis he who gave Pendlam that bottle of wine?"

"I believe so."

"And that flogging, Susan!"

"Oh, they have made that up," said Susan, innocently.

"If they are satisfied, I have nothing to say. Are you happy, Susan?" for a change had come over her, which I did not readily understand.

"Oh, dear!" said Susan, "we have had so much trouble!" She began to give way to her emotions. "We have lost all our old friends. Mother never comes near us now. Sometimes I don't know what we shall do. Tell me what you think of it;—is Henry so much out of the way as people think? He certainly knows more than anybody else, and I don't see how he can be wrong." She ended with a sob.

"You are aware," I answered, "that Pendlam and I partly agree in every thing, and wholly agree in nothing. He

is right, and he is wrong. He takes hold of what is a truth, but detaches it from universal truth, and so it becomes an error." I saw she did not comprehend. "But never despair," I added. "The future depends upon you."

"What can I do?" she pleaded.

"Remain firm in principle, dear Susan. Whatever happens, stand true to him and to yourself. Do that, and all will be well."

The crying of her child, which was sick, called her away. I sought Pendlam's study. I found him busily writing. He was pale and thin, and there was a wild brightness in his eye which did not please me.

"You, of all men!" he exclaimed. "Sit down." He closed the door, with an air of mystery. "I was just writing to you."

"To me? Then I have saved you the trouble of employing a messenger."

"Susan would be mortified and incensed, if she knew what I am about to say. But truth is truth. She is perishing; I see new evidence of it every day. It is for want of magnetisms. I have little to give her, and what I have is not such as she requires. Do not be astonished when I tell you I have discovered that there do not exist between us the requisite affinities."

I smiled; for Pendlam was continually announcing discoveries of facts I had discovered long before.

"You see where I am," said Pendlam. "I am compelled to go to other women for the magnetisms I need; she must receive what she requires from other men."

"That is interesting," I replied. "What is the peculiar process of imparting these magnetisms?"

"Sometimes by conversation,—sometimes by the contact of hands,—perhaps by a kiss; no rule is laid down; the process must depend upon the kind of magnetism to be imparted."

"Very naturally. But what have I to do with all this?"

"I will tell you. I was not Susan's first choice; but you were. That fact

is very significant; it shows an affinity. And what I desire is, that——”

“My dear John Henry,” I interrupted, “allow me to say that you are quite mistaken. If I know any thing of affinities, there is none between Susan and myself; no more, I judge, than there is between you and the gentleman I met going out, as I was coming in.

“Oh,—Clodman! You saw him?” cried Pendlam.

“Yes, and remember distinctly seeing him at least twice before; once as the Practical Organizer of the Initial Association of Free Disciples, and once as the self-appointed castigator of unfortunate temperance missionaries.”

“You are pleased to be sarcastic,” said Pendlam, mildly. “He is a very useful man to us. I welcome his visits to my house; for I consider his magnetism highly beneficial to Susan.”

“Then, by all the gods at once, you wrong me!” I said. “If that man’s magnetism is what she needs, to suppose that mine is, also, is an insult. I lose patience with you, O most free Disciple!”

“I see,” replied Pendlam, with a smile, “you have not yet reached the plane of perfect freedom. I cannot argue with you; but when you have had certain necessary experiences, and arrived at my stand-point, you will see as I do.”

He conducted me to the door, rather coolly. I stopped a moment to speak to Susan.

“For the love of Heaven,” I said, “remember what I told you. You don’t know how much depends upon you!”

Susan stared. I left her staring.

About this time Miss Kellerton returned, and played a brilliant engagement. I accompanied Horatio one evening to witness her fourth appearance in a new play, which had taken the theatrical portion of the city by storm. The play-house was packed from top to bottom. We had our seats in the orchestra, where we enjoyed a view of both actors and audience, and a cool breeze from behind the scenes. For criticisms of the performance, I must refer the

reader to the newspapers of the period. Horatio cheered like a madman. He was quite beside himself with enthusiasm, especially at the close of the third act. He was clapping furiously, and looking about upon the audience to see who else was cheering, when he suddenly stopped, his hands asunder, his countenance transfixed with an alarming expression. I thought he had clapped himself into a fit.

“Horatio!” I cried, “Horatio! what’s the matter?”

“Look! look!”

“Where?”

“Yonder! by the pillar!” I now thought (his head being turned) that perchance he beheld a ghost. “Don’t you see?—Pendlam!”

It was true;—there sat the reformer, out-cheering Horatio himself! By his side was Susan, looking brighter and happier than I had seen her for months. By her side sat—

“That rascal Clodman!” hissed Horatio, through his teeth.

Miss Kellerton came before the curtain. A vast tumult of applause burst forth and died away. Pendlam cheered after all the rest had ceased. Then, he and Clodman conferred,—the face of the latter so near Susan’s, as he leaned before her, that Horatio swore he kissed her. Both Pendlam and Susan were beaming with smiles.

“This recreation will do them good,” I whispered.

“That Clodman is a villain!” muttered Horatio. “Ask Miss Kellerton; she knows him. But, villainy aside, what a stupendous joke it is to see Pendlam here!”

Horatio arose, flushed and excited.

“Where are you going?” I demanded.

“I’ll tell you soon. Let me pass.”

He left the theatre. I did not see him again until the play was over. He made his way to the orchestra box where I sat, in time to applaud Miss Kellerton’s final appearance before the curtain. Then he grasped my arm.

“Come with me; they are going!”

He indicated Pendlam’s party. We

passed up the aisle, reached the hall, and waited for them at the foot of the stairs. Presently they appeared. Clodman was praising the performance; Susan expressed her delight; Pendlam said something about miscellaneous magnetisms. They had reached the foot of the stairs, when Horatio sprang upon them like a brigand, and seized John Henry's collar.

"Ha! Horatio!" gasped Pendlam, a good deal startled.

"Too late to escape!" And Horatio drew a tract upon him, like a revolver. "Here is something, sir, which I think will suit your case," levelling it at Pendlam's throat.

"Ha!" stammered Pendlam, reading the title. "'The Theatre a Stronghold of Vice; a Sermon, by ——'"

"By the Reverend John Henry Pendlam," roared out Horatio. "Pendlam, the distinguished temperance-preacher!"

A lurid smile played over the grim features of the Practical Organizer.

"Pendlam has outgrown his former opinions," he said, with a look of hate at Horatio.

"Not precisely," said Pendlam. "I have simply enlarged them, or rather added to them. I preach temperance the same; but every man must be his own master. The vices of the theatre appear just as hideous to me as ever; but the theatre itself may be redeemed, and made an instrument of salvation. As the patronage of bad people rendered it what it has been, so the patronage of the good is required to make it what it should be. The divine magnetism of a few spiritual persons in the audience must necessarily affect, not only the remainder of the audience, but also the actors. In our new Association——"

"Come!" growled the Practical Organizer, turning away, with Susan leaning confidently on his arm; "shall we go?"

"Excuse me. I will give you my ideas of a spiritual drama another time. I'll take this sermon. I shall read with interest what I had to say on the subject before my mind had attained its present

plane. Good night! You see where I am," added Pendlam.

Thenceforward the Pendlams were frequent visitors at the theatres. When John Henry was too much occupied to attend, Clodman had the gallantry to escort Susan. This was considered exceedingly kind in Clodman; he not only treated Susan to delightful dramatic performances, but at the same time imparted to her his valuable magnetism.

One Sabbath evening Horatio came suddenly upon me in the street, and pulled me breathlessly around a corner.

"Wait till I can speak; the miracle of miracles! I have been to—to call on HER; and who do you suppose had been dining with her?"

I named successively several noted actress-hunters and snobs, whose names disgusted Horatio. "Who then?" I asked.

"Pendlam! Pendlam! Pendlam!" ejaculated Horatio. "He wanted to consult HER upon the subject of creating a Divine Drama, or some such nonsense."

"Possibly a new Divine Comedy," I suggested.

"She made him stay and dine on Sunday! And will you believe it?—he finds her magnetic impartations, as he calls them, highly agreeable and advantageous to his constitution! Bless him! he isn't the first man who has found them agreeable, if not so advantageous. But she gave him a dose!"

"Of what?"

"Of bitter truth about Clodman. She knows him for a villain, and told him so. I was there, and glad to hear it. But I was enraged. I could have wrung John Henry Pendlam's neck for him, when he said, with his quiet, charitable, mild, incredulous smile, that he was already aware there existed in the community a good deal of prejudice against Clodman!"

Matters were now progressing rapidly to a crisis. One day during the ensuing summer, I asked Horatio the usual question, "Where is Pendlam now?"—

referring, as John Henry himself would have said, not to locality, but condition.

"That is impossible to say," replied Horatio, "for I have not seen him since yesterday. Then he was situated opposite a bottle of pale sherry, which that rascal Clodman had just brought to the house. They were drinking, and talking over the Organization of Free Disciples. Several wealthy men have become interested in the enterprise, and large amounts have been subscribed. Pendlam is writing a work on the subject."

"And Susan?"

"Her child is sick, and claims all her attention. They are trying to cure it with magnetisms. Clodman is day and night at the house; his magnetism being considered indispensable for the restoration of the child."

A month later, Horatio brought me word that the child was dead.

Another month, and I learned that Susan had been sent to some celebrated Western Magnetic Springs for her health.

"How did she go?"

Horatio hesitated. "I am sorry to say she has gone with that rascal Clodman, who is travelling on business for the Association. Pendlam remains at home, hard at work on his book. I will now add what I did not wish you to know," said Horatio. "For some months Pendlam's family subsisted almost entirely upon funds advanced him by that rascal Clodman. They talk of his wonderful generosity! But the villain has a wife of his own, and a couple of young children, who are left to suffer for want of the actual necessities of life. Pendlam has given up preaching, you know, in order to devote himself entirely to the Association."

"Horatio, I am afraid that all is lost. I did hope better things of Susan. Wretched, wretched girl!"

Tears came into Horatio's eyes. "How could the damnable thing ever happen?" he exclaimed, passionately. "She was a true, honest girl; and Pendlam is not a bad man."

"He is a man," I said, "who verily

thinketh no evil. He has imagination, intellect, spirituality; but he wants balance. From the first, I saw that his powers needed centralizing. He had no hold upon integral truth, but snatched here a fragment and there a fragment. Always distrust that man, Horatio, that talks forever of planes, and stand-points, and step-by-step processes, and deems it necessary to inform you each day where he stands."

"I do not know what could have saved him!" sighed Horatio.

"I know what could; an entire and absorbing love. His wife should have been one towards whom all his thoughts and sympathies would have been drawn. Such a love would have given him concentration, poise, unity. But, on the other hand, his heart had no anchor, and his intellect was left adrift. He has pursued truth, forgetting that truth is a tree, one and mighty, but with innumerable branches; and that it is unsafe to risk the weight of one's salvation upon a single bough. Susan had no part in his life; she was left with that hungry, yearning heart, until the sympathy even of a Clodman seemed food to her perishing nature. Pity her, Horatio, but do not condemn."

The Initial Association failed. Clodman did not return; and it was found that he had appropriated to his private use the funds of the Association. Behind him he had left a distressed family, and many creditors. Where was Susan?

I now thought it time to hunt up Pendlam. After no little search, I was sent to an obscure lodging. I opened the door pointed out to me, and entered an extraordinary chamber. The sides were covered with strange diagrams, grotesque drawings, lettered inscriptions. Some were sketched rudely upon the plastering with colored chalk; others were designed upon paper, and pasted on the wall. In the centre of the room sat an indescribable human figure, with its face buried in its hands. It wore an anomalous garment, slashed with various colors, like a harlequin's coat. Upon

one shoulder was sewed the semblance of a door cut out of blue cloth ; on the other, a crescent cut out of green. Upon the head was set a tinsel crown, amid tangles of disordered hair. Above was a huge brass key, suspended by a tow string from the ceiling. Table and floor were littered with manuscripts and papers ; under the former I observed an empty bottle.

I spoke. The figure started, and looked up. In the sallow cheeks, untrimmed beard, sunken and encircled eyes, I recognized Pendlam. A quick flush spread over his haggard features, and he made a snatch at his tinsel crown.

"Do not be disturbed," I entreated.

He smiled, but with an air of embarrassment ; and leaving the tinsel upon his uncombed head, pointed to the wall.

"You see where I am," said Pendlam.

"I see, yet do not see."

"I have reached the plane of symbols. You are aware that there is something in symbols ?"

"A great deal ! a great deal !" I said, from a sorrowful heart, as I glanced around me.

Pendlam, who had spoken doubtfully, seemed encouraged.

"Symbols are the highest expression of spiritual thought. Both words and pictures are used. They are the language of the spirit, which only the same spirit can understand. Look here, and you will see some symbols of a very astonishing character."

"Astonishing," said I, "is a mild word!"

"And what is equally astonishing," added the eager reformer, "is the manner in which they are produced. The hand is moved to write or draw them spontaneously. The symbol comes first, the interpretation afterwards. Here is a vulture soaring away with a lamb. It has a meaning."

"A deep meaning !" I added. "We have known such a vulture !"

"Here," he cried,—too excited to heed any words but his own,—"are swine feeding upon golden fruit."

"Oh, the swine ! Oh, the precious, wasted, golden fruit !"

"Here is one in words ; it reads, *Beware of falling from a balloon*. It requires a peculiar experience," added Pendlam, with a smile, "to enable one to understand that beautiful symbol."

"Perhaps I have not had the requisite experience ; but"—I laid my hand on Pendlam's shoulder—"I know a man who has fallen from several balloons!"

"Here is one," said Pendlam, turning to the table, "which I have just drawn. I was trying to get at its meaning when you came in." He showed me a sketch consisting of a number of zigzag lines, joined one to another, and tending towards a circle.

"My dear John Henry," said I, "any person who has watched your course for the last four or five years will readily see the meaning of that symbol. It is a map of your voyage of discoveries."

"Such tacking and shifting ?" queried Pendlam, with a smile commiserating my ignorance.

"Just such tacking and shifting. If you had possessed a good compass, it would have shown you."

Pendlam caught at the word compass. "It is singular ;—you must have some spiritual perception ;—it was written through my hand nine days ago, *Purchase a compass*. Here is the writing ; I placed it upon the wall as a symbol ; and I have intended buying a compass as soon as I could get the means."

"Ah, John Henry," said I, "there is more in your symbols than you suppose. You want no purchasable compass."

Pendlam rewarded my simplicity with another pitying smile.

"Here," said he, "you who know so much of symbols, explain this. *Avoid the shores of Old Spain*. I have not yet penetrated its meaning."

"Leave it," I replied, "with the unexplained Pythagorean symbol touching abstinence from beans. Perhaps future events will reveal it."

Pendlam smiled as before. But was I not right ? Did not lamentable events in

the not far-off future give to the symbol a melancholy significance?

"Come," I said, "leave these abstruse studies; take off that symbolic coat, that tinsel crown; wash, comb your hair, and walk with me."

"I should enjoy a walk," replied Pendlam; "but I am directed to retain these symbols upon my person, and you would hardly wish me to appear in the street with them."

"Directed!—by what authority?"

"By the Spirit. Some beautiful use is to be fulfilled. I see where you are," added Pendlam;—"from your standpoint it must look absurd enough."

I sat down, and endeavoured to reason with him. But I found it impossible for a person upon my plane to reach with any argument a person upon his. In vain I recapitulated his successive trials and failures.

"It is true," he confessed, "I have been called to pass through some strange experiences. But all were necessary steps; and I have now reached a standpoint from which I can look back and see in its indisputable place every grade of the progressive ascent. There has been only apparent failure. Our attempted Association was a necessary foreshadowing of what remains to be unfolded; a prophetic symbol. We have all been taught great lessons."

"And the vulture and the lamb!" I said, sternly; "where are they?"

"I perceive," answered Pendlam, charitably, "you do not understand."

"It is you," I cried, "who have failed to understand your own symbols. To use plain language, then, where is Susan? She is the lamb that was entrusted to your keeping, and that you suffered the obscene bird to carry away!"

"You are pleased to employ harsh terms," said Pendlam, meekly. "Susan has done well; she has followed her attractions, and that is obedience to the Spirit. Perfect freedom is essential to progression. Consequently, above a certain plane, monogamy, which has undeniable primitive uses, ceases to exist.

The laws of chemical affinity teach this by analogy. When the mutual imparations which result from the conjunction of positive and negative have blended in a state of equilibrium, there is consequent repulsion, and the law of harmonies ordains new combinations. You see where I am," said Pendlam.

Disheartened and sorrowful, I set out to go. At the door I turned back.

"Can I do anything for you, John Henry?"

"Not unless"—Pendlam hesitated a moment—"if you have a dollar to spare?"

I gave him a bank-bill. As he leaned forward to receive it, he struck his head against the suspended key.

"Another symbol," I said. "*Break not your brains upon the key of brass.*"

He scratched his head, rearranged his tinsel, and smiling, advanced to show me the stairs. I looked back once: there crowned he stood, in his symbolic coat, with the green crescent and blue door on the shoulders; and as a gust from the stairway blew open the garment, I beheld a great yellow heart on his breast. That picture remained impressed upon my vision. In the street, I recalled the room, the drawings, the inscriptions,—all so tragical and saddening! I had not proceeded far, when, moved by greater compassion, I turned and retraced my steps. At the door of the house, I saw the servant girl who had admitted me coming out with a bottle, and thought it the same I had seen lying empty under Pendlam's table. I followed her into a grocery on the corner. She called for gin, and paid for it out of my bank-bill.

I now changed my mind, and went to consult Horatio. It was concluded that Pendlam's old habits of thought and associations ought to be entirely broken up. Deserter, destitute, dependent, he condescended, after long holding out against us, to listen to what we proposed. Hearing of a vacancy in a newspaper office in a western city, we had procured for him the situation. Not without a struggle, he consented to accept it, abandoned his

darling reformatory projects, and set out for his new sphere.

His position was that of subordinate writer; and for a time he maintained it with considerable ability. But he grew restless under restraint; and at length, taking advantage of the managing editor's absence, he published articles on prohibited subjects, which lost the paper half its subscribers, and him his situation. When next heard of, he was gaining a meagre subsistence by writing theatrical puffs,—employment for which he was indebted to the kindness of a certain influential actress named Kellerton.

In the mean time Susan returned from her unhappy wanderings; and her mother's family, seizing upon her like wolves, hid her from the world in their den. And I was pleased not long after to read that an individual named Clodman, a noted swindler, had recently been shot in a street-fight in St. Louis, by a husband whose domestic peace he had disturbed.

The last word of all, that ends this strange, eventful, and, alas! too true history, remains to be said.

For some months, we had heard nothing of Pendlam. But last week I received a bundle of Roman Catholic publications, one of which contained an

article proclaiming a miraculous conversion of the distinguished reformer, and thereby greatly glorifying Catholicism.

The same mail brought me a letter from the convert.

"At last," he wrote, "I have found peace in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. All my previous experiences were necessary to lead me where I am. This is the divine association I was so long seeking elsewhere in vain; I find in its forms the true symbols of a universal religion; and I now perceive that the seeming errors, in which I was for a time permitted to stray, were wisely designed to convince me of the sublime truth, that celibacy is the single condition befitting a holy apostolic teacher."

Amid the flood of reflections that rushed upon me, arose prominent the image of poor Pendlam's unexplained symbol: "*Avoid the shores of old Spain.*" Had it not now received its interpretation? The tossed voyager, failing to make the continent of truth, but beating hither and thither amid the reefs and breakers of dangerous coasts, mistaking many islands for the main, and drifting on unknown seas, had at last steered straight to the old Catholic shores, from which the great discoverers had sailed so many years before.

BRITISH INDIA.

THE year 1757 was one of the gloomiest ever known to England. At home, the government was in a state of utter confusion, though the country was at war with France, and France was in alliance with Austria; these two nations having departed from their policy of two centuries and a half, in order that they might crush Frederic of Prussia, England's ally. Frederic was defeated at Kolin, by the Austrians, on the 18th of

June, and a Russian army was in possession of East Prussia. A German army in British pay, and commanded by the "Butcher" hero of Culloden, was beaten in July, and capitulated in September. In America, the pusillanimity of the English commanders led to terrible disasters, among which the loss of Fort William Henry, and the massacre of its garrison, were conspicuous events. In India, the English were engaged in a

doubtful contest with the viceroy of Bengal, who was supported by the French. Even the navy of England appeared at that time to have lost its sense of superiority; for not only had Admiral Byng just been shot for not behaving with proper spirit, but a combined expedition against the coast of France ended in signal failure, and Admiral Holburne declined to attack a French fleet off Louisburg. No wonder that the British people readily believed an author who then published a work to establish the agreeable proposition, "that they were a race of cowards and scoundrels; that nothing could save them; that they were on the point of being enslaved by their enemies, and that they richly deserved their fate." Such a succession of disasters might well discourage a people, some of whom could recollect the long list of victories which commenced with Blenheim and closed with Malplaquet, and by which the arrogance of the Grand Monarque had been punished.

Yet it is from this very year of misfortune that the power of modern England must take its date. "Adversity," said El Hakim to the Knight of the Leopard, "is like the period of the former and of the latter rain,—cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from that season have their birth the flower and the fruit, the date, the rose, and the pomegranate." In the summer of 1757 was formed that ministry which succeeded in carrying England's power and glory to heights which they did not reach even under the Protectorship of Cromwell or the rule of Godolphin. Then were commenced those measures which ended in the expulsion of the French from North America, and gave to England a territory here which may perpetuate her institutions for ages after they shall have ceased to be known in the mother-land. Then was America conquered in Germany, and not only was Frederic so assisted as to be able to contend successfully against the three great houses of Bourbon, Habsburg, and Romanoff, and a horde of lesser dynas-

ties, but British armies, at Minden and Creveldt, renewed on the fields of the continent recollections of the island skill and the island courage. Then was a new spirit breathed into the British marine, by which it has ever since been animated, and which has seldom stopped to count odds. Then began that dashing course of enterprise which gave almost everything to England that was assailable, from Goree to Cuba, and from Cuba to the Philippines. Then was laid the foundation of that Oriental dominion of England which has been the object of so much wonder, and of not a little envy; for on the 23d of June, 1757, was fought the battle of Plassey, the first of those many Indian victories that illustrate the names of Clive, Coote, Wellesley, Gough, Napier, and numerous other heroes. It seems odd, that the interest in Indian affairs should have been suddenly and strangely revived in the hundredth year after the victory that laid Bengal at the feet of an English adventurer. Had the insurgent Sepoys delayed action but a few weeks, they might have inaugurated their movement on the very centennial anniversary of the birth of British India.

There is nothing like the rule of the English in India to be found in history. It has been compared to the dominion which Rome held over so large a portion of the world; but the comparison has not the merit of aptness. The population of the Roman Empire, in the age of the Antonines, has been estimated at 120,000,000, including that of Italy. The population of India is not less than 150,000,000, without counting any portion of the conquering race. Rome was favorably situated for the maintenance of her supremacy, as she had been for the work of conquest. Her dominion lay around the Mediterranean, which Italy pierced, looking to the East and the West, and forming, as it were, a great place of arms, whence to subdue or to overawe the nations. Cicero called the Hellenic states and colonies a fringe on the skirts of Barbarism, and the description applies

also to the Roman dominion ; for though Gaul and Spain were conquered from sea to sea, and the legions were encamped on the Euphrates, and the valley of the Nile was as submissive to the Cæsars as it had been to the Lagidæ, yet the Mediterranean was the basis of Roman power, and a short journey in almost any direction from it would have taken the traveller completely from under the protection of the eagles. Not so is it with British India. From no European country is India so remote as from England. The two regions are separated by the ocean, by seas, by deserts, and by some of the most powerful nations. Their sole means of union are found in the leading cause of their separation. England owes her Indian empire to her empire of the sea. India will be hers just so long, and no longer, as she shall be able to maintain her naval supremacy. Those who predict her downfall in the East, either as a consequence of the natives throwing off her rule, or through a Russian invasion, forget that she entered India from the sea, and that until she shall have been subdued on that element it would be idle to think of dispossessing her of her Oriental supremacy. Were the long-cherished dream of Russia to be realized,—a dream that is said to have troubled the sleep of Peter, and which certainly haunted the mind of Catharine,—and Russian proconsuls ruling on the Ganges, India could no more be to Russia what she has been to England, than the Crimea, had he kept it, could have been to Louis Napoleon what it is to the Czar. The condition of Indian dominion is ocean dominion.

In one respect the Indian empire of England resembles the Roman empire. The latter comprised many and widely different countries and races, and so is it with the former. We are so accustomed to speak of India as if it constituted one country, and were inhabited by a homogeneous people, that it is difficult to understand that not even in Europe are nations to be found more unlike to one another than in British India. In Hin-

dostan and the Deccan there are ten different civilized nations, resembling each other no more than Danes resemble Italians, or Spaniards Poles. They differ in moral, physical, and intellectual conditions,—in modes of thought and in modes of life. This is one of the chief causes of England's supremacy, just as a similar state of things not only promoted the conquests of Rome, but facilitated her rule after they had been made. The Emperors ruled over Syrians, Greeks, Egyptians, and other Eastern peoples, with ease, because they had little in common, and could not combine against their conquerors. They did the same in the West, because the inhabitants of that quarter, if left to themselves, would have passed their time in endless quarrels. The old world abounded in great cities, all of which owned the supremacy of Rome, from Gades to Thapsacus; and in modern India the most venerable places are compelled to bow before the upstart Calcutta.

The peculiar condition of India a hundred years since enabled the English to lay the foundations of their power in that country so broadly and so deep that nothing short of a moral convulsion can uproot them, though the edifice erected upon them may be rudely shaken by internal revolts, or by the consequences of external wars. Fifty years sooner or forty years later, the English could have made no impression on India as conquerors. Seventy years before the conquest of Bengal the English traders had been plundered by a viceroy who anticipated the tyranny of Surajah Doulah. They determined not to submit to such exactions. They resolved upon war. But the great Aurungzebe was then on the throne of Delhi; and though the Moghul empire had declined somewhat from the standard set up by Akbar and maintained by Shah Jehan, the fighting merchants were soon taught that they were but as children in the hands of its chief. They were driven out of Bengal, and Aurungzebe thought of expelling them from his whole empire. The punish-

ment of death was visited upon some of the East India Company's officers and servants by the Moghul. This severe lesson made a deep impression on the English. They resumed their humble position as traders on sufferance. They never thought of conquest again. It was not until every man who had been concerned in that business had long been in his grave, that the English dared so much as to think of making another war. Though the Moghuls rapidly became powerless after the death of Aurungzebe, the blows struck by anticipation in their behalf protected them for forty years against the ambition of the intrusive Occidentals, and even for some time after Nadir Shah's Persian invasion had demonstrated that their dynasty was as weak as that of Lodi had been found when Baber came into the land. Whether the English have been right or wrong in making themselves masters of India, it is certain that they were forced upon the work against their own wishes and inclinations, and in self-defence. The very expedition which Clive made use of to effect the subjugation of Bengal had been undertaken on defensive grounds; and so fearful was even that great man of the consequences of a union of the forces of the Moghul with those at the command of the French in the East, that he was at first desirous of making peace with Surajah Doulah himself. When the arrival of reinforcements had induced him to take a bolder course, and the destruction of that fierce viceroy had been resolved upon, it was not until after much doubt and hesitation, and against his original judgment, that that course of action was entered upon which ended in the victory of Plassey. He knew the risk that was run in fighting a pitched battle against a force nearly twenty times larger than his own; and had the viceroy been either a respectable ruler or a good soldier, the English, humanly speaking, must have then failed as signally as their predecessors of 1687; but as he was as destitute of humanity as of courage and skill, and could neither

animate his followers by affection nor command them by force of character, he was utterly routed. Not six hundred men fell in the battle of Plassey, on both sides, and most of these were on the side of the vanquished. Seldom has it happened that so mighty a change has been effected with so little slaughter. One is reminded of the battles fought by the few Romans under Lucullus against the entire array of the Armenian monarchy.

Had circumstances not led to the display of British power at the time when great prizes were sure to follow even from minor exertions, England never could have become mistress of India. Had the English remained traders forty years longer,—or even for half that time, perhaps,—they would have encountered very different foes from those which they overthrew so easily when forced to fight for property and life. India was breaking up in 1757, and the process of reformation was about to begin. Had not the English been brought into the vast arena, either a number of powerful monarchies would have been formed, or the whole country would have passed under some new dynasty, which would have revived the power of the state with that rapidity which is so often exhibited in the East, when new and able men assume the reins of government. Hyder Ali might have made himself the master of all India, had it been his lot to contend only with native rulers and native races. Had this been the course of events, and had circumstances brought him into collision with the East India Company when he had made himself the Moghul's successor, can it be believed that he would have experienced any more difficulty in dealing with them than was found by Aurungzebe? We know that the English found in Hyder a very able foe, with but limited means at his disposal, and when they were masters of half the country, and had been almost uniformly victorious. Can it be supposed that they could have effected anything against all India,

ruled by so consummate a statesman as Hyder Ali? There seems to have been something providential in the events that caused them to pass from traders to conquerors, at the only time when such a transition could be made either with safety or success. That their career of conquest has been occasionally marked by injustice and crime proves nothing against the position that they may have been appointed by a higher Power to work out a revolution in the East. "The dark mystery of the moral world," in this as in a thousand other instances, remains impenetrable. Heaven selects its own agents, and all that it becomes us to say concerning such relations is, that they do not appear in all cases to be made from among men specially entitled to the honors of canonization.

The English have frequently been denounced, not only for their errors in governing India, but for their conquest of that country. The French have been especially fervent in these denunciations. It is a fact, however, that the French saw nothing wrong in subduing India until all their own plans to that end had utterly failed. The device originated with them, but the English applied it. Dupleix planned for France what Clive executed for England. The French adhered to their plans for years, and it was not until a very recent period that the last remnants of their influence disappeared from India. They saw not the evil involved in the overthrowing of virtuous nabobs and venerable viceroys, until time and a whole train of events had proved that England alone was competent to the full performance of the work. The English in India have not, on all occasions, been saints; but we are unable to see what moral right the French have to reproach them with the enumeration of their errors. In the East, France was "overcrowed" by England; and that is the sole and the very simple cause of the vast amount of "sympathy" which the French have bestowed upon suffering Indian princes, whose condition in no sense would have been

improved, had fortune favored the Gallic race, instead of the Saxon, in their struggle for supremacy in Hindostan.

The prejudice that exists in many minds against England, concerning her Indian empire, is in no small degree owing to something of which she is justly proud; to the talent that characterized the prosecution—his friends called it the persecution—of Warren Hastings. No man, not even Strafford, when borne down by the whole weight of the country party in the first session of the Long Parliament, ever encountered so able a host as that which set itself to effect the ruin of the great British proconsul. He was acquitted by his judges, but he stands blackened forever on the most magnificent pages of his country's eloquence. Burke's speeches are yet read everywhere; and to Burke, Hastings was the principle of Evil incarnate. The two great divisions of civilized mankind hold Burke in lasting remembrance,—the liberals for his labors in the early part of his life, and the conservatives for his writings against the French Revolution; and it is impossible to admire him without condemning Hastings. It is equally impossible to condemn Hastings without condemning the nation for which he performed deeds so vicious and cruel, and which formally acquitted him of each and every charge preferred by Burke and his immortal associates, in the name of the Commons of England. Even those charges were the result, not of conscientious conviction on the part of the Commons, but of Mr. Pitt's determination to crush one who promised to become a formidable political rival. The arguments and eloquence of such men as Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Grey, constitute a splendid armory, from which the enemies of England can forever draw admirable weapons with which to assail her Indian policy; and they have not been backward in making use of this mighty advantage. No one, who has ever sought to defend England's course in the East, but has had experience of the difficulties which those

great men have placed in the way of a successful vindication of their country's cause. Either they were honest, or they were not. If honest, what shall be said of the nation which would not listen to them? If dishonest, what are we to think of men, the first statesmen of their age, who, for mere party ends, had persecuted to his ruin one who was in no respect their inferior, and who had saved India for England? Our own opinion is that Burke and his associates were honest, and that the only dishonest men in the prosecuting party were William Pitt and Henry Dundas,—the first being chief minister, and the other second only to the premier himself in the government. Pitt talked much of his conscience, after having absolved Hastings on the very worst of the charges that had been preferred against him, and then condemned him on lighter charges. When Roger Wildrake heard the landlord at Windsor talk much of his conscience, he was led to observe that his measures were less and his charges larger than they had been in those earlier times when sin was allowed to take its natural course. It was so with Pitt, who was guilty of gross injustice, according to his own arguments, and then threw his conscience into the scale against the accused party, when he saw that that party's acquittal would probably lead to his being converted into a successful political rival. Hastings deserved severe censure, and no light punishment, for some of his deeds; but not even Burke would have condemned him to the slow torture to which he was sentenced by one who believed him to be innocent, and the object of party persecution. But the nice distinctions which Englishmen and Americans can make in the cause and course of this famous state trial, because they live in the very atmosphere of party politics, are utterly unknown to the men of continental Europe; and until the end of time, England will be condemned out of the mouths of her most brilliant sons, whenever her foes—and she is too great

not to have many and bitter foes—shall discuss the history of her Indian empire.

Every nation condemns conquest, and every nation with power to enter upon a career of conquest rushes eagerly upon it. The harshest condemnation that has visited England because of her Indian successes has proceeded from nations who have never been backward in seizing the lands of other nations. She has been stigmatized as a usurper, and as having destroyed the independence of Indian states. The facts do not warrant these charges. She has rarely had a contest with any power which was not as much an intruder in India as herself. The Moghul dynasty was as foreign to India as the East India Company, or the house of Hanover; and the viceroys sent to rule over its vast and populous provinces had the same bases of power as were possessed by Clive, and Hastings, and Wellesley, and Bentinck, and Ellenborough, and Dalhousie. The Moghuls obtained Indian dominion by conquests that were rendered easy by Indian troubles; and this is precisely the history of England's Oriental dominion. What difference there is, is favorable to England. The Moghuls were deliberate invaders of India; the founder of that dynasty being an adventurer who sought an empire sword in hand, and won it by violence which no man had provoked. Baber was to India what the Norman William was to England. He long contemplated the conquest of the country, showing a wolf-like perseverance in hunting down his prey. For two-and-twenty years he had his object in view, and invaded India five times before he obtained the throne of Delhi. The English were forced to assume the part of conquerors, and would gladly have remained traders. They did not commence their military career until the Moghul had become a mere shadow, and when that potentate was altogether unable to protect them against the tyrannical practices of his lieutenants. They had to choose between war and extermination, and they belonged to a race which never hesitates

when forced to make such a choice. Their wars were waged with the Moghul's viceroys, who were aiming at the foundation of dynastic rule, each in his own government, or with other princes, who were equally usurpers with those viceroys, the Mahratta chiefs, for example, and Hyder Ali. One war led to another; in all of which the English were victorious, until their power extended itself over all India. In one hundred and six years—dating from the capture of Madras by the French in 1746, which event must be taken as the commencement of their military career in India, and closing with the annexation of Pegu, December 28, 1852,—they had completed their work. That, in the course of operations so mighty, and relating to the condition of so many millions of people, they were sometimes guilty of acts of singular injustice, is true, and might be inferred, if there were no facts upon which to base the charge. It is impossible that it should have been otherwise, considering the nature of man, and the character of many of the instruments by which great enterprises are accomplished. But we think it may safely be said, that never was there a career of conquest of such extent accompanied with so little of wrong and suffering to the body of the people. As against the wrong that was perpetrated, and the suffering that was inseparable from wars so numerous and long-continued, are to be set the reign of order and law, under which the mass of the inhabitants have been able to cultivate their fields in quiet, and with the assurance that they should reap where they had sowed, undisturbed by the incursions of robber-bands. The cessation of the Mahratta invasions alone is an ample compensation for whatever of evil may have marked the course of British conquest. The stop that has been put to the cruelties of the native rulers ought not to be forgotten in estimating the amount of evil and of good which that conquest has brought upon India. The world has been shocked by the cruelties of which the rebellious Se-

poxes have been guilty; but they can astonish no one who is familiar with the history of the races to which these mutineers belong. An indifference to life, and a love of cruelty for cruelty's sake, are common characteristics of most of the Orientals, and are chiefly conspicuous in the ruling classes. The reader of Indian history sickens over details compared with which all that is told of the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta is tame and common-place. The English have prevented repetitions of those outrages on humanity, wherever it has been in their power to coerce the princes. They have pared the claws and drawn the teeth of these human tigers. They have acted humanely; yet it may be doubted if they would not have consulted their own immediate interests more closely, if they had acted the part of tyrants rather than of protectors. By ruling through the princes, and allowing them to act as "middle-men," they would have been less troubled with mutinies, and could have amassed greater sums of money. It is to their credit that they have pursued the nobler course; nor ought they to repent of it even in the midst of disasters brought upon them, we are firmly convinced, as much by the mildness of their rule as by any other cause that can be mentioned.

It is yet too early to attempt to account for the rebellion of the Bengal army. That rebellion took the world by surprise, and nowhere more so, it would seem, than in England. A remarkable proof of this is to be found in the tone and language of the debate that took place in the British House of Commons on the 27th of July, in which Mr. Disraeli, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr. Whiteside, Mr. T. Baring, Sir T. E. Perry, Mr. Mangles, Mr. Vernon Smith, and others, participated. That debate was most lively and interesting; and the reading of the ample report in the "Times" revives the recollection of the great field-days of the English senate. Mr. Disraeli's speech is a masterpiece, and would have done honor to times

when eloquence was far more common than it is now. Yet the conclusion to which the careful reader of the report must come is, that neither Mr. Disraeli, nor the Premier, nor the President of the Board of Control, nor the Chairman of the Directors of the East India Company, nor any other of the speakers, had a definite idea of the cause of the sudden mutiny of the Sepoys. It is impossible not to admire Mr. Disraeli's talents, as displayed in this speech; and equally impossible is it to find in that speech anything that an intelligent observer of Indian affairs can regard as settling the question, Why did the Sepoys of the Bengal army mutiny in 1857? Everything that he brought forward as a cause of the mutiny was distinctly proved not to be worthy of the name of a cause. Yet the men who could show that he had failed to clear up the mystery could themselves throw no light upon it. The government was especially ignorant of all that it should have known; and there is something almost ludicrous in the tone of the speech made by the President of the Board of Control.

It is not for us to speak authoritatively as to the cause of the Sepoy mutiny, but we venture to express our concurrence with those who have regarded it as, in considerable measure, of Mahometan origin. The Mahometan rule was displaced by the British rule. The Mahometans were for centuries the aristocracy of India, standing to the genuine Indians in pretty much the same relation that the Normans held to the Saxons in England; only it is but justice to them to say, that they rarely bore themselves so offensively towards the Indians as the Normans were accustomed to bear themselves towards the English. They have never lost the recollection of their former *status*, or ceased to sigh for its restoration. Nor is the time so very remote when they were yet great in the land. Old men among them can recollect when Tippoo Saib was treated as an equal by the English, and have not forgotten how powerful was his father,

Hyder. Some few aged Mussulmans there may be yet living who heard from their sires or grandfathers, who saw it with their mortal eyes, of the glories of the magnificent Aurungzebe, ere the Persian, or the Afghan, or the Mahratta had carried fire and sword into Shahjehanabad. Two not over-long lives would measure the whole interval of time between the punishment of the English by Aurungzebe and the mutiny at Meerut. Time enough has not yet elapsed to cause the Mahometans to forget what they have been, or to cease to hope that they may yet surpass their fathers. They are not actuated by anything of a sentimental character, but desire to win back, and to enjoy at the expense of the Indian races, the solid advantages of which they have been deprived through the ascendancy of a Christian people in the East. "Mahometans in India sigh for the restoration of the old Mahometan *régime*," says Colonel Sleeman, "not from any particular attachment to the descendants of Tymour, but with precisely the same feelings that Whigs and Tories sigh for the return to power of their respective parties in England; it would give them all the offices in a country where office is everything. Among them, as among ourselves, every man is disposed to rate his own abilities highly, and to have a good deal of confidence in his own good luck; and all think, that if the field were once opened to them by such a change, they should very soon be able to find good positions for themselves and their children in it. Perhaps there are few communities in the world, among whom education is more generally diffused than among the Mahometans in India. He who holds an office worth twenty rupees a month commonly gives his sons an education equal to that of a prime-minister."* This very capability

* *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, Vol. II. pp. 282, 283.—Colonel Sleeman's work is one of the best ever published on India,—learned, liberal, and philosophical. It has been highly praised by so competent a judge as Mr. Grote.

for rule must render them not only all the more desirous of obtaining it, but exceedingly dangerous as seekers after it. They are not an ignorant rabble, but men who have an intelligent idea of what they want, and rational modes of effecting its realization. Colonel Sleeman adds, "It is not only the desire for office that makes the educated Mahometans cherish the recollection of the old régime in Hindostan; they say, 'We pray every night for the Emperor and his family, because our forefathers ate of the salt of his forefathers,'—that is, our ancestors were in the service of his ancestors, and consequently were of the *aristocracy* of the country. Whether they really were so matters not; they persuade themselves or their children that they were." In this way the idea of superiority has been kept up among the Mahometans of India; and they have continued to hope for the restoration of their old political supremacy, as pious Jews dream of the re-building of Zion. That they were at the bottom of the Meerut mutiny may be taken for granted. That they took for their leader the heir of the Moghul shows the Mahometan nature of the outbreak. At the same time, we believe that if it had not been for the imbecility of Hewitt, who commanded at Meerut, the mutiny never would have occurred, or the mutineers would have been promptly put down. Even after they had escaped from Meerut, Delhi never could have fallen into their hands, if that city—so important, morally and geographically, as well as in a military point of view—had not been without a garrison. That a station of such

consequence, stored so abundantly with all the munitions of war, should have been left in an utterly defenceless condition, is a fact that creates inexpressible astonishment, notwithstanding all that happened during the Russian war. Mr. Whiteside, in the debate of the 27th of July, stated that the late General Sir C. J. Napier "said of Delhi, that to guard against surprise, considering its position, its treasures, and its magazines, it should always be defended by twelve thousand picked men." From all that appears, there were not twelve hundred men, or anything like that number, of any kind, in Delhi, last May, to protect either the inhabitants or the stores there deposited. Such another instance of neglect it would be impossible to find in history, after due warning given. Long ago, Albany Fonblanche said, "The sign of the fool with his finger in his mouth, and the sentiment, 'Who'd have thought it?' is the precise emblem of English jurisprudence." The same sign would seem to be applicable to some other branches of the English public service, as well as to that of the law. Perhaps it was because of the warning that nothing was done,—that being the usual course with governments; while it was thought a duty to treat with a sort of spiteful neglect every warning that came from Sir C. J. Napier, because he had a rough, fiery way of expressing his opinion of the folly of those who are perpetually giving occasion for warnings which they never heed,—as if in all ages roughness and fire had not been especial characteristics of the prophetic office.

AKIN BY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE railway traveller, journeying between Springfield and Hartford along the banks of the fair Connecticut, sees from the car window, far away to the eastward, across the broad level of intervening plains, a chain of purple hills; whose undulating crest-line meets the bending sky and forms the distant horizon. Just beyond the loftiest hummock of this range a fertile valley lies concealed; and near its centre, upon the smooth summit of a gently swelling ridge, which, extending north and south for miles, divides the valley lengthwise, stands Belfield, the shire town of the rural county of Hillsdale. Its four-score white dwellings, scattered unevenly along the shady margins of a straight and ample street, are mostly large, substantial granges, each with its little suburb of dependencies making a hamlet by itself. But where the broad avenue, at midway, spreads still wider, forming a spacious square, are thickly clustered the public buildings of the town and county,—together with the meeting-houses, the taverns, the bank, the shops, and a few handsome dwellings, whose large dimensions and ornate style show them to be the abodes of people of wealth and consideration.

The greensward in the middle of this square contains two or three elms of immemorial age, besides many thrifty trees of a later planting. The wooden barrier by which it is enclosed was once adorned with a coat of white paint, now nearly worn off. The topmost rails and post-heads of this fence have been so notched and gnawed by the jackknives of whittling idlers and the teeth of cribbing horses, that their original size and shape are matters concerning which the present generation are informed only by tradition.

This square was long ago named "The Green"; a pleasant title, by

which, in course of time, the village itself came to be known and called. Instead of going "to town," the farmers of the remote school districts talk of going "to the Green," to meeting and to market; and in all that region the guide-boards point the way "To BELFIELD GREEN." This spot was the site of the old blockhouse and stockaded fort, within whose rude but safe defences the early colonists of Belfield, with their wives, children, and cattle, used to huddle at night, through all the time of King Philip's War. Here, with much labor, the settlers dug a deep well, fed by never-failing springs, to provide a sure supply of water, in case of siege, for all the garrison. And now, as if it were a monument raised to commemorate those dismal times, there stands, at a point where all the crossing footpaths meet, a huge town-pump, near ten feet high, carved and painted, with a great ball upon its top, and an iron ladle chained to its nose. In the torrid summer-days, from early morning till late at night, the old pump-handle has but little rest; for, though in a season of drought the neighboring wells are apt to run low, the ancient pump, like a steadfast friend, never fails at such a time of need.

Near at hand, in the centre of a foot-worn circle, a stout wooden post stands by itself, which, in spite of its homely aspect, may well be termed a Pillar of the State. It is one of the institutions of the Commonwealth, established by an act of the General Assembly. Here, with torn corners fluttering in the wind, hang weather-stained probate notices, mildewed town-meeting warnings, and tattered placards of sheriff's sales; for no estate can be settled, no land set off or chattel sold on execution, no legal meeting of the voters or freemen holden, without previous notice on the sign-post. It used to be known by another name,

and marks the spot, where, whilom, petty thieves, shiftless vagrants, and other small offenders against the majesty of the law, were wont to suffer a shameful penalty for their vile misdeeds.

On the western side of the square, on the summit of the grassy slope, stands the Presbyterian meeting-house, flanked on one side by the academy, and on the other by the court-house. There are, besides, two other places of worship in the village; but neither is built upon the square; and when, at Belfield, the meeting-house is mentioned, the speaker is understood to indicate by that title the edifice which stands between the academy and the court-house, and not the plain, square structure, with neither steeple nor bell, in which the Baptists assemble for worship, nor the little white Methodist chapel in the lane, with green blinds to its windows, and a little toy of a turret, scarcely bigger than a martin-box, upon its shingled roof.

The quaint style and old-fashioned aspect of Belfield meeting-house attest its venerable age. For more than a hundred years its slender spire has glowed in the ruddy beams of early dawn, and cast at sunset its lengthening shadow across the village green. A century ago, the mellow tones of its Sabbath bell, echoing through the valley, summoned the pious congregation to their austere devotions. Before the worn threshold of the great double-leaved door, in the broadside of the building, lies a platform, which was once a solid shelf of red sandstone, but now is cracked in twain, and hollowed by the footsteps of six generations. In the very spot where it now lies it has lain ever since the first framed meeting-house was built in Belfield, in the reign of good King William III. There, gathered in a little knot, on Sundays and public days, the forefathers of the settlement used to talk over the current news; how the first Port Royal expedition had failed; or how New England militiamen, without aid from home, had captured the great fortress of Louisburg,

after a brief and glorious siege. There, still later, the sons of these men rejoiced at the news of Wolfe's victory, and sorrowfully related the sad intelligence of Braddock's shameful defeat. There stood their grandsons, a flushed, excited throng of hardy yeomen, clinching their fists unconsciously, and breathing hard and fast, as they listened to the tidings of the fight at Concord Bridge. Here, during the war that followed, when troops were mustered before marching off to camp, the roll used to be called upon this very stone. No town of its size in all New England contributed a larger number to the ranks of the Continental army than did Belfield. One hot summer, all the unwonted toils and unbefitting cares of haying and harvest fell upon the little boys and women and a few old gray-haired men, whose aged limbs had long before earned the right to rest. In all Belfield there was not a male able to bear arms who was not gone to camp. Some war-worn veterans lived to return; and many a Sunday noon, in later years, sitting here, upon the broad doorstone of the meeting-house, they used to tell over the stories of their battles and campaigns, until the sound from the belfry overhead, and the sight of the minister approaching from the parsonage, with stately pace and solemn aspect, would check the flowing current of their talk, and recall their thoughts to subjects more in keeping with the holy Sabbath-day. But some of the friends and comrades of these brave men never came home; their bones lie mouldering beneath the turf at White Plains, at Saratoga, at Brandywine, and at Princeton. Some perished with cold and hunger at Valley Forge; some died of fever in the horrible Old Sugar-house; some rotted alive in the Jersey prison-hulk; some lie buried under the gloomy walls of Dartmoor; and some there were whose fate was never known.

It was the custom, formerly, to hold all meetings for the transaction of public business in the sanctuary. None, not

even the most piously fastidious parson or deacon, ever thought of being shocked at what in these degenerate times would seem like a gross desecration of the house of God. There were fewer Pharisees in Belfield a hundred years ago than now. To the Puritans, and to all their descendants, until of late, their places of worship were not churches, but meeting-houses merely; and by the stout-hearted men who used to dwell in New England it would have been deemed a heresy near akin to idolatry itself, or at least savoring strongly of the damnable errors of the Romish Church, to hold that wood and stones, carved and fashioned by the hand of man, could be hallowed by an empty rite of consecration.

On these week-day occasions, therefore, no part of the house was kept sacred from the world. Even the pulpit itself would have been given up to secular uses, but that, being so lofty, it was found to be an inconvenient position for the moderator's chair. So this important functionary was accustomed, from time immemorial, to take his place in the deacons' seat, below, with the warning of the meeting, the statute-book, and the ballot-boxes arranged before him on the communion-table, which in course of time became so banged and battered, by dint of lusty gavel-strokes, that there was scarcely a place big enough to put one's finger upon which was not bruised and dented. For, in the days of the fierce conflict between the Federalists and Democrats, the meetings were often noisy and disorderly; and once, even, at the memorable election of 1818, two hot-headed partisans from sharp words fell to blows, and others joining in the fray, the skirmish became at length a general engagement. The recurrence of a scene like this, upon the same stage, is never to be expected. The meeting-house has been set apart for religious uses exclusively, since its interior was thoroughly altered and remodelled, the tall pulpit replaced by one of modern style, the sounding-board removed, the

aisles carpeted, and the square, old-fashioned pews changed for cushioned slips.

In the rear, a little way off, is a row of ugly sheds, yawning towards the street, where, on Sundays, the farmers who come from a distance tie their beasts, each in his separate stall. In hot days, in the summer time, when all the doors and windows of the meeting-house are set wide open, the hollow sound of horses' stamping mingles with the preacher's drowsy tones, and sometimes the congregation is startled from repose by the shrill squeal of some unlucky brute, complaining of the torture inflicted by the sharp teeth of its ill-natured mate or vicious neighbor; or, perhaps, the flutter of fans is suspended at the obstreperous neigh by which some anxious dam recalls the silly foal that has strayed from her side; or the dissonant creaking of a cramped wheel makes doleful interludes between the verses of the hymn. Here naughty boys, escaped from the confinement of the sanctuary, are wont to lounge in the wagons during prayer and sermon time, munching green pears and apples, devouring huge bunches of fennel, dill, and caraway, comparing and swapping jackknives, or striving, by means of cautious hums and whispers, and other sly signals, to attract the notice of their more decent fellows sitting near the open gallery-windows.

When the black doors of the little dingy building not far from the south end of the horse-sheds are seen standing open, it is a pretty sure sign that somebody lies dead in the parish. In this gloomy place the sexton keeps his dismal apparatus,—the hearse, with its curtains of rusty sable, the bier, the spades and shovels for digging graves; and in a corner lies a coil of soiled ropes, whose rasping sound, as they slipped through the coffin-handles, while the bearers lowered the corpse into the earth, has grated harshly on many a shuddering mourner's ear. The leaves of the hearse-house door are fastened together by a hasp and pin, so that any one may enter at will. But there is no need of bolts and bars.

The boys, at play, in the evening, at "I spy" or "hide and seek," never go there for concealment, although their smothered whoops may be heard issuing from every other dark corner in the neighborhood.

The narrow space between the hearse-house and the sheds forms a short lane or passage-way, through which all the funeral processions pass from the street into the burying-ground, lying behind the sheds, on the western slope of the ridge upon which the village stands. This ancient cemetery was laid out by the early settlers, when they made the first allotments of land. It is a square area of two acres in extent, inclosed by a mossy picket paling, so rickety that the neighbors' sheep sometimes leap through the gaps from the adjacent pastures, and feed among the graves upon the long grass and nettles.

The lower portion of the graveyard is set apart as a sort of potter's-field, where negroes, Indians, and stranger-paupers are buried. This region is bordered by a little jungle of poke-berry and elder-bushes, sumachs and brambles, so dense and thrifty that they overtop and hide the fence; and there is a tradition among the school-boys, that somewhere in the copse there is a black-snake hole, the abode of an enormous monster, upon whom no one, however, has ever happened to set eyes. Here, with but few exceptions, the graves are marked only by low mounds of turf, overrun with matted wild-blackberry vines, where the lightest footstep, crushing through the crumbling sod, destroys the labors of whole colonies of ants. But farther up the hillside, headstones and monuments stand so close together, that, at a distance, there seems to be scarcely room for another grave.

Near the summit lie the early settlers of the town; and in a conspicuous place upon the brow of the acclivity stands a row of tombstones several rods in length. These mark the graves of an ancient and honorable family of townsfolk. At one end, a thick slab

of red sandstone, of uncouth shape and rude appearance, leans aslant, partly buried in the mellow soil. The moss and lichens, with which its roughly cut back and edges are overgrown, have been removed from its face, and the quaint inscription is distinctly legible, whereby the curious idler is informed that "Here lies, in y^e Hope of a Joyfull Resurrecion, y^e Body of Maj^r John Bugbee, an Assistant of y^e Colony & A Justice of y^e Peace. Born at Austerfield, in y^e County of Lincoln, England. Dyed Feb. y^e 9 AD. 1699 A.E. 72." Close by the side of this venerable grave is another, which the stone at its head announces to be the resting-place of "Mistress Mindwell Bugbee—Consort of Maj^r John Bugbee and youngest Daut: of Sir Roger Braxley, of Braxley Hall, Lincolnshire, England." Then follow, in order of time, the headstones which mark the graves of successive generations descended from this worthy couple. Some of these are so defaced and weather-worn, that in aspect they seem even more venerable than the monuments of the founders of the race. Nearly all of those erected before the beginning of the present century bear quaint devices,—some of cherubs, all wings, and blank, staring faces; some of hour-glasses, some of masonic emblems, and upon one or two are rudely carved, ugly death's heads and crossbones. Two thirds of the way down the line stands the first marble headstone. It is taller than its neighbors, and, though spotted with weather stains, it bears a deeply graven inscription, which seems as legible as the day it was cut, full forty years ago. In the grave at the foot of this stone lies buried another Major Bugbee, the great-great-grandson of the first Major. The commission of this gentleman, signed by John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, still hangs in a frame against the wainscot, over the mantel, in the parlor of the great gambrel-roofed house, whose front-yard fence and garden palings form, for almost half the way, the eastern side of the village.

square. The late master of this dwelling, Doctor Bugbee, who was the eldest son of the Continental major, lies at the end of the long platoon of dead, in the newest grave of all the range, over which a marble obelisk has been erected, in memory of the name and many virtues of the deceased, who departed this life, as the inscription attests, on the 7th day of September, 1843, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Near by this spot, with its drooping boughs shading the monument I have just described, grows a weeping-willow tree, of such great size, that its top, from half way up, can be plainly discerned from almost every corner of the village green; and it is, withal, of such perfect symmetry of form, that on a moonlight night it resembles a fountain, as its leaves, fluttering in the breezy air, and turning their silver linings to the moonbeams, seem to sparkle like spray and drops of falling water. Behind this tree is placed a rustic bench, where, on a pleasant day in June, one may sit and look forth upon as pretty a landscape as can be seen in all Hillsdale County, or, for that matter, in all the State as well. Before you lies the declivity of the hill upon which the village stands. At its foot begins a verdant plain of interval meadows, dotted here and there with graceful elms and stately hickories, each standing alone in its ring of shadow, the turf everywhere bespangled with dandelions and buttercups, and changing its hue from shade to shade of vivid green, as the wind sweeps over the thick growing verdure. Through these meadows flows a sluggish brook, in broad meandering curves, crossed at each turn by rustic farm-bridges, with clumps of trees fringing the deeper pools. The plain is skirted by a country road, bordered with majestic trees, and with farm-houses standing all along its winding course. Beyond, the land rises, and the slope is checkered, to the foot of the hills, with arable fields. The view is bounded by the craggy sides of the great hills which separate this quiet vale from the broad

valley of the Connecticut. Here, all is soft and tranquil beauty. But just beyond the rugged barrier of those western hills lies a grander landscape, of wide extent, through which flows New England's greatest river, and crossed from end to end by New England's busiest thoroughfares, dusty with the tread of commerce, and bordered with growing cities and thrifty, bustling towns. Here, reclining on this rustic bench, in the shadow of the willow branches, among the tombstones of the silent dead, you may dream away the sultry afternoon, and hear no sounds but drowsy noises that dispose to rest and quiet; the whispering of the wind in the treetops, the droning pipe of grasshoppers and locusts, the distant cries of teamsters to their cattle, the shouts of children loitering home from school or gathering berries in the sunny fields, the whetting of a scythe in a far-off meadow, or the music of the blacksmith's hammer upon his ringing anvil.

Four times a year, during the brief terms of court, the usual stillness that pervades the sober village is enlivened by the presence of a scanty crowd. Then, for a week, judges, jurors, suitors, and witnesses flock together; and sometimes, in the winter season, when farm work is not pressing, the neighbors throng by scores into the court-house, to hear the wordy harangues of the lawyers in some notable cause. Likewise on town-meeting days, the stores and tavern bar-rooms about the square are filled with a concourse of the sovereign people from the more rural districts; and at the annual cattle show and fair all Hillsdale comes up to Belfield. Then, I warrant you, if it chance to be a pleasant Indian-summer day, there is indeed a crowd, and for a while the little capital contains a greater number of living souls than all the county besides. From early twilight till sunset blazes on the western hills the square and street are densely thronged. A Babel of strange noises fills the dusty air: the lowing of cows and oxen; the bellowing of

frightened calves; the plaintive bleating of bewildered lambs; the fierce neighing of excited horses; the yelping of curs; the crowing of imprisoned cocks, responding to each other's defiant notes; the sing-song clamor of itinerant auctioneers, standing on their wagons and displaying their tempting wares to the little knots around them; the din and hubbub of the busy, moving, talking, jostling multitude,—shouts, laughs, cries, murmurings, all mingled together, till confusion harmonizes; and above all, the constant clanking of the iron handle of the old town-pump, which never ceases all the livelong day. At nightfall the uproar lessens, and as the evening wanes, the unaccustomed sounds diminish, though till midnight, ever and anon, the tired and sleepy citizens are startled from their dreams by whoops, hurrahs, snatches of songs, and outbursts of rude laughter ringing through the frosty air and mingling with the clattering of horses' feet and the whirring rumble of swift-revolving wheels, as some party of roystering blades, excited by deep potations, drive shouting homewards from the village inns.

Excepting on these unfrequent occasions, Belfield Green is as free from bustle as if it were a hamlet whose name was never seen upon a map. The time has been, however, when it was a busy little mart, the centre of trade for an extensive district. In yonder low-roofed store that stands upon the square, near by the great gambrel-roofed house of which mention has already been made, the second Major Bugbee increased a handsome patrimony till it grew to be a great estate; the share of which that fell to his two eldest sons, the Doctor and his younger brother, James, they in time, by gainful traffic in the same old place, made more than equal to the entire estate, of which a quarter only came to them. Thousands and tens of thousands of tons of golden butter and cheese, hundreds of thousands of bushels of rye, oats, flaxseed, buckwheat, and corn, millions of eggs and skeins of linen

and woollen yarn have been bartered at Belfield Green by the country folks, in exchange for rum, molasses, tea, coffee, salt, and codfish, enough to freight the royal navy. Time was when folks came twenty miles to Belfield post-office, and when a dusty miller and his men, at the old red mill standing on the brook at the foot of the valley, took toll from half the grists in Hillsdale County. But that was long ago, when people who lived twenty miles away from Hartford went to the city scarcely twice in a dozen years,—in the good old days of turnpikes, stage-coaches, and wayside taverns, before railroads were built to carry all the trade to great, overgrown towns and cities. Now-a-days, as I have said, it is hard to find a village of its size and rank in all the land, which is more quiet, at ordinary times, than Belfield Green.

CHAPTER II.

EVERY community has its quota of great men; and in this respect a country village is often, in proportion to its numbers, as well endowed as the capital itself. So Belfield has her magnates whom she delights to honor. Chief among them used to be numbered the late Doctor John Bugbee, a worthy gentleman, now gathered to his fathers in the ancient burying-ground behind the meeting-house. He was not, to be sure, esteemed by all, especially the women, to be so great a man as the Reverend Jabez Jaynes, A. M., who, by virtue of his sacred office and academical honors, took formal precedence of every mere layman in the parish. But with this notable exception, Doctor Bugbee was the peer of every other dignitary, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, within the borders of the town.

But when I say the Doctor was a great man in Belfield, I do not mean to aver, or to be understood, that, in person, he was of colossal bulk or stature; neither is it true that his intellect was of a quality so far superior to the average of human minds as to make him a giant in that re-

spect. It would be great presumption in so humble a penman as myself to choose, even for the hero of my tale, a man of eminent distinction. So I make haste to confess, that, doubtless, there were at least a score or two of his fellow-townsman as well endowed by nature as the Doctor. But above many of these persons he was elevated by accidental circumstances and acquired advantages to a position which rendered him a man of greater mark and influence than they. He was descended from a most reputable ancestry, and, being a professional man, of polite address and handsome fortune, it would have been strange indeed, if he had not been highly esteemed in the community where he dwelt. Besides, he was a man of sense and taste, witty, jovial, talkative, and of such extremely easy good-nature, that, if it had not been for the tact and shrewdness of his brother and partner in trade, who managed the business of the firm, the Doctor's income would have diminished, instead of increasing, as it did, year after year. As it was, his practice as a physician scarcely paid for his horsekeeping and the medicines he dispensed, though for a while he was a favorite physician in all that region; growing in the good-will of the people, until, as a mark of their esteem, he received a nomination to the General Assembly. At first there was such an outcry of dismay from the old ladies of the parish, that the Democrats came near defeating him, though the Whigs had a sure majority for every other name on the ticket. But having triumphed over this outburst of stubborn opposition, the Doctor speedily became the most popular politician in the county, if frequent election to office was a true test of public favor. For it turned out, that, instead of the mortality happening, which the Democrats, and their allies, the old women, had predicted would prevail, there never had been known a healthier season within the memory of man. And always afterwards, whenever the worthy Doctor was chosen to represent the town at

Hartford or New Haven, there seemed to be a special interposition of providential mercy, inasmuch as in all his professional round, none ever sickened unto death during his absence; though it sometimes happened that the population of the town would be increased by one or two. In course of time, therefore, his fame as a statesman even rivalled his reputation as physician, and all parties were brought to join in voting for him with the most cordial unanimity.

In his youth the Doctor had been reckoned a handsome young fellow, and, to the day of his death, he preserved his good looks to a wonderful degree. A cheerful temper like his is a famous preventive of gray hairs and wrinkles. So the jovial Doctor never seemed to grow old; and at fifty, his erect form, smooth, ruddy cheeks, curly brown poll, and merry blue eyes made him look younger than many of his neighbors who were his juniors by a dozen years.

When a very young man, not quite twenty years of age, and before he had finished his course of professional study, the Doctor had taken to wife his cousin, Miss Naomi Bugbee, who had lived in his father's house ever since he could remember; for the young lady was an orphan, with a good estate, and during her minority had been her uncle's ward. The bride was not an uncomely damsel, neither was she distinguished for beauty; and between the ages of the happy young couple there was quite a difference; a circumstance by no means unusual, and which would not have been mentioned here, but for the fact, that, in this case, it was the bride who was the senior of the pair. Some people said she was ten years older than the Doctor; and, for a wonder, these gossips had the evidence of the registry to back their statements. In fact, the youthful bridegroom had been very tenderly dry-nursed, in his infancy, by his bride; and a certain sound spanking which she gave him when he was just coming four, because he insisted upon crying and keeping awake, one evening, while his mother

was gone to a wedding, instead of going to sleep in his trundle-bed like a good boy,—this chastisement, I say, had been one of the earliest and most vivid of the bridegroom's recollections of his childhood. But though he had not forgotten this grievance, he had doubtless forgiven it with all his heart; thereby setting an example worthy of imitation by the fair Naomi, who, indeed, was doubly bound to exercise forgiveness and forbearance towards her lord; for, whatever might have been the faults and failings of the youth to whom she surrendered the ripened harvest of her charms, it certainly did not lie in the mouth of one to complain of them unduly, who had enjoyed such rare and excellent opportunities to train up for herself a husband in the way he should go.

There was not wanting at that time in Belfield a class of spiteful people, who, doubtless, being inspired by envy at beholding the felicity of the happy pair, affected to laugh and sneer a good deal at what they jeeringly called Jack Bugbee's marrying his grandmother. But, as if it had been specially ordered on purpose to confound these ill-natured jokers, this union, the object of their ridicule, was most signally prospered, and in due time the Doctor himself put his wife to bed with a pair of nice little girls.

Not long after, the twins were christened at the meeting-house, a great crowd attending to witness the ceremony. To the elder girl was given the name of Amelia. Upon the other was bestowed the equally desirable appellative of Cornelia. While they were babies, both were considered remarkably pretty children; at least, so everybody told Mrs. Bugbee; but as they grew in years and stature, it became more and more apparent, that, although each resembled the other in figure, features, and expression, so strongly that you could not see one without being reminded of the other, none would ever be at a loss to distinguish between them; for Amelia promised to be as extremely handsome as her

sister seemed likely to be homely. Indeed, Amelia was a beautiful counterpart of Cornelia, resembling her in the same wise that a flattered portrait, painted by some shrewd and skilful limner, will sometimes resemble the rich and ugly original, in which, while the likeness is faithfully portrayed, all the harsh lines are softened, and even blemishes are transformed into beauty-spots, or made to serve as foils.

Besides these twins, other children, from time to time, were born to the Doctor and his spouse, all of whom died in infancy. The love of the parents for their first-born seemed to redouble at each of these bereavements. The mother, especially, would scarcely suffer her darlings to be absent from her sight; and when, at last, after infinite persuasion, she was induced to let them go to the Misses Primber's great boarding-school at Hartford, she used to ride over to see them as often as she could invent a pretext. It was with the greatest reluctance that she consented to this separation; but in those days it was indispensable that a young woman of good family should spend at least a twelve-month at the Misses Primber's famous establishment, where all the rough hewing of less skilful teachers was shaped and polished, so to speak, according to the most fashionable models then in vogue. It was while the twins remained at this notable seminary that they executed those wonderful landscapes, in Reeves's best water-colors, which used to decorate the walls of the parlors in the Bugbee mansion, and which, I dare say, still hang in tarnished gilt frames in some of the bedchambers. It was there they filled the copy-books of French exercises from Levi-zac's Grammar, which Miss Cornelia still carefully preserves in a bureau drawer. There they learned to play and sing "Days of Absence," "I'm A Merry Swiss Boy," and many other delightful melodies, the which, even now, Miss Cornelia will sometimes hum softly to herself. Besides acquiring these and

sundry other accomplishments, Miss Amelia found time to carry on a secret epistolary correspondence with a good-looking young law-student, (of whom more extended mention will presently be made,) and also to contrive many meetings and walks with him, of which nobody was cognizant but her sister and some five or six other bosom friends and faithful confidants. But Miss Cornelia, though as well inclined thereto as her sister, having, nevertheless, been able to find no lover to occupy her thoughts, and with whom to hold amatory interviews to fill her leisure, was fain to devote all her spare moments to the reading of romances and novels, of which, though rigorously interdicted, a great number were in the house, in possession of the Misses Primber's pupils; and when this supply was exhausted, she had recourse to a circulating library near by; being often put as nearly to her wits' end to devise expedients whereby to smuggle the contraband volumes into her chamber, as Amelia was to fulfil, at the time and place of tryst, the frequent engagements which she made to meet her lover.

Accordingly it came to pass, that Amelia's heart became affected in such a way and to that degree that she was never heart-whole again so long as she lived; and Cornelia's head was filled with such an accumulation of romantic rubbish, that, to this very day, a mighty heap of it remains,—mingled, to be sure, with ideas of a more solid and useful quality. For when a woman lives a maid during those years in which most of her sex are busy with the cares attendant upon the matronly estate, fantastic notions, such as I have mentioned, are not so apt to be excluded from the mind, and in this way many girls of good natural parts are spoiled, merely for lack of husbands. With the exception of this inordinate liking for the romantic and mysterious,—by which she was sometimes betrayed into follies and absurdities that provoked a little harmlessness scandal or ridicule,—Miss Cornelia

has ever been held in good repute among her neighbors as a kind-hearted, obliging, sentimental little woman.

At last, at the end of a year, the young ladies came home from the seminary, having fully completed their education; an event which filled Mrs. Bugbee's heart with ineffable satisfaction. When the loving mother reflected, that, for a long time, if it pleased God to spare their lives, she should now enjoy the pleasure of her children's presence, her bosom overflowed with happiness. Though she looked forward to their being married as to something quite likely to happen in the course of time, yet such events are always uncertain, and they appeared to her to lie so far ahead in the vague distance of the future, that these anticipations caused her no serious disquiet. For the girls were but eighteen years of age, and it seemed hardly a twelvemonth since the time when they used to wear their hair curling in their necks, and to go hand in hand to the district school in pinafores and pantalets.

The good lady's chagrin, therefore, was excessive, when, the next Saturday morning but one after her daughters' return, Amelia came into her bedroom, where she sat darning a stocking by the window, and after so much hesitation that her mother began to wonder, suddenly put her arms about her neck, hid her blushing face upon her shoulder, and in that position softly whispered a confession, that a certain young gentleman, with whom she had become acquainted in Hartford, had told her he was very much attached to her indeed; that she was not wholly indifferent with respect to him, and that, in fact, she loved him. While Mrs. Bugbee remained speechless with surprise, Miss Amelia proceeded to say, that it was highly probable the young gentleman, would that very afternoon take it into his head to ride out from Hartford to Belfield; and perhaps he would also request permission to visit her regularly, with the ultimate purpose of asking her

hand in marriage; in which case, she said, it was to be hoped her parents would not refuse his modest petition; for that the young gentleman was a very good and worthy young gentleman, a law-student of extraordinary promise, of as old and respectable a family as any other in the State, and, withal, a young gentleman in no wise given to bad habits of any kind whatsoever, but, on the contrary, distinguished for his exemplary morals and sober conduct. All this Amelia uttered very earnestly; but, strange to say, made no mention of the quality which, as much as all the rest, had attracted her regards; namely, the young gentleman's good looks, for which he was somewhat noted, and of which he was not a little vain.

When the Doctor returned that day from his morning ride among his patients, his wife took him aside into their bedroom and related what has just been set forth. The Doctor listened with grave attention till his wife concluded her story; but when, at the end of it, she began to lament, he turned the thing off with a laugh, and giving her a hearty kiss, endeavored to soothe her disquiet. "Well, well, mother," said he, "why, let him come, let him come. It's only a year or two sooner than I expected, and may be it'll be a flash in the pan after all. I think I must have seen the young fellow in at Squire Johnson's; and at any rate, I'm pretty sure I know his father. When he comes, we'll just invite him right over here to spend the Sabbath, and by the time he goes away on Monday we'll know the twist of every thread in his jacket. If he's the right one to make our girl happy, we ought to be glad she's found him; and if he a'n't, it'll be all the harder to make her listen to reason, unless we show reason ourselves; and, surely, it would be unreasonable to be set against him, before we've even seen him or heard him say a word."

When Mr. Edward Talcott (for that was the young gentleman's name) came over from the tavern, where he had left

his horse and portmanteau, and with much secret trepidation and assumed boldness had walked up the wide flagstones which led from the street to the green front door of Doctor Bugbee's mansion, it was opened, at the summons of the brass knocker, by a little black girl, who vainly strove to hide a grin behind a corner of her long check apron. Before the visitor had time to utter a word, Amelia, blushing like a rose and looking handsomer than ever, came tripping into the hall, and after a whisper, which Dinah, who tried, failed to overhear, and the purport of which, therefore, I cannot relate, ushered him into the parlor, and presented him in due form to her mother, and also to her grandmother, Madam Major Bugbee, as she was styled by the townsfolk,—a stately old lady in black silk, who, being hard of hearing, and therefore incapable of mingling in the conversation that ensued, regarded the new comer through her gold-bowed spectacles, during the remainder of the afternoon, with a furtive, but earnest attention which was quite embarrassing to the object of it.

Presently a sulky came dashing up the drive, and soon afterwards the Doctor came in, who, being made acquainted with Mr. Talcott by the blushing Amelia, fell into a lively conversation with his visitor, which finally turning upon the subject of polities, both gentlemen agreed cordially in lauding the wisdom displayed in Mr. Adams's administration, and congratulating each other and the country upon the defeat of General Jackson. After tea, the hired man was sent to fetch Mr. Talcott's horse and luggage from the inn, and then, it being near sundown, the Doctor put on as solemn an expression as his merry visage was capable of assuming, took up the big quarto Bible from its place, on a stand in the corner of the room, and read a chapter from the New Testament. Then, standing up behind his arm-chair, he made a hurried prayer, which was evidently one he had got by heart; for when he endeavored to interpolate an

apt allusion to the young "stranger within his gates," he made such a piece of work of it, that everybody but the dowager had to bite his lips to keep from smiling. The brief remainder of the evening was spent in sober conversation. Soon after nine o'clock the little black girl showed Mr. Talcott up the broad stairway into the best front chamber, a spacious apartment directly over the parlor, where he went to bed under a lofty tester canopy, with embroidered curtains trimmed with lace. After a long reverie, coming to the conclusion that the downright courtship of a young lady in her father's house was a much more serious affair than a mere clandestine flirtation with a pretty school-girl, the young gentleman turned over upon his side and went to sleep.

The next day, being Sunday, everybody went to meeting, except the Doctor, who was obliged to ride away upon his round of visits. Accordingly, Mr. Talcott walked twice to and fro across the green, with Miss Amelia tripping demurely by his side, and served as the target for a thousand eyeshots as he stood up at the head of the Doctor's pew during the long prayers.

In the evening, after supper, the Doctor put off his grave Sabbath face and invited his young guest to walk over to the store, which stood in the corner of the yard, a little distance off. Presently, Miss Amelia, peeping from behind her bedroom window-curtain, beheld them sitting together upon the broad back-stoop of the store, talking and smoking in a most amicable manner, the fragrant incense of their cigars being wafted across the intervening space, which was quite too wide, however, to enable her to hear the words of their earnest conversation. But that night, as she and her lover sat together alone in the front parlor, after the family had gone to bed, he told her that her father had consented to his courtship.

But if I am so circumstantial in relating these events, which are merely introductory to my story, I shall have neither

time nor space left for the story itself. So I will hasten to say, that the upshot of Mr. Edward Talcott's frequent visits, as might have been expected, was a very splendid wedding, which took place in the front parlor of the Bugbee mansion, one evening during the winter after Amelia came nineteen, the bridegroom being then twenty-three, and just admitted to practice as an attorney-at-law. In pursuance of a condition which Mrs. Bugbee had proposed, in order to avoid the pangs of a separation from her child, the young couple remained members of the Doctor's household; and Mr. Talcott, who, through the influence of his wife's father, had been taken into partnership with a well-established attorney, commenced the practice of law at the Hillsdale bar. His partner, Squire Bramhall, had for many years been clerk of the courts, and was a sage and prudent counsellor, noted for the careful preparation bestowed upon his causes before they came to trial. But, in spite of his learning and industrious painstaking, he used to cut a poor figure at the bar; for being, though a lawyer, an exceedingly modest and bashful man, he failed to acquire the habit of addressing either court or jury with ease, fluency, or force. On the other hand, Squire Talcott, as he soon came to be called, was a young man of fine appearance and good address, in no wise troubled with an undue degree of doubt touching the excellence of his own abilities. His first argument before a jury was a showy and successful effort in behalf of a person for whom the sympathies of the public were already warmly enlisted. By this, of course, he won considerable applause. His subsequent attempts sustained the popular expectation. He began to acquire distinction as a fluent, persuasive, and even eloquent speaker. A lawyer haranguing a jury in a densely crowded court-room fills a much larger space in the public eye than when, in the solitude of his back-office, he is preparing a brief; and, as young Squire Talcott used to argue all the cases which his plodding

partner elaborately prepared to his hand, his fame as a wonderfully smart young lawyer soon began to extend even beyond the limits of the county. The judges, in other places upon their circuit, spoke of his quick and brilliant parts, and his apparent learning and familiar acquaintance with authorities, so unusual at his age. These flattering commendations, returning to Belfield, came to young Talcott's ears. It would have been strange if he had not been too much elated by his sudden success in the practice of a profession in which so very few win a speedy renown. Forgetful how much of the praise he received was due to his partner's laborious researches and unobtrusive learning, he suffered his vanity to lead him astray; becoming discontented with his position, and secretly repining at the necessity by which he was compelled to remain in an obscure country town, when, as he imagined, his talents were sufficient to win for him, unaided, an easy and rapid promotion even at the metropolitan bar.

The Doctor and his wife, as was to be expected, soon got to be proud of their clever son-in-law. In fact, after the birth of a little girl, an event by which the honors of grand-paternity were conferred upon the Doctor when he was but a year or two past forty, Mrs. Bugbee could scarcely tell which she loved best, her daughter, the baby, or its father.

When little Helen, as the child was named, was just coming three years old, Mrs. Talcott, being in childbed again, was taken with a fever, and, in spite of everything which was done to save her, died, and was buried with her infant on her bosom. I do not need to relate what a grievous stroke this sad event was to all the household,—nay, I might say to the whole village as well; for all who knew Amelia loved her, and the praise of the dead was in everybody's mouth. As for poor Mrs. Bugbee, she sorrowed like one in despair. Even the worthy parson's pious words, to which she appeared to listen with passive attention, fell unheeded upon her ear.

People began to shake their heads when her name was mentioned, and to predict that ere long she would follow her daughter to the grave. At last, however, after many weeks of close seclusion, she grew more cheerful, and seemed to transfer all the affection she had borne the dead to the child who survived her.

Not long after Amelia's death, the secret discontent existing in her husband's mind, which, if she had lived, would in time, perhaps, have abated, began instead to increase, and at length he came to talk openly of departure. The Doctor, perceiving that he was firmly resolved upon the step, did not seriously endeavor to dissuade him; and even Mrs. Bugbee could not withhold her consent, when the young widower said, with a trembling voice, he could not endure to stay in a spot endeared to him by no other associations than those which continually reminded him of his grievous loss. One stipulation only the good couple insisted on; namely, that Amelia's child should be given to them, to be adopted as their own daughter. Knowing not whether he should go, the father yielded; reflecting that he could not better promote the welfare of his little girl than by consenting.

So, a few weeks afterwards, when Edward Talcott bade farewell to Belfield, the relation of parent and child between him and his little daughter was completely severed. For though since their first sorrowful parting they have met more than once, and though long after that mournful day she used to wear in her bosom a locket containing his miniature and a lock of his hair, which she used to kiss every night and morning, yet Helen seldom remembers that the distant stranger is her father, and he forgets to reckon his first-born among the number of his children.

When he was gone, the child was told that the name of Bugbee was thereafter to be appended to those she already bore; and being quite pleased with the notion, she forthwith adopted her new appellation, retaining it for several years, until

(such is the fickle nature of women) she took a fancy to change it for another which she liked better still. She was also taught to call her grandparents papa and mamma; and though, while a child, she continued to address Miss Cornelia by the title of "Aunty," this respectful custom, as the relative difference between her age and the elder spinster's gradually diminished, was suffered, at the latter's special request, to fall into disuse, and give place to the designation of sister. The few newcomers to Belfield, therefore, were never apt to suspect that Helen Bugbee was not really the Doctor's own daughter; and even the neighbors forgot that her name had ever been changed, except when the gossips sometimes put each other in mind of it.

The older she grew the more Helen resembled her mother, as the ladies always used to exclaim when they came to take tea with Mrs. Bugbee. Some of the village folks, who were in the habit, so common with old people, of thinking that the race is continually degenerating, I have heard express the opinion that Helen was never so handsome as her mother had been. But I have seen a portrait of Miss Amelia Bugbee, for which she sat just before her wedding, and which, I am assured, was, in the time of it, called a wonderful likeness; I also knew Miss Helen Talcott Bugbee when she was not far from her mother's age at the time the picture was taken; and though Miss Amelia must have been a very sweet young lady, of extraordinarily good looks, I used to think, for my part, that Helen was much handsomer than the portrait; although people of a different taste might very properly have preferred the less haughty expression of the face depicted on the canvas.

It was not strange that Helen was petted and humored as much as was well for her. But her disposition being naturally docile and amiable, she was not to be easily spoiled. Be that as it may, however, when she had grown to be a woman, there were, I dare say, no less than fifty young men who knew her well,

any one of whom would have jumped at the chance to get her for a wife, and made but little account of the risk of her turning out a shrew. To be sure, when I first knew her, she had rather a high and mighty way with her, at which some people took offence, calling her proud and disdainful; but those whom she wished to please never failed to like her; and I used to observe she seldom put on any of her lofty airs when she spoke to unpresuming people, especially if they were poor or in humble circumstances.

Though the indulgence of all her whims and fancies by her doting grandparents was a danger of no small magnitude, Helen encountered a still greater peril in the shape of a vast store of novels, poems, and romances, which Miss Cornelia had accumulated, and to which she was continually making additions. In that young lady's bedchamber, where Helen slept, there was a large bookcase full of these seductive volumes; even the upper shelves of the wardrobe closet, and a cupboard over the mantel, were closely packed with them; and there was not one of them all which Helen had not read by the time she was fifteen. Thus, in spite of natural good sense, strengthened and educated by much wise and wholesome instruction, she grew up with an imagination quite disproportioned to her other mental faculties; so that, in some respects, she was almost as romantic in her notions as her Aunt Cornelia, who, at forty, used to prefer moonlight to good honest sunshine, and would have heard with an emotion of delight that the mountains between Belfield and Hartford were infested by a band of brigands, in picturesque attire, with a handsome chief like Rinaldo Rinaldini, or haunted by two or three dashing highwaymen, of the genteel Paul-Clifford style. Indeed, the ideal lover, to whom for many years Miss Cornelia's heart was constant as the moon, was a tall, dark, mysterious man, with a heavy beard and glittering eyes, who, there is every reason to suspect, was either a corsair, a smuggler, or a bandit chief.

I am loath to have it supposed that Helen turned out a silly young woman. Indeed, it would be wrong to believe so; for she possessed many good parts and acquirements. But I must confess that her fancy, being naturally lively, was unduly stimulated by reading too many books of the kind I have mentioned; and that seeing but little of the world in her tender years, she learned from their pages to form false and extravagant notions concerning it. She used to build castles in the air, was subject to fits of tender melancholy, and, like Miss Cornelia, adored moonlight, pensive music, and sentimental poetry. But she would have shrunk from contact with a brigand, in a sugar-loaf hat, with a carbine slung across his shoulder, and a stiletto in his sash, with precisely the same kind and degree of horror and disgust that would have affected her in the presence of a vulgar footpad, in a greasy Scotch-cap, armed with a horse-pistol and a sheath-knife. Her romantic tastes differed in many respects from her Aunt Cornelia's. She, too, had an ideal lover; (and for that matter the fickle little maid had several;) but the special favorite was a charming young fellow, of fair complexion, with blue eyes, and a light, elegant moustache, his long brown hair falling down his neck in wavy masses,—tall in stature, athletic, and yet slim and graceful,—gifted with many accomplishments, with a heart full of noble qualities, and a brain inspired by genius,—a poet, or an author, or an artist, perhaps a lawyer merely, but of rare talents, at any rate a man of superior intellect,—in a word, a paragon, who, when he should appear upon the earth, incarnate, she expected would conceive a violent passion for her, in which case, she—should take it into consideration whether to marry him or not.

My inexperience in the art of storytelling must be manifest to everybody; for here I am talking of Helen, as of a young lady of sixteen or more, with shy notions of beaux and lovers in her head, —whereas, in point of time, my story has

not advanced by regular stages beyond the period of her childhood, when she thought more of a single doll in her baby-house, and held her in higher estimation, than the whole rising generation of the other sex. I shall resume the thread of my narrative by relating, that, some two or three years before Miss Cornelia Bugbee, in her journey across the sands of time, came to the thirtieth mile-stone, she arrived at an oasis in the desert of her existence; or, to be more explicit, she had the rare good-fortune to find a heart throbbing in unison with her own,—a tender bosom in whose fidelity she could safely confide even her most precious secret; namely, the passion she entertained for the aforementioned corsair,—a being of congenial soul, whose loving ears could hear and interpret her lowest whisper and most incoherent murmur, by means of the subtle instinct of spiritual sympathy,—in fine, a trusty, true, and confidential friend.

All this, and more, was Miss Laura Stebbins, the youngest sister of Mrs. Jaynes, who, being suddenly left an orphan, dependent on the charity of her kindred, came to reside at the parsonage in Belfield. An intimacy forthwith commenced between the Doctor's daughter and the Parson's sister-in-law, which ripened speedily into the enduring friendship of which mention has just been made. There were some who affected to wonder at the ardent attachment which sprung up between the two young ladies, because, forsooth, one was but sixteen, and the other eight-and-twenty; as if this slight disparity in years must necessarily engender a diversity of tastes, fatal to a budding friendship.

I would fain describe the person of Miss Laura Stebbins, if I could call to mind any similitudes, whereunto to liken her charms, which have not been worn out in the service of other people's heroines. To use any but brand-new comparisons to illustrate graces like hers would be singularly inappropriate; for she herself always had a bright, fresh look, like some piece of handiwork just

finished by the maker. Her hair was black, glossy, and abundant. She had large, hazel eyes, full of expression, shaded by long, black eyelashes, a clear, light-brown complexion, rosy cheeks, small, even teeth, as white as cocoanut meat, and lips whose color was like the tint of sealing-wax. There was not a straight line or an angle about her plump and well-proportioned figure. Her waist was round and full, and yet appeared so slim between the ravishing curves of her shapely form, above and below it, that it seemed as if it were fashioned so on purpose to be embraced.

If Laura had been as wise as she was handsome, some pen more worthy than mine would have celebrated her wit and beauty. But she was nothing more than a wild, merry, frolicsome girl, whom, if you knew her, it was very hard not to like; even her reverend brother-in-law, a very grave personage, of whom, at first, she stood in no little awe, learned to smile at some of her very giddiest nonsense, and Mrs. Bugbee's sober reserve, which had been increased by her domestic afflictions, thawed in the sunshine of Laura's presence, like snow in the warmth of a bright spring morning. Helen, also, grew to be extremely fond of Laura, who returned the child's regard in twofold measure, at least, and yet had love enough to spare wherewith to answer the immense draughts upon her heart by which Miss Cornelia's romantic affection was repaid.

It was more than even Miss Cornelia Bugbee could do to transform this gay creature into a lackadaisical young lady; though, as she tried her very best to do so, none ought to blame her because she failed of success. All her stock of novels she lent to Laura, who read them, every one, in secret, skipping only the dull and didactic pages. That she was not spoiled by this experiment was due less to the strength of Laura's understanding than to the liveliness of her temper, which, in this strait, stood her in very good stead of more solid qualities and a wiser experience. As it

was, she learned to talk in a romantic fashion, longed, above all things, to grow thin, pretended to sigh frequently, and affected, at times, an air of pensive thoughtfulness. Her imagination began to be haunted by the apparition of a brave, gallant, and exceedingly graceful and good-looking young officer, of rank and high renown, who, she confidently hoped, would some day appear before her, arrayed in full uniform, with a sword by his side, and, with all the impetuous ardor of a soldier, throw himself at her feet and pour forth a declaration of inextinguishable love.

Until Laura was nearly twenty, this phantom in regiments held exclusive possession of her bosom, and reigned in that sweet domain without a rival; for, strange as it may appear, she never had a suitor of real flesh and blood, until a certain young divinity-student from East Windsor Seminary, who sometimes of a Sunday when Mr. Jaynes was absent came over to Belfield to try his hand at preaching, perceived, by sly and stealthy glances at Laura over the rim of his blue spectacles, how exceeding comely the damsel was, and firmly resolved to win her for a helpmeet. And even Mr. Elam Hunt (for that was the pious student's name) seemed scarcely more substantial than a ghost, so very pale and bloodless was his meagre face, and so lean and spare his stooping, narrow-chested figure.

This youthful saint was well esteemed by Laura's sister, Mrs. Jaynes, a sharp-visaged little woman, to whose energetic control her absent-minded, studious husband surrendered the parsonage and all it contained. Nay, she even shared his labors in the moral vineyard of his parish; for while he remained at home among his favorite volumes, she used to go about from house to house, collecting donations in aid of some one of the great eleemosynary corporations, whose certificates attesting her life-membership, all framed and glazed, covered the walls of the parsonage parlor. Her zeal in this good work was untiring, and

she levied tribute to her favorite charities upon all classes and conditions of her neighbors with strict impartiality. The poorest widow was not suffered to withhold her mite, and, wherever she went, the pouting children of the household were forced to open their money-boxes and tin savings-banks, and bring forth the hoarded pence with which they had hoped to purchase candy and toys at Christmas and New Year. The village folks reckoned the cost of her visits among their annual expenses, and, when she was seen approaching, made ready, as if a sturdy beggar or a tax-gatherer was at the door.

To have heard this estimable lady, when in private she sometimes rebuked the failings of her reverend spouse, one would not have supposed that she regarded him with awful veneration; nevertheless, she magnified his office greatly. The dignity conferred by ordination she held to be the highest honor to which a mortal man can possibly attain. Herself adorning the elevated station of a pastor's wife, she resolved to secure for Laura a position of equal eminence. When, therefore, she perceived that her sister had found favor in the eyes of Mr. Elam Hunt, she gave the bashful student frequent opportunities to speak his mind; and when, at last, he ventured in private to tell her of the flame which warmed his breast with a gentle glow, quite unlike that fervent heat by which the hearts of more impassioned, worldly-minded swains are apt to be tortured and consumed, she assuaged his pangs of doubt by encouraging assurances of her countenance and favor. In the mean time she resolved to guard against every misadventure by which the successful termination of his suit might be prevented or imperilled.

This was by no means an easy thing to do; for Laura, at twenty, though an orphan, without a penny to buy even so much as a dozen teaspoons for a setting-out, was not a girl that would have been apt to lack for lovers, if she had had a fair chance to get them. As

I have already told you, she was as sweet and as pretty as a pink full of dewdrops, and might have picked out a sweetheart from as many beaux as she had fingers and thumbs, but that her vigilant duenna, Mrs. Jaynes, kept the young fellows beyond courting distance. It was impossible, even for this shrewd and discreet lady, so to manage, without danger of giving offence, as to prevent Laura from associating with the other young folks of the parish; and indeed, to do her justice, she was not so austerely strict that she desired her sister to abstain from all social intercourse with those of her own age, sex, and condition. On the contrary, as the reader already knows, she was permitted to cherish a tender and devoted friendship for Miss Cornelius Bugbee; and there were several other young ladies, whose brothers were only little boys, with whom she was on the most amicable and familiar terms.

But by means of various arts and devices Mrs. Jaynes contrived to keep the young men from becoming too intimate with her pretty sister; although some of them had vainly endeavored to be more than neighborly. If one ventured to call at the parsonage, Mrs. Jaynes was always in the parlor, with Laura, to receive him, and sat there, grimly, on the sofa, as long as he staid; taking a part in the conversation, which she generally managed to turn upon the most grave and serious topics. The benighted condition of the heathen was a favorite subject of discourse with her, upon these occasions; and the visitor was a lucky youth, if he escaped without making, upon the spot, a cash contribution to the worthy cause of foreign missions. If Laura was invited to ride or to walk with a gentleman, Mrs. Jaynes always had a plausible pretext for objecting. It was either too hot, or too cold, or too damp, or too dusty, or there was sure to be some other reason, equally sufficient, for withholding her consent. As for balls and cotillon parties, the most enterprising and audacious youngster of them all would have quailed at the idea of facing

the parson's wife with a request to take her sister to such a place. At last the report got wind that Mrs. Jaynes was saving Laura for Mr. Elam Hunt, until such time as, having finished his course of study at East Windsor, he should be ordained and settled in a parish of his own, and ready to take to himself a wife. To be sure, it did not seem that Laura was of the right sort of temper for a minister's sober helpmeet; nevertheless, this rumor gained credit, and very soon came to be believed by many of the neighbors. Mrs. Jaynes, it was noticed, would never contradict the story, though, to be sure, Laura herself always did, whenever she had a chance to do so. Indeed, she was often heard to declare, with great vehemence and apparent sincerity, that she would as lief be buried alive as marry that living skeleton,—by which scandalous epithet she designated the lean and reverend youth from East Windsor. Some people who heard these protestations let them go for naught, giving them all the less heed on account of their violence, or, perhaps, being even confirmed in the

belief of what she so earnestly denied. For it is a very common artifice with young women to pretend a strong aversion for their most favored lovers, and to feign an utter dislike and abhorrence for the very persons whom they love most fondly. Others, however, gave credit to her passionate declarations, and believed that she recoiled from the idea of marrying the lank young student with unfeigned repugnance and disgust. Between people holding these diverse opinions discussions would sometimes arise, especially at meetings of the Dorcas Society, when neither Laura nor Mrs. Jaynes was present. But, just at this juncture, an event occurred which gave a new direction to the current of village gossip, setting every member of the Dorcas sisterhood all agape with wonder and surprise, and all agog with excitement and curiosity. Of this strange and memorable affair I will presently give a veritable account, and even show the reader how it came to pass. But in the mean time the fortunes of the Bugbee family demand my brief attention.

[Continued in the next Number.]

THE ORIGIN OF DIDACTIC POETRY

WHEN wise Minerva still was young
And just the least romantic,
Soon after from Jove's head she flung
That preternatural antic,
'Tis said to keep from idleness
Or flirting,—those twin curses,—
She spent her leisure, more or less,
In writing po——, no, verses.

How nice they were! to rhyme with *far*
A kind *star* did not tarry;
The metre, too, was regular
As schoolboy's dot and carry;

And full they were of pious plums,
So extra-super-moral,—
For sucking Virtue's tender gums
Most tooth-enticing coral.

A clean, fair copy she prepares,
Makes sure of moods and tenses,
With her own hand,—for prudence spares
A man- (or woman) -uensis;
Complete, and tied with ribbons proud,
She hinted soon how cosy a
Treat it would be to read them loud
After next day's Ambrosia.

The Gods thought not it would amuse
So much as Homer's Odyssees,
But could not very well refuse
The properest of Goddesses;
So all sat round in attitudes
Of various dejection,
As with a *hem!* the queen of prudes
Began her grave prelection.

At the first pause Zeus said, " Well sung!—
I mean—ask Phœbus,—*he* knows."
Says Phœbus, " Zounds! a wolf's among
Admetus's merinos!
Fine! very fine! but I must go;
They stand in need of me there;
Excuse me!" snatched his stick, and so
Plunged down the gladdened ether.

With the next gap, Mars said, " For me
Don't wait,—naught could be finer;
But I'm engaged at half-past three,—
A fight in Asia Minor!"
Then Venus lisped, " How very thad!
It rainth down there in torrinth;
But I *mulht* go, becauthe they've had
A thaerifithe in Corinth!"

Then Bacchus,—" With those slamming doors
I lost the last half dist—(hic!)
Mos' bu'ful se'ments! what's the Chor's?
My voice shall not be missed—(hic!)"
His words woke Hermes; " Ah!" he said,
" I *so* love moral theses!"
Then winked at Hebe, who turned red,
And smoothed her apron's creases.

Just then Zeus snored,—the Eagle drew
His head the wing from under;

Zeus snored,—o'er startled Greece there flew
 The many-volumed thunder;
 Some augurs counted nine,—some, ten,—
 Some said, 'twas war,—some, famine,—
 And all, that other-minded men
 Would get a precious —.

Proud Pallas sighed, "It will not do;
 Against the Muse I've sinned, oh!"
 And her torn rhymes sent flying through
 Olympus's back window.
 Then, packing up a peplus clean,
 She took the shortest path thence,
 And opened, with a mind serene,
 A Sunday-school in Athens.

The verses? Some, in ocean swilled,
 Killed every fish that bit to 'em;
 Some Galen caught, and, when distilled,
 Found morphine the residuum;
 But some that rotted on the earth
 Sprang up again in copies,
 And gave two strong narcotics birth,—
 Didactic bards and poppies.

Years after, when a poet asked
 The Goddess's opinion,
 As being one whose soul had basked
 In Art's clear-aired dominion,—
 "Discriminate," she said, "betimes;
 The Muse is unforgiving;
 Put all your beauty in your rhymes,
 Your morals in your living." *

THE FINANCIAL FLURRY.

"Break, break, break,
 On thy cold, gray crags, O Sea!"

"I REMEMBER a day," said a friend not long since, "a day as sweet, calm, cool, and bright as that whose wedding and funeral song the poet sings in the same verse, when I stood upon the white sea-coast near Naples, and looked far away across the blue, silent waters, and up the gray, flowery steeps, to where

the towering cone of Vesuvius cleaves the skies. It was in the spring-time; luxuriant nature seemed to have nothing to do but to grow and bloom, and the huge mountain itself was profoundly at peace,—smiling a welcome, apparently, to the delicate bean-plants and wild vines which clambered up its sides, and

wearing a light curl of smoke, like a gay coronal, around its brow. The bay was alive with red-capped fishermen, each one intent on fishing up his inverted brother below him; the beach was thronged with women, who chattered cheerfully over their baskets; and along the roads scampered soldiers in bright uniforms, as if they had no conceivable purpose in life but to bathe in that clear sunshine, and breathe that soft, delicious air.

"A few hours later," continued he, "I stood not far from the same spot, and saw that mountain angrily belching forth pitch and flames; the earth beneath my feet groaned with sullen, suppressed rage, or as if it were in pain; vast volumes of lurid smoke rolled through the sky, and streams of melted brimstone coursed down the hill-sides, burning up the pretty flowers, crushing the trees, and ruthlessly devouring the snug farms and cottages of the loving Philemons and Baucises who had incautiously built too near the fatal precinct. The poor *contadini*, who lately chaffered so vivaciously over their macaroni and chestnuts, were flying panic-smitten in all directions; some clasped their crucifixes, and called wildly upon the saints for protection; others leaped frantically into boats and rowed themselves dead, in the needless endeavor to escape death; while the general expression of the people was that of a multitude who, the next minute, expected to see the skies fall to crush them, or the earth open to swallow them up forever. But I was myself unmoved," our friend concluded, in his usual vein of philosophy, "though, I trust, not unsympathizing; because I saw, through those dun clouds of smoke, the stars still shining serenely aloft, and because I felt that after that transient convulsion of nature the great sun would rise as majestically as ever on the morrow, to show us, here and there, no doubt, a beautiful tract now desolate, here and there a fruitful vale now filled with ashes,—but also, the same glorious bay breathing calmly in its bed, the same

cloudless sky holding the green and peaceful earth in its complacent embrace."

We could not, as we listened to the story of the traveller, help considering it an illustration of that great convulsion of finance which has visited us during the last month. We do not mean to call this an eruption, which would scarcely be appropriate,—inasmuch as the characteristic of it was not a preternatural activity, but rather a preternatural stagnation and paralysis; but there is certainly a striking similarity in the contrasts presented by the two pictures just painted, and the contrasts presented in the condition of the commercial world as it is now, and as it was only a few weeks since. Then all nature smiled, and we scarcely thought of the future in the happy consciousness of the present; whereas now all nature seems to frown, and we eagerly long for the future to escape the endless vexations and miseries of the present. Our trade, which lately bloomed like a Neapolitan spring-day, is now covered with clouds and sifted with ashes, as if some angry Vesuvius had exploded its contents over it, and shot the hot lava-tides among our snug vineyards and cottages. May we not also, in this case, as in that, draw some consolation from the knowledge that the stars are still shining behind the smoke, and that the sun will assuredly come up to-morrow, as it has come up on so many morrows, for so many thousands of years? Convulsions, by the very fact of their violence, show that they are short-lived; and though we, who suffer by them directly, are apt to derive the slenderest solace from the philosophy which demonstrates their transiency, or their utility in certain aspects, it is nevertheless profitable, for various reasons, to make them a subject of remark.

In a season of great public calamity, moreover, everybody feels that he ought to participate in it in some way, if not as a sufferer, then as a sympathizer, and, in either capacity, as a speculator upon its causes and probable effects. The learn-

ed historian, Monsieur Alcofribas, who preserves for our instruction "the heroic deeds and prowesses" of the great king of the Dipsodes, tells us how that once, when Philip of Macedon threatened Corinth, the virtuous inhabitants of that city were thrown into mortal fear; but they were not too much paralyzed to forget the necessity of defence; and while some fortified the walls, others sharpened spears, and others again carried the baskets, the noble Diogenes, who was doubtless the chief literary man of the place, was observed to thwack and bang his tub with unmerciful vehemence. When he was asked why he did so, he replied, that it was for the purpose of showing that he was not a mere slug and lazy spectator, in a crowd so fervently exercised. In these times, therefore, when Philip of Macedon is not precisely thundering at our walls, but nibbling at every man's cupboard and cheese-press, it behooves each Diogenes to rattle his tub at least, in order to prove, in the spirit of his prototype and master,

"Though he be rid of fear,
He is not void of care."

If the noise he makes only add to the general turbulence and confusion, the show of sympathy will at least go for something.

The same authority, whom we have just quoted, has a piece of advice with which we intend to set our tub in motion. "Whatsoever," he says, "those blindfolded, blockheady fools, the astrologers of Louvain, Nuremberg, Tubingen, and Lyons, may tell you, don't you feed yourselves up with whims and fancies, nor believe there is any Governor of the whole universe this year but God the Creator, who by his Word rules and governs all things, in their nature, propriety, and conditions, and without whose preservation and governance all things in a moment would be reduced to nothing, as out of nothing they were by him created." It is a most sound and salutary truth, not to be forgotten in times of commercial distress, nor even in discussing financial questions, remote as they

may seem to be from the domain of ethics. God rules in the market, as he does on the mountain; he has provided eternal laws for society, as he has for the stars or the seas; and it is just as impossible to escape him or his ways in Wall Street or State Street as it is anywhere else. We do not wish to suggest any improper comparisons, but does not the Psalmist assert, "If I make my bed in *sheol*, behold Thou art there"?

In other words, commerce, the exchange of commodities, banking, and whatever relates to it, currency, the rise and fall of prices, the rates of profits, are all subject to laws as universal and unerring as those which Newton deduces in the "Principia," or Donald McKay applies in the construction of a clipper ship. As they are manifested by more complicated phenomena, man may not know them as accurately as he knows the laws of astronomy or mechanics; but he can no more doubt the existence of the former than he can the existence of the latter; and he can no more infringe the one than he can infringe the other with impunity. The poorest housekeeper is perfectly well aware that certain rules of order are to be observed in the management of the house, or else you will have either starvation or the sheriff inside of it in a little time. But what means that formidable, big-sounding phrase, Political Economy, more than national housekeeping? Can you manage the immense, overgrown family of Uncle Sam with less calculation, less regard to justice, prudence, thrift, than you use in your own little affairs? Can you sail that tremendous vessel, the Ship of State, without looking well to your chart and compass and Navigator's Guide?

When the "Central America" sinks to the bottom of the sea with five hundred souls on board, though it is in the midst of a terrible tempest, the public instinct is inclined to impute the disaster less to the mysterious uproar of wind and wave than to some concealed defect in the vessel. Had she sunk in a tranquil ocean, while the winds were idle and

the waves asleep, the incident would have produced a burst of indignation, above the deeper wail of sorrow, strong enough to sweep the guilty instruments of it out of existence. The world would have felt that some great law of mechanics had been wilfully violated. But here is a whole commercial society suddenly wrecked, in a moment of general peace, after ten years of high, but not very florid or very unwholesome prosperity, on the heel of an abundant recompense to the efforts of labor,—when there has occurred no public calamity, no war, no famine, no fire, no domestic insurrection, scarcely one startling event, and when the interpositions of the government have been literally as unfelt as the dropping of the dew, a whole commercial society is wrecked; values sink to the bottom like the California gold on the "Central America"; great money-corporations fall to pieces as her state-rooms and cabins fell to pieces; the relations of trade are dislocated as her ribs and beams were dislocated; and the people are cast upon an uncertain sea, as her passengers were cast,—not to struggle for physical existence like them, but to endure an amount of anguish and despair almost equal to what was endured by those unhappy victims.

Now can this have happened arbitrarily, capriciously, mysteriously, without some gross and positive violation of social law, some wilful and therefore wicked departure from the known principles of science? Every random conjecture as to the causes of the prevailing distress implies an answer to the question, and it need not be repeated. It is more important to inquire what those violations and departures have been, than to reiterate the general principle. What has led to the lamentable results under which we suffer? What has rendered the winds so tempestuous that they must needs blow down our noble ship? What has provoked the ire of those big bully waves so that they advance to demolish us? Ah! hark just here how the Diogenidae tumble and thump their tubs!

each one rapping out his own tune; each one screaming to boot, to be heard above the din!

One cries, that we Americans are an unconscionably greedy people, ever hastening to get rich, never satisfied with our gains, and, in the frantic eagerness of accumulation, disregarding alike justice, truth, probity, and moderation. Under this impulse our trade becomes an incessant and hazardous adventure, like the stakes of the gambler upon the turn of the dice, or upon the figures of the sweat-cloth; a feverish impatience for success pushes everything to the verge of ruin, and only after it has toppled over the brink, and we have followed it, does the danger of the game we had been playing become apparent.—A second qualifies this view, and shouts, that our vice is not so much greed, which is the vice of the miser, as extravagance, which is the vice of the spendthrift; and that as soon as we get one dollar, we run in debt for ten. We must have fine houses, fine horses, fine millinery, fine upholstery, troops of servants, and give costly dinners, and attend magnificent balls. Our very shops and counting-houses must resemble the palaces of the Venetian nobility, and our dwellings be more royally arrayed than the dwellings of the mightiest monarchs. When the time comes—as come it will—for paying for all this glorious frippery, we collapse, we wither, we fleet, we sink into the sand.—A third Diogenes, of a more practical turn of mind, vociferates, that the whole thing comes from the want of a high protective tariff. These subtle and malignant foreigners, who are so jealous of our progress, who are ever on the watch to ruin us, who make any quantity of goods at any time, for nothing, and send them here just at the right moment, to swamp us irrecoverably, are the authors of the mischief, and ought to be kept outside of the nation by a triple wall of icebergs drawn around each port. They pour in upon us a flood of commodities, which destroys our manufactures; they

carry off all our gold and silver, which eviscerates the banks; the banks squeeze the merchants, to the last drop of blood; and the merchants perish in the process, carrying with them hosts of mechanics, farmers, and professional men.—Not so, bellows a fourth philosopher, perhaps a little more seedy than the rest; it is all the work of “the infernal credit system,”—of the practice of making money out of that which is only a promise to pay money,—out of that which purports to have a real equivalent in some vault, when no such equivalent exists, and is, therefore, a fraud on the face of it,—and which, deluging the community, raises the price of everything, begets speculation, stimulates an excessive and factious trade, and is then suddenly withdrawn from the system, at the height of its inflation, like wind sucked from a bladder, to leave it a mere flaccid, wrinkled, empty, worthless old film of fat!

Now, for our part, we think all the Diogenidæ right, but not precisely in the way in which they state the matter; and we think the seedy Diogenes the rightest of all,—because he has struck nearest to the centre, to the organic fact which controls the other facts,—yet, without sharing his prejudice against credit, one of the blessedest of inventions. As a very long and a very dull treatise, however, would scarcely suffice to explain all the reasons for our thinking so, we must devote the one or two pages that are given us to a few simple, elementary, frontal principles, familiar, no doubt, to every one, and therefore the more important to be recalled, when every one seems to have forgotten them. Nothing is better known than the laws of gravitation; nothing staler in the repetition; but if the folk around us are building their houses so that they all fall down upon our heads, it behooves us to remind them of those laws.

1. Human wisdom has discovered nothing clearer than this,—that in all the operations of trade above a primitive

barter, you must have a standard or measure of values; and human ingenuity has never been able to devise any standard more perfect, in essential respects, than the precious metals. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the choice of these metals for currency is a result of human ingenuity. Paley and his school of theologians demonstrate the existence, intelligence, and goodness of God from the evidences of design in creation,—from that nice adaptation of means to ends which shows an infinite knowledge and infinite benevolence at work; but no one of the instances in which they found their argument, from the watch, which affords the primal illustration, to the human body, which furnishes the most complex confirmations, is a more astonishing or exquisite proof of pre-arrangement than is the adaptedness of gold and silver to the purposes of currency. Your standard or measure, for instance, must, in the first place, possess a certain uniformity; if it be a measure of capacity, it must not be of the size of a thimble in the morning, and as big as a haystack at night, like the mystic bottle of the fairy tale; if a measure of length, it must not be made of caoutchouc, as long as your finger to-day, and as long as the Atlantic Cable to-morrow; and so, if a measure of value, it must not equal one thousand at ten o'clock, and equal zero at three. But the precious metals do possess this uniformity; they are not scarce, as diamonds are, so that a pinch of them might measure the value of a city; nor are they as plenty as blackberries, so that a wagon-load could scarcely buy a fat goose for dinner. They cannot be washed away like a piece of soap, nor wear out like a bit of wampum, nor crumble like agate or carnelian in dividing. In short, they combine all the advantages that are needed, with few or none of the disadvantages that would be troublesome, in a substance which is used for money. They possess intrinsic utility, they are equably supplied, they may be easily divided and then fused again, they take a stamp, and they re-

tain the same qualities everywhere and at all times. Accordingly, all the civilized nations, from the time of great-great-great-grandfather Moses down to the time of President Buchanan, have used the precious metals for their standard of values; while your barbarians only, your silly Sandwich-islanders, your stupid troglodytes of interior Africa, your savage red men, have used for that purpose fish-bones, beaver-skins, cowries, strings of beads, or a lump of old rags. Q. E. D., then, on Paley's principles, the precious metals were meant by Divine Providence for use as money, at least more than anything else, because nothing else is so well adapted to the end. Intelligent man everywhere has been glad to recognize the Divine teaching; and the American man—holding himself the most intelligent of all men—has incorporated the lesson in his fundamental law. Nothing can be money for him, constitutionally, but metal which has a genuine ring in it.

2. Being the established standard, the precious metals, so long as they continue unchanged in amount, have a precise and definite relation to all other commodities. But they do not continue unchanged; and neither do other commodities continue unchanged. There is more gold at one time than another, and more wheat at one time than another; so that the relation between the two is not a determinate, but a variable one; and it is this variation which causes or constitutes the fluctuation of prices. If wheat increases in quantity, more of it will be given for the same money; and if it decreases, less of it will be given for the same money; on the other hand, if money increases, more of it will be given for a specific quantity of wheat, and if it decreases, less will be given; while if they increase or decrease together, a relative equilibrium will be maintained. But the beauty of the precious metals, as we have said, is that they are not liable to very sudden or considerable increase or decrease; only twice in the course of history, on the occasion of the

discovery of the South American mines by the Spaniards, and of the California mines by the Americans, has there been recorded an unusual production of gold and silver; and in both cases, it is important to note, the same effect followed,—a very considerable enhancement of prices; that is, all other articles seemed to grow dear, although the real fact was that money had only grown cheap. In Spain every commodity rose; everybody experienced that delicious feeling, which we sometimes enjoy in dreams, of going up without spring or effort; and Spain was considered to be enviably prosperous and happy. As for San Francisco, we all remember the fabulous prices which ruled in that vicinity. An acquaintance of ours wrote us then, that he gave five dollars for a dinner consisting of half a pullet and two potatoes, and when he added a pint of champagne, it came to five dollars more. He allowed his washerwoman one hundred and fifty dollars a month, paid fifty dollars for a pair of second-hand cow-hide boots, and hired a cellar, seven feet by nine, and six feet under ground, at the rate of fifteen thousand dollars a year. But both in Spain and in San Francisco this ludicrous exaggeration of values cured itself. The manufacturers and merchants of all the world sent their goods of all sorts to such tempting markets; and it was not long before the goods, not the money, were in excess. Prices came down, as sailors say, by the run, and Spain and San Francisco were reduced once more to rationality and comfort. These were exceptional cases, but they illustrate the general principle, that the increase of money raises prices, and the decrease of money lowers them, which is all we wish to state. In ordinary cases, however, when the currency is in its normal condition, this rise and fall of prices is like the rise and fall of the tides, the mere pulsations of the great sea, which drown and damage nobody, and rather keep the waters more clear and wholesome by their gentle agitation.

3. The same law is observed to oper-

ate, whenever anything is made, either by the decrees of government or the usages of society, to take the place of the precious metals as money. Paper, in the shape of bank-bills, promising to pay money on demand, is the most frequent, because the most cheap and convenient substitute; accordingly, when convertible paper-money is increased, it raises prices, and when it is diminished, it depresses prices, just as in the case of a metallic currency. But there are these two signal points of distinction between a paper and a metallic currency: first, that paper money may be increased or diminished much more easily than metallic money; and, second, that any excess or deficiency of the former is not so easily corrected by the natural operations of trade. The sudden or large increase of the metals is prevented by their scarcity and the laborious processes necessary to produce them, and a sudden or large decrease of them could be brought about only by some great public calamity which should destroy them or cause them to be hoarded. But paper money, whether made by a government or made by authorized corporations, may be issued and put in circulation almost at will, and again be withdrawn at will. We do not mean that the issue and withdrawal of it are wholly unchecked, but that the checks, as the entire history of banking would seem to prove, are comparatively inefficient and delusive. If the rise and fall of prices, caused by the fluctuations of metallic money, are to be compared to the rise and fall of the tides, the rise and fall of paper prices are more like the increase and decrease of steam in a boiler, which is an admirable agent, but demanding an incessant and scientific control. The sea-tides, even after a tempest, will regulate themselves, because they have all the oceans and all the rivers of the globe to draw upon; but the steam in a boiler is a thing confined, and yet capable of immense and destructive expansion. A metallic currency runs from nation to nation, and has its perturbations correct-

ed from nation to nation; but a paper currency is local, and cannot be so well corrected by the great interchanges of the globe. Let us make this clearer in another way.

4. It is universally conceded, by all the writers on finance, that any unusual production of currency occasions a rise of prices; the relative value of money is less than it was before, while the relative value of other articles is greater; a greater quantity of money is given for other articles, and fewer of other articles are given for the same amount of money. This rise has the double effect of provoking the importation of foreign commodities, and of preventing the exportation of domestic commodities; inasmuch as the same enhancement of rates, which opens a good domestic market for the former, closes the foreign market to the latter; and thus an unfavorable balance accumulates rapidly against the country where the rise occurs, in respect to other countries where it has not occurred. Now sooner or later this balance must be paid; and as products cannot be profitably shipped abroad to furnish a fund whereupon to draw bills of exchange, it must be paid in coin. The coin is therefore abstracted from circulation; and if coin were the only currency, such an abstraction would of itself induce a fall of prices, which would operate as a check upon importations until the old relation of equilibrium should be restored. But where the government, or where individuals, whether organized or alone, have the power to replace the departed coin by issues of paper money, prices are for a while maintained, and importations continued as vigorously as ever. All this, however, is but a postponement of the day of settlement. The balance to be extinguished is a substantial balance, which can be discharged only by substantial means; a mere promise to pay, a mere sign and representative of debt, will not extinguish it, any more than the smell of a cook-shop will extinguish a ravenous appetite. The insatiable creditor will have

money; and the depositories of that essential become, under his assaults, more and more meagre and tenuous. The managers of them at last get alarmed, and begin to withhold their issues of paper; which means that they begin to reduce their loans to the community. The money-market grows "tight," as it is phrased; the money-world feels generally as if it had taken an overdose of persimmons. Merchants and dealers, shorn of their usual accommodations, are compelled to borrow at ruinous usuries, or to fail to meet their payments. Their default involves others; others fail, and others again. The bowels of the banks, with us the great money-lenders, close with the snap and tenacity of steel-traps; and then a general panic, or want of commercial confidence, brings on a paralysis of the domestic exchanges, and wide-spread bankruptcy and ruin. Importations are checked, of course; but they are checked in a sharp, rapid, and violent way, accompanied by the most painful embarrassments and convulsions.

This we believe to be an outline of the history of all our commercial catastrophes, stripped of those local and incidental circumstances which vary from time to time: over-issues of money,—speculative prosperity,—all the world getting rich in the most agreeable manner,—fairy palaces rising on all sides, without the sound of trowel or hammer; then,—the day of adjustment,—the rapid contraction of the currency,—all the world getting poor in the most drastic and disagreeable manner,—and those fairy palaces, which rose under our very eyelids over-night, vanishing, like the palace of Aladdin from the vision of the Grand-Seignior after he awoke in the morning. But, alas! the revulsion does not stop with the overthrow of the palaces which had been reared without labor; it is not satisfied with the dissipation of mere fancies and dreams; but, being itself a most real thing, it carries with it many a stately structure, which the toil, the economy, the self-denial of years had hardly raised. Extraneous

causes,—a short crop,—a reduced tariff,—a peculiar mania of enterprise,—may hasten or retard the various steps of the process which has been described; but its cause and its course are almost always the same, and the discerning eye may easily detect them, from the beginning to the end of our modern commercial experience. In the existing difficulties, in this country, the railroad speculations have had much to do with producing and aggravating the effect; but the primary source of it, we think, is to be found in the ease with which our currency is inflated, under a banking system which varies from State to State, and which, outside of New England and New York, where it is by no means perfect, is as bungling a contrivance, for the ends to be answered, as was ever inflicted on the patience of mankind. Much of the trouble is due also to the extravagance and reckless waste of our people, which, though owing in some degree to our want of good manners and good taste, are directly traceable to the stimulus given to expense by the over-issue of artificial money. While the paper which passes for money is plenty, and every man can easily get "accommodations" from the banks, we squander without thought. No matter how costly the articles we buy; the expansion of the currency is greater than the rise in market values; and it is only when the contraction comes that we see how foolishly lavish we have been.

What, then, is the remedy? "Why, away with paper currency altogether!" says one. Yes,—tear up your Croton-water-pipes, because the breaking of a main sometimes submerges your dwellings; destroy your railroads, because the trains sometimes run off the track; arrest your steamships, because an "Arctic" and a "Central America" go disastrously down into the deep, deep sea! That were not wise, surely; that were very unwise, even were it possible, which it is not.—"Give us a high protective tariff," says another. Most certainly, friend, if we are to be perpetually flooded with paper,

a high tariff is needed;—your theory is at least consistent, however it may have worked in practice. But a high protective tariff is an impossibility, because it can be attained only by favor of the Federal legislature ; and, as we all know, at the door of that legislature stands the inexorable shape of the Slave Power, which consults no interest but its own in the management of government, and which will never make a concession to the manufacturers or the merchants of the North, unless it be to purchase some new act of baseness, or bind them in some new chains of servility.—But have you inquired whether that flood of paper is necessary ? We frankly tell you that we do not believe it is; we believe that a better system is possible,—to be brought about, not by greater restrictions on banking, but by greater freedom; and

we only regret that we have not now space to discuss that faith with you in all its reasons and results. We hope to be permitted to do so at some other time. Meanwhile, let us rejoice that the whole subject is in a position to be frankly discussed. A few years ago, when the question of the currency was a question of party politics, there was no aspect in which it could be presented, which did not arouse all the restless jealousies of party prejudice. If you talked of hard-money, you were denounced as a Benton bullionist ; if you talked of credit, you were called a Whig banker, plotting to devour the poor ; and the calmest phrases of science were turned into the shibboleths of an internece warfare. A better hour has come, and let us improve it to our mutual edification.

SONNET.

THE Maple puts her corals on in May,
While loitering frosts about the lowlands cling,
To be in tune with what the robins sing,
Plastering new log-huts 'mid her branches gray;
But when the Autumn southward turns away,
Then in her veins burns most the blood of Spring,
And every leaf, intensely blossoming,
Makes the year's sunset pale the set of day.
O Youth unprescient, were it only so
With trees you plant, and in whose shade reclined,
Thinking their drifting blooms Fate's coldest snow,
You carve dear names upon the faithful rind,
Nor in that vernal stem the cross foreknow
That Age may bear, silent, yet unresigned !

THE ROUND TABLE.

It was said long ago, that poets, like canaries, must be starved in order to keep them in good voice, and, in the palmy days of Grub Street, an editor's table was nothing grander than his own knee, on which, in his airy garret, he unrolled his paper-parcel of dinner, happy if its wrapping were a sheet from Brown's last poem, and not his own. Now an editorial table seems to mean a board of green cloth at which literary broken-victuals are served out with no carving but that of the editorial scissors.

La Maga has her table, too, and at fitting times invites to it her various Eminent Hands. It is a round table,—that is, rounded by the principle of rotation,—for how could she settle points of precedence with the august heads of her various Departments without danger of the dinner's growing cold? Substantial dinners are eaten thereat with Homeric appetite, nor, though *impletus venter non vult studere libenter*, are the visits of the Muse unknown. At these feasts no tyranny of speech-making is allowed, but the *bонbons* are all wrapped in original copies of verses by various contributors, which, having served their festive turn, become the property of the guests. Reporters are not admitted, for the eating is not done for inspection, like that of the hapless inmates of a menagerie; but *La Maga* herself sometimes brings away in her pocket a stanza or so which she esteems worthy of a more general communication. Last month she thus sequestered the following Farewell addressed by Holmes to the historian of William the Silent.

Yes, we knew we must lose him,—though friendship may claim
To blend her green leaves with the laurels of fame;
Though fondly, at parting, we call him our own,
'Tis the whisper of love when the bugle has blown.

As the rider that rests with the spur on his heel,—
As the guardsman that sleeps in his corslet of steel,—

As the archer that stands with his shaft on the string,
He stoops from his toil to the garland we bring.

What pictures yet slumber unborn in his loom
Till their warriors shall breathe and their beauties shall bloom,
While the tapestry lengthens the life-glowing dyes
That caught from our sunsets the stain of their skies!

In the alcoves of death, in the charnels of time,
Where flit the gaunt spectres of passion and crime,
There are triumphs untold, there are martyrs unsung,
There are heroes yet silent to speak with his tongue!

Let us hear the proud story that time has bequeathed
From lips that are warm with the freedom they breathed!
Let him summon its tyrants, and tell us their doom,
Though he sweep the black past like Van Tromp with his broom!

* * * * *

The stream flashes by, for the west-winds awake
On pampas, on prairie, o'er mountain and lake,
To bathe the swift bark, like a sea-girdled shrine,
With incense they stole from the rose and the pine.

So fill a bright cup with the sunlight that gushed
When the dead summer's jewels were trampled and crushed:
THE TRUE KNIGHT OF LEARNING,—the world holds him dear,—
Love bless him, Joy crown him, God speed his career!

Aug. 8, 1857.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Greyson Letters. Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. GREYSON, Esq. Edited by HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith," &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

WE are assured in the American preface to this volume, that while it exhibits Henry Rogers as the peer of Butler as a reasoner, it also shows him not inferior to Lamb as a humorist. Much as we are inclined to echo the critical decisions of prefaces, we regret being unable to indorse this confident statement. In amplitude, vigor, and fertility of thought we must think the author of the "Analogy" holds some slight advantages over the author of "The Eclipse of Faith"; and we seriously doubt if the lovers of Charles Lamb will be likely to rush into mirthful ecstasies over the humor of "The Greyson Letters." But we suppose that Henry Rogers himself would make no pretensions to the rank of a writer, or reasoner, or humorist of the first class. Far from being a great man, he occasionally slips into the prejudices of quite a little one, and he never wholly puts off the pedagogue and puts on the philosopher. Without much original force of nature, and never unmistakably stamping his own image and superscription either on his arguments or his language, he is still a well-trained theological scholar, a skilful logician, and one of that class of elegant writers who neither offend the taste nor kindle the soul. As a controversialist on themes which are now engaging popular attention, he grasps the questions he discusses at one or two removes from their centre and heart, where they pass out of the sphere of ideas and pass into the region of opinions; and in this region he is candid to the extent of his perceptions, quick to detect the weak points in the formal statements of his opponents, and, without touching the vitalities of the matter in controversy, is always hailed as victor by those who agree with him, but rarely convinces the doubters and deniers he aims to convert. "The Greyson Letters" are evidently the work of an ami-

able, learned, accomplished, and able man, interested in a wide variety of themes which especially attract the attention of thinkers, but in his treatment of them indicating a lack of deep and wide experience, and of that close, searching thought which pierces to the core of a subject, and broods patiently over its living elements and relations, before it assumes to take them as materials for argumentation. This broad grasp of premises, which implies a penetrating and interpretative as well as dialectic mind, is the distinguishing difference between a great reasoner and an able logician. In regard to the form of the work, we can see no reason why its essays should be thrown into the shape of letters. The epistolary spirit vanishes almost as soon as "Dear Sir" and "Dear Madam" create its expectation. The author's mind is grave by nature and culture, and is sprightly, as it seems to us, by compulsion and laborious levity. His nature has none of the richness and juiciness, none of the instinctive soul of humor, which must have vent in the ludicrous. Occasionally an adversary or adverse dogma is demolished with excellent logic, and then comes a dismal grin or chuckle at the feat, which hardly reminds us of the sly, shy smile of Addison, or the frolic intelligence which laughs in the victorious eyes of Pascal. Still, with all abatements, "The Greyson Letters" make a book well worthy of being read, contain much admirable matter and suggestive thought, and might be allowed to pass muster among good books of the second class, did they not come before us with professions that seemed to invite the tests applicable to the first.

Essays in Biography and Criticism. By PETER BAYNE, M. A., Author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual," &c. First Series. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo.

THIS volume contains essays on De Quincey, Tennyson and his Teachers, Mrs. Barrett Browning, Glimpses of Recent British Art, John Ruskin, Hugh

Miller, *The Modern Novel*, and Currier Bell. Though of various degrees of merit, they all evince careful study and patient thought, and are written with considerable brilliancy and eloquence. As a critic, Mr. Bayne is generally candid, conscientious, and intelligent, with occasional remarks evincing delicacy and depth of thought; but his perceptions are not always trustworthy, and his judgments are frequently of doubtful soundness. Thus when we are told that Wordsworth owed his fame to his moral elevation rather than to his "intellectual or æsthetic capacities," and that there is hardly an instance of the highest creative imagination in the whole range of his poetry,—when we are informed that since Shakespeare no one "has laid bare the burning heart of passion" so perfectly as Byron,—and when the question is triumphantly asked, "Where, out of Shakespeare, can we find such a series of female portraits as those" in Bulwer's "*Rienzi*,"—we feel inclined, in this association of Byron and Bulwer with Shakespeare, and this oversight of Wordsworth's claim to represent the highest original elements in the English poetry of the present century, to dispute Mr. Bayne's right to assume the chair of interpretative criticism. But still there are so many examples in his book of fine and true perception, and so evident a sympathy with intellectual excellence and moral beauty, that we do not feel disposed to quarrel with him on account of the apparent erroneousness of some of his separate opinions. Besides, his work is written in a style which will recommend it to a class of readers who are not especially interested in the subjects of which it treats, and it cannot fail to stimulate in them a desire to know more of the great writers of the century.

White Lies. A Novel. By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

THE early chapters of this novel lack the brisk movement, the sparkling compactness, the stinging surprises of Mr. Reade's usual style, but he kindles and condenses as he proceeds. As a whole, the work compares favorably with his most brilliant compositions. He is a writer difficult to criticize, because his

defects are pleasing defects. Dogmatism is commonly offensive, and Mr. Reade's dogmatism is of the most uncompromising, not to say insulting character; yet it is exhibited in connection with insight so sure and vivid, that we pardon the positiveness of the assertion for the truth of what is asserted. Then he has a way of forcing Nature, much against her wish, to be epigrammatic,—of producing startling effects by artifices almost theatrical; and though his devices are obvious, they are more than forgiven for the genuine power and real naturalness behind the rhetorical masquerade. Other men's freaks and eccentricities lead to the distortion of truth and the confusion of relations, but Mr. Reade has freaks of wisdom and eccentricities of practical sagacity. Occasionally he has a stroke of observation that comes like a flash of lightning, blasting and shattering in an instant a prejudice or hypocrisy which was strong enough to resist all the arguments of reason and all the appeals of humanity. "*White Lies*" is full of examples of his power, and of the peculiarities of his power. Blunt and bold and arrogant as his earnestness often appears, it is capable of the most winning gentleness, the most delicate grace, and the most searching pathos. The delineation of the female characters in this novel is especially admirable. Josephine and Laure are exquisite creations, and the Baroness and Jacintha, though different, are almost as perfect, considered as examples of characterization. In the invention and management of incidents, the author exhibits a sure knowledge of the means and contrivances by which expectation is stimulated, and the interest of the story kept from flagging. We hope to read many more novels from the same pen as delightful as "*White Lies*."

Brazil and the Brazilians. Portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches. By REV. D. P. KIDDER, D. D., and REV. J. C. FLETCHER. Illustrated by one hundred and fifty Engravings. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1 vol. 8vo.

BRAZIL is a country but little known to the majority of readers, and the little that is known is so fragmentary that it is as likely to convey a false idea as an incom-

plete one. The writers of this volume combine two qualifications for the work of dissipating this ignorance. They have a direct personal knowledge of Brazil, gained during a long residence in the country, and they have carefully studied every valuable book on its history and resources. The manners, customs, laws, government, productions, literature, art, and religion of the people have all been carefully observed under circumstances favorable for accurate investigation. The result is a valuable, interesting, and attractive volume, well worthy of being extensively read. The elegance of its mechanical execution, and the profusion of engravings illustrating the text, will add to its popularity, if not to its value.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Now first entirely collected. Revised by himself, and edited, with an Introduction, by S. ADAMS LEE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 18mo.

LEIGH HUNT has outlived all the enmities and enemies provoked either by his merits or his demerits, and is especially interesting as the sole survivor of the illustrious company of poets with whom the mind instinctively associates him. Some burnt out; some died out; some dried up; but he remains the same cosey, chirping, fine-natured, and self-pleased singer, who won the love of Shelley and Keats, and roused the wrath of Gifford and Wilson. We are glad to welcome his collected poems in their appropriate attire of "blue and gold," and trust they will have a wide circulation in the United States, as the genial poet is himself to be a participant in the profits of the publication. We wish that a word of ours could be influential in assisting this veteran of letters to reap from the publication something more substantial than fame, yet in some degree the expression of it,—something which shall give him assurance that his volumes are on thousands of parlor tables, because the proofs of it are palpable in the increased comforts afforded to his old age. And certainly the poet deserves a wide circle of readers. Though he does not succeed in the delineation of the great and grand passions of our nature, he is very successful in the sphere of its humane and tender sentiments; and though open to

criticism for the jaunty audacity with which he coins dainty sweetneses of expression rejected by all dictionaries, and for an occasional pertness in asserting opinions of doubtful truth, he is so lovable a creature that we pardon his literary foibles as we would pardon the personal foibles of a charming companion and friend. He has a genuine love for all cheerful and cheering things, and power enough to infuse his cheer into other minds. Disliking all internal and external foes to human comfort, he is equally the enemy of evil, and of the morbid discontent which springs from the bitter contemplation of evil. His nature is essentially sprightly and sensuous, with here a bit of Suckling and there a bit of Fletcher, carrying us back to an elder period of British poetry by the careless grace and freedom of his movement, and proving his connection with the present by the openness of his mind to all liberal thought and philanthropic feeling. Good-humor and benevolence are so dominant in his nature, that they prevent him from having any deep perceptions of evil and calamity. He is personally affronted when he sees the thunder-cloud push away the sunshine from life; and God, to him, is not only absolute Good, but absolute Good Nature.

It would be easy to quote passages from these volumes illustrative of his acute observation, his largeness of sympathy, his delicacy and daintiness of touch, his sweetness, humor, pathos, and fancy. As a specimen of the playful and beautiful ingenuity of his mind, we extract a portion of his little poem on "Love-Letters made of Flowers."

"An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss,
This art of writing *billets-doux*
In buds and odors and bright hues!
In saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;
In puns of tulips; and in phrases,
Charming for their truth, of daisies;
Uttering, as well as silence may,
The sweetest words the sweetest way.
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom!
The place where *billets-doux* repose 'em.

"What delight, in some sweet spot
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers

And one's epistolary powers!
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhetoric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech

To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering every day one's pathos!

From the exquisite little poem entitled
“ Songs of the Flowers” we should like
to cut a few stanzas; but our limits for-
bid.

MUSIC.

WHAT will the Muses do in these hard times? Must they cease to hold court in opera-house and concert-room, because stocks fall, factories and banks stop, credit is paralyzed, and princely fortunes vanish away like bubbles on the swollen tide of speculation? Must Art, too, bear the merchant's penalties? or shall not rather this ideal, feminine element of life, shall not Art, like woman, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for us, with all the tenderer love and finer genius, now that man's enterprise is wrecked abroad? Shall we have no Music? Has the universal “panic” gripped the singers' throats, that they can no longer vibrate with the passionate and perfect freedom indispensable to melody? It must not be. The soul is too rich in resources to let all its interests fail because one fails. If business and material speculation have been overdone, if we are checked and flung down in these mad endeavors to accumulate vast means of living, we shall have time to pick ourselves up, compose ourselves to some tranquillity and some humility, and actually, with what small means we have, begin to *live*. Panic strangles life, and the money-making fever always tends to panic. Panic is the great evil now, and panic needs a panacea. What better one can we invent than music? It were the very madness of economy to cut off that. Some margin every life must have, around this everlasting sameness of the dull page of necessity,—some opening into the free infinite of joy and careless ideality, or the very life-springs dry up.

Music is a cheap luxury; the more so as one seeks real music for its own sake, and not the music which is imported like the Paris fashions. This winter it will be

a question between whether we can afford to pay for it, and whether we can afford to do without it. We think the absolute necessity of some diversion, something to lift the leaden cloud, and keep us in a state of natural buoyancy and courage, already settles the question. Music we shall have, simply because we need it. Or view it from the opposite side, from the point of mere political economy. Music, in many ways, has built itself up into a great industry among us,—music-publishers, musical instrument-makers, music teachers, musical performers,—all mutually dependent, and together swelling the national industry to the amount of many millions. It is the opportunities of hearing music, it is the concerts and the operas, that give the impulse to this whole many-branched machine. Taken together, it feeds many mouths, and helps turn many other very different sort of mills, and plays its part in Wall Street and in State Street, and its *notes* in that sense enter as much into the general currency as they do into the general ear in another. Now which is cheaper, which is wiser, to employ these artists, and the crowds of workers whom the public exercise of their talent keeps in motion, or cast them off upon society to be a general burden in a more hopeless form? Surely, we can afford the stoppage of some banks and factories, quite as well as we can that of music. Let us look around, then, upon its prospects for the winter.

While we write (the first week in October) the musical season, in what we take to be the most music-loving of our cities, Boston, has not commenced, or shaped itself into much distinctness of plan. The season is late; hard times may make it later; yet shall “the winter of our discon-

tent be glorious summer" ere long. Boston, for its best music,—best in artistic tendency, though not perhaps the most exciting or most fashionable,—has always relied more than New York on its own quiet, domestic resources. Our musical societies have been the centres of our musical activity, and have more or less successfully provided us with sterling opportunities of making ourselves acquainted with the master compositions in the various forms of Oratorio, Orchestra, Chamber Music, etc., where the end has been more to get at the intrinsic worth and beauty of the music, than to go into fashionable raptures about some new-come singer or solo-playing virtuoso. Yet virtuosodom and the Italian opera come in to reap an annual harvest here too, and have and long will have their zealous party of admirers. Were Opera an organized home industry among us, as much as other forms of music,—were there some meaning in the name "Academy of Music" worn by operatic theatres, it would be more useful to our artistic progress. But Italian Opera, as managed, and "star" concerts generally, are no part of the healthy, permanent development of our own musical resources. They are speculations; they attack us from without, exploiting a factitious enthusiasm, and exhausting the soil in one short season, so they may only carry off the present fatness of the land. Operas and virtuoso concerts are wholly in the hands of speculators, musical Jew-brokers, who do a formidable business in old clothes, the worn-out musical celebrities of Europe;—often with great skill, often much to our pleasure and advantage; for it is much to us to hear great artists, even when the voice has lost some of its freshness, and to admire now what long ago perhaps exhausted admiration in the Old World. But the effect is bad on our domestic industry. We almost need a musical protective system. Our good old society concerts have been much thrown out of joint. Few of them of late, as compared with former years, have paid. The dazzling novelties, that come trumpeted with all the cunning speculators' arts, debauch us somewhat from our wholesome, quiet love of pure, high music for its own sake, and lead the public into little short-lived fanaticisms

about certain prima donnas, baritones, or tenors, and about music chiefly made to show off the singer, full of the commonplaces that he loves to make "effect" in, —fanaticisms alternating with *blast* indifference. But this would lead us into a long discussion, and it is our wish here to avoid vexed questions. For the present we will avow no sides, of German or Italian, "light" or "classical."

The lovers of opera have something to look forward to in Boston; what, we shall see when we survey the field elsewhere. Our noble Boston theatre must needs be one point in the triangular campaign of the three cities. And here we may allude, *en passant*, to the prospect of one novelty that ought to interest our opera-lovers who are weary of the usual hackneyed *répertoire*. Our townsman, Mr. L. H. Southard, the composer of "The Scarlet Letter," has also written an Italian opera, on an Oriental subject, with the title "Omano," the libretto by Signor Manetta, founded on Beckford's "Vathek." A private or subscription concert will soon give an opportunity of hearing some of its scènæ, quatuors, etc. To come back, then, to what is more peculiarly Bostonian in the way of music,—what concerts shall we have? Of large societies, the only one remaining now in operative force is the oldest and the largest, the Handel and Haydn Society. This set the right example last May, in that splendid three-days' Festival, of true domestic musical enterprise, organizing the whole thing on the basis of internal and domestic means, with our own permanent nucleus of orchestra and chorus, and drawing from without such other talent, such solo singers, as were needed for the right interpretation of the noble music, and not merely for their own private exhibition and profit. This was genuine; this was wholesome; and the success warrants the best hopes for another season. Carl Zerrahn, the excellent conductor upon that occasion, is on his way home from Germany (his old home) with new stock of zeal and of new music, and the oratorio rehearsals will at once begin. It is event enough for one winter, the single fact that Handel's "Israel in Egypt," that mightiest oratorio, which is one mountain range of sublime choruses, will be the chief subject of study.

It is proposed to give at least four Sunday-evening performances, consisting of "The Messiah," of course, at Christmas; Costa's "Eli," or "Elijah"; the "Requiem" of Mozart, and the "Lobgesang" by Mendelssohn; and for the last, and we trust many last, "Israel in Egypt." All this will be but so much rehearsal for the grander Festival to follow. We have no organized orchestral or symphony society, as we should have; but we have with us always the elements of a good orchestra, who always work well together, and never better than last year under the enterprise and drill of Mr. Zerrahn. Then we had glorious symphonies and overtures, both old and new; and we shall have as good, and still more brilliant concerts soon, if hard times do not daunt the leader's very sanguine purpose. As a pendant, too, to the orchestral evenings, will come cheap afternoon concerts in the Music Hall, where good symphonies and overtures, with sparkling varieties for younger tastes, will hold out weekly invitation.

For the select few, who hold communion in the love of classical quartet and trio music by the great masters,—in the piano poems of Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, there will be abundant opportunities. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, the German Trio, Mr. Satter, the pianist, and would we might add Otto Dresel, will give series of concerts in the pleasant Chickering Saloon, that holds two hundred. Alas! we may be disappointed there. The Masonic Temple has been sold to the government for a United States Court-house. Think of the musical associations that haunt and consecrate the place, and think of the uses to which it may soon be put! What profanation! Hitherto the only chains that have surrounded that Temple have been chains of harmony, which one may wear and not be a slave! It has been a Temple of Concord;—may we hope that it will be in truth a Temple of Justice!—For virtuoso concerts, we shall have what the managers at New York send us. We shall of course have Vieuxtemps and Thalberg, if no more.

In New York the campaign has been opened for this month past, and we do not yet hear that the troubles down in Wall Street have discouraged the lessees of the Academy of Music. Great is the array

of singers and of players that revolve around the little knot of musical speculators in New York. Strange to say, Italian opera has German managers. They catch the birds, having beforehand caught and prepared the public. But it is as well to state, that there are *two* great operatic enterprises, as there are two rival musical broker managers: to wit, Maretzek and Ullman; the former backed by Marshall of the Philadelphia Academy, and proceeding forth with hope to conquer from that centre; the latter backed by Thalberg, and strengthened by the Strakosch and Vestvali tributaries that roll proudly in from scenes of conquest in the Western States and Mexico. The Ullman party hold the New York Academy; the other party hold the theatres of Philadelphia and Boston; either must make itself felt at the three points, to avoid a losing game. Hence these harmonious and deadly rivals have perforce entered—into a league of amity and commerce, whereby they exchange singers, so that all shall in turn be heard at every theatre. At New York the company includes, for leading sopranis, Madame Lagrange, the wonder of the last two years, greatest of vocal gymnasts, and fine actress always, with voice well worn, and Madame Frezzolini, as the last imported celebrity from Europe; her voice, too, is past its prime, but her art is pronounced immaculate, and she is quite a charmer, if we may trust the critics. For contralto there is Vestvali, the dashing tall one, who delights in man's clothes, and sings Charles the Fifth, the baritone (!) rôle in "Ernani." There is a delicate new tenor, Labocetta, and another named Maccaferri, and a fresh, universally admired baritone, Gassier; and there is our old buffo friend, Rocco, and many more. Besides whom are two famous announcements, yet to come from Europe: the French tenor, Roger, and the German basso, Formes. The orchestra and chorus are, we suppose, as usual; the conductor better; he is Herr Anschütz, who has had experience in London, and who subdues his orchestra to sympathetic support of the singers. With Max it is the other way; he loves to ride full swing upon the top of his forces, brass and all, *fortissimo*, conquering and to conquer. Is "Il Trovatore" wanted, everlasting "Trovatore,"—music

that whirls and fascinates, possessed and driven by one fixed idea of burning at the stake, with furies of love and jealousy to match,—they borrow from the other company (under the “amicable” treaty) Brignoli, of the golden tenor voice, who sings so sweetly and sulks so proudly lazy, and Amadio, that ton of juvenile humanity, whose weighty baritone and eagerness to please make up for the see-saw alternation of his two only expressions and gesticulations,—those of vulgar love-making and mock-heroical revenge. These, with Gazzaniga, the charming, lively, natural Gazzaniga, whose voice is fresh, and who can sing and act so charmingly in genial music, such as Donizetti’s “Elisir d’ Amore,” with also Assoni, the buffo, and Coletti, the bass, compose the year-old and tried nucleus of the Philadelphia opera, which opened the first Monday in October. To these are added new attractions, in the shape of old celebrities from Europe: namely, Ronconi, the great *Don Giovanni* of the London opera; Tagliafico, the basso; Stecchi-Bottardi, tenor from Her Majesty’s; Signora Ramos, prima donna from Turin; Signora Tagliafico; and greatest of all, to come when he has got through with the Russians, the famous tenor, Tamberlik.

Here is a great array, and great expense. Verily, it rains “stars,” as it rains meteors in our cold November nights. Perhaps it will pay,—perhaps not. But for the interests of Art, and the true gratification and advancement of the taste for music, one might ask whether a better economy of means would not have dictated fewer “stars,” and more completeness in the orchestra, the chorus, and the general *ensemble*, so that we might for once hear and enjoy *an opera*, and not merely a few singers lifted up on the cheapest platform of an opera, loosely nailed together for their sakes. And this question leads to another consideration of still more importance to the real interests of Art. What music, what operas shall we hear? So far, it has been the same old story, the same hackneyed round of “Norma,” and “Lucia,” and “Lucrezia Borgia,” and “Ernani,” and “Trovatore,” and so on, with once or twice the ever genial and sparkling “Il Barbiere.” The whole attraction lies (as always in these great musical

speculations) in the solo singers. These ever place themselves between you and good music; they choose to sing the music that best shows their powers, no matter how familiar, hackneyed, sentimental, commonplace, and trashy. If you call for “William Tell,” for the “Nozzi di Figaro,” to say nothing of “Fidelio,” or “Oberon,” or “Freischütz,” they have not the organization for it, have not the chorus, the secondary singers, the artists who know and love the music; it will not pay, and so forth. Our Academies must justify their name and be domestic institutions, permanent lyric organizations, before we can call in singers to illustrate an opera, instead of worn-out operas to illustrate the singer.

Since penning the above, we hear of a fortnight’s suspension of the Opera in New York, to allow time for the preparation of the “Nozzi di Figaro,” “Robert le Diable,” “Les Huguenots,” &c.

In close connection with the opera, the brilliant concerts of Vieuxtemps and Thalberg go on. Probably there is nothing better of the virtuoso kind; and as they bring in the orchestra sometimes, they give occasionally something classical and great, performed in a masterly manner. Indeed, all the music of New York seems to revolve now round the Ullman-Thalberg centre. They sweep all into their orbit. With the Harmonic Society, they give Sunday oratorios, promising “The Messiah,” “Creation,” “Elijah,” David’s “Desert,” (!) and others.

We have not left ourselves room to more than hint at the truest musical pride of New York, her Philharmonic Society, whose orchestra now numbers eighty excellent performers, and whose list of regular subscribers reaches eighteen hundred. They are rehearsing Spohr’s symphony, “Die Weihe der Töne,” with Schumann’s “Manfred” overture, and Beethoven’s sublime “Leonora,” for their first concert, and will do much for classical music by their four concerts. In Boston, in spite of our broken and disorganized condition, we have ten or a dozen Symphony concerts in a winter. Chamber Quartets, too, and Trios with Piano, will have their audiences,—let us hope numerous enough to gladden the hearts of the artists.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. I.—DECEMBER, 1857.—NO. II.

FLORENTINE MOSAICS.

[Concluded.]

VI.

THE CARMINE.

THE only part of this ancient church which escaped destruction by fire in 1771 was, most fortunately, the famous Brancacci chapel. Here are the frescos by Masolino da Panicale, who died in the early part of the fifteenth century,—the Preaching of Saint Peter, and the Healing of the Sick. His scholar, Masaccio, (1402–1443,) continued the series, the completion of which was entrusted to Filippino Lippi, son of Fra Filippo.

No one can doubt that the hearty determination evinced by Masolino and Masaccio to deal with actual life, to grapple to their souls the visible forms of humanity, and to reproduce the types afterwards in new, vivid, breathing combinations of dignity and intelligent action, must have had an immense effect upon the course of Art. To judge by the few and somewhat injured specimens of these masters which are accessible, it is obvious that they had much more to do in forming the great schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, than a painter of such delicate, but limited genius as that of Fra

Angelico could possibly have. Certainly, the courage and accuracy exhibited in the nude forms of Adam and Eve expelled from paradise, and the expressive grace in the group of Saint Paul conversing with Saint Peter in prison, where so much knowledge and power of action are combined with so much beauty, all show an immense advance over the best works of the preceding three quarters of a century.

Besides the great intrinsic merits of these paintings, the Brancacci chapel is especially interesting from the direct and unquestionable effect which it is known to have had upon younger painters. Here Raphael and Michel Angelo, in their youth, and Benvenuto Cellini passed many hours, copying and recopying what were then the first masterpieces of painting, the traces of which study are distinctly visible in their later productions; and here, too, according to Cellini, the famous punch in the nose befell Buonarotti, by which his well-known physiognomy acquired its marked peculiarity. Torregiani, painter and sculptor of secondary importance, but a bully of the first class,—a man who was in the

habit of knocking about the artists whom he could not equal, and of breaking both their models and their heads,—had been accustomed to copy in the Brancacci chapel, among the rest. He had been much annoyed, according to his own account, by Michel Angelo's habit of laughing at the efforts of artists inferior in skill to himself, and had determined to punish him. One day, Buonarotti came into the chapel as usual, and whistled and sneered at a copy which Torregiani was making. The aggrieved artist, a man of large proportions, very truculent of aspect, with a loud voice and a savage frown, sprang upon his critic, and dealt him such a blow upon the nose, that the bone and cartilage yielded under his hand, according to his own account, as if they had been made of dough,—“*come se fosse stato un cialdone.*” This was when both were very young men; but Torregiani, when relating the story many years afterwards, always congratulated himself that Buonarotti would bear the mark of the blow all his life. It may be added, that the bully met a hard fate afterwards. Having executed a statue in Spain for a grandee, he was very much outraged by receiving only thirty scudi as his reward, and accordingly smashed the statue to pieces with a sledge-hammer. In revenge, the Spaniard accused him of heresy, so that the unlucky artist was condemned to the flames by the Inquisition, and only escaped that horrible death by starving himself in prison before the execution.

VII.

SANTA TRINITÀ.

In the chapel of the Sassetti, in this church, is a good set of frescos by Dominic Ghirlandaio, representing passages from the life of Saint Francis. They are not so masterly as his compositions in the Santa Maria Novella. Moreover, they are badly placed, badly lighted, and badly injured. They are in a northwestern corner, where light never comes that comes to all. The dramatic power and Flemish skill in portraiture of the man

are, however, very visible, even in the darkness. No painter of his century approached him in animated grouping and powerful physiognomizing. Dignified, noble, powerful, and natural, he is the exact counterpart of Fra Angelico, among the *Quattrocentisti*. Two great, distinct systems,—the shallow, shrinking, timid, but rapturously devotional, piously sentimental school, of which Beato Angelico was *facile princeps*, painfully adventuring out of the close atmosphere of the *miniatori* into the broader light and more gairish colors of the actual, and falling back, hesitating and distrustful; and the hardy, healthy, audacious naturalists, wreaking strong and warm human emotions upon vigorous expression and confident attitude;—these two widely separated streams of Art, remote from each other in origin, and fed by various rills, in their course through the century, were to meet in one ocean at its close. This was then the fulness of perfection, the age of Angelo and Raphael, Leonardo and Correggio.

VIII.

SAN MARCO.

Fra Beato Angelico, who was a brother of this Dominican house, has filled nearly the whole monastery with the works of his hand. Considering the date of his birth, 1387, and his conventional life, he was hardly less wonderful than his wonderful epoch. Here is the same convent, the same city; while instead merely of the works of Cimabue, Giotto, and Orgagna, there are masterpieces by all the painters who ever lived to study;—yet imagine the snuffy old monk who will show you about the edifice, or any of his brethren, coming out with a series of masterpieces! One might as well expect a new Savonarola, who was likewise a friar in this establishment, to preach against Pio Nono, and to get himself burned in the Piazza for his pains.

In the old chapter-house is a very large, and for the angelic Frater a very hazardous performance,—a Crucifixion.

The heads here are full of feeling and feebleness, except those of Mary Mother and Mary Magdalen, which are both very touching and tender. There is, however, an absolute impotence to reproduce the actual, to deal with groups of humanity upon a liberal scale. There is his usual want of discrimination, too, in physiognomy; for if the seraphic and intellectual head of the penitent thief were transferred to the shoulders of the Saviour in exchange for his own, no one could dispute that it would be an improvement.

Up stairs is a very sweet Annunciation. The subdued, demure, somewhat astonished joy of the Virgin is poetically rendered, both in face and attitude, and the figure of the angel has much grace. A small, but beautiful composition, the Coronation of the Virgin, is perhaps the most impressive of the whole series.

Below is a series of frescos by a very second-rate artist, Poccetti. Among them is a portrait of Savonarola; but as the reformer was burned half a century before Poccetti was born, it has not even the merit of authenticity. It was from this house that Savonarola was taken to be imprisoned and executed in 1498. There seems something unsatisfactory about Savonarola. One naturally sympathizes with the bold denouncer of Alexander VI.; but there was a lack of benevolence in his head and his heart. Without that anterior depression of the sinciput, he could hardly have permitted two friends to walk into the fire in his stead, as they were about to do in the stupendous and horrible farce enacted in the Piazza Gran Duca. There was no lack of self-esteem either in the man or his head. Without it, he would scarcely have thought so highly of his rather washy scheme for reorganizing the democratic government, and so very humbly of the genius of Dante, Petrarch, and others, whose works he condemned to the flames. A fraternal regard, too, for such great artists as Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo,—both members of his own convent, and the latter a personal friend,

—might have prevented his organizing that famous holocaust of paintings, that wretched iconoclasm, by which he signalized his brief period of popularity and power. In weighing, gauging, and measuring such a man, one ought to remember, that if he could have had his way and carried out all his schemes, he would have abolished Borgianism certainly, and perhaps the papacy, but that he would have substituted the rhapsodical reign of a single demagogue, perpetually seeing visions and dreaming dreams for the direction of his fellow-citizens, who were all to be governed by the hallucinations of this puritan Mahomet.

IX.

THE MEDICI CHAPEL.

The famous cemetery of the Medici, the Sagrestia Nuova, is a ponderous and dismal toy. It is a huge mass of expensive, solemn, and insipid magnificence, erected over the carcasses of as contemptible a family as ever rioted above the earth, or rotted under it. The only man of the race, Cosmo il Vecchio, who deserves any healthy admiration, although he was the real assassin of Florentine and Italian freedom, and has thus earned the nickname of *Pater Patriæ*, is not buried here. The series of mighty dead begins with the infamous Cosmo, first grand duke, the contemporary of Philip II. of Spain, and his counterpart in character and crime. Then there is Ferdinand I., whose most signal achievement was not eating the poisoned pie prepared by the fair hands of Bianca Capello. There are other Ferdinандos, and other Cosmos,—all grand-ducal and *pater-patricial*, as Medici should be.

The chapel is a vast lump of Florentine mosaic, octagonal, a hundred feet or so in diameter, and about twice as high. The cupola has some brand-new frescos, by Benvenuto. “Anthropophagi, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,” may enjoy these pictures upon domes. For common mortals it is not agreeable to remain very long upside down, even

to contemplate masterpieces, which these certainly are not.

The walls of the chapel are all incrusted with gorgeous marbles and precious stones, from malachite, porphyry, lapis-lazuli, chalcedony, agate, to all the finer and more expensive gems which shone in Aaron's ephod. When one considers that an ear-ring or a brooch, half an inch long, of Florentine mosaic work, costs five or six dollars, and that here is a great church of the same material and workmanship as a breastpin, one may imagine it to have been somewhat expensive.

The Sagrestia Nuova was built by Michel Angelo, to hold his monuments to Lorenzo de' Medici, duke of Urbino, and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and to Julian de' Medici, son of Lorenzo Magnifico.

It is not edifying to think of the creative soul and plastic hands of Buonarotti employed in rendering worship to such creatures. This Lorenzo is chiefly known as having married Madeleine de Boulogne, and as having died, as well as his wife, of a nameless disorder, immediately after they had engendered the renowned Catharine de' Medici, whose hideous life was worthy of its corrupt and poisoned source.

Did Michel Angelo look upon his subject as a purely imaginary one? Surely he must have had some definite form before his mental vision; for although sculpture cannot, like painting, tell an elaborate story, still each figure must have a moral and a meaning, must show cause for its existence, and indicate a possible function, or the mind of the spectator is left empty and craving.

Here, at the tomb of Lorenzo, are three masterly figures. An heroic, martial, deeply contemplative figure sits in grand repose. A statesman, a sage, a patriot, a warrior, with countenance immersed in solemn thought, and head supported and partly hidden by his hand, is brooding over great recollections and mighty deeds. Was this Lorenzo, the husband of Madeleine, the father of

Catharine? Certainly the mind at once dethrones him from his supremacy upon his own tomb; and substitutes an Epaminondas, a Cromwell, a Washington,—what it wills. 'Tis a godlike apparition, and need be called by no mortal name. We feel unwilling to invade the repose of that majestic reverie by vulgar invocation. The hero, nameless as he must ever remain, sits there in no questionable shape, nor can we penetrate the sanctuary of that marble soul. Till we can summon Michel, with his chisel, to add the finishing strokes to the grave, silent face of the naked figure reclining below the tomb, or to supply the lacking left hand to the colossal form of female beauty sitting upon the opposite sepulchre, we must continue to burst in ignorance. Sooner shall the ponderous marble jaws of the tomb open, that Lorenzo may come forth to claim his right to the trophy, than any admirer of human genius will doubt that the shade of some real hero was present to the mind's eye of the sculptor, when he tore these stately forms out of the enclosing rock.

A colossal hero sits, serene and solemn, upon a sepulchre. Beneath him recline two vast mourning figures, one of each sex. One longs to challenge converse with the male figure, with the unfinished Sphinx-like face, who is stretched there at his harmonious length, like an ancient river-god without his urn. There is nothing appalling or chilling in his expression, nor does he seem to mourn without hope. 'Tis a stately recumbent figure, of wonderful anatomy, without any exaggeration of muscle, and, accordingly, his name is —— Twilight!

Why Twilight should grieve at the tomb of Lorenzo, grandson of Lorenzo Magnifico, any more than the grandfather would have done, does not seem very clear, even to Twilight himself, who seems, after all, in a very crepuscular state upon the subject. The mistiness is much aided by the glimmering expression of his half-finished features.

But if Twilight should be pensive at the demise of Lorenzo, is there any

reason why Aurora should weep outright upon the same occasion ? This Aurora, however, weeping and stately, all nobleness and all tears, is a magnificent creation, fashioned with the audacious accuracy which has been granted to few modern sculptors. The figure and face are most beautiful, and rise above all puny criticism ; and as one looks upon that sublime and wailing form, that noble and nameless child of a divine genius, the flippant question dies on the lip, and we seek not to disturb that passionate and beautiful image of woman's grief by idle curiosity or useless speculation.

The monument, upon the opposite side, to Julian, third son of Lorenzo Magnifico, is of very much the same character. Here are also two mourning figures. One is a sleeping and wonderfully beautiful female shape, colossal, in a position less adapted to repose than to the display of the sculptor's power and her own perfections. This is Night. A stupendously sculptured male figure, in a reclining attitude, and exhibiting, I suppose, as much learning in his *torso* as does the famous figure in the Elgin marbles, strikes one as the most triumphant statue of modern times.

The figure of Julian is not agreeable. The neck, long and twisted, suggests an heroic ostrich in a Roman breastplate. The attitude, too, is ungraceful. The hero sits with his knees projecting beyond the perpendicular, so that his legs seem to be doubling under him,—a position deficient in grace and dignity.

It is superfluous to say that the spectator must invent for himself the allegory which he may choose to see embodied in this stony trio. It is not enough to be told the words of the charade,—Julian, Night, Morning. One can never spell out the meaning by putting together the group with the aid of such a key. Night is Night, obviously, because she is asleep. For an equally profound reason, Day is Day, because he is not asleep ; and both, looked at in this vulgar light, are creations as imaginative as Simon Snug, with his lantern, representing moonshine. If

the figures should arise and walk across the chapel, changing places with the couple opposite them, as if in a sepulchral quadrille, would the allegory become more intelligible ? Could not Day or Night move from Julian's monument, and take up the same position at Lorenzo's tomb, or "Ninny's tomb," or any other tomb ? Was Lorenzo any more to Aurora than Julian, that she should weep for him only ?

Therefore one must invent for one's self the fable of those immortal groups. Each spectator must pluck out, unaided, the heart of their mystery. Those matchless colossal forms, which the foolish chroniclers of the time have baptized Night and Morning, speak an unknown language to the crowd. They are mute as Sphinx to souls which cannot supply the music and the poetry which fell from their marble lips upon the ear of him who created them.

X.

PALAZZO RICCARDI.

The ancient residence of Cosmo Vecchio and his successors is a magnificent example of that vast and terrible architecture peculiar to Florence. This has always been a city, not of streets, but of fortresses. Each block is one house, but a house of the size of a citadel ; while the corridors and apartments are like casemates and bastions, so gloomy and savage is their expression. Ancient Florence, the city of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries, the Florence of the nobles, the Florence of the Ghibellines, the Florence in which nearly every house was a castle, with frowning towers hundreds of feet high, machicolated battlements, donjon keeps,oubliettes, and all other appurtenances of a feudal stronghold, exists no longer. With the expulsion of the imperial faction, and the advent of the municipal Guelphs,—that proudest, boldest, most successful, and most unreasonable *bourgeoisie* which ever assumed organized life,—the nobles were curtailed of all their privileges.

Their city castles, too, were shorn of their towers, which were limited to just so many ells, cloth measure, by the haughty shopkeepers who had displaced the grandees. The first third of the thirteenth century—the epoch of the memorable Buondelmonti street fight which lasted thirty years—was the period in which this dreadful architecture was fixed upon Florence. Then was the time in which the chains, fastened in those huge rings which still dangle from the grim house-fronts, were stretched across the street; thus enclosing and fettering a compact mass of combatants in an iron embrace, while from the rare and narrow murder-windows in the walls, and from the beetling roofs, descended the hail of iron and stone and scalding pitch and red-hot coals to refresh the struggling throng below.

After this epoch, and with the expiration of the imperial house of the Hohenstaufen, the nobles here, as in Switzerland, sought to popularize themselves, to become municipal.

*Der Adel steigt von seinen alten Burgen,
Und schwört den Städten seinen Bürger-Eid,*

said the prophetic old Attinghausen, in his dying moments. The change was even more extraordinary in Florence. The expulsion of some of the patrician families was absolute. Others were allowed to participate with the plebeians in the struggle for civic honors, and for the wealth earned in commerce, manufactures, and handicraft. It became a severe and not uncommon punishment to degrade offending individuals or families into the ranks of nobility, and thus deprive them of their civil rights. Hundreds of low-born persons have, in a single day, been declared noble, and thus disfranchised. And the example of Florence was often followed by other cities.

The result was twofold upon the aristocracy. Those who municipalized themselves became more enlightened, more lettered, more refined, and, at the same time, less chivalrous and less martial than their ancestors. The characters

of buccaneer, land-pirate, knight-errant could not be conveniently united with those of banker, exchange broker, dealer in dry goods, and general commission agents.

The consequence was that the fighting business became a specialty, and fell into the hands of private companies. Florence, like Venice, and other Italian republics, jobbed her wars. The work was done by the Hawkwoods, the Sforzas, the Bracciones, and other chiefs of the celebrated free companies, black bands, lance societies, who understood no other profession, but who were as accomplished in the arts of their own guild as were any of the five major and seven minor crafts into which the Florentine burgesses were divided.

This proved a bad thing for the liberties of Florence in the end. The chieftains of these military clubs, usually from the lowest ranks, with no capacity but for bloodshed, and no revenue but rapine, often ended their career by obtaining the seigniory of some petty republic, a small town, or a handful of hamlets, whose liberty they crushed with their own iron, and with the gold obtained, in exchange for their blood, from the city bankers. In the course of time such seigniories often rolled together, and assumed a menacing shape to all who valued municipal liberty. Sforza—whose peasant father threw his axe into a tree, resolving, if it fell, to join, as a common soldier, the roving band which had just invited him; if it adhered to the wood, to remain at home a laboring hind—becomes Duke of Milan, and is encouraged in his usurpation by Cosmo Vecchio, who still gives himself the airs of first-citizen of Florence.

The serpent, the well-known cognizance of the Visconti, had already coiled itself around all those fair and clustering cities which were once the Lombard republics, and had poisoned their vigorous life. The Ezzelinos, Carraras, Gonzagas, Scalas, had crushed the spirit of liberty in the neighborhood of Venice. All this had been accomplished by

means of mercenary adventurers, guided only by the love of plunder; while those two luxurious and stately republics—the one an oligarchy, the other a democracy—looked on from their marble palaces, enjoying the refreshing blood-showers in which their own golden harvests were so rapidly ripening.

Meanwhile a gigantic despotism was maturing, which was eventually to crush the power, glory, wealth, and freedom of Italy.

This *palazzo* of Cosmo the Elder is a good type of Florentine architecture at its ultimate epoch, just as Cosmo himself was the largest expression of the Florentine citizen in the last and over-ripe stage.

The Medici family, unheard of in the thirteenth century, obscure and plebeian in the middle of the fourteenth, and wealthy bankers and leaders of the democratic party at its close, culminated in the early part of the fifteenth in the person of Cosmo. The *Pater Patriæ*,—so called, because, having at last absorbed all the authority, he could afford to affect some of the benignity of a parent, and to treat his fellow-citizens, not as men, but as little children,—the Father of his Country had acquired, by means of his great fortune and large financial connections, an immense control over the destinies of Florence and Italy. But he was still a private citizen in externals. There was, at least, elevation of taste, refinement of sentiment in Cosmo's conception of a great citizen. His habits of life were elegant, but frugal. He built churches, palaces, villas. He employed all the great architects of the age. He adorned these edifices with masterpieces from the pencils and chisels of the wonderful *Quattrocentisti*, whose productions alone would have given Florence an immortal name in Art history. Yet he preserved a perfect simplicity of equipage and apparel. In this regard, faithful to the traditions of the republic, which his family had really changed from a democracy to a plutocracy, he had the good taste to scorn the vulgar pomp

of kings,—“the horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold,”—all the theatrical paraphernalia and plebeian tinsel “which dazzle the crowd and set them all agape”; but his expenditures were those of an intellectual and accomplished oligarch. He was worthy, in many respects, to be the chief of those haughty merchants and manufacturers, who wielded more power, through the length of their purses and the cultivation of their brains, than did all the contemporaneous and illiterate barons of the rest of Christendom, by dint of castle-storming and cattle-stealing.

In an age when other nobles were proud of being unable to write their own names, or to read them when others wrote them, the great princes and citizens of Florence protected and cultivated art, science, and letters. Every citizen received a liberal education. Poets and philosophers sat in the councils of the republic. Philosophy, metaphysics, and the restoration of ancient learning occupied the minds and diminished the revenues of its greater and inferior burghers. In this respect, the Medici, and their abettors of the fifteenth century, discharged a portion of the debt which they had incurred to humanity. They robbed Italy of her freedom, but they gave her back the philosophy of Plato. They reduced the generality of Florentine citizens, who were once omnipotent, to a nullity; but they had at least the sense to cherish Donatello and Ghiberti, Brunelleschi and Gozzoli, Ficino and Politian.

It is singular, too, with what comparatively small means the Medici were enabled to do such great things. Cosmo, unquestionably the greatest and most successful citizen that ever lived,—for he almost rivalled Pericles in position, if not in talent, while he surpassed him in good fortune,—was, during his lifetime, the virtual sovereign of the most enlightened and wealthy and powerful republic that had existed in modern times. He built the church of San Marco, the church of San Lorenzo, the cloister of San Verdi-

ano. On the hill of Fiesole he erected a church and a convent. At Jerusalem he built a church and a hospital for pilgrims. All this was for religion, the republic, and the world. For himself he constructed four splendid villas, at Careggi, Fiesole, Caffaggiolo, and Trebbio, and in the city the magnificent palace in the Via Larga, now called the Riccardi.

In thirty-seven years, from 1434 to 1471, he and his successors expended eight millions of francs (663,755 gold florins) in buildings and charities,—a sum which may be represented by as many, or, as some would reckon, twice as many, dollars at the present day. Nevertheless, the income of Cosmo was never more than 600,000 francs, (50,000 gold florins,) while his fortune was never thought to exceed three millions of francs, or six hundred thousand dollars. Being invested in commerce, his property yielded, and ought to have yielded, an income of twenty *per cent*. Nevertheless, an inventory made in 1469 showed, that, after twenty-nine years, he left to his son Pietro a fortune but just about equal in amount to that which he had himself received from his father.

With six hundred thousand dollars for his whole capital, then, Cosmo was able to play his magnificent part in the world's history; while the Duke of Milan, son of the peasant Sforza, sometimes expended more than that sum in a single year. So much difference was there between the position and requirements of an educated and opulent first-citizen, and a low-born military *parvenu*, whom, however, Cosmo was most earnest to encourage and to strengthen in his designs against the liberties of Lombardy.

This Riccardi palace, as Cosmo observed after his poor son Peter had become bed-ridden with the gout, was a marvellously large mansion for so small a family as one old man and one cripple. It is chiefly interesting, now, for the frescos with which Benozzo Gozzoli has adorned the chapel. The same cause

which has preserved these beautiful paintings so fresh, four centuries long, has unfortunately always prevented their being seen to any advantage. The absence of light, which has kept the colors from fading, is most provoking, when one wishes to admire the works of a great master, whose productions are so rare.

Gozzoli, who lived and worked through the middle of the fifteenth century, is chiefly known by his large and graceful compositions in the Pisan Campo Santo. These masterpieces are fast crumbling into mildewed rubbish. He had as much vigor and audacity as Ghirlandaio, with more grace and freshness of invention. He has, however, nothing of his dramatic power. His genius is rather idyllic and romantic. Although some of the figures in these Medici palace frescos are thought to be family portraits, still they hardly seem very lifelike. The subjects selected are a Nativity, and an Adoration of the Magi. In the neighborhood of the window is a choir of angels singing Hosanna, full of freshness and vernal grace. The long procession of kings riding to pay their homage, "with tedious pomp and rich retinue long," has given the artist an opportunity of exhibiting more power in perspective and foreshortening than one could expect at that epoch. There are mules and horses, caparisoned and bedizened; some led by grinning blackamoors, others ridden by showy kings, effulgent in brocade, glittering spurs, and gleaming cuirasses. Here are horsemen travelling straight towards the spectator,—there, a group, in an exactly opposite direction, is forcing its way into the picture,—while hunters with hound and horn are pursuing the stag on the neighboring hills, and idle spectators stand around, gaping and dazzled; all drawn with a free and accurate pencil, and colored with much brilliancy;—a triumphant and masterly composition, hidden in a dark corner of what has now become a great dusty building, filled with public offices.

XI.

FIESOLE.

Here sits on her hill the weird old Etrurian nurse of Florence, withered, superannuated, feeble, warming her palsied limbs in the sun, and looking vacantly down upon the beautiful child whose cradle she rocked. Fiesole is perhaps the oldest Italian city. The inhabitants of middle and lower Italy were Pelasgians by origin, like the earlier races of Greece. The Etrurians were an aboriginal stock,—that is to say, as far as anything can be definitely stated regarding their original establishment in the peninsula; for they, too, doubtless came, at some remote epoch, from beyond the Altai mountains.

In their arts they seem to have been original,—at least, until at a later period they began to imitate the culture of Greece. They were the only ancient Italian people who had the art-capacity; and they supplied the wants of royal Rome, just as Greece afterwards supplied the republic and the empire with the far more elevated creations of her plastic genius.

The great works undertaken by the Tarquins, if there ever were Tarquins, were in the hands of Etrurian architects and sculptors. The admirable system of subterranean drainage in Rome, by which the swampy hollows among the seven hills were converted into stately streets, and the stupendous *cloaca maxima*, the buried arches of which have sustained for more than two thousand years, without flinching, the weight of superincumbent Rome, were Etrurian performances, commenced six centuries before Christ.

It would appear that this people had rather a tendency to the useful, than to the beautiful. Unable to assimilate the elements of beauty and grace furnished by more genial races, this mystic and vanished nation was rather prone to the stupendously and minutely practical, than devoted to the beautiful for its own sake.

At Fiesole, the vast Cyclopean walls,

still fixed and firm as the everlasting hills, in their parallelopipedal layers, attest the grandeur of the ancient city. Here are walls built, probably, before the foundation of Rome, and yet steadfast as the Apennines. There are also a broken ring or two of an amphitheatre; for the Etrurians preceded and instructed the Romans in gladiatorial shows. It is suggestive to seat one's self upon these solid granite seats, where twenty-five hundred years ago some grave Etrurian citizen, wrapped in his mantle of Tyrrhenian purple, his straight-nosed wife at his side, with serpent bracelet and enamelled brooch, and a hopeful family clustering playfully at their knees, looked placidly on, while slaves were baiting and butchering each other in the arena below.

The Duomo is an edifice of the Romanesque period, and contains some masterpieces by Mino da Fiesole. On a fine day, however, the church is too dismal, and the scene outside too glowing and golden, to permit any compromise between nature and Mino. The view from the Franciscan convent upon the brow of the hill, site of the ancient acropolis, is on the whole the very best which can be obtained of Florence and the Val d' Arno. All the verdurous, gently rolling hills which are heaped about Firenze la bella are visible at once. There, stretched languidly upon those piles of velvet cushions, reposes the luxurious, jewelled, tiara-crowned city, like Cleopatra on her couch. Nothing, save an Oriental or Italian city on the sea-coast, can present a more beautiful picture. The hills are tossed about so softly, the sunshine comes down in its golden shower so voluptuously, the yellow Arno moves along its channel so noiselessly, the chains of villages, villas, convents, and palaces are strung together with such a profuse and careless grace, wreathing themselves from hill to hill, and around every coigne of vantage, the forests of olive and the festoons of vine are so poetical and suggestive, that we wonder not that civilized man has found this an attractive abode for twenty-five centuries.

Florence is stone dead. 'Tis but a polished tortoise-shell, of which the living inhabitant has long since crumbled to dust; but it still gleams in the sun with wondrous radiance.

Just at your feet, as you stand on the convent terrace, is the Villa Mozzi, where, not long ago, were found buried jars of Roman coins of the republican era, hidden there by Catiline, at the epoch of his memorable conspiracy. Upon the same spot was the favorite residence of Lorenzo Magnifico; concerning whose probable ponderings, as he sat upon his terrace, with his legs dangling over Florence, much may be learned from the guide-book of the immortal Murray, so that he who runs may read and philosophize.

Looking at Florence from the hill-top, one is more impressed than ever with the appropriateness of its name. *The City of Flowers* is itself a flower, and, as you gaze upon it from a height, you see how it opens from its calyx. The many bright villages, gay gardens, palaces, and convents which encircle the city, are not to be regarded separately, but as one whole. The germ and heart of Florence, the compressed and half hidden Piazza, with its dome, campanile, and long, slender towers, shooting forth like the stamens and pistils, is closely folded and sombre, while the vast and beautiful corolla spreads its brilliant and fragrant circumference, petal upon petal, for miles and miles around.

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

IT was two hours before dawn on Sunday, the memorable seventh of October, 1571, when the fleet weighed anchor. The wind had become lighter, but it was still contrary, and the galleys were indebted for their progress much more to their oars than to their sails. By sunrise they were abreast of the Curzolares, a cluster of huge rocks, or rocky islets, which, on the north, defends the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. The fleet moved laboriously along, while every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the hostile navy. At length the watch from the foretop of the *Real* called out, "A sail!" and soon after announced that the whole Ottoman fleet was in sight. Several others, climbing up the rigging, confirmed his report; and in a few moments more word was sent to the same effect by Andrew Doria, who commanded on the right. There was no longer any doubt; and Don John, ordering his pendant to be displayed at the mizzen-peak, unfurled the great standard of the League, given by

the pope, and directed a gun to be fired, the signal for battle. The report, as it ran along the rocky shores, fell cheerily on the ears of the confederates, who, raising their eyes towards the consecrated banner, filled the air with their shouts.

The principal captains now came on board the *Real* to receive the last orders of the commander-in-chief. Even at this late hour there were some who ventured to intimate their doubts of the expediency of engaging the enemy in a position where he had a decided advantage. But Don John cut short the discussion. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is the time for combat, not for counsel." He then continued the dispositions he was making for the assault.

He had already given to each commander of a galley written instructions as to the manner in which the line of battle was to be formed, in case of meeting the enemy. The armada was now formed in that order. It extended on a front of three miles. Far on the right

a squadron of sixty-four galleys was commanded by the Genoese, Andrew Doria, a name of terror to the Moslems. The centre, or *battle*, as it was called, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was led by John of Austria, who was supported on the one side by Colonna, the captain-general of the pope, and on the other by the Venetian captain-general, Veniero. Immediately in the rear was the galley of the *Comendador* Requesens, who still remained near the person of his former pupil; though a difference which arose between them on the voyage, fortunately now healed, showed that the young commander-in-chief was wholly independent of his teacher in the art of war. The left wing was commanded by the noble Venetian, Barberigo, whose vessels stretched along the Ætolian shore, which, to prevent his being turned by the enemy, he approached as near as, in his ignorance of the coast, he dared to venture. Finally, the reserve, consisting of thirty-five galleys, was given to the brave Marquis of Santa Cruz, with directions to act on any part where he thought his presence most needed. The smaller craft, some of which had now arrived, seem to have taken little part in the action, which was thus left to the galleys.

Each commander was to occupy so much space with his galley as to allow room for manœuvring it to advantage, and yet not enough to enable the enemy to break the line. He was directed to single out his adversary, to close at once with him, and board as soon as possible. The beaks of the galleys were pronounced to be a hindrance rather than a help in action. They were rarely strong enough to resist a shock from the enemy; and they much interfered with the working and firing of the guns. Don John had the beak of his vessel cut away; and the example was speedily followed throughout the fleet, and, as it is said, with eminently good effect. It may seem strange that this discovery should have been reserved for the crisis of a battle.

When the officers had received their last instructions, they returned to their respective vessels; and Don John, going on board of a light frigate, passed rapidly through that part of the armada lying on his right, while he commanded Requesens to do the same with the vessels on his left. His object was to feel the temper of his men, and rouse their mettle by a few words of encouragement. The Venetians he reminded of their recent injuries. The hour for vengeance, he told them, had arrived. To the Spaniards, and other confederates, he said, "You have come to fight the battle of the Cross,—to conquer or die. But whether you die or conquer, do your duty this day, and you will secure a glorious immortality." His words were received with a burst of enthusiasm which went to the heart of the commander, and assured him that he could rely on his men in the hour of trial. On his return to his vessel, he saw Veniero on his quarter-deck, and they exchanged salutations in as friendly a manner as if no difference had existed between them. At a time like this, both these brave men were willing to forget all personal animosity, in a common feeling of devotion to the great cause in which they were engaged.

The Ottoman fleet came on slowly and with difficulty. For, strange to say, the wind, which had hitherto been adverse to the Christians, after lulling for a time, suddenly shifted to the opposite quarter, and blew in the face of the enemy. As the day advanced, moreover, the sun, which had shone in the eyes of the confederates, gradually shot its rays into those of the Moslems. Both circumstances were of good omen to the Christians, and the first was regarded as nothing short of a direct interposition of Heaven. Thus ploughing its way along, the Turkish armament, as it came nearer into view, showed itself in greater strength than had been anticipated by the allies. It consisted of nearly two hundred and fifty royal galleys, most of them of the largest class, besides a num-

ber of smaller vessels in the rear, which, like those of the allies, appear scarcely to have come into action. The men on board, including those of every description, were computed at not less than a hundred and twenty thousand. The galleys spread out, as usual with the Turks, in the form of a regular half-moon, covering a wider extent of surface than the combined fleets, which they somewhat exceeded in numbers. They presented, indeed, as they drew nearer, a magnificent array, with their gilded and gaudily painted prows, and their myriads of pennons and streamers fluttering gayly in the breeze, while the rays of the morning sun glanced on the polished scymitars of Damascus, and on the superb aigrettes of jewels which sparkled in the turbans of the Ottoman chiefs.

In the centre of the extended line, and directly opposite to the station occupied by the captain-general of the League, was the huge galley of Ali Pasha. The right of the armada was commanded by Mehemet Siroco, viceroy of Egypt, a circumspect as well as courageous leader; the left by Uluch Ali, dey of Algiers, the redoubtable corsair of the Mediterranean. Ali Pasha had experienced a similar difficulty with Don John, as several of his officers had strongly urged the inexpediency of engaging so formidable an armament as that of the allies. But Ali, like his rival, was young and ambitious. He had been sent by his master to fight the enemy; and no remonstrances, not even those of Mehemet Siroco, for whom he had great respect, could turn him from his purpose.

He had, moreover, received intelligence that the allied fleet was much inferior in strength to what it proved. In this error he was fortified by the first appearance of the Christians; for the extremity of their left wing, commanded by Barberigo, stretching behind the Aetolian shore, was hidden from his view. As he drew nearer, and saw the whole extent of the Christian lines, it is said

his countenance fell. If so, he still did not abate one jot of his resolution. He spoke to those around him with the same confidence as before of the result of the battle. He urged his rowers to strain every effort. Ali was a man of more humanity than often belonged to his nation. His galley-slaves were all, or nearly all, Christian captives; and he addressed them in this neat and pithy manner: "If your countrymen win this day, Allah give you the benefit of it! Yet if I win it, you shall have your freedom. If you feel that I do well by you, do then the like by me."

As the Turkish admiral drew nearer, he made a change in his order of battle by separating his wings farther from his centre, thus conforming to the dispositions of the allies. Before he had come within cannon-shot, he fired a gun by way of challenge to his enemy. It was answered by another from the galley of John of Austria. A second gun discharged by Ali was as promptly replied to by the Christian commander. The distance between the two fleets was now rapidly diminishing. At this solemn hour a death-like silence reigned throughout the armament of the confederates. Men seemed to hold their breath, as if absorbed in the expectation of some great catastrophe. The day was magnificent. A light breeze, still adverse to the Turks, played on the waters, somewhat fretted by contrary winds. It was nearly noon; and as the sun, mounting through a cloudless sky, rose to the zenith, he seemed to pause, as if to look down on the beautiful scene, where the multitude of galleys, moving over the water, showed like a holiday spectacle rather than a preparation for mortal combat.

The illusion was soon dispelled by the fierce yells which rose on the air from the Turkish armada. It was the customary war-cry with which the Moslems entered into battle. Very different was the scene on board of the Christian galleys. Don John might be there seen, armed cap-a-pie, standing on the prow

of the *Real*, anxiously awaiting the coming conflict. In this conspicuous position, kneeling down, he raised his eyes to heaven, and humbly prayed that the Almighty would be with his people on that day. His example was speedily followed by the whole fleet. Officers and men, all falling on their knees, and turning their eyes to the consecrated banner which floated from the *Real*, put up a petition like that of their commander. They then received absolution from the priests, of whom there were some in each vessel; and each man, as he rose to his feet, gathered new strength from the assurance that the Lord of Hosts would fight on his side.

When the foremost vessels of the Turks had come within cannon-shot, they opened a fire on the Christians. The firing soon ran along the whole of the Turkish line, and was kept up without interruption as it advanced. Don John gave orders for trumpet and atabal to sound the signal for action; and a simultaneous discharge followed from such of the guns in the combined fleet as could bear on the enemy. Don John had caused the *galeazzas* to be towed some half a mile ahead of the fleet, where they might intercept the advance of the Turks. As the latter came abreast of them, the huge galleys delivered their broadsides right and left, and their heavy ordnance produced a startling effect. Ali Pasha gave orders for his galleys to open on either side, and pass without engaging these monsters of the deep, of which he had had no experience. Even so their heavy guns did considerable damage to the nearest vessels, and created some confusion in the pasha's line of battle. They were, however, but unwieldy craft, and, having accomplished their object, seem to have taken no further part in the combat. The action began on the left wing of the allies, which Mehemet Siroco was desirous of turning. This had been anticipated by Barberigo, the Venetian admiral, who commanded in that quarter. To prevent it, as we have seen, he lay

with his vessels as near the coast as he dared. Siroco, better acquainted with the soundings, saw there was space enough for him to pass, and darting by with all the speed that oars and wind could give him, he succeeded in doubling on his enemy. Thus placed between two fires, the extreme of the Christian left fought at terrible disadvantage. No less than eight galleys went to the bottom. Several more were captured. The brave Barberigo, throwing himself into the heat of the fight, without avail ing himself of his defensive armor, was pierced in the eye by an arrow, and though reluctant to leave the glory of the field to another, was borne to his cabin. The combat still continued with unabated fury on the part of the威尼斯人. They fought like men who felt that the war was theirs, and who were animated not only by the thirst for glory, but for revenge.

Far on the Christian right, a manœuvre similar to that so successfully executed by Siroco was attempted by Uluch Ali, the viceroy of Algiers. Profiting by his superiority of numbers, he endeavored to turn the right wing of the confederates. It was in this quarter that Andrew Doria commanded. He also had foreseen this movement of his enemy, and he succeeded in foiling it. It was a trial of skill between the two most accomplished seamen in the Mediterranean. Doria extended his line so far to the right, indeed, to prevent being surrounded, that Don John was obliged to remind him that he left the centre much too exposed. His dispositions were so far unfortunate for himself that his own line was thus weakened and afforded some vulnerable points to his assailant. These were soon detected by the eagle eye of Uluch Ali; and like the king of birds swooping on his prey, he fell on some galleys separated by a considerable interval from their companions, and, sinking more than one, carried off the great *Capitana* of Malta in triumph as his prize.

While the combat thus opened disas-

trously to the allies both on the right and on the left, in the centre they may be said to have fought with doubtful fortune. Don John had led his division gallantly forward. But the object on which he was intent was an encounter with Ali Pasha, the foe most worthy of his sword. The Turkish commander had the same combat no less at heart. The galleys of both were easily recognized, not only from their position, but from their superior size and richer decoration. The one, moreover, displayed the holy banner of the League; the other, the great Ottoman standard. This, like the ancient standard of the caliphs, was held sacred in its character. It was covered with texts from the Koran, emblazoned in letters of gold, with the name of Allah inscribed upon it no less than twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times. It was the banner of the Sultan, having passed from father to son since the foundation of the imperial dynasty, and was never seen in the field unless the Grand-Seignior or his lieutenant was there in person.

Both the Christian and the Moslem chief urged on their rowers to the top of their speed. Their galleys soon shot ahead of the rest of the line, driven through the boiling surges as by the force of a tornado, and closing with a shock that made every timber crack, and the two vessels quiver to their very keels. So powerful, indeed, was the impetus they received, that the pasha's galley, which was considerably the larger and loftier of the two, was thrown so far upon its opponent that the prow reached the fourth bench of rowers. As soon as the vessels were disengaged from each other, and those on board had recovered from the shock, the work of death began. Don John's chief strength consisted in some three hundred Spanish arquebusiers, culled from the flower of his infantry. Ali, on the other hand, was provided with the like number of janissaries. He was also followed by a smaller vessel, in which two hundred more were sta-

tioned as a *corps de réserve*. He had, moreover, a hundred archers on board. The bow was still much in use with the Turks, as with the other Moslems.

The pasha opened at once on his enemy a terrible fire of cannon and musketry. It was returned with equal spirit, and much more effect; for the Turkish marksmen were observed to shoot over the heads of their adversaries. Their galley was unprovided with the defences which protected the sides of the Spanish vessels; and the troops, huddled together on their lofty prow, presented an easy mark to their enemies' balls. But though numbers of them fell at every discharge, their places were soon supplied by those in reserve. Their incessant fire, moreover, wasted the strength of the Spaniards; and as both Christian and Mussulman fought with indomitable spirit, it seemed doubtful to which side the victory would incline.

The affair was made more complicated by the entrance of other parties into the conflict. Both Ali and Don John were supported by some of the most valiant captains in their fleets. Next to the Spanish commander, as we have seen, were Colonna and the veteran Veniero, who, at the age of seventy-six, performed feats of arms worthy of a paladin of romance. Thus a little squadron of combatants gathered around the principal leaders, who sometimes found themselves assailed by several enemies at the same time. Still the chiefs did not lose sight of one another, but beating off their inferior foes as well as they could, each refusing to loosen his hold, clung with mortal grasp to his antagonist.

Thus the fight raged along the whole extent of the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. If the eye of the spectator could have penetrated the cloud of smoke that enveloped the combatants, and have embraced the whole scene at a glance, he would have beheld them broken up into small detachments, engaged in conflict with one another, wholly independently of the rest, and indeed ignorant of all that was doing in other

quarters. The volumes of vapor, rolling heavily over the waters, effectually shut out from sight whatever was passing at any considerable distance, unless when a fresher breeze dispelled the smoke for a moment, or the flashes of the heavy guns threw a transient gleam over the dark canopy of battle. The contest exhibited few of those enlarged combinations and skilful manœuvres to be expected in a great naval encounter. It was rather an assemblage of petty actions, resembling those on land. The galleys, grappling together, presented a level arena, on which soldier and galley-slave fought hand to hand, and the fate of the engagement was generally decided by boarding. As in most hand-to-hand contests, there was an enormous waste of life. The decks were loaded with corpses, Christian and Moslem lying promiscuously together in the embrace of death. Instances are given where every man on board was slain or wounded. It was a ghastly spectacle, where blood flowed in rivulets down the sides of the vessels, staining the waters of the Gulf for miles around.

It seemed as if some hurricane had swept over the sea, and covered it with the wreck of the noble armaments which a moment before were so proudly riding on its bosom. Little had they now to remind one of their late magnificent array, with their hulls battered and defaced, their masts and spars gone or fearfully splintered by the shot, their canvas cut into shreds and floating wildly on the breeze, while thousands of wounded and drowning men were clinging to the floating fragments, and calling piteously for help. Such was the wild uproar which had succeeded to the Sabbath-like stillness that two hours before had reigned over these beautiful solitudes!

The left wing of the confederates, commanded by Barberigo, had been sorely pressed by the Turks, as we have seen, at the beginning of the fight. Barberigo himself had been mortally wounded. His line had been turned. Several of his galleys had been sunk.

But the Venetians gathered courage from despair. By incredible efforts they succeeded in beating off their enemies. They became the assailants in their turn. Sword in hand, they carried one vessel after another. The Capuchin, with uplifted crucifix, was seen to head the attack, and to lead the boarders to the assault. The Christian galley-slaves, in some instances, broke their fetters and joined their countrymen against their masters. Fortunately, the vessel of Mehemet Siroco, the Moslem admiral, was sunk; and though extricated from the water himself, it was only to perish by the sword of his conqueror, Juan Contarini. The Venetian could find no mercy for the Turk.

The fall of their commander gave the final blow to his followers. Without further attempt to prolong the fight, they fled before the avenging swords of the Venetians. Those nearest the land endeavored to escape by running their vessels ashore, where they abandoned them as prizes to the Christians. Yet many of the fugitives, before gaining the shore, perished miserably in the waves. Barberigo, the Venetian admiral, who was still lingering in agony, heard the tidings of the enemy's defeat, and exclaiming, "I die contented," he breathed his last.

Meanwhile the combat had been going forward in the centre between the two commanders-in-chief, Don John and Ali Pasha, whose galleys blazed with an incessant fire of artillery and musketry that enveloped them like "a martyr's robe of flames." Both parties fought with equal spirit, though not with equal fortune. Twice the Spaniards had boarded their enemy, and both times they had been repulsed with loss. Still their superiority in the use of their fire-arms would have given them a decided advantage over their opponents, if the loss thus inflicted had not been speedily repaired by fresh reinforcements. More than once the contest between the two chieftains was interrupted by the arrival of others to take part in the fray. They

soon, however, returned to one another, as if unwilling to waste their strength on a meaner enemy. Through the whole engagement both commanders exposed themselves to danger as freely as any common soldier. Even Philip must have admitted that in such a contest it would have been difficult for his brother to find with honor a place of safety. Don John received a wound in the foot. It was a slight one, however, and he would not allow it to be attended to till the action was over.

At length the men were mustered, and a third time the trumpets sounded to the assault. It was more successful than those preceding. The Spaniards threw themselves boldly into the Turkish galley. They were met by the janissaries with the same spirit as before. Ali Pasha led them on. Unfortunately, at this moment he was struck by a musket-ball in the head, and stretched senseless on the gangway. His men fought worthily of their ancient renown. But they missed the accustomed voice of their commander. After a short, but ineffectual struggle against the fiery impetuosity of the Spaniards, they were overpowered and threw down their arms. The decks were loaded with the bodies of the dead and the dying. Beneath these was discovered the Turkish commander-in-chief, sorely wounded, but perhaps not mortally. He was drawn forth by some Castilian soldiers, who, recognizing his person, would at once have despatched him. But the wounded chief, having rallied from the first effects of his blow, had presence of mind enough to divert them from their purpose by pointing out the place below where he had deposited his money and jewels, and they hastened to profit by the disclosure before the treasure should fall into the hands of their comrades.

Ali was not so successful with another soldier, who came up soon after, brandishing his sword, and preparing to plunge it into the body of the prostrate commander. It was in vain that the latter endeavored to turn the ruffian from his

purpose. He was a convict,—one of those galley-slaves whom Don John had caused to be unchained from the oar, and furnished with arms. He could not believe that any treasure would be worth so much to him as the head of the pasha. Without further hesitation he dealt him a blow which severed it from his shoulders. Then returning to his galley, he laid the bloody trophy before Don John. But he had miscalculated on his recompense. His commander gazed on it with a look of pity mingled with horror. He may have thought of the generous conduct of Ali to his Christian captives, and have felt that he deserved a better fate. He coldly inquired "of what use such a present could be to him," and then ordered it to be thrown into the sea. Far from being obeyed, it is said the head was stuck on a pike and raised aloft on board the captive galley. At the same time the banner of the Crescent was pulled down, while that of the Cross run up in its place proclaimed the downfall of the pasha.

The sight of the sacred ensign was welcomed by the Christians with a shout of "Victory!" which rose high above the din of battle. The tidings of the death of Ali soon passed from mouth to mouth, giving fresh heart to the confederates, but falling like a knell on the ears of the Moslems. Their confidence was gone. Their fire slackened. Their efforts grew weaker and weaker. They were too far from shore to seek an asylum there, like their comrades on the right. They had no resource but to prolong the combat or to surrender. Most preferred the latter. Many vessels were carried by boarding, others sunk by the victorious Christians. Before four hours had elapsed, the centre, like the right wing of the Moslems, might be said to be annihilated.

Still the fight was lingering on the right of the confederates, where, it will be remembered, Uluch Ali, the Algerine chief, had profited by Doria's error in extending his line so far as greatly to weaken it. His adversary, attacking it on its

most vulnerable quarter, had succeeded, as we have seen, in capturing and destroying several vessels, and would have inflicted still heavier losses on his enemy, had it not been for the seasonable succor received from the Marquis of Santa Cruz. This brave officer, who commanded the reserve, had already been of much service to Don John, when the *Real* was assailed by several Turkish galleys at once, during his combat with Ali Pasha; the Marquis having arrived at this juncture, and beating off the assailants, one of whom he afterwards captured, the commander-in-chief was enabled to resume his engagement with the pasha.

No sooner did Santa Cruz learn the critical situation of Doria, than, supported by Cardona, general of the Sicilian squadron, he pushed forward to his relief. Dashing into the midst of the *mélée*, they fell like a thunderbolt on the Algerine galleys. Few attempted to withstand the shock. But in their haste to avoid it, they were encountered by Doria and his Genoese. Thus beset on all sides, Uluch Ali was compelled to abandon his prizes and provide for his own safety by flight. He cut adrift the Maltese *Capitana*, which he had lashed to his stern, and on which three hundred corpses attested the desperate character of her defence. As tidings reached him of the discomfiture of the centre and the death of his commander, he felt that nothing remained but to make the best of his way from the fatal scene of action, and save as many of his own ships as he could. And there were no ships in the Turkish fleet superior to his, or manned by men under more perfect discipline; for they were the famous corsairs of the Mediterranean, who had been rocked from infancy on its waters.

Throwing out his signals for retreat, the Algerine was soon to be seen, at the head of his squadron, standing towards the north, under as much canvas as remained to him after the battle, and urged forward through the deep by the

whole strength of his oarsmen. Doria and Santa Cruz followed quickly in his wake. But he was borne on the wings of the wind, and soon distanced his pursuers. Don John, having disposed of his own assailants, was coming to the support of Doria, and now joined in the pursuit of the viceroy. A rocky headland, stretching far into the sea, lay in the path of the fugitive, and his enemies hoped to intercept him there. Some few of his vessels stranded on the rocks. But the rest, near forty in number, standing more boldly out to sea, safely doubled the promontory. Then quickening their flight, they gradually faded from the horizon, their white sails, the last thing visible, showing in the distance like a flock of Arctic sea-fowl on their way to their native homes. The confederates explained the inferior sailing of their own galleys by the circumstance of their rowers, who had been allowed to bear arms in the fight, being crippled by their wounds.

The battle had lasted more than four hours. The sky, which had been almost without a cloud through the day, began now to be overcast, and showed signs of a coming storm. Before seeking a place of shelter for himself and his prizes, Don John reconnoitred the scene of action. He met with several vessels in too damaged a state for further service. These mostly belonging to the enemy, after saving what was of any value on board, he ordered to be burnt. He selected the neighboring port of Petala, as affording the most secure and accessible harbor for the night. Before he had arrived there, the tempest began to mutter and darkness was on the water. Yet the darkness rendered the more visible the blazing wrecks, which, sending up streams of fire mingled with showers of sparks, looked like volcanoes on the deep.

Long and loud were the congratulations now paid to the young commander-in-chief by his brave companions in arms, on the success of the day. The hours passed blithely with officers and men, while they recounted one to another their

manifold achievements. But feelings of gloom mingled with their gayety, as they gathered tidings of the loss of friends who had bought this victory with their blood.

It was, indeed, a sanguinary battle, surpassing in this particular any sea-fight of modern times. The loss fell much the most heavily on the enemy. There is the usual discrepancy about numbers; but it may be safe to estimate the Turkish loss at about twenty-four thousand slain, and five thousand prisoners. But what gave most joy to the hearts of the conquerors was the liberation of twelve thousand Christian captives, who had been chained to the oar on board the Moslem galleys, and who now came forth with tears streaming down their haggard cheeks, to bless their deliverers.

The loss of the allies was comparatively small,—less than eight thousand. That it was so much less than that of their enemies may be referred in part to their superiority in the use of firearms; in part, also, to their exclusive use of these, instead of employing bows and arrows, weapons much less effective, but on which the Turks, like the other Moslem nations, seem to have greatly relied. Lastly, the Turks were the vanquished party, and in their heavier loss suffered the almost invariable lot of the vanquished.

As to their armada, it may almost be said to have been annihilated. Not more than forty galleys escaped, out of near two hundred and fifty which had entered into the action. One hundred and thirty were taken and divided among the conquerors. The remainder, sunk or burned, were swallowed up by the waves. To counterbalance all this, the confederates are said to have lost not more than fifteen galleys, though a much larger number doubtless were rendered unfit for service. This disparity affords good evidence of the inferiority of the Turks in the construction of their vessels, as well as in the nautical skill required to manage them. A large amount of booty, in the form of gold,

jewels, and brocade, was found on board several of the prizes. The galley of the commander-in-chief alone is stated to have contained one hundred and seventy thousand gold sequins,—a large sum, but not large enough, it seems, to buy off his life.

The losses of the combatants cannot be fairly presented without taking into the account the quality as well as the number of the slain. The number of persons of consideration, both Christians and Moslems, who embarked in the expedition, was very great. The roll of slaughter showed that in the race of glory they gave little heed to their personal safety. The officer second in command among the Venetians, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish armament, and the commander of its right wing, all fell in the battle. Many a high-born cavalier closed at Lepanto a long career of honorable service. More than one, on the other hand, dated the commencement of their career from this day. Such was the case with Alexander Farnese, the young prince of Parma. Though somewhat older than his uncle, John of Austria, difference of birth had placed a wide distance in their conditions; the one filling the post of commander-in-chief, the other only that of a private adventurer. Yet even so he succeeded in winning great renown by his achievements. The galley in which he sailed was lying, yard-arm to yard-arm, alongside of a Turkish galley, with which it was hotly engaged. In the midst of the action, the young Farnese sprang on board of the enemy, and with his stout broadsword hewed down all who opposed him, opening a path into which his comrades poured one after another; and after a short, but murderous contest, he succeeded in carrying the vessel. As Farnese's galley lay just astern of Don John's, the latter could witness the achievement of his nephew, which filled him with an admiration he did not affect to conceal. The intrepidity he displayed on this occasion gave augury of his character in later life,

when he succeeded his uncle in command, and surpassed him in military renown.

Another youth was in that sea-fight, who, then humble and unknown, was destined one day to win laurels of a purer and more enviable kind than those which grow on the battle-field. This was Cervantes, who, at the age of twenty-four, was serving on board the fleet as a common soldier. He was confined to his bed by a fever; but, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his captain, insisted, on the morning of the action, not only on bearing arms, but on being stationed at the post of danger. And well did he perform his duty there, as was shown by two wounds on the breast, and another in the hand, by which he lost the use of it. Fortunately, it was the left hand. The right yet remained, to record those immortal productions which were to be familiar as household words, not only in his own land, but in every quarter of the civilized world.

A fierce storm of thunder and lightning raged for four-and-twenty hours after the battle, during which the fleet rode safely at anchor in the harbor of Petala. It remained there three days longer. Don John profited by the time to visit the different galleys and ascertain their condition. He informed himself of the conduct of the troops, and was liberal of his praises to those who deserved them. With the sick and the wounded he showed the greatest sympathy, endeavoring to alleviate their sufferings, and furnishing them with whatever his galley contained that could minister to their comfort. With so generous and sympathetic a nature, it is not wonderful that he should have established himself in the hearts of his soldiers.

But the proofs of this kindly temper were not confined to his own followers. Among the prisoners were two sons of Ali, the Turkish commander-in-chief. One was seventeen, the other only thirteen years of age. Thus early had their father desired to initiate them in a pro-

fession which, beyond all others, opened the way to eminence in Turkey. They were not on board of his galley, and when they were informed of his death, they were inconsolable. To this sorrow was now to be added the doom of slavery.

As they were led into the presence of Don John, the youths prostrated themselves on the deck of his vessel. But raising them up, he affectionately embraced them. He said all he could to console them under their troubles. He caused them to be treated with the consideration due to their rank. His secretary, Juan de Soto, surrendered his quarters to them. They were provided with the richest apparel that could be found among the spoil. Their table was served with the same delicacies as that of the commander-in-chief; and his gentlemen of the chamber showed the same deference to them as to himself. His kindness did not stop with these acts of chivalrous courtesy. He received a letter from their sister Fatima, containing a touching appeal to Don John's humanity, and soliciting the release of her orphan brothers. He had sent a courier to give their friends in Constantinople the assurance of their personal safety; "which," adds the lady, "is held by all this court as an act of great courtesy,—*gran gentilezza*; and there is no one here who does not admire the goodness and magnanimity of your Highness." She enforced her petition with a rich present, for which she gracefully apologized, as intended to express her own feelings, though far below his deserts.

The young princes, in the division of the spoil, were assigned to the pope. But Don John succeeded in obtaining their liberation. Unfortunately, the elder died—of a broken heart, it is said—at Naples. The younger was sent home, with three of his attendants, for whom he had an especial regard. Don John declined the present, which he gave to Fatima's brother. In a letter to the Turkish princess, he remarked, that "he had done this, not because he under-

valued her beautiful gift, but because it had ever been the habit of his royal ancestors freely to grant favors to those who stood in need of their protection, but not to receive aught by way of recompense."

THE WIND AND STREAM.

A BROOK came stealing from the ground;

You scarcely saw its silvery gleam

Among the herbs that hung around

The borders of that winding stream,—

A pretty stream, a placid stream,

A softly gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,

Light as the whispers of a dream;

He put the o'erhanging grasses by,

And gayly stooped to kiss the stream,—

The pretty stream, the flattered stream,

The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,

Shot upward many a glancing beam,

Dimpled and quivered more and more,

And tripped along a livelier stream,—

The flattered stream, the simpering stream,

The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew

To where the fields with blossoms teem,

To sparkling springs and rivers blue,

And left alone that little stream,—

The flattered stream, the cheated stream,

The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind no more came back;

He wanders yet the fields, I deem;

But on its melancholy track

Complaining went that little stream,—

The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,

The ever murmuring, moaning stream.

TURKEY TRACKS.

DON'T open your eyes, Polder! You think I am going to tell you about some of my Minnesota experiences; how I used to scamper over the prairies on my Indian pony, and lie in wait for wild turkeys on the edge of an oak opening. That is pretty sport, too, to creep under an oak with low-hanging boughs, and in the silence of a glowing autumn-day linger by the hour together in a trance of warm stillness, watching the light tracery of shadow and sun on that smooth sward, only now and then roused by the fleet rush of a deer through the wood, or the brisk chatter of a plume-tailed squirrel, till one hears a distant, sharp, clucking chuckle, and in an instant more pulls the trigger, and upsets a grand old cock, every bronzed feather glittering in the sunshine, and now splashed with scarlet blood, the delicate under-wing ground into down as he rolls and flutters; for the first shot rarely kills at once with an amateur; there's too much excitement. Splendid sport, that! but I'm not going into it second-hand. I promised to tell you a story, now the skipper's fast, and the night is too warm to think of sleep down in that wretched bunk;—what another torture Dante might have lavished on his Inferno, if he'd ever slept in a fishing-smack! No. The moonlight makes me sentimental! Did I ever tell you about a month I spent up in Centreville, the year I came home from Germany? That was turkey-hunting with a vengeance!

You see, my pretty cousin Peggy married Peter Smith, who owns paper-mills in Centreville, and has exiled herself into deep country for life; a circumstance I disapprove, because I like Peggy, and manufacturers always bore me, though Peter is a clever fellow enough; but madam was an old flame of mine, and I have a lingering tenderness for her yet. I wish she was nearer town. Just that year Peggy had been very ill indeed,

and Kate, her sister, had gone up to nurse her. When I came home Peggy was getting better, and sent for me to come up and make a visitation there in June. I hadn't seen Kate for seven years,—not since she was thirteen; our education intervened. She had gone through that grading process and come out. By Jupiter! when she met me at the door of Smith's pretty, English-looking cottage, I took my hat off, she was so like that little Brazilian princess we used to see in the *cortége* of the court at Paris. What was her name? Never mind that! Kate had just such large, expressive eyes, just such masses of shiny black hair, just such a little nose,—turned up undeniably, but all the more piquant. And her teeth! good gracious! she smiled like a flash of lightning,—dark and sallow as she was. But she was cross, or stiff, or something, to me for a long time. Peggy only appeared after dinner, looking pale and lovely enough in her loose wrapper to make Peter act excessively like — a young married man, and to make me wish myself at an invisible distance, doing something beside picking up Kate's things, that she always dropped on the floor whenever she sewed. Peggy saw I was bored, so she requested me one day to walk down to the poultry-yard and ask about her chickens; she pretended a great deal of anxiety, and Peter had sprained his ankle.

"Kate will go with you," said she.

"No, she won't!" ejaculated that young woman.

"Thank you," said I, making a minuet bow, and off I went to the farm-house. Such a pretty walk it was, too! through a thicket of birches, down a little hill-side into a hollow full of hoary chestnut-trees, across a bubbling, dancing brook, and you came out upon the tiniest orchard in the world, a one-storied house with a red porch, and a great sweet-brier bush thereby; while up the hill-side behind stretched

a high picket fence, enclosing huge trees, part of the same brook I had crossed here dammed into a pond, and a chicken-house of pretentious height and aspect,—one of those model institutions that are the ruin of gentlemen-farmers and the delight of women. I had to go into the farm-kitchen for the poultry-yard key. The door stood open, and I stepped in cautiously, lest I should come unaware upon some domestic scene not intended to be visible to the naked eye. And a scene I did come upon, fit for Retzsch to outline ;—the cleanest kitchen, a dresser of white wood under one window, and the farmer's daughter, Melinda Tucker, moulding bread thereat in a ponderous tray; her deep red hair,—yes, it was red and comely! of the deepest bay, full of gilded reflections, and accompanied by the fair, rose-flushed skin, blue eyes, and scarlet lips that belong to such hair,—which, as I began to say, was puckered into a thousand curves trying to curl, and knotted strictly against a pretty head, while her calico frock-sleeves were pinned back to the shoulders, baring such a dimpled pair of arms,—how they did fly up and down in the tray! I stood still contemplating the picture, and presently seeing her begin to strip the dough from her pink fingers and mould it into a mass, I ventured to knock. If you had seen her start and blush, Polder! But when she saw me, she grew as cool as you please, and called her mother. Down came Mrs. Tucker, a talking Yankee. You don't know what that is. Listen, then.

"Well, good day, sir! I'pect it's Mister Greene, Miss Smith's cousin. Well, you be! Don't favor her much though; she's kinder dark complected. She ha'n't got round yet, hes she? Dew tell! She's dre'ful delicate. I do'no' as ever I see a woman so sickly's she looks ter be sence that 'ere fever. She's real spry when she's so's to be crawlin',—I'pect too spry to be 'hulsome. Well, he tells me you've ben 'crost the water. 'Ta'n't jest like this over there, I guess. Pretty sightly places they be though, a'n't they? I've seen picturs in Melindy's biography,

looks as ef 'twa'n't so woodsy over there as 'tis in these parts, 'specially out West. He's got folks out to Indianny, an' we set out fur to go a-cousinin', five year back, an' we got out there inter the dre'-fullest woodsy region ever ye see, where 'twa'n't trees, it was 'sketers; husband he couldn't see none out of his eyes for a hull day, and I thought I should caterpillar every time I heerd one of 'em toot; they sartainly was the beater-ee!"

"The key, if you please!" I meekly interposed. Mrs. Tucker was fast stunning me!

"Law yis! Melindy, you go git that 'ere key; it's a-hangin' up 'side o' the lookin'glass in the back shed, under that bunch o' onions father strung up yesterday. Got the bread sot to rise, hev ye? well, git yer bunnet an' go out to the coop with Mr. Greene, 'n' show him the turkeys an' the chickens, 'n' tell what dre'ful luck we hev hed. I never did see sech luck! the crows they keep a-comin' an' snippin' up the little creturs jest as soon's they're hatched; an' the old turkey hen 't sot under the grape-vine she got two hen's eggs under her, 'n' they come out fust, so she quit —"

Here I bolted out of the door, (a storm at sea did not deafen one like that!) Melindy following, in silence such as our blessed New England poet has immortalized,—silence that

"—— Like a poultice comes,
To heal the blows of sound."

Indeed, I did not discover that Melindy could talk that day; she was very silent, very incommunicative. I inspected the fowls, and tried to look wise, but I perceived a strangled laugh twisting Melindy's face when I innocently inquired if she found catnip of much benefit to the little chickens; a natural question enough, for the yard was full of it, and I had seen Hannah give it to the baby. (Hannah is my sister.) I could only see two little turkeys,—both on the floor of the second-story parlor in the chicken-house, both flat on their backs and gasping. Melindy did not know

what ailed them; so I picked them up, slung them in my pocket-handkerchief, and took them home for Peggy to manipulate. I heard Melindy chuckle as I walked off, swinging them; and to be sure, when I brought the creatures in to Peggy, one of them kicked and lay still, and the other gasped worse than ever.

"What can we do?" asked Peggy, in the most plaintive voice, as the feeble "week! week!" of the little turkey was gasped out, more feebly every time.

"Give it some whiskey-punch!" growled Peter, whose strict temperance principles were shocked by the remedies prescribed for Peggy's ague.

"So I would," said Kate, demurely.

Now if Peggy had one trait more striking than another, it was her perfect, simple faith in what people said; irony was a mystery to her; lying, a myth,—something on a par with murder. She thought Kate meant so; and reaching out for the pretty wicker-flask that contained her daily ration of old Scotch whiskey, she dropped a little drop into a spoon, diluted it with water, and was going to give it to the turkey in all seriousness, when Kate exclaimed,—

"Peggy! when will you learn common sense? Who ever heard of giving whiskey to a turkey?"

"Why, you told me to, Kate!"

"Oh, give it to the thing!" growled Peter; "it will die, of course."

"I shall give it!" said Peggy, resolutely; "it does *me* good, and I will try."

So I held the little creature up, while Peggy carefully tipped the dose down its throat. How it choked, kicked, and began again with "week! week!" when it meant "strong!" but it revived. Peggy held it in the sun till it grew warm, gave it a drop more, fed it with bread-crumbs from her own plate, and laid it on the south window-sill. There it lay when we went to tea; when we came back, it lay on the floor, dead; either it was tipsy, or it had tried its new strength too soon, and, rolling off, had broken its neck! Poor Peggy!

There were six more hatched the next day, though, and I held many consultations with Melindy about their welfare. Truth to tell, Kate continued so cool to me, Peter's sprained ankle lasted so long, and Peggy could so well spare me from the little matrimonial *tête-à-têtes* that I interrupted, (I believe they didn't mind Kate!) that I took wonderfully to the chickens. Mrs. Tucker gave me rye-bread and milk of the best; "father" instructed me in the mysteries of cattle-driving; and Melindy, and Joe, and I, used to go strawberrying, or after "posies," almost every day. Melindy was a very pretty girl, and it was very good fun to see her blue eyes open and her red lips laugh over my European experiences. Really, I began to be of some importance at the farm-house, and to take airs upon myself, I suppose; but I was not conscious of the fact at the time.

After a week or two, Melindy and I began to have bad luck with the turkeys. I found two drenched and shivering, after a hail-and-thunder storm, and setting them in a basket on the cooking-stove hearth, went to help Melindy "dress her bow-pot," as she called arranging a vase of flowers, and when I came back the little turkeys were singed; they died a few hours after. Two more were trodden on by a great Shanghai rooster, who was so tall he could not see where he set his feet down; and of the remaining pair, one disappeared mysteriously,—supposed to be rats; and one falling into the duck-pond, Melindy began to dry it in her apron, and I went to help her; I thought, as I was rubbing the thing down with the apron, while she held it, that I had found one of her soft dimpled hands, and I gave the luckless turkey such a tender pressure that it uttered a miserable squeak and departed this life. Melindy all but cried. I laughed irresistibly. So there were no more turkeys. Peggy began to wonder what they should do for the proper Thanksgiving dinner, and Peter turned restlessly on his sofa, quite convinced

that everything was going to rack and ruin because he had a sprained ankle.

"Can't we buy some young turkeys?" timidly suggested Peggy.

"Of course, if one knew who had them to sell," retorted Peter.

"I know," said I; "Mrs. Amzi Peters, up on the hill over Taunton, has got some."

"Who told you about Mrs. Peters's turkeys, Cousin Sam?" said Peggy, wondering.

"Melindy," said I, quite innocently.

Peter whistled, Peggy laughed, Kate darted a keen glance at me under her long lashes.

"I know the way there," said made-moiselle, in a suspiciously bland tone. "Can't you drive there with me, Cousin Sam, and get some more?"

"I shall be charmed," said I.

Peter rang the bell and ordered the horse to be ready in the single-seated wagon, after dinner. I was going right down to the farm-house to console Melindy, and take her a book she wanted to read, for no fine lady of all my New York acquaintance enjoyed a good book more than she did; but Cousin Kate asked me to wind some yarn for her, and was so brilliant, so amiable, so altogether charming, I quite forgot Melindy till dinner-time, and then, when that was over, there was a basket to be found, and we were off,—turkey-hunting! Down hill-sides overhung with tasselled chestnut-boughs; through pine-woods where neither horse nor wagon intruded any noise of hoof or wheel upon the odorous silence, as we rolled over the sand, past green meadows, and sloping orchards; over little bright brooks that chattered musically to the bobolinks on the fence-posts, and were echoed by those sacerdotal gentlemen in such liquid, bubbling, rollicking, uproarious bursts of singing as made one think of Anacreon's grasshopper

"Drunk with morning's dewy wine."

All these we passed, and at length drew up before Mrs. Peters's house. I had

been here before, on a strawberrying stroll with Melindy,—(across lots it was not far,)—and having been asked in then, and entertained the lady with a recital of some foreign exploit, garnished for the occasion, of course she recognized me with clamorous hospitality.

"Why how do yew do, Mister Greene? I declare I ha'n't done a-thinkin' of that 'ere story you told us the day you was here, 'long o' Melindy." (Kate gave an ominous little cough.) "I was a-tellin' husband yesterday 't I never see sech a master hand for stories as you be. Well, yis, we hev got turkeys, young 'uns; but my stars! I don't know no more where they be than nothin'; they've strayed away into the woods, I guess, and I do'n' as the boys can skeer 'em up; besides, the boys is to school; h'm—yis! Where did you and Melindy go that day arter berries?"

"Up in the pine-lot, ma'am. You think you can't let us have the turkeys?"

"Dew tell ef you went up there! It's near about the sightliest place I ever see. Well, no,—I don't see how's to ketch them turkeys. Miss Bemont, she 't lives over on Woodchuck Hill, she's got a lot o' little turkeys in a coop; I guess you'd better go 'long over there, an' ef you can't get none o' her'n, by that time our boys'll be to hum, an' I'll set 'em arter our'n; they'll buckle right to; it's good sport huntin' little turkeys; an' I guess you'll hev to stop, comin' home, so's to let me know ef you'll hev 'em."

Off we drove. I stood in mortal fear of Mrs. Peters's tongue,—and Kate's comments; but she did not make any; she was even more charming than before. Presently we came to the pine-lot, where Melindy and I had been, and I drew the reins. I wanted to see Kate's enjoyment of a scene that Kensett or Church should have made immortal long ago:—a wide stretch of hill and valley, quivering with cornfields, rolled away in pasture lands, thick with sturdy woods, or dotted over with old apple-trees, whose dense leaves caught the slant sunshine, glowing on their tops, and deepening to a dark, vel-

vety green below ; and far, far away, on the broad blue sky, the lurid splendors of a thunder-cloud, capped with pearly summits, tower upon tower, sharply defined against the pure ether, while in its purple base forked lightnings sped to and fro, and revealed depths of waiting tempest that could not yet descend. Kate looked on, and over the superb picture.

"How magnificent!" was all she said, in a deep, low tone, her dark cheek flushing with the words. Melindy and I had looked off there together. "It's real good land to farm," had been the sweet little rustic's comment. How charming are nature and simplicity!

Presently we came to Mrs. Bemont's, a brown house in a cluster of maples ; the door-yard full of chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. Kate took the reins, and I knocked. Mrs. Bemont herself appeared, wiping her red, puckered hands on a long brown towel.

"Can you let me have some of your young turkeys, ma'am?" said I, insinuatingly.

"Well, I do'no';—want to eat 'em or raise 'em?"

"Both, I believe," was my meek answer.

"I do'no' 'bout lettin' on 'em go; 'ta'n't no gret good to sell 'em after all the resks is over; they git their own livin' pretty much now, an' they'll be wuth twice as much by'm'by."

"I suppose so; but Mrs. Smith's turkeys have all died, and she likes to raise them."

"Dew tell, ef you han't come from Miss Peter Smith's! Well, she'd oughter do gret things with that 'ere meetin'-us' o' her'n for the chickens; it's kinder genteel-lookin', and I spose they've got means; they've got ability. Gentry without ability I do despise; but where 'ta'n't so, 'ta'n't no matter; but I expect it don't ensure the faowls none, doos it?"

"I rather think not," said I, laughing; "that is the reason we want some of yours."

"Well, I should think you could hev

some on 'em. What be you calc'latin' to give?"

"Whatever you say. I do not know at all the market price."

"Good land! 'ta'n't never no use to try to dicker with city folks; they a'n't use to t'. I expect you can hev 'em for two York shillin' apiece."

"But how will you catch them?"

"Oh, I'll ketch 'em, easy!"

She went into the house and reappeared presently with a pan of Indian meal and water, called the chickens, and in a moment they were all crowding in and over the unexpected supper.

"Now you jes' take a bit o' string an' tie that 'ere turkey's legs together; 'twon't stir, I'll ensure it!"

Strange to say, the innocent creature stood still and eat, while I tied it up; all unconscious till it tumbled neck and heels into the pan, producing a start and scatter of brief duration. Kate had left the wagon, and was shaking with laughter over this extraordinary goodness on the turkeys' part, and before long our basket was full of struggling, kicking, squeaking things, "werry promiscuous," in Mr. Weller's phrase. Mrs. Bemont was paid, and while she was giving me the change,—

"Oh!" said she, "you're goin' right to Miss Tucker's, a'n't ye?—got to drop the turkeys;—won't you tell Miss Tucker 't George is comin' home tomorrow, an' he's ben to Californy. She know'd us allers, and Melindy 'n' George used ter be dre'ful thick 'fore he went off, a good spell back, when they was nigh about childern; so I guess you'd better tell 'em."

"Confound these turkeys!" muttered I, as I jumped over the basket.

"Why?" said Kate, "I suspect they are confounded enough already!"

"They make such a noise, Kate!"

So they did; "week! week! week!" all the way, like a colony from some spring-waked pool.

"Their song might be compared
To the croaking of frogs in a pond!"

The drive was lovelier than before.

The road crept and curled down the hill, now covered from side to side with the interlacing boughs of grand old chestnuts; now barriered on the edge of a ravine with broken fragments and boulders of granite, garlanded by heavy vines; now skirting orchards full of promise; and all the way accompanied by a tiny brook, veiled deeply in alder and hazel thickets, and making in its shadowy channel perpetual muffled music, like a child singing in the twilight to reassure its half-fearful heart. Kate's face was softened and full of rich expression; her pink ribbons threw a delicate tinge of bloom upon the rounded cheek and pensive eyelid; the air was pure balm, and a cool breath from the receding showers of the distant thunder-storm just freshened the odors of wood and field. I began to feel suspiciously that sentimental, but through it all came persevering "week! week! week!" from the basket at my feet. Did I make a fine remark on the beauties of nature, "Week!" echoed the turkeys. Did Kate praise some tint or shape by the way, "Week! week!" was the feeble response. Did we get deep in poetry, romance, or metaphysics, through the most brilliant quotation, the sublimest climax, the most acute distinction, came in "Week! week! week!" I began to feel as if the old story of transmigration were true, and the souls of half a dozen quaint and ancient satirists had got into the turkeys. I could not endure it! Was I to be squeaked out of all my wisdom, and knowledge, and device, after this fashion? Never! I began, too, to discover a dawning smile upon Kate's face; she turned her head away, and I placed the turkey-basket on my knees, hoping a change of position might quiet its contents. Never was man more at fault! they were no way stilled by my magnetism; on the contrary, they threw their sarcastic utterances into my teeth, as it were, and shamed me to my very face. I forgot entirely to go round by Mrs. Peters's. I took a cross-road directly homeward; a pause—a lull—took place among the turkeys.

"How sweet and mystical this hour is!" said I to Kate, in a high-flown manner; "it is indeed

'An hour when lips delay to speak,
Oppressed with silence deep and pure;
When passion pauses—'"

"Week! week! week!" chimed in those confounded turkeys. Kate burst into a helpless fit of laughter. What could I do? I had to laugh myself, since I must not choke the turkeys.

"Excuse me, Cousin Sam," said Kate, in a laughter-wearied tone, "I could not help it; turkeys and sentimentality do not agree—always!" adding the last word maliciously, as I sprang out to open the farm-house gate, and disclosed Melindy, framed in the buttery window, skimming milk; a picture worthy of Wilkie. I delivered over my captives to Joe, and stalked into the kitchen to give Mrs. Belmont's message. Melindy came out; but as soon as I began to tell her mother where I got that message, Miss Melindy, with the *sang froid* of a duchess, turned back to her skimming,—or appeared to. I gained nothing by that move.

Peggy and Peter received us benignly; so universal a solvent is success, even in turkey-hunting! I meant to have gone down to the farm-house after tea, and inquired about the safety of my prizes, but Kate wanted to play chess. Peter couldn't, and Peggy wouldn't; I had to, of course, and we played late. Kate had such pretty hands; long taper fingers, rounded to the tiniest rosy points; no dimples, but full muscles, firm and exquisitely moulded; and the dainty way in which she handled her men was half the game to me;—I lost it; I played wretchedly. The next day Kate went with me to see the turkeys; so she did the day after. We were forgetting Melindy, I am afraid, for it was a week before I remembered I had promised her a new Magazine. I recollect myself; then, with a sort of shame, rolled up the number, and went off to the farm-house. It seems Kate was there, busy in the garret, unpacking a

bureau that had been stored there, with some of Peggy's foreign purchases, for summer wear, in the drawers. I did not know that. I found Melindy spreading yeast-cakes to dry on a table, just by the north end of the house; a hop-vine in full blossom made a sort of porch-roof over the window by which she stood.

"I've brought your book, Melindy," said I.

"Thank you, sir," returned she, crisply.

"How pretty you look to-day!" condescendingly remarked I.

"I don't thank you for that, sir;—

"Praise to the face
Is open disgrace!'"

was all the response.

"Why, Melindy! what makes you so cross?" inquired I, in a tone meant to be tenderly reproachful,—in the mean time attempting to possess myself of her hand; for, to be honest, Polder, I had been a little sweet to the girl before Kate drove her out of my head. The hand was snatched away. I tried indifference.

"How are the turkeys to-day, Melindy?"

Here Joe, an *enfant terrible*, came upon the scene suddenly.

"Them turkeys eats a lot, Mister Greene. Melindy says there's one on 'em struts jes' like you, 'n' makes as much gabble."

"Gobble! gobble! gobble!" echoed an old turkey from somewhere; I thought it was overhead, but I saw nothing. Melindy threw her apron over her face and laughed till her arms grew red. I picked up my hat and walked off. For three days I kept out of that part of the Smith demesne, I assure you! Kate began to grow mocking and derisive; she teased me from morning till night, and the more she teased me, the more I adored her. I was getting desperate, when one Sunday night Kate asked me to walk down to the farm-house with her after tea, as Mrs. Tucker was sick, and

she had something to take to her. We found the old woman sitting up in the kitchen, and as full of talk as ever, though an unlucky rheumatism kept her otherwise quiet.

"How do the turkeys come on, Mrs. Tucker?" said I, by way of conversation.

"Well, I declare, you han't heerd about them turkeys, hev ye? You see they was doin' fine, and father he went off to salt for a spell, so's to see' 'twouldn't stop a complaint he's got,—I do'nó' but it's a spine in the back,—makes him kinder' faint by spells, so's he loses his conscientiousness all to once; so he left the chickens 'n' things for Melindy to boss, 'n' she got somethin' else into her head, 'n' she left the door open one night, and them ten turkeys they up and run away, I'pect they took to the woods, 'fore Melindy brought to mind how 't she hadn't shut the door. She's sot out fur to hunt 'em. I shouldn't wonderf' she was out now, seein' it's arter sundown."

"She a'n't nuther!" roared the terrible Joe, from behind the door, where he had retreated at my coming. "She's settin' on a flour-barrel down by the well, an' George Bemont's a-huggin' on her."

Good gracious! what a slap Mrs. Tucker fetched that unlucky child, with a long brown towel that hung at hand! and how he howled! while Kate exploded with laughter, in spite of her struggles to keep quiet.

"He is the dre'fullest boy!" whined Mrs. Tucker. "Melindy tells how he sass'd you 'tother day, Mr. Greene. I shall hev to tewtor that boy; he's got to hev the rod, I guess!"

I bade Mrs. Tucker good night, for Kate was already out of the door, and, before I knew what she was about, had taken a by-path in sight of the well; and there, to be sure, sat Melindy, on a prostrate flour-barrel that was rolled to the foot of the big apple-tree, twirling her fingers in pretty embarrassment, and held on her insecure perch by the

stout arm of George Bemont, a handsome brown fellow, evidently very well content just now.

"Pretty,—isn't it?" said Kate.

"Very,—quite pastoral," sniffed I.

We were sitting round the open door an hour after, listening to a whippoorwill, and watching the slow moon rise over a hilly range just east of Centreville, when that elvish little "week! week!" piped out of the wood that lay behind the house.

"That is hopeful," said Kate; "I think Melindy and George must have tracked the turkeys to their haunt, and scared them homeward."

"George—who?" said Peggy.

"George Bemont; it seems he is—what is your Connecticut phrase?—sparkin' Melindy."

"I'm very glad; he is a clever fellow," said Peter.

"And she is such a very pretty girl,"

continued Peggy,—"so intelligent and graceful; don't you think so, Sam?"

"Aw, yes, well enough for a rustic," said I, languidly. "I never could endure red hair, though!"

Kate stopped on the door-sill; she had risen to go up stairs.

"Gobble! gobble! gobble!" mocked she. I had heard that once before! Peter and Peggy roared;—they knew it all;—I was sold!

"Cure me of Kate Stevens?" Of course it did. I never saw her again without wanting to fight shy, I was so sure of an allusion to turkeys. No, I took the first down train. There are more pretty girls in New York, twice over, than there are in Centreville, I console myself; but, by George! Polder, Kate Stevens was charming!—Look out there! don't meddle with the skipper's coils of rope! can't you sleep on deck without a pillow?

ROBIN HOOD.

THERE is no one of the royal heroes of England that enjoys a more enviable reputation than the bold outlaw of Barnsdale and Sherwood. His chance for a substantial immortality is at least as good as that of stout Lion-Heart, wild Prince Hal, or merry Charles. His fame began with the yeomanry full five hundred years ago, was constantly increasing for two or three centuries, has extended to all classes of society, and, with some changes of aspect, is as great as ever. Bishops, sheriffs, and gamekeepers, the only enemies he ever had, have relinquished their ancient grudges, and Englishmen would be almost as loath to surrender his exploits as any part of the national glory. His free life in the woods, his unerring eye and strong arm, his open hand and love of fair play, his never forgotten courtesy, his respect for women and devotion to

Mary, form a picture eminently healthful and agreeable to the imagination, and commend him to the hearty favor of all genial minds.

But securely established as Robin Hood is in popular esteem, his historical position is by no means well ascertained, and his actual existence has been a subject of shrewd doubt and discussion. "A tale of Robin Hood" is an old proverb for the idlest of stories; yet all the materials at our command for making up an opinion on these questions are precisely of this description. They consist, that is to say, of a few ballads of unknown antiquity. These ballads, or others like them, are clearly the authority upon which the statements of the earlier chroniclers who take notice of Robin Hood are founded. They are also, to all appearance, the original source of the numerous and wide-spread

traditions concerning him ; which, unless the contrary can be shown, must be regarded, according to the almost universal rule in such cases, as having been suggested by the very legends to which, in the vulgar belief, they afford an irresistible confirmation.

Various periods, ranging from the time of Richard the First to near the end of the reign of Edward the Second, have been selected by different writers as the age of Robin Hood ; but (excepting always the most ancient ballads, which may possibly be placed within these limits) no mention whatever is made of him in literature before the latter half of the reign of Edward the Third. "Rhymes of Robin Hood" are then spoken of by the author of "Piers Ploughman" (assigned to about 1362) as better known to idle fellows than pious songs, and from the manner of the allusion it is a just inference that such rhymes were at that time no novelties. The next notice is in Wyntown's Scottish Chronicle, written about 1420, where the following lines occur—without any connection, and in the form of an entry—under the year 1283 :—

"Lytel Jhon and Robyne Hude
Wayth-men ware commendyd gude:
In Yngil-wode and Barnysdale
Thai oysyd all this tyme thare trawale."*

At last we encounter Robin Hood in what may be called history ; first of all in a passage of the "Scotichronicon," often quoted, and highly curious as containing the earliest theory upon this subject. The "Scotichronicon" was written partly by Fordun, canon of Aberdeen, between

1377 and 1384, and partly by his pupil Bower, abbot of St. Columba, about 1450. Fordun has the character of a man of judgment and research, and any statement or opinion delivered by him would be entitled to respect. Of Bower not so much can be said. He largely interpolated the work of his master, and sometimes with the absurdest fictions.* *Among his interpolations*, and forming, it is important to observe, *no part of the original text*, is a passage translated as follows. It is inserted immediately after Fordun's account of the defeat of Simon de Montfort, and the punishments inflicted on his adherents.

"At this time, [sc. 1266,] from the number of those who had been deprived of their estates arose the celebrated bandit Robert Hood, (with Little John and their accomplices,) whose achievements the foolish vulgar delight to celebrate in comedies and tragedies, while the ballads upon his adventures sung by the jesters and minstrels are preferred to all others.

"Some things to his honor are also related, as appears from this. Once on a time, when, having incurred the anger of the king and the prince, he could hear mass nowhere but in Barnsdale, while he was devoutly occupied with the service, (for this was his wont, nor would he ever suffer it to be interrupted for the most pressing occasion,) he was surprised by a certain sheriff and officers of the king, who had often troubled him before, in the secret place in the woods where he was engaged in worship as aforesaid. Some of his men, who had taken the alarm, came to him and begged him to fly with all speed. This, out of reverence for the host, which he was then most devoutly adoring, he positively refused to do. But while the rest of his followers were trembling for their lives, Robert, confiding in Him whom he worshipped, fell on his enemies with a few who chanced to

* A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (July, 1847, p. 184) has cited an allusion to Robin Hood, of a date intermediate between the passages from Wyntown and the one about to be cited from Bower. In the year 1439, a petition was presented to Parliament against one Piers Venables of Aston, in Derbyshire, "who having no lisiode, ne sufficeante of goodes, gadered and assembled unto him many misdoers, beyng of his clothyng, and, in manere of insurrection, wente into the wodes in that countrie, like as it hadde be *Robyn Hode and his meyné*."—*Rot. Parl.* v. 16.

* "Legendis non raro incredibilibus aliisque plusquam anilibus neniis."—Hearne, *Scotichronicon*, p. xxix.

be with him, and easily got the better of them; and having enriched himself with their plunder and ransom, he was led from that time forth to hold ministers of the church and masses in greater veneration than ever, mindful of the common saying, that

"God hears the man who often hears the mass."

In another place Bower writes to the same effect: "In this year [1266] the dispossessed barons of England and the royalists were engaged in fierce hostilities. Among the former, Roger Mortimer occupied the Welsh marches, and John Daynil the Isle of Ely. Robert Hood was now living in outlawry among the woodland copses and thickets."

Mair, a Scottish writer of the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the next historian who takes cognizance of our hero, and the only other that requires any attention, has a passage which may be considered in connection with the foregoing. In his "Historia Majoris Britanniae" he remarks, under the reign of Richard the First: "About this time [1189-99], as I conjecture, the notorious robbers, Robert Hood of England and Little John, lurked in the woods, spoiling the goods only of rich men. They slew nobody but those who attacked them, or offered resistance in defence of their property. Robert maintained by his plunder a hundred archers, so skilful in fight that four hundred brave men feared to attack them. He suffered no woman to be maltreated, and never robbed the poor, but assisted them abundantly with the wealth which he took from abbots."

It appears, then, that contemporaneous history is absolutely silent concerning Robin Hood; that, excepting the casual allusion in "Piers Ploughman," he is first mentioned by a rhyming chronicler who wrote one hundred years after the latest date at which he can possibly be supposed to have lived, and then by two prose chroniclers who wrote about one hundred and twenty-five years and two hundred years respectively after that

date; and it is further manifest that all three of these chroniclers had no other authority for their statements than traditional tales similar to those which have come down to our day. When, therefore, Thierry, relying upon these chronicles and kindred popular legends, unhesitatingly adopts the conjecture of Mair, and describes Robin Hood as the hero of the Saxon serfs, the chief of a troop of Saxon banditti, that continued, even to the reign of Cœur de Lion, a determined resistance against the Norman invaders,*—and when another able and plausible writer accepts and maintains, with equal confidence, the hypothesis of Bower, and exhibits the renowned outlaw as an adherent of Simon de Montfort, who, after the fatal battle of Evesham, kept up a vigorous guerilla warfare against the officers of the tyrant Henry the Third, and of his successor,† we must regard these representations, which were conjectural three or four centuries ago, as conjectures still, and even as arbitrary conjectures, unless one or the other can be proved from the only authorities we have, the ballads, to have a peculiar intrinsic probability. That neither of them possesses this intrinsic probability may easily be shown; but first it will be advisable to notice another theory, which is more plausibly founded on internal evidence, and claims to be confirmed by documents of unimpeachable validity.

This theory has been propounded by the Rev. John Hunter, in one of his "Critical and Historical Tracts."‡ Mr. Hunter admits that Robin Hood "lives only as a hero of song"; that he is not found in authentic contemporary chronic-

* In his *Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands*, livr. xi. Thierry was anticipated in his theory by Barry, in a dissertation cited by Mr. Wright in his Essays: *Thèse de Littérature sur les Vicissitudes et les Transformations du Cycle populaire de Robin Hood*. Paris, 1832.

† *London and Westminster Review*, vol. xxiii. p. 424.

‡ No 4. *The Ballad Hero, Robin Hood*. June, 1852.

cles ; and that, when we find him mentioned in history, "the information was derived from the ballads, and is not independent of them or correlative with them." While making these admissions, he accords a considerable degree of credibility to the ballads, and particularly to the "Lytell Geste," the last two *fits* of which he regards as giving a tolerably accurate account of real occurrences.

In this part of the story King Edward is represented as coming to Nottingham to take Robin Hood. He traverses Lancashire and a part of Yorkshire, and finds his forests nearly stripped of their deer, but can get no trace of the author of these extensive depredations. At last, by the advice of one of his foresters, assuming with several of his knights the dress of a monk, he proceeds from Nottingham to Sherwood, and there soon encounters the object of his search. He submits to plunder as a matter of course, and then announces himself as a messenger sent to invite Robin Hood to the royal presence. The outlaw receives this message with great respect. There is no man in the world, he says, whom he loves so much as his king. The monk is invited to remain and dine ; and after the repast an exhibition of archery is ordered, in which a bad shot is to be punished by a buffet from the hand of the chieftain. Robin, having himself once failed of the mark, requests the monk to administer the penalty. He receives a staggering blow, which rouses his suspicions, recognizes the king on an attentive consideration of his countenance, entreats grace for himself and his followers, and is freely pardoned on condition that he and they shall enter into the king's service. To this he agrees, and for fifteen months resides at court. At the end of this time he has lost all his followers but two, and spent all his money, and feels that he shall pine to death with sorrow in such a life. He returns accordingly to the green-wood, collects his old followers around him, and for twenty-two years maintains his independence in defiance of the power of Edward.

Without asserting the literal verity of all the particulars of this narrative, Mr. Hunter attempts to show that it contains a substratum of fact. Edward the First, he informs us, was never in Lancashire after he became king ; and if Edward the Third was ever there at all, it was not in the early years of his reign. But Edward the Second did make one single progress in Lancashire, and this in the year 1323. During this progress the king spent some time at Nottingham, and took particular note of the condition of his forests, and among these of the forest of Sherwood. Supposing now that the incidents detailed in the "Lytell Geste" really took place at this time, Robin Hood must have entered into the royal service before the end of the year 1323. It is a singular, and in the opinion of Mr. Hunter a very pregnant coincidence, that in certain Exchequer documents, containing accounts of expenses in the king's household, the name of Robyn Hode (or Robert Hood) is found several times, beginning with the 24th of March, 1324, among the "porters of the chamber" of the king. He received, with Simon Hood and others, the wages of three pence a day. In August of the following year Robin Hood suffers deduction from his pay for non-attendance, his absences grow frequent, and on the 22d of November he is discharged with a present of five shillings, "*poar cas qil ne poait plus travailler.*" *

It remains still for Mr. Hunter to account for the existence of a band of seven score of outlaws in the reign of Edward the Second, in or about Yorkshire. The stormy and troubrous reigns of the Plantagenets make this a matter of no difficulty. Running his finger down the long list of rebellions and commotions, he finds that early in 1322 England was convulsed by the insurrection of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, the king's near relation, supported by many powerful noblemen. The Earl's chief seat was the castle of Pontefract, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He is

said to have been popular, and it would be a fair inference that many of his troops were raised in this part of England. King Edward easily got the better of the rebels, and took exemplary vengeance upon them. Many of the leaders were at once put to death, and the lives of all their partisans were in danger. Is it impossible, then, asks Mr. Hunter, that some who had been in the army of the Earl secreted themselves in the woods, and turned their skill in archery against the king's subjects or the king's deer? "that these were the men who for so long a time haunted Barnsdale and Sherwood, and that Robin Hood was one of them, a chief amongst them, being really of a rank originally somewhat superior to the rest?"

We have, then, three different hypotheses concerning Robin Hood: one placing him in the reign of Richard the First, another in that of Henry the Third, and the last under Edward the Second, and all describing him as a political foe to the established government. To all of these hypotheses there are two very obvious and decisive objections. The first is, that Robin Hood, as already remarked, is not so much as named in contemporary history. Whether as the unsubdued leader of the Saxon peasantry, or insurgent against the tyranny of Henry or Edward, it is inconceivable that we should not hear something of him from the chroniclers. If, as Thierry says, "he had chosen Hereward for his model," it is unexplained and inexplicable why his historical fate has been so different from that of Hereward. The hero of the Camp of Refuge fills an ample place in the annals of his day; his achievements are also handed down in a prose romance, which presents many points of resemblance to the ballads of Robin Hood. It would have been no wonder, if the vulgar legends about Hereward had utterly perished; but it is altogether anomalous* that a popular champion

who attained so extraordinary a notoriety in song, a man living from one hundred to two hundred and fifty years later than Hereward, should be passed over without one word of notice from any authoritative historian.* That this would not be so we are most fortunately able to demonstrate by reference to a real case which furnishes a singularly exact parallel to the present,—that of the famous outlaw, Adam Gordon. In the year 1267, says the continuator of Matthew Paris, a soldier by the name of Adam Gordon, who had lost his estates with other adherents of Simon de Montfort, and refused to seek the mercy of the king, established himself with others in like circumstances near a woody and tortuous road between the village of Wilton and the castle of Farnham, from which position he made forays into the country round about, directing his attacks especially against those who were of the king's party. Prince Edward had heard much of the prowess and honorable character of this man, and desired to have some personal knowledge of him. He succeeded in surprising Gordon with a superior force, and engaged him in single combat, forbidding any of his own followers to interfere. They fought a long time, and the prince was so filled with admiration of the courage and spirit of his antagonist, that he promised him life and fortune on condition of his surrendering. To these terms Gordon acceded, his estates were restored, and Edward found him ever after an attached and faithful servant.† The story is romantic, and yet Adam Gordon was not

submit that it has been still more customary to celebrate them in history, when they were of public importance. The case of private and domestic stories is different.

* Most remarkable of all would this be, should we adopt the views of Mr. Hunter, because we know, from the incidental testimony of *Piers Ploughman*, that only forty years after the date fixed upon for the outlaw's submission "rhymes of Robin Hood" were in the mouth of every tavern lounger; and yet no chronicler can spare him a word.

† Matthew Paris, London, 1840, p. 1002.

* Mr. Hunter thinks it necessary to prove that it was formerly a usage in England to celebrate real events in popular song. We

made the subject of ballads. *Caruit vate sacro*. The contemporary historians, however, all have a paragraph for him. He is celebrated by Wikes, the Chronicle of Dunstable, the Waverley Annals, and we know not where else besides.

But these theories are open to an objection stronger even than the silence of history. They are contradicted by the spirit of the ballads. No line of these songs breathes political animosity. There is no suggestion or reminiscence of wrong, from invading Norman, or from the established sovereign. On the contrary, Robin loved no man in the world so well as his king. What the tone of these ballads would have been, had Robin Hood been any sort of partisan, we may judge from the mournful and indignant strains which were poured out on the fall of De Montfort. We should have heard of the fatal field of Hastings, of the perfidy of Henry, of the sanguinary revenge of Edward,—and not of matches at archery and encounters at quarter-staff, the plundering of rich abbots and squabbles with the sheriff. The Robin Hood of our ballads is neither patriot under ban, nor proscribed rebel. An outlaw indeed he is, but an “outlaw for venyson,” like Adam Bell, and one who superadds to deer-stealing the irregularity of a genteel highway-robbery.

Thus much of these conjectures in general. To recur to the particular evidence by which Mr. Hunter's theory is supported, this consists principally in the name of Robin Hood being found among the king's servants shortly after Edward the Second returned from his visit to the north of his dominions. But the value of this coincidence depends entirely upon the rarity of the name.* Now Hood, as Mr. Hunter himself remarks, is a well-

* Mr. Hunter had previously instituted a similar argument in the case of Adam Bell, and doubtless the reasoning might be extended to Will Scathlock and Little John. With a little more rummaging of old account-books we shall be enabled to “comprehend all vagrom men.” It is a pity that the Sheriff of Nottingham could not have availed himself of the services of our “detective.”

established hereditary name in the reigns of the Edwards. We find it very frequently in the indexes to the Record Publications, and this although it does not belong to the higher class of people. That Robert was an ordinary Christian name requires no proof; and if it was, the combination of Robert Hood must have been frequent also. We have taken no extraordinary pains to hunt up this combination, for really the matter is altogether too trivial to justify the expense of time; but since to some minds much may depend on the coincidence in question, we will cite several Robin Hoods in the reigns of the Edwards.

28th Ed. I. Robert Hood, a citizen of London, says Mr. Hunter, supplied the king's household with beer.

30th Ed. I. Robert Hood is sued for three acres of pasture land in Throckley, Northumberland. (*Rot. Orig. Abbrev.*)

7th Ed. II. Robert Hood is surety for a burgess returned for Lostwithiel, Cornwall. (*Parliamentary Writs.*)

9th Ed. II. Robert Hood is a citizen of Wakefield, Yorkshire, whom Mr. Hunter (p. 47) “may be justly charged with carrying supposition too far” in striving to identify with Robin the porter.

10th Ed. III. A Robert Hood, of Howden, York, is mentioned in the *Calendarium Rot. Patent.*

Adding the Robin Hood of the 17th Ed. II. we have six persons of that name mentioned within a period of less than forty years, and this circumstance does not dispose us to receive with great favor any argument that may be founded upon one individual case of its occurrence. But there is no end to the absurdities which flow from this supposition. We are to believe that the weak and timid prince, that had severely punished his kinsman and his nobles, freely pardoned a yeoman, who, after serving with the rebels, had for twenty months made free with the king's deer and robbed on the highway,—and not only pardoned him, but received him into service *near his person*. We are further to believe that the man who had led so daring and jovial

a life, and had so generously dispensed the pillage of opulent monks, willingly entered into this service, doffed his Lincoln green for the P'antagenet plush, and consented to be enrolled among royal flunkies for three pence a day. And again, admitting all this, we are finally obliged by Mr. Hunter's document to concede that the stalworth archer (who, according to the ballad, maintained himself two-and-twenty years in the wood) was worn out by his duties as "proud porter" in less than two years, and was discharged a superannuated lackey, with five shillings in his pocket, "*poar cas qil ne poait plus travailler!*"

To those who are well acquainted with ancient popular poetry the adventure of King Edward and Robin Hood will seem the least eligible portion of this circle of story for the foundation of an historical theory. The ballad of King Edward and Robin Hood is but one version of an extremely multiform legend, of which the tales of "King Edward and the Shepherd" and "King Edward and the Hermit" are other specimens; and any one who will take the trouble to examine will be convinced that all these stories are one and the same thing, the personages being varied for the sake of novelty, and the name of a recent or of the reigning monarch substituted in successive ages for that of a predecessor.

Rejecting, then, as nugatory, every attempt to assign Robin Hood a definite position in history, what view shall we adopt? Are all these traditions absolute fictions, and is he himself a pure creation of the imagination? Might not the ballads under consideration have a basis in the exploits of a real person, living in the forests, *somewhere* and *at some time*? Or, denying individual existence to Robin Hood, and particular truth to the adventures ascribed to him, may we not regard him as the ideal of the outlaw class, a class so numerous in all the countries of Europe in the Middle Ages? We are perfectly contented to form no opinion upon the subject; but if compelled to express one, we should say that

this last supposition (which is no novelty) possessed decidedly more likelihood than any other. Its plausibility will be confirmed by attending to the apparent signification of the name Robin Hood. The natural refuge and stronghold of the outlaw was the woods. Hence he is termed by Latin writers *silvaticus*, by the Normans *forestier*. The Anglo-Saxon robber or highwayman is called a wood-rover, *wealdgenga*, and the Norse word for outlaw is exactly equivalent.* It has often been suggested that Robin Hood is a corruption, or dialectic form, of Robin of the Wood; and when we remember that *wood* is pronounced *hood* in some parts of England,† (as *whoop* is pronounced *hoop* everywhere,) and that the outlaw bears in so many languages a name descriptive of his habitation, this notion will not seem an idle fancy.

Various circumstances, however, have disposed writers of learning to look farther for a solution of the question before us. Mr. Wright propounds an hypothesis that Robin Hood was "one among the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic peoples"; and a German scholar,‡ in an exceedingly interest-

* See Wright's *Essays*, ii. 207. "The name of Witikind, the famous opponent of Charlemagne, who always fled before his sight, concealed himself in the forests, and returned again in his absence, is no more than *witu chint*, in Old High Dutch, and signifies *the son of the wood*, an appellation which he could never have received at his birth, since it denotes an exile or outlaw. Indeed, the name Witikind, though such a person seems to have existed, appears to be the representative of all the defenders of his country against the invaders."

† Thus, in Kent, the Hobby-Horse is called *hooden*, i. e. wooden. It is curious that Orlando, in *As You Like It*, (who represents the outlaw Gamelyn in the *Tale of Gamelyn*, a tale which clearly belongs to the cycle of Robin Hood,) should be the son of Sir Rowland de Bois. Robin de Bois (says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, vi. 597) occurs in one of Sue's novels "as a well-known mythical character, whose name is employed by French mothers to frighten their children."

‡ Kuhn, in Haupt's *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, v. 472. The idea of a northern

ing article which throws much light on the history of English sports, has endeavored to show specifically that he is in name and substance one with the god Woden. The arguments by which these views are supported, though in their present shape very far from convincing, are entitled to a respectful consideration.

The most important of these arguments are those which are based on the peculiar connection between Robin Hood and the month of May. Mr. Wright has justly remarked, that either an express mention of this month, or a vivid description of the season, in the older ballads, shows that the feats of the hero were generally performed during this part of the year. Thus, the adventure of "Robin Hood and the Monk" befell on "a morning of May." "Robin Hood and the Potter" and "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne" begin, like "Robin Hood and the Monk," with a description of the season when leaves are long, blossoms are shooting, and the small birds are singing; and this season, though called summer, is at the same time spoken of as May in "Robin Hood and the Monk," which, from the description there given, it needs must be. The liberation of Cloudesly by Adam Bel and Clym of the Clough is also achieved "on a merry morning of May."

Robin Hood is, moreover, intimately associated with the month of May through the games which were celebrated at that time of the year. The history of these games is unfortunately very defective, and hardly extends farther back than the beginning of the sixteenth century. By that time their primitive character

myth will of course excite the alarm of all sensible, patriotic Englishmen, (e. g. Mr. Hunter, at page 3 of his tract,) and the bare suggestion of Woden will be received, in the same quarters, with an explosion of scorn. And yet we find the famous shot of Eiggill, one of the mythical personages of the Scandinavians, (and perhaps to be regarded as one of the forms of Woden,) attributed in the ballad of *Adam Bel* to William of Cloudesly, who may be considered as Robin Hood under another name.

seems to have been corrupted, or at least their significance was so far forgotten, that distinct pastimes and ceremonials were capriciously intermixed. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the May sports in vogue were, besides a contest of archery, four *pageants*,—the King-ham, or election of a Lord and Lady of the May, otherwise called Summer King and Queen, the Morris-Dance, the Hobby-Horse, and the "Robin Hood." Though these pageants were diverse in their origin, they had, at the epoch of which we write, begun to be confounded; and the Morris exhibited a tendency to absorb and blend them all, as, from its character, being a procession interspersed with dancing, it easily might do. We shall hardly find the Morris pure and simple in the English May-game; but from a comparison of the two earliest representations which we have of this sport, the Flemish print given by Douce in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," and Tollett's celebrated painted window, (described in Johnson and Steevens's Shakspeare,) we may form an idea of what was essential and what adventitious in the English spectacle. The Lady is evidently the central personage in both. She is, we presume, the same as the Queen of May, who is the oldest of all the characters in the May games, and the apparent successor to the Goddess of Spring in the Roman *Floralia*. In the English Morris she is called simply The Lady, or more frequently Maid Marian, a name which, to our apprehension, means Lady of the May, and nothing more.* A fool and a taborer seem also to have been indispensable; but the other dancers had neither names nor peculiar offices, and were unlimited in number. The Morris, then, though it lost in allegorical significance, would gain considerably in spirit and variety by combining with the other shows. Was it not natural, therefore, and in fact inevitable, that the old favorites of

* Unless importance is to be attached to the consideration that May is the Virgin's month.

the populace, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Little John, should in the course of time displace three of the anonymous performers in the show? This they had pretty effectually done at the beginning of the sixteenth century; and the Lady, who had accepted the more precise designation of Maid Marian, was after that generally regarded as the consort of Robin Hood, though she sometimes appeared in the Morris without him. In like manner, the Hobby-Horse was quite early adopted into the Morris, of which it formed no original part, and at last even a Dragon was annexed to the company. Under these circumstances we cannot be surprised to find the principal performers in the May pageants passing the one into the other,—to find the May King, whose occupation was gone when the gallant outlaw had supplanted him in the favor of the Lady, assuming the part of the Hobby-Horse,* Robin Hood usurping the title of King of the May,† and the Hobby-Horse entering into a contest with the Dragon, as St. George.

We feel obliged to regard this interchange of functions among the characters in the English May-pageants as fortuitous, notwithstanding the coincidence of the May King sometimes appearing on horseback in Germany, and notwithstanding our conviction that Kuhn is right in maintaining that the May King, the Hobby-Horse, and the Dragon-Slayer are symbols of one mythical idea. This idea we are compelled by want of space barely to state, with the certainty of doing injustice to the learning and ingenuity with which the author has supported his views. Kuhn has shown it to be extremely probable, first, that the Christmas games, which both in Germany and England have a close resemblance to those of Spring, are to be considered as a prelude to the May sports, and that they both originally symbolized the victory of Summer over Winter;‡

* As in Tollett's window.

† In Lord Hailes's *Extracts from the Book of the Universal Kirk*.

‡ More openly exhibited in the mock battle

which, beginning at the winter solstice, is completed in the second month of spring; secondly, that the conquering Summer is represented by the May King, or by the Hobby-Horse (as also by the Dragon-Slayer, whether St. George, Siegfried, Apollo, or the Sanskrit Indras); and thirdly, that the Hobby-Horse in particular represents the god Woden, who, as well as Mars * among the Romans, is the god at once of Spring and of Victory.

The essential point, all this being admitted, is now to establish the identity of Robin Hood and the Hobby-Horse. This we think we have shown cannot be done by reasoning founded on the early history of the games under consideration. Kuhn relies principally upon two modern accounts of Christmas pageants. In one of these pageants there is introduced a man on horseback, who carries in his hands a bow and arrows. The other furnishes nothing peculiar except a name: the ceremony is called a *hoodening*, and the hobby-horse a *hooden*. In the rider with bow and arrows Kuhn sees Robin Hood and the Hobby-Horse, and in the name *hooden* (which is explained by the authority he quotes to mean wooden) he discovers a provincial form of *wooden*, which connects the outlaw and the divinity.† It will be generally agreed between Summer and Winter celebrated by the Scandinavians in honor of May, a custom still retained in the Isle of Man, where the month is every year ushered in with a contest between the Queen of Summer and the Queen of Winter. (Brand's *Antiquities*, by Ellis, i. 222, 257.) A similar ceremony in Germany, occurring at Christmas, is noticed by Kuhn, p. 478.

* Hence the spring begins with March. The connection with Mars suggests a possible etymology for the Morris,—which is usually explained, for want of something better, as a Morisco or Moorish dance. There is some resemblance between the Morris and the Salic dance. The Salic games are said to have been instituted by the Veian king Morrius, a name pointing to Mars, the divinity of the Salii.—Kuhn, 488-493.

† The name Robin also appears to Kuhn worthy of notice, since the horseman in the May pageant is in some parts of Germany called Ruprecht (Rupert, Robert).

that these slender premises are totally inadequate to support the weighty conclusion that is rested upon them.

Why the adventures of Robin Hood should be specially assigned, as they are in the old ballads, to the month of May, remains unexplained. We have no exquisite reason to offer, but we may perhaps find reason good enough in the delicious stanzas with which some of these ballads begin.

"In summer when the shawès be sheen,
And leavès be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the fowlès song;
To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hillès hee,
And shadow them in the leavès green
Under the green-wood tree."

The poetical character of the season affords all the explanation that is required.

Nor need the occurrence of exhibitions of archery and of the Robin Hood plays and pageants, at this time of the year, occasion any difficulty. Repeated statutes, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, enjoined practice with the bow, and ordered that the leisure time of holidays should be employed for this purpose. Under Henry the Eighth the custom was still kept up, and those who partook in this exercise often gave it a spirit by assuming the style and character of Robin Hood and his associates. In like manner the society of archers in Elizabeth's time took the name of Arthur and his Knights; all which was very natural then, and would be now. None of all the merrymakings in merry England surpassed the May festival. The return of the sun stimulated the populace to the accumulation of all sorts of amusements. In addition to the traditional and appropriate sports of the season, there were, as Stowe tells us, divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris-dancers, and other devices for pastime all day long, and towards evening stage-plays and bonfires in the streets. A Play of Robin Hood was considered "very proper for a May-game"; but if Robin Hood was peculiarly prominent in these entertain-

ments, the obvious reason would appear to be that he was the hero of that loved green-wood to which all the world resorted, when the cold obstruction of winter was broken up, "to do observance for a morn of May."

We do not, therefore, attribute much value to the theory of Mr. Wright, that the May festival was, in its earliest form, "a religious celebration, though, like such festivals in general, it possessed a double character, that of a religious ceremony, and of an opportunity for the performance of warlike games; that, at such festivals, the songs would take the character of the amusements on the occasion, and would most likely celebrate warlike deeds,—perhaps the myths of the patron whom superstition supposed to preside over them; that, as the character of the exercises changed, the attributes of the patron would change also, and he who was once celebrated as working wonders with his good axe or his elf-made sword might afterwards assume the character of a skilful Bowman; that the scene of his actions would likewise change, and the person whose weapons were the bane of dragons and giants, who sought them in the wilderneses they infested, might become the enemy only of the sheriff and his officers, under the 'grene-wode lefe.'" It is unnecessary to point out that the language we have quoted contains, beyond the statement that warlike exercises were anciently combined with religious rites, a very slightly founded surmise, and nothing more.

Another circumstance, which weighs much with Mr. Wright, goes but a very little way with us in demonstrating the mythological character of Robin Hood. This is the frequency with which his name is attached to mounds, wells, and stones, such as in the popular creed are connected with fairies, dwarfs, or giants. There is scarcely a county in England which does not possess some monument of this description. "Cairns on Blackdown in Somersetshire, and barrows near to Whitby in Yorkshire and Ludlow in Shropshire, are termed Robin Hood's

pricks or butts; lofty natural eminences in Gloucestershire and Derbyshire are Robin Hood's hills; a huge rock near Matlock is Robin Hood's Tor; ancient boundary-stones, as in Lincolnshire, are Robin Hood's crosses; a presumed loggan, or rocking-stone, in Yorkshire, is Robin Hood's penny-stone; a fountain near Nottingham, another between Doncaster and Wakefield, and one in Lancashire, are Robin Hood's wells; a cave in Nottinghamshire is his stable; a rude natural rock in Hope Dale is his chair; a chasm at Chatsworth is his leap; Blackstone Edge, in Lancashire, is his bed.* In fact, his name bids fair to overrun every remarkable object of the sort which has not been already appropriated to King Arthur or the Devil; with the latter of whom, at least, it is presumed, that, however ancient, he will not dispute precedence.

"The legends of the peasantry," quoth Mr. Wright, "are the shadows of a very remote antiquity." This proposition, thus broadly stated, we deny. Nothing is more deceptive than popular legends; and the "legends" we speak of, if they are to bear that name, have no claim to antiquity at all. They do not go beyond the ballads. They are palpably of subsequent and comparatively recent origin. It was absolutely impossible that they should arise while Robin Hood was a living reality to the people. The archer of Sherwood who could barely stand King Edward's buffet, and was felled by the Potter, was no man to be playing with rocking-stones. This trick of naming must have begun in the decline of his fame; for there was a time when his popularity drooped, and his existence was just not doubted,—not elaborately maintained by learned historians, and antiquarians deeply read in the Public

Records. And what do these names prove? The vulgar passion for bestowing them is notorious and universal. We Americans are too young to be well provided with heroes that might serve this purpose. We have no imaginative peasantry to invent legends, no ignorant peasantry to believe them. But we have the good fortune to possess the Devil in common with the rest of the world; and we take it upon us to say, that there is not a mountain district in the land, which has been opened to summer travellers, where a "Devil's Bridge," a "Devil's Punch-bowl," or some object with the like designation, will not be pointed out.*

We have taken no notice of the later fortunes of Robin Hood in his true and original character of a hero of romance. Towards the end of the sixteenth century Anthony Munday attempted to revive the decaying popularity of this king of good fellows, who had won all his honors as a simple yeoman, by representing him in the play of "The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington" as a nobleman in disguise, outlawed by the machinations of his steward. This pleasing and successful drama is Robin's sole patent to that title of Earl of Huntington, in confirmation of which Dr. Stukeley fabricated a pedigree that transcends even the absurdities of heraldry, and some unknown forger an epitaph beneath the skill of a Chatterton. Those who desire a full acquaintance with the fabulous history of Robin Hood will seek it in the well-known volumes of Ritson, or in those of his recent editor, Gutch, who does not make up by superior discrimination for his inferiority in other respects to that industrious antiquary.

* See some sensible remarks in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1793, by D. H., that is, says the courteous Ritson, by Gough, "the scurrilous and malignant editor of that degraded publication."

THE GHOST REDIVIVUS.

ONE of those violent, though short-lived storms, which occasionally rage in southern climates, had blown all night in the neighborhood of the little town of San Cipriano, situated in a wild valley of the Apennines opening towards the sea. Under the olive-woods that cover those steep hills lay the olive-berries strewed thick and wide; here and there a branch heavy-laden with half-ripe fruit, torn by the blast from its parent tree, stretched its prostrate length upon the ground. An abundant premature harvest had fallen, but at present there were no means of collecting it; for the deluging rains of the night had soaked the ground, the grass, the dead leaves, the fruit itself, and the rain was still falling heavily. If gathered in that state, the olives are sure to rot.

"*Pazienza!*" in such disasters exclaim the inhabitants of the *Riviera*, with a melancholy shrug of the shoulders. And they needs must have patience until the weather clears and the ground dries, before they can secure such of the olives as may happily be uninjured.

On the day we speak of, the 21st of December, 1852, the proprietors of olive-grounds in San Cipriano wore very blank faces; they talked sadly of the falling prices of the fruit and oil, and the olive-pickers crossed their hands and looked vacantly at the gray sky.

In the spacious kitchen of Doctor Morani were assembled a body of young rosy lasses in laced bodices, and short, bright-colored petticoats, come down from the neighboring mountains for the olive-gathering, much as Irish laborers cross over to England for the hay-making season. These girls arrive in troops from their native villages among the hills, carrying on their heads a sackful of the flour of dried beans and a lesser quantity of dried chestnuts. They offer their services to the inhabitants of the valley at the rate of four pence English a day; about three

pence less than the sum demanded by the women of the place. But the pretty mountaineers ask, in addition to their modest wages, a shelter for the night, a little straw or hay for their beds, and a small daily portion of oil and salt to season the bean-flour and chestnuts, which constitute their sole food. They are then perfectly contented.

The old Doctor had hired several of these damsels to assist in getting in his olive crop, with the customary additional compact to spin some of the unwrought flax of the household when bad weather prevented their out-of-door work, as well as regularly in the evening between early dusk and bed-time. Happy those to whose lot it fell to be employed by Dr. Morani! Besides not beating down their wages to the utmost, it was the Doctor's wont, out of the exuberance of a warm-hearted, joyous nature, unchilled even by his sixty winters, to give to his serving men and maidens not only kind words and encouraging looks, but also what made him perhaps still more popular, humorous jokes and droll stories.

The Doctor, indeed, concealed something of the philosopher under the garb of a wag. His quaint sayings and doings were frequently quoted with great relish among this rural population. He had a way of his own of shooting facts and truths into the uncultivated understandings of these laborers,—facts and truths that never otherwise could have penetrated so far; he feathered his philosophical or moral arrows with a jest, and they stuck fast.

Signora Martina, his wife, was a good soul, and, though a strict housewife, was yet not so thrifty but that she could allow a little of her abundance to overflow on those in her service; and these crumbs from her table added many delicious bits to the bean-flour repasts. So, as we have said, happy the mountain girls taken into

Dr. Morani's service! But specially blest among the blest this year were two sisters, to whom was allotted a bed, a real bed, to sleep upon! How came they to be furnished with such a luxury? Why, this season the Doctor had hired more than the usual number of pickers. The outbuilding given them to sleep in was thus too small to accommodate all, so two were taken into the house, and a diminutive closet, generally used by the family as a bath-room, was turned into a bed-room for the lucky couple. Now for a description of the bed. Over the bath was placed an ironing-board, and upon this a mattress quite as narrow, almost as hard, and far less smooth than the narrow plank on which it lay. The width of the bed was just sufficient to admit the two sisters, packed close, each lying on her side. As to turning, that was simply out of the question; but "poor labor in sweet slumber lock'd" lay from night till morning without once dreaming of change of position.

Signora Martina, the first day or two, expressed some fear lest they might not rest well; but both girls averred they never in their lives had known so luxurious a bed,—and never should again, unless their good fortune brought them back another year to enjoy this sybarite couch at Dr. Morani's.

Though irrelevant to our story, this short digression may serve to illustrate the Arcadian simplicity of habits prevailing in these mountainous districts, and affords one more illustration of the axiom, not more trite than true, that human enjoyment and luxury are all comparative.

Well! the wet afternoon was wearing on, beguiled by the young girls as best it might be, with the spindle and distaff, and incessant chatter and laugh, save when they joined their voices in some popular chant. Signora Martina was delivering fresh flax to the spinners; Marietta, the maid, was busy about the fire, in provident forethought for supper; and Beppo, a barefooted, weather-beaten individual, was bringing in the wood he had been sawing this rainy day, which inter-

fered with his more usual business at that season. For Beppo was one of the men whose task it was to climb the olive-trees and shake down the olives for the women gathering below. He was distinguished among many as a skilful and valiant climber; nor had his laurels been earned without perils and wounds. Occasionally he fell, and occasionally broke a bone or two,—episodes that had their compensations. Beppo, then, on this particular rainy afternoon, came in with a flat basket full of newly cut wood on his head, respectfully saluted the *Padrona*, and, after throwing down his load in a corner of the kitchen, leisurely turned his basket topsy-turvy, seated himself upon it, and prepared to take his part in the general conversation.

At this moment the Doctor himself entered, his cloak and hat dripping.

"Heugh! heugh!" he exclaimed, in a voice of disgust, as his wife helped him out of his covering; "what weather!" He went towards the fire, and spread out his hands to catch the heat of the glowing embers, on which sat a saucepan. "Horrid weather! The wind played the very mischief with us last night!"

"Many branches broken, Padrona?" asked Beppo, eagerly.

"Branches, eh? Aye, aye; saw away; burn away; don't be afraid of a supply failing," said the Doctor, dryly.

"Oh, Santa Maria!" sighed Signora Martina, in sad presentiment.

"Plenty of firewood, my dear soul, for two years," went on the Doctor. "The big tree near the pigeon-house is head down, root up, torn, smashed, prostrate, while good-for-nothing saplings are standing."

"Oh Lord! such a tree! that never failed, bad year or good year, to give us a sack of olives, and often more!" cried Signora Martina, piteously. "More than three generations old it was!" And she began actually to weep. "Oil selling for nothing, and the tree, the best of trees, to be blown down!"

"Take care," said the Doctor, "take care of repining! Little misfortunes are

like a rash, which carries off bad humors from a too robust body. Suppose the storm had laid my head low, and turned up my toes; what then, eh, little girls?" turning to the group of young creatures standing with their eyes very wide open at the recital of the misdeeds of the turbulent wind, and now as suddenly off into a laugh at the image of the Doctor's decease so represented. "Ah! you giggling set! Happy you that have no branches to be broken, and no olive-pickers to pay! *Per Bacco!* you are well off, if you only knew it!"

He walked over to where his weeping wife sat, laid his hand on her head, and stooping, kissed her brow. The girls laughed again.

"Be quiet, all of you! Do you think that only smooth brows and bright cheeks ought to be kissed? Be good loving wives, and I promise you your husbands will be blind to your wrinkles. I could not be happy without the sight of this well-known face; it is the record of happiness for me. I wish you all our luck, my dears!"

All simpered or laughed, and Martina's brow smoothed.

"Now I see that I can still make you smile at misfortune," continued the Doctor, "I will tell you something comforting. As I came along, I met Paolo, the olive-merchant, who offered me a franc more a sack than he did to any one else, because he knows our olives are of a superior quality."

Signora Martina smiled rather a grim smile at this compliment to her olives.

"But I told him," went on Doctor Morani, with a certain look of pride, "that we were not going to sell; we intended to make oil for ourselves. And so we will, Martina, with the olives that have been blown down, hoping the best for those still on the trees. Now let us talk of something more pleasant. Pasqualina, suppose you tell us a story; you are our best hand, I believe."

"I am sure, Signor Dottore, I have nothing worth your listening to," answered Pasqualina, blushing.

"Tell us about the ghost your uncle saw," suggested another of the girls.

"A ghost!" cried the Doctor. "Any one here seen a ghost? I wish I could have such a chance! What was it like?"

"I did not see it myself; I do but believe what my uncle told me," said Pasqualina, with a gravity that had a shade of resentment.

"If one is only to speak of what one has seen," urged the prompter of the uncle's ghost-story, "tell the Padrone of the witch that bewitched your sister."

"Ah! and so we have witches too?" groaned the Doctor.

"As to that," resumed Pasqualina, with a dignified look, "I can't help believing my own eyes, and those of all the people of our village."

"Well," exclaimed Doctor Morani, "let us hear all about the witch."

"You know, all of you," said Pasqualina, "what bad fits my sister had, and how she was cured by the miraculous Madonna del Laghetto. So my sister had no more fits, till Madalena, a spiteful old woman, and whom everybody in the village knows to be a witch, mumbled some of her spells and ——"

"Hallo!" cried the Doctor, "do you mean that witches have more power than the Madonna?"

"Oh! Signor Dottore, you put things so strangely! just listen to the truth. So this old woman came and mumbled some of her spells, and then my poor sister fell down again, and has since had fits as bad as ever. But my father and brother were not going to take it so easily, and they beat the bad old witch till she couldn't move, and had to be carried to the hospital. I hope she may die, with all my heart I do!"

"You had better hope she will get well," observed the Doctor, coolly; "for if she should happen to die, my good Pasqualina, it would be very possible that your father and brother might be sent to the galleys."

Here Pasqualina set up a howl.

"Do not afflict yourself just now," re-

sumed Doctor Morani; "for, with all their good-will, they have not quite killed the woman. I saw her myself at the hospital; she is getting better, and when cured, I shall take care that she does not return among such a set of savages as flourish in your village, Signorina Pasqualina. Excuse my boldness,"—and the Doctor took off his skull-cap, in playful obeisance to the young girl,—"only advise your family another time to be less ready with their hands and their belief in every species of absurdity. Did not Father Tommaso tell you but yesterday, that it was not right to believe in ghosts or witches, save and except the peculiar one or two it is his business to know about, and who lived some thousand years ago? There have been none since, believe me."

"Strange things do happen, however," observed Signora Martina, thoughtfully,—"things that neither priest nor lawyer can explain. What was that thing which appeared, twenty years ago, on the tower of San Ciprano?" The Signora's voice sent a shudder through all the women present.

"A trick, and a stupid trick," persisted her husband.

"Not at all a trick, Doctor," said Martina, shaking her head.

"Did you see it yourself, Martina?"

"No; but I saw those who did with their own two blessed eyes."

"The Padrona is quite right," said Beppo, without leaving his basket. "I, for one, saw it."

This assertion produced such a hubbub as sent the Doctor growling from the room, and left Signora Martina at liberty to comply with the general petition for the story.

"It was twenty-five years last Easter since Hans Reuter came to San Ciprano with Carlo Boschi, the son of old Pietro, of our town. Carlo had gone away three years before to seek his fortune. He went to Switzerland, it seems, a distant country beyond the mountains, where the language is different from ours, and where it is said"—

(here Martina lowered her voice)—"the people do not follow our holy religion, and are called, therefore, Protestants and heretics. They are industrious, notwithstanding, and clever in certain arts and manufactures, and it was from some of them that Carlo learned the watchmaking trade. After staying away three years, one fine day he came back, bringing with him one of these Swiss, Hans Reuter; and the two, being great friends, set up a shop together, where they made and sold watches and jewelry. There was not business enough in San Cipriano to maintain them, but they made it out by selling at wholesale in the neighboring towns.

"For years all went smoothly with the partners, and their good luck began to be wondered at, when one morning their shop was not open at the usual hour. What was the matter? what had happened? there was Carlo Boschi knocking and shouting to Hans, and all in vain. I must tell you that Carlo lived elsewhere, and Hans had the care of the premises at night, sleeping in a little room at the back of the shop. The neighbors went out and advised Carlo to force the door. Very well. When they got in, they found Hans bound hand and foot, and so closely gagged that he was almost stifled. As soon as he could speak, he said that just after he had shut up, the previous evening, there was a knock at the door. He had scarcely opened it, when he was seized by two ruffians with blackened faces, who threw him down, gagged and tied him, and then coolly proceeded to ransack every place, packed up every bit of jewelry, every watch, and every piece of money, and then decamped with their booty, locking the door on the outside. The robbery took place on the third and last day of the Easter Fair, exactly when there was the greatest noise and bustle from the breaking up of booths, such an uproar of singing, brawling, and rolling of carts, and such a stream of people going in every direction, as made it easy for the thieves to

escape detection. The police took a great many depositions, and made a great fuss; but there the matter ended.

"To say the truth, it was like looking for a bird in a forest, considering the number of strangers who had attended the fair; besides, the police, you know, at that time, were too busy dogging and hunting down Liberals to care for tracking only thieves. That, however, is no business of mine or yours; and perhaps it would have done no good to poor Hans, even if the criminals had been discovered. He had got a great shock; he could not recover his spirits. Every one felt for him, because he was a kind, sociable man, as well as industrious; the only fault he had was being a Protestant. What that was no one exactly knew; but it was a great sin and a great pity, it seems. Sure it is that Hans never went to confession, or to the communion. However, as time passed and brought no tidings of the robbers, the poor man grew more thin and careworn every day. He would talk for hours about Switzerland, about his own village, his father's house, his parents and relations. He had left them so thoughtlessly, he said, he had scarcely felt a regret; yet now a yearning grew within him to look once more upon those dear faces, and the verdant mountains of his country,—upon its cool, rushing streams, wide, green pastures, and the cows that grazed on them. He used to tell us, that, when he was alone, he heard their bells in the distance, and they seemed to call him home. My husband did not like all this, and said Hans ought to go at once, or it would be too late." But Hans delayed and delayed, in the hope of recovering some of his stolen property, till one day he was taken very ill and had to be carried to the hospital. The Doctor attended him two or three times every day, and on the third was summoned in a great hurry. Morani went and had a long conversation with the poor dying fellow, and then Padre Michele of the Capuchin Convent was sent for. It was some time before the good monk could be found, and then it

took still longer, he being old and very infirm, before he could get to the hospital. When he did, it was too late; poor Hans was dead.

"This was a sad business; for, if the Padre had come in time, at all events Hans's soul would have been safe, and his body buried in consecrated ground. My husband went to the Rector and told his Reverence that Hans had renounced his errors, and had made a full profession of the Catholic faith to him; but his Reverence shook his head, and said that was not the same thing as if Padre Michele had received Hans into the true fold. Then my husband said it was a pity Hans should suffer because the Padre had been out of the way; but his Reverence always answered, 'No,' and so 'No' it was. The clergy were not to attend, and the body was to be put into the ground just as you might bury a dog. What could my husband do more? So he went his way to his patients. It happened that he had to see several, far in the country, and so did not come home till late at night.

"You all know the tower which stands upon the green knoll high above the town. It is a relic of very old times, when San Cipriano had fortifications. It has been a ruin for more than a century,—a mere shell, open to the sky, encircling a wide space of ground. A few days before Hans's death, the Doctor had taken it into his head he would like to hire this tower of the municipality, to which it belongs, to make a garden within its walls. He had been to examine the place a week previous, and had brought home the key of the gate, being determined to take it. Now this very day after Hans died, and while my husband was away on his round of country visits, the Syndic sent to ask for the key, and I, thinking no harm, gave it. And now what do you think the Syndic wanted the key for? Just to dig a hole for poor Hans. Yes, the body was carried up there, and buried out of sight as quickly as possible.

"When the Doctor came home he was

in a mighty passion with everybody;—with the Rector, for refusing Hans a place in the burial-ground; with the Syndic, for allowing the tower to be used for such a purpose; and most of all with me, for giving the key without asking why or wherefore.

"However, what was done could not be undone, and so no more was said about the matter. It might have been a week after, when some girls who had set out before daylight to go to the wood for leaves, came back much terrified, declaring they had seen an apparition on the tower wall. Not one had dared to go on to the wood, but all ran back to the town and spread the alarm. A dozen persons, at least, came to our house to tell us about it, and I promise you my husband did not call it a stupid trick, as he did today. He looked very grave, and exclaimed, 'I don't wonder at it. No doubt it is poor Hans, who does not like to lie in unconsecrated ground. Don't come to me,—it's none of my business,—I have only to do with the living,—the dead belong to the clergy,—this is the Rector's affair. If ever a ghost had a right to walk, it is in such a case as this, when a poor, honest fellow is denied Christian burial because an old monk's legs refuse to carry him fast enough. Had Padre Michele been a younger man, all would have been right.'

"There was quite a general commotion in the town, and at last, after a day or two, some of the young men determined they would go and watch the next night, to see if the thing appeared, or if it was mere women's nonsense, and they went accordingly."

"I was one of the party," interrupted Beppo, taking the narrative out of his Padrona's mouth, stirred by the high-wrought excitement of his recollections. "I went with ten others, and I had a good loaded gun with me. We hid ourselves behind some bushes, and watched and watched. Nothing appeared, until the girls, who had agreed to come at their usual hour for going to the wood, passed by; then, just at that moment, I

swear I saw it. I felt all,—I can't tell how,—a sort of hot cold, and as if my legs were water. I don't know how I managed to raise my gun,—I did it quite dreaming like; it went off with the biggest noise ever a gun made, and the bullet must have gone through the very head of the ghost, for it waved its thin arms fearfully. All the rest ran away, but I could not move a peg. Then a terrible voice roared out, 'I shall not forget thee, my friend! I will visit thee again before thy last hour! Now begone!'"

Beppo ceased speaking, and a shuddering silence fell on the listeners. Martina alone ventured on the awe-struck whisper of "What was it like, Beppo?"

"A tall, white figure; its arms spread out like a cross,—so," replied Beppo, rising from his basket, the better to personate the ghost. "*Jesu Maria!*" he shrieked, "there it is! O Lord, have mercy on us!"

And sure enough, standing against the door was a tall, white figure, its arms spread out like the limbs of a cross. Screams, both shrill and discordant, filled the room,—Martini, Beppo, Marietta, and the girls tumbling and rushing about distraught with terror. Such a mad-like scene! There was a trembling and a shaking of the white figure for a moment, then down it went in a heap to the floor, and out came the substantial proportions of Doctor Morani, looming formidable in the dusky light of the expiring embers. The sound of his well-known vigorous laugh resounded through the kitchen, as he flung a bunch of pine branches on the fire. The next moment a bright flame shot up, and the light as by magic brought the scared group to their senses. Each looked into the faces of the others with an expression of rising merriment struggling with ghastly fear, and first a long-drawn breath of relief, and then a burst of laughter broke from all.

"What a fright you have given us, Padrone!" Beppo was the first to say.

"I hope so," replied the Doctor,—"it has only paid you off for the one you gave me twenty years ago."

"I!—you!—but how, caro Padrone?"

"Ah! you haven't yet, I assure you, recognized your old acquaintance, the identical ghost which you favored with a bullet. Would you like to see it once more?"

"*Pazienza!*" exclaimed Beppo, "for once,—twice;—but three times,—no, that is more than enough. I am satisfied with what I have seen."

"Do you know what you have seen?" resumed the Doctor. "Very well, listen to me. When the Rector refused to let poor Hans lie in the same ground with many of our townspeople who (God rest their souls!) had lived scarcely so honest a life as he had done, I was far from imagining that he was to be thrust into the tower, of all places in the world, and just when it was well known I had bargained for it. 'That's the way I am to be used, is it?' thought I. 'I'll play you a trick, my friends, worth two of yours,—one that will make you glad to give honest Hans hospitality in your churchyard.'

"I waited a few days, till the moon should rise late, so as to be shining about one or two in the morning, the time when the girls set off for the woods. I provided myself with a sheet, and took care to be in the tower before midnight. I tied two long sticks together in the shape of a cross, stuck my hat on the top, and threw the linen over the whole; and a capital ghost it was. Then I got under the drapery, pushing up the stick, so as to give the idea of a gigantic human figure with extended arms. I had no fear of being discovered, for the Syndic had the key still in his possession, and I had made good my entrance through a gap in the wall sufficiently well concealed by brambles. I suppose I need not tell you, young women, how brave your mothers were. My ghostship heard of the young men's project, and encouraged them, never thinking there was one among them so stupid as to carry a gun to fight a ghost with; for how can you shoot a ghost, when it has neither flesh nor blood? It was impossible to suspect any

one of being such a monstrous block-head; so I was rather disagreeably startled at hearing the crack of a gun, and feeling the tingling of a bullet whizzing past my ear. You nearly made me into a real ghost, friend Beppo; for I assure you, you are a capital shot. Ever since that memorable aim, I have entertained the deepest respect for you as a marksman; it was not your fault that I am here now to make this confession. I ducked my head below the wall in case a volley was to follow the signal gun. When I peeped again, there remained one solitary figure before the tower, immovable as a stone pillar. O noble Beppo, it was thou!

"'I must get rid of this fellow one way or other,' thought I, 'but not by shaking my stick-covered sheet, or I shall have another bullet.' So I raised myself breast-high above the wall, made a trumpet of my hands, and roared out the fearful promise I have kept this evening. As soon as I saw my enemy's back, I left my station, and never played the ghost again."

"A pretty folly for a man of forty!" cried Signora Martina, still smarting under her late fright. Why, a boy would be well whipped for such a trick. There's no knowing what to believe in a man like you,—no saying when you are in earnest or in fun."

After a moment's silence, the lady asked in a softer tone, "Now do tell me, Morani, is it true that poor Hans recanted before he died?"

"My dear, if Padre Michele had been in time, we should have been sure of the fact. You see the Rector did not think I knew enough of theology to decide. I am a submissive child of the Church," replied the husband. "As for the ghost, I took care to provide against forgetting my folly. On the top shelf of the laboratory I hung up the bullet-pierced hat; and the bullet itself I ticketed with the date and kept in my desk. Who wants to see the ghost's hat?"—and the Doctor drew a hat from under the sheet still lying on the floor, and exhibited it to the

curious eyes of all present, making them admire the neat hole in it. The bullet itself he took out of his waistcoat pocket, and holding it towards Beppo, asked, "Hadn't it a mark?"

"Yes, sir, I cut a cross on it," replied the abashed climber of olive-trees; "and by all the Saints, there it is still! Pasqualina, my girl," turning to her, "your uncle's ghost will turn out to be somebody."

"*Bravo!* Beppo," cried the Doctor.

"Knowing what you know by experience, suppose you hint to any one inclined to spectre-shooting, that he runs the risk of killing a live man, and having two ghosts on his hands,—the ghost of the poor devil shot, and one of himself hanged for murder. As for you, young girls, remember that when you go forth to meet the perils of dark mornings, you are more likely to encounter dangers from flesh and blood than from spirits."

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

[The *Miliarium Aureum*, or Golden Mile-Stone, was a gilt marble pillar in the Forum at Rome, from which, as a central point, the great roads of the empire diverged through the several gates of the city, and the distances were measured.]

LEAFLESS are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watch-fires,
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And, like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree,
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
 In whose scenes appear two actors only,
 Wife and husband,
 And above them God, the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
 Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
 Waiting, watching
 For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone,—
 Is the central point from which he measures
 Every distance
 Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
 Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
 As he heard them
 When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
 Nor the march of the encroaching city,
 Drives an exile
 From the hearth of his ancestral homestead !

We may build more splendid habitations,
 Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
 But we cannot
 Buy with gold the old associations.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.

I REALLY believe some people save their bright thoughts, as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things,—good enough to print? "Why," said he, "you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article, at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour." The talker took him to the window and asked him to look out and tell what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street,"

he said, "and a man driving a sprinkling-machine through it."

"Why don't you tell the man he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our *thought-sprinklers* through them with the valves open, sometimes?"

Besides, there is another thing about this talking, which you forget. It shapes our thoughts for us;—the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore. Let me modify the image a little. I rough out my

thoughts in talk as an artist models in clay. Spoken language is so plastic,—you can pat and coax, and spread and shave, and rub out, and fill up, and stick on so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for modelling. Out of it come the shapes which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it;—but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it."

The company agreed that this last illustration was of superior excellence, or, in the phrase used by them, "Fust-rate." I acknowledged the compliment, but gently rebuked the expression. "Fust-rate," "prime," "a prime article," "a superior piece of goods," "a handsome garment," "a gent in a flowered vest,"—all such expressions are final. They blast the lineage of him or her who utters them, for generations up and down. There is one other phrase which will soon come to be decisive of a man's social *status*, if it is not already: "That tells the whole story." It is an expression which vulgar and conceited people particularly affect, and which well-meaning ones, who know better, catch from them. It is intended to stop all debate, like the previous question in the General Court. Only it don't; simply because "that" does not usually tell the whole, nor one half of the whole story.

—It is an odd idea, that almost all our people have had a professional education. To become a doctor a man must study some three years and hear a thousand lectures, more or less. Just how much study it takes to make a lawyer I cannot say, but probably not more than this. Now most decent people hear one hundred lectures or sermons (discourses) on theology every year,—and this, twenty, thirty, fifty years together. They read a great many religious books besides. The clergy, however, rarely hear any

sermons except what they preach themselves. A dull preacher might be conceived, therefore, to lapse into a state of *quasi heathenism*, simply for want of religious instruction. And on the other hand, an attentive and intelligent hearer, listening to a succession of wise teachers, might become actually better educated in theology than any one of them. We are all theological students, and more of us qualified as doctors of divinity than have received degrees at any of the universities.

It is not strange, therefore, that very good people should often find it difficult, if not impossible, to keep their attention fixed upon a sermon treating feebly a subject which they have thought vigorously about for years, and heard able men discuss scores of times. I have often noticed, however, that a hopelessly dull discourse acts *inductively*, as electricians would say, in developing strong mental currents. I am ashamed to think with what accompaniments and variations and *fioriture* I have sometimes followed the droning of a heavy speaker,—not willingly,—for my habit is reverential,—but as a necessary result of a slight continuous impression on the senses and the mind, which kept both in action without furnishing the food they required to work upon. If you ever saw a crow with a king-bird after him, you will get an image of a dull speaker and a lively listener. The bird in sable plumage flaps heavily along his straight-forward course, while the other sails round him, over him, under him, leaves him, comes back again, tweaks out a black feather, shoots away once more, never losing sight of him, and finally reaches the crow's perch at the same time the crow does, having cut a perfect labyrinth of loops and knots and spirals while the slow fowl was painfully working from one end of his straight line to the other.

[I think these remarks were received rather coolly. A temporary boarder from the country, consisting of a somewhat more than middle-aged female, with a parchment forehead and a dry little "fri-

sette" shingling it, a sallow neck with a necklace of gold beads, a black dress too rusty for recent grief, and contours in basso-rilievo, left the table prematurely, and was reported to have been very virulent about what I said. So I went to my good old minister, and repeated the remarks, as nearly as I could remember them, to him. He laughed good-naturedly, and said there was considerable truth in them. He thought he could tell when people's minds were wandering, by their looks. In the earlier years of his ministry he had sometimes noticed this, when he was preaching;—very little of late years. Sometimes, when his colleague was preaching, he observed this kind of inattention; but after all, it was not so very unnatural. I will say, by the way, that it is a rule I have long followed, to tell my worst thoughts to my minister, and my best thoughts to the young people I talk with.]

—I want to make a literary confession now, which I believe nobody has made before me. You know very well that I write verses sometimes, because I have read some of them at this table. (The company assented,—two or three of them in a resigned sort of way, as I thought, as if they supposed I had an epic in my pocket, and was going to read half a dozen books or so for their benefit.) —I continued. Of course I write some lines or passages which are better than others; some which, compared with the others, might be called relatively excellent. It is in the nature of things that I should consider these relatively excellent lines or passages as absolutely good. So much must be pardoned to humanity. Now I never wrote a "good" line in my life, but the moment after it was written it seemed a hundred years old. Very commonly I had a sudden conviction that I had seen it somewhere. Possibly I may have sometimes unconsciously stolen it, but I do not remember that I ever once detected any historical truth in these sudden convictions of the antiquity of my new thought or phrase. I

have learned utterly to distrust them, and never allow them to bully me out of a thought or line.

This is the philosophy of it. (Here the number of the company was diminished by a small secession.) Any new formula which suddenly emerges in our consciousness has its roots in long trains of thought; it is virtually old when it first makes its appearance among the recognized growths of our intellect. Any crystalline group of musical words has had a long and still period to form in. Here is one theory.

But there is a larger law which perhaps comprehends these facts. It is this. The rapidity with which ideas grow old in our memories is in a direct ratio to the squares of their importance. Their apparent age runs up miraculously, like the value of diamonds, as they increase in magnitude. A great calamity, for instance, is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened. It stains backward through all the leaves we have turned over in the book of life, before its blot of tears or of blood is dry on the page we are turning. For this we seem to have lived; it was foreshadowed in dreams that we leaped out of in the cold sweat of terror; in the "dissolving views" of dark day-visions; all omens pointed to it; all paths led to it. After the tossing half-forgetfulness of the first sleep that follows such an event, it comes upon us afresh, as a surprise, at waking; in a few moments it is old again,—old as eternity.

[I wish I had not said all this then and there. I might have known better. The pale schoolmistress, in her mourning dress, was looking at me, as I noticed, with a wild sort of expression. All at once the blood dropped out of her cheeks as the mercury drops from a broken barometer-tube, and she melted away from her seat like an image of snow; a slung-shot could not have brought her down better. God forgive me!]

After this little episode, I continued, to some few that remained balancing tea-

spoons on the edges of cups, twirling knives, or tilting upon the hind legs of their chairs until their heads reached the wall, where they left gratuitous advertisements of various popular cosmetics.]

When a person is suddenly thrust into any strange, new position of trial, he finds the place fits him as if he had been measured for it. He has committed a great crime, for instance, and is sent to the State Prison. The traditions, prescriptions, limitations, privileges, all the sharp conditions of his new life, stamp themselves upon his consciousness as the signet on soft wax;—a single pressure is enough. Let me strengthen the image a little. Did you ever happen to see that most soft-spoken and velvet-handed steam-engine at the Mint? The smooth piston slides backward and forward as a lady might slip her delicate finger in and out of a ring. The engine lays one of its fingers calmly, but firmly, upon a bit of metal; it is a coin now, and will remember that touch, and tell a new race about it, when the date upon it is crusted over with twenty centuries. So it is that a great silent-moving misery puts a new stamp on us in an hour or a moment,—as sharp an impression as if it had taken half a lifetime to engrave it.

It is awful to be in the hands of the wholesale professional dealers in misfortune; undertakers and jailers magnetize you in a moment, and you pass out of the individual life you were living into the rhythmical movements of their horrible machinery. Do the worst thing you can, or suffer the worst that can be thought of, you find yourself in a category of humanity that stretches back as far as Cain, and with an expert at your elbow that has studied your case all out beforehand, and is waiting for you with his implements of hemp or mahogany. I believe, if a man were to be burned in any of our cities to-morrow for heresy, there would be found a master of ceremonies that knew just how many fagots were necessary, and the best way of arranging the whole matter.

—So we have not won the Goodwood cup; *au contraire*, we were a “bad fifth,” if not worse than that; and trying it again, and the third time, has not yet bettered the matter. Now I am as patriotic as any of my fellow-citizens,—too patriotic in fact, for I have got into hot water by loving too much of my country; in short, if any man, whose fighting weight is not more than eight stone four pounds, disputes it, I am ready to discuss the point with him. I should have gloried to see the stars and stripes in front at the finish. I love my country, and I love horses. Stubbs's old mezzotint of Eclipse hangs over my desk, and Herring's portrait of Plenipotentiary,—whom I saw run at Epsom,—over my fireplace. Did I not elope from school to see Revenge, and Prospect, and Little John, and Peacemaker run over the race-course where now yon suburban village flourishes, in the year eighteen hundred and ever-so-few? Though I never owned a horse, have I not been the proprietor of six equine females, of which one was the prettiest little “Margin” that ever stepped? Listen, then, to an opinion I have often expressed long before this venture of ours in England. Horse-racing is not a republican institution; horse-trotting is. Only very rich persons can keep race-horses, and everybody knows they are kept mainly as gambling implements. All that matter about blood and speed we wont discuss; we understand all that; useful, very,—of course,—great obligations to the Godolphin “Arabian,” and the rest. I say racing horses are essentially gambling implements, as much as roulette tables. Now I am not preaching at this moment; I may read you one of my sermons some other morning; but I maintain that gambling, on the great scale, is not republican. It belongs to two phases of society,—a cankered over-civilization, such as exists in rich aristocracies, and the reckless life of borderers and adventurers, or the semi-barbarism of a civilization resolved into its primitive elements. Real republicanism is stern and severe;

its essence is not in forms of government, but in the omnipotence of public opinion which grows out of it. This public opinion cannot prevent gambling with dice or stocks, but it can and does compel it to keep comparatively quiet. But horse-racing is the most public way of gambling; and with all its immense attractions to the sense and the feelings,—to which I plead very susceptible,—the disguise is too thin that covers it, and everybody knows what it means. Its supporters are the Southern gentry,—fine fellows, no doubt, but not republicans exactly, as we understand the term,—a few Northern millionnaires more or less thoroughly millioned, who do not represent the real people, and the mob of sporting men, the best of whom are commonly idlers, and the worst very bad neighbors to have near one in a crowd, or to meet in a dark alley. In England, on the other hand, with its aristocratic institutions, racing is a natural growth enough; the passion for it spreads downwards through all classes, from the Queen to the costermonger. London is like a shelled corn-cob on the Derby day, and there is not a clerk who could raise the money to hire a saddle with an old hack under it that can sit down on his office-stool the next day without wincing.

Now just compare the racer with the trotter for a moment. The racer is incidentally useful, but essentially something to bet upon, as much as the thimble-rigger's "little joker." The trotter is essentially and daily useful, and only incidentally a tool for sporting men.

What better reason do you want for the fact that the racer is most cultivated and reaches his greatest perfection in England, and that the trotting horses of America beat the world? And why should we have expected that the pick—if it was the pick—of our few and far-between racing stables should beat the pick of England and France? Throw over the fallacious time-test, and there was nothing to show for it but a natural kind of patriotic feeling, which we all

have, with a thoroughly provincial conceit, which some of us must plead guilty to.

We may beat yet. As an American, I hope we shall. As a moralist and occasional sermonizer, I am not so anxious about it. Wherever the trotting horse goes, he carries in his train brisk omnibuses, lively bakers' carts, and therefore hot rolls, the jolly butcher's wagon, the cheerful gig, the wholesome afternoon drive with wife and child,—all the forms of moral excellence, except truth, which does not agree with any kind of horse-flesh. The racer brings with him gambling, cursing, swearing, drinking, the eating of oysters, and a distaste for mob-caps and the middle-aged virtues.

And by the way, let me beg you not to call a *trotting match* a *race*, and not to speak of a "*thorough-bred*" as a "*blooded*" horse, unless he has been recently phlebotomized. I consent to your saying "*blood horse*," if you like. Also, if, next year, we send out Posterior and Posterioress, the winners of the great national four-mile race in 7 18½, and they happen to get beaten, pay your bets, and behave like men and gentlemen about it, if you know how.

[I felt a great deal better after blowing off the ill-temper condensed in the above paragraph. To brag little,—to show well,—to crow gently, if in luck,—to pay up, to own up, and to shut up, if beaten, are the virtues of a sporting man, and I can't say that I think we have shown them in any great perfection of late.]

—Apropos of horses. Do you know how important good jockeying is to authors? Judicious management; letting the public see your animal just enough, and not too much; holding him up hard when the market is too full of him; letting him out at just the right buying intervals; always gently feeling his mouth; never slacking and never jerking the rein;—this is what I mean by jockeying.

—When an author has a number of books out, a cunning hand will keep them all spinning, as Signor Blitz does

his dinner-plates ; fetching each one up, as it begins to "wabble," by an advertisement, a puff, or a quotation.

—Whenever the extracts from a living writer begin to multiply fast in the papers, without obvious reason, there is a new book or a new edition coming. The extracts are *ground-bait*.

—Literary life is full of curious phenomena. I don't know that there is anything more noticeable than what we may call *conventional reputations*. There is a tacit understanding in every community of men of letters that they will not disturb the popular fallacy respecting this or that electro-gilded celebrity. There are various reasons for this forbearance : one is old ; one is rich ; one is good-natured ; one is such a favorite with the pit that it would not be safe to hiss him from the manager's box. The venerable augurs of the literary or scientific temple may smile faintly when one of the tribe is mentioned ; but the farce is in general kept up as well as the Chinese comic scene of entreating and imploring a man to stay with you, with the implied compact between you that he shall by no means think of doing it. A poor wretch he must be who would wantonly sit down on one of these bandbox reputations. A Prince-Rupert's-drop, which is a tear of unannealed glass, lasts indefinitely, if you keep it from meddling hands ; but break its tail off, and it explodes and resolves itself into powder. These celebrities I speak of are the Prince-Rupert's-drops of the learned and polite world. See how the papers treat them ! What an array of pleasant kaleidoscopic phrases, that can be arranged in ever so many charming patterns, is at their service ! How kind the "Critical Notices"—where small authorship comes to pick up chips of praise, fragrant, sugary, and sappy—always are to them ! Well, life would be nothing without paper-credit and other fictions ; so let them pass current. Don't steal their chips ; don't puncture their swimming-bladders ; don't come down on their pasteboard boxes ; don't break the ends of their brittle and

unstable reputations, you fellows who all feel sure that your names will be household words a thousand years from now.

"A thousand years is a good while," said the old gentleman who sits opposite, thoughtfully.

—Where have I been for the last three or four days ? Down at the Island, deer-shooting.—How many did I bag ? I brought home one buck shot.—The Island is where ? No matter. It is the most splendid domain that any man looks upon in these latitudes. Blue sea around it, and running up into its heart, so that the little boat slumbers like a baby in lap, while the tall ships are stripping naked to fight the hurricane outside, and storm-stay-sails banging and flying in ribbons. Trees, in stretches of miles ; beeches, oaks, most numerous ;—many of them hung with moss, looking like bearded Druids ; some coiled in the clasp of huge, dark-stemmed grape-vines. Open patches where the sun gets in and goes to sleep, and the winds come so finely sifted that they are as soft as swan's down. Rocks scattered about,—Stonehenge-like monoliths. Fresh-water lakes ; one of them, Mary's lake, crystal-clear, full of flashing pickerel lying under the lily-pads like tigers in the jungle. Six pounds of ditto one morning for breakfast. *Ego fecit.*

The divinity-student looked as if he would like to question my Latin. No, sir, I said,—you need not trouble yourself. There is a higher law in grammar, not to be put down by Andrews and Stoddard. Then I went on.

Such hospitality as that island has seen there has not been the like of in these our New England sovereignties. There is nothing in the shape of kindness and courtesy that can make life beautiful, which has not found its home in that ocean-principality. It has welcomed all who were worthy of welcome, from the pale clergyman who came to breathe the sea-air with its medicinal salt and iodine, to the great statesman who turned his back on the affairs of empire, and smoothed his Olympian fore-

head, and flashed his white teeth in merriment over the long table, where his wit was the keenest and his story the best.

[I don't believe any man ever talked like that in this world. I don't believe I talked just so; but the fact is, in reporting one's conversation, one cannot help *Blair-ing* it up more or less, ironing out crumpled paragraphs, starching limp ones, and crimping and plaiting a little sometimes; it is as natural as prinking at the looking-glass.]

—How can a man help writing poetry in such a place? Everybody does write poetry that goes there. In the state archives, kept in the library of the Lord of the Isle, are whole volumes of unpublished verse,—some by well-known hands, and others, quite as good, by the last people you would think of as versifiers,—men who could pension off all the genuine poets in the country, and buy ten acres of Boston common, if it was for sale, with what they had left. Of course I had to write my little copy of verses with the rest; here it is, if you will hear me read it. When the sun is in the west, vessels sailing in an easterly direction look bright or dark to one who observes them from the north or south, according to the tack they are sailing upon. Watching them from one of the windows of the great mansion, I saw these perpetual changes, and moralized thus:—

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green
To the billows of foam-crested blue,
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue:
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,—
Of breakers that whiten and roar;
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun
They see him that gaze from the shore!
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,

As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wasted leaf,
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sunshine or shade;
Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore!

—Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtired. Good mental machinery ought to break its own wheels and levers, if anything is thrust among them suddenly which tends to stop them or reverse their motion. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself; stupidity often saves a man from going mad. We frequently see persons in insane hospitals, sent there in consequence of what are called *religious* mental disturbances. I confess that I think better of them than of many who hold the same notions, and keep their wits and appear to enjoy life very well, outside of the asylums. Any decent person ought to go mad, if he really holds such or such opinions. It is very much to his discredit in every point of view, if he does not. What is the use of my saying what some of these opinions are? Perhaps more than one of you hold such as I should think ought to send you straight over to Somerville, if you have any logic in your heads or any human feeling in your hearts. Anything that is brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind and perhaps for entire races,—anything that assumes the necessity of the extermination of instincts which were given to be regulated,—no matter by what name you call it,—no matter whether a fakir, or a monk, or a deacon believes it,—if received, ought to produce insanity in every well-regulated mind. That condition becomes a normal one, under the circumstances. I am very much ashamed of some people

for retaining their reason, when they know perfectly well that if they were not the most stupid or the most selfish of human beings, they would become *non-compotes* at once.

[Nobody understood this but the theological student and the schoolmistress. They looked intelligently at each other; but whether they were thinking about my paradox or not, I am not clear.—It would be natural enough. Stranger things have happened. Love and Death enter boarding-houses without asking the price of board, or whether there is room for them. Alas, these young people are poor and pallid! Love *should* be both rich and rosy, but *must* be either rich or rosy. Talk about military duty! What is that to the warfare of a married maid-of-all-work, with the title of mistress, and an American female constitution, which collapses just in the middle third of life, and comes out vulcanized India-rubber, if it happen to live through the period when health and strength are most wanted?]

—Have I ever acted in private theatricals? Often. I have played the part of the “Poor Gentleman,” before a great many audiences,—more, I trust, than I shall ever face again. I did not wear a stage-costume, nor a wig, nor moustaches of burnt cork; but I was placarded and announced as a public performer, and at the proper hour I came forward with the ballet-dancer’s smile upon my countenance, and made my bow and acted my part. I have seen my name stuck up in letters so big that I was ashamed to show myself in the place by daylight. I have gone to a town with a sober literary essay in my pocket, and seen myself everywhere announced as the most desperate of *buffos*,—one who was obliged to restrain himself in the full exercise of his powers, from prudential considerations. I have been through as many hardships as Ulysses, in the pursuit of my histrionic vocation. I have travelled in cars until the conductors all knew me like a brother. I have run off the rails, and stuck all night in snow-

drifts, and sat behind females that would have the window open when one could not wink without his eyelids freezing together. Perhaps I shall give you some of my experiences one of these days;—I will not now, for I have something else for you.

Private theatricals, as I have figured in them in country lyceum-halls, are one thing,—and private theatricals, as they may be seen in certain gilded and frescoed saloons of our metropolis, are another. Yes, it is pleasant to see real gentlemen and ladies, who do not think it necessary to mouth, and rant, and stride, like most of our stage heroes and heroines, in the characters which show off their graces and talents; most of all to see a fresh, unrouged, unspoiled, high-bred young maiden, with a lithe figure, and a pleasant voice, acting in those love-dramas that make us young again to look upon, when real youth and beauty will play them for us.

—Of course I wrote the prologue I was asked to write. I did not see the play, though. I knew there was a young lady in it, and that somebody was in love with her, and she was in love with him, and somebody (an old tutor, I believe) wanted to interfere, and, very naturally, the young lady was too sharp for him. The play of course ends charmingly; there is a general reconciliation, and all concerned form a line and take each others’ hands, as people always do after they have made up their quarrels,—and then the curtain falls,—if it does not stick, as it commonly does at private theatrical exhibitions, in which case a boy is detailed to pull it down, which he does, blushing violently.

Now, then, for my prologue. I am not going to change my caesuras and cadences for anybody; so if you do not like the heroic, or iambic trimeter brachycatalectic, you had better not wait to hear it.

THIS IS IT.

A. Prologue? Well, of course the ladies know;—
I have my doubts. No matter,—here we go!

What is a Prologue? Let our Tutor teach: *Pro* means beforehand; *logos* stands for speech.

'Tis like the harper's prelude on the strings,
The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings;—
Prologues in metre are to other *pros*
As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.

"The world's a stage,"—as Shakspeare said,
one day;
The stage a world—was what he meant to
say.

The outside world's a blunder, that is clear;
The real world that Nature meant is here.
Here every foundling finds its lost mamma;
Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa;
Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
The cheats are taken in the traps they laid;
One after one the troubles all are past
Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,
When the young couple, old folks, rogues,
and all,

Join hands, so happy at the curtain's fall.
—Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed russians always come to
grief.

—When the lorn damsel, with a frantic
screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven!" and drops
upon her knees
On the green—baize,—beneath the (canvas)
trees,—

See to her side avenging Valor fly:—
"Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terraitorr, yield
or die!"

—When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,—
Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal
joy,
Sobs on his neck, "*My boy! My boy!! MY
BOY!!!*"

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to-
night

Of love that conquers in disaster's spite.
Ladies, attend! While woful cares and doubt
Wrong the soft passion in the world without,
Though fortune scowl, though prudence interfe,
One thing is certain: Love will triumph here!

Lords of creation, whom your ladies rule,—
The world's great masters, when you're out
of school,—

Learn the brief moral of our evening's play:
Man has his will,—but woman has her way!
While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and
fire,
Woman's swift instinct threads the electric
wire,—

The magic bracelet stretched beneath the
waves

Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.
All earthly powers confess your sovereign
art

But that one rebel,—woman's wilful heart.
All foes you master; but a woman's wit
Lets daylight through you ere you know
you're hit.

So, just to picture what her art can do,
Hear an old story made as good as new.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-
browed,

Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous
act,"

The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly
cracked.)

"Friend, I have struck," the artist straight
replied;

"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box,—"Now then, if you
please!"

The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing
sneeze,
Off his head tumbled,—bowled along the
floor,—
Bounced down the steps;—the prisoner said
no more!

Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;
If death lurks in it, oh, how sweet to die!
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head;
We die with love, and never dream we're
dead!

The prologue went off very well, as I
hear. No alterations were suggested by
the lady to whom it was sent, so far as I
know. Sometimes people criticize the
poems one sends them, and suggest all
sorts of improvements. Who was that
silly body that wanted Burns to alter
"Scots wha hae," so as to lengthen the
last line, thus?—

"Edward!" Chains and slavery!

Here is a little poem I sent a short
time since to a committee for a certain
celebration. I understood that it was to

[December,

be a festive and convivial occasion, and ordered myself accordingly. It seems the president of the day was what is called a "teetotaller." I received a note from him in the following words, containing the copy subjoined, with the emendations annexed to it.

"Dear Sir,—Your poem gives good satisfaction to the committee. The sentiments expressed with reference to liquor

are not, however, those generally entertained by this community. I have therefore consulted the clergyman of this place, who has made some slight changes, which he thinks will remove all objections, and keep the valuable portions of the poem. Please to inform me of your charge for said poem. Our means are limited, etc., etc., etc.

"Yours with respect."

HERE IT IS,—WITH THE *SLIGHT ALTERATIONS!*

Come! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should we go
 logwood

While the ~~need~~^{logwood} still reddens our cups as they flow?
 decoction

Pour out the ~~rieu~~^{juices} still bright with the sun,
 dye stuff

Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~rieu~~^{juices} shall run.

The ~~purple-globed~~^{half-ripened apples} clusters their life-dews have bled;
 taste sugar of lead

How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!
 rank poisons ~~wines!!!~~^{wines!!!}

For summer's ~~last~~^{best} roses lie hid in the ~~wines~~^{stable-boys smoking long-nines}

That were garnered by maidens who lang'led through the vines.

Then a ~~smile~~^{scowl}, and a ~~glass~~^{howl}, and a ~~toast~~^{scoff}, and a ~~cheer~~^{sneer},
 strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer

For ~~all the good wine~~, and we've ~~some of it here!~~

In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,

Down, down, with the tyrant that masters us all!

Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

The company said I had been shabbily treated, and advised me to charge the committee double,—which I did. But as I never got my pay, I don't know that it made much difference. I am a very particular person about having all I write printed as I write it. I require to see a proof, a revise, a re-revise, and a double re-revise, or fourth-proof rectified impression of all my productions, especially verse. Manuscripts are such puzzles! Why, I was reading some lines near the end of the last number of this journal, when I came across one beginning

"The stream flashes by,"—

Now as no stream had been mentioned,

I was perplexed to know what it meant. It proved, on inquiry, to be only a misprint for "dream." Think of it! No wonder so many poets die young.

I have nothing more to report at this time, except two pieces of advice I gave to the young women at table. One relates to a vulgarism of language, which I grieve to say is sometimes heard even from female lips. The other is of more serious purport, and applies to such as contemplate a change of condition,—matrimony, in fact.

—The woman who "calc'lates" is lost.

—Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE is a name which no man of this generation should pronounce without respect; for it belongs to one of the high-priests of modern literature, to whom all contemporary minds are indebted, and by whose intellect and influence a new spiritual cultus has been established in the realm of letters. It is yet impossible to estimate either the present value or the remote issues of the work which he has accomplished. We see that a revolution in all the departments of thought, feeling, and literary enterprise has been silently achieved amongst us, but we are yet ignorant of its full bearing, and of the final goal to which it is hurrying us. One thing, however, is clear respecting it: that it was not forced in the hot-bed of any possible fanaticism, but that it grew fairly out of the soil, a genuine product of the time and its circumstances. It was, indeed, a new manifestation of the hidden forces and vitalities of what we call Protestantism,—an assertion by the living soul of its right to be heard once more in a world which seemed to ignore its existence, and had set up a ghastly skeleton of dry bones for its oracle and God. It was that necessary return to health, earnestness, and virtuous endeavor which Kreeshna speaks of in the Hindoo Geeta: “ Whenever vice and corruption have sapped the foundations of the world, and men have lost their sense of good and evil, I, Kreeshna, make myself manifest for the restoration of order, and the establishment of justice, virtue, and piety.” And so this literary revolution, of which we are speaking, brought us from frivolity to earnestness, from unbelief and all the dire negations which it engenders, to a sublime faith in human duty and the providence of God.

We have no room here to trace either the foreign or the native influences which, operating as antagonism or as inspiration

upon the minds of Coleridge, Carlyle, and others, produced finally these great and memorable results. It is but justice, however, to recognize Coleridge as the pioneer of the new era. His fine metaphysical intellect and grand imagination, nurtured and matured in the German schools of philosophy and theology, reproduced the speculations of their great thinkers in a form and coloring which could not fail to be attractive to all seeking and sincere minds in England. The French Revolution and the Encyclopedists had already prepared the ground for the reception of new thought and revelation. Hence Coleridge, as writer and speaker, drew towards his centre all the young and ardent men of his time,—and among others, the subject of the present article. Carlyle, however, does not seem to have profited much by the spoken discourses of the master; and in his “Life of Sterling” he gives an exceedingly graphic, cynical, and amusing account of the oracular meetings at Highgate, where the philosopher sat in his great easy-chair, surrounded by his disciples and devotees, uttering, amid floods of unintelligible, mystic eloquence, those radiant thoughts and startling truths which warrant his claim to genius, if not to greatness. It is curious to observe how at this early period of Carlyle’s life, when all the talent and learning of England bowed at these levees before the gigantic speculator and dreamer, he, perhaps alone, stood aloof from the motley throng of worshippers,—*with* them, but not *of* them,—coolly analyzing every sentence delivered by the oracle, and sufficiently learned in the divine lore to separate the gold from the dross. What was good and productive he was ready to recognize and assimilate; leaving the opium pomps and splendors of the discourse, and all the Oriental imagery with which the speaker decorated his

bathos, to those who could find profit therein. It is still more curious and sorrowful to see this great Coleridge, endowed with such high gifts, of so various learning, and possessing so marvellous and plastic a power over all the forms of language, forsaking the true for the false inspiration, and relying upon a vile drug to stimulate his large and lazy intellect into action. Carlyle seems to have regarded him at this period as a sort of fallen demigod; and although he sneers, with an almost Mephistophelean distortion of visage, at the philosopher's half inarticulate drawling of speech, at his snuffy, nasal utterance of the ever-recurring "*omnject*" and "*sumject*," yet gleams of sympathy and affection, not unmixed with sorrow, appear here and there in what he says concerning him. And indeed, although the immense fame of Coleridge is scarcely warranted by his printed performances, he was, nevertheless, worthy both of affection and homage. For whilst we pity the weakness and disease of his moral nature, under the influence of that dark and terribly enchanting weed, we cannot forget either his personal amiabilities or the great service which he rendered to letters and to society. Carlyle himself would be the last man to deny this laurel to the brows of "the poet, the philosopher, and the divine," as Charles Lamb calls him; and it is certain that the thinking of Coleridge helped to fashion Carlyle's mind, and not unlikely that it directed him to a profounder study of German writers than he had hitherto given to them.

Coleridge had already formed a school both of divinity and philosophy. He had his disciples, as well as those far-off gazers who looked upon him with amazement and trembling, not knowing what to make of the phenomenon, or whether to regard him as friend or foe to the old dispensation and the established order of things. He had written books and poems, preached Unitarian sermons, recanted, and preached philosophy and Church-of-Englandism. To the dazzled eyes of all ordinary mortals, con-

tent to chew the cud of parish sermons, and swallow, Sunday after Sunday, the articles of common belief, he seemed an eccentric comet. But a better astronomy recognized him as a fixed star, for he was unmistakable by that fitting Few whose verdict is both history and immortality.

But a greater than Coleridge, destined to assume a more commanding position, and exercise a still wider power over the minds of his age, arose in Thomas Carlyle. The son of a Scotch farmer, he had in his youth a hard student's life of it, and many severe struggles to win the education which is the groundwork of his greatness. His father was a man of keen penetration, who saw into the heart of things, and possessed such strong intellect and sterling common sense that the country people said "he always hit the nail on the head and clinched it." His mother was a good, pious woman, who loved the Bible, and Luther's "*Table Talk*," and Luther,—walking humbly and sincerely before God, her Heavenly Father. Carlyle was brought up in the religion of his fathers and his country; and it is easy to see in his writings how deep a root this solemn and earnest belief had struck down into his mind and character. He readily confesses how much he owes to his mother's early teaching, to her beautiful and beneficent example of goodness and holiness; and he ever speaks of her with affection and reverence. We once saw him at a friend's house take up a folio edition of the "*Table Talk*" alluded to, and turn over the pages with a gentle and loving hand, reading here and there his mother's favorite passages,—now speaking of the great historic value of the book, and again of its more private value, as his mother's constant companion and solace. It was touching to see this pitiless intellect, which had bruised and broken the idols of so many faiths, to which Luther himself was recommended only by his bravery and self-reliance and the grandeur of his aims,—it was touching, we say, and suggestive also of many

things, to behold the strong, stern man paying homage to language whose spirit was dead to him, out of pure love for his dear mother, and veneration also for the great heart in which that spirit was once alive that fought so grand and terrible a battle. Carlyle likes to talk of Luther, and, as his "Hero-Worship" shows, loves his character. A great, fiery, angry gladiator, with something of the bully in him,—as what controversialist has not, from Luther to Erasmus, to Milton, to Carlyle himself?—a dread image-breaker, implacable as Cromwell, but higher and nobler than he, with the tenderness of a woman in his inmost heart, full of music, and glory, and spirituality, and power; his speech genuine and idiomatic, not battles only, but conquests; and all his highest, best, and gentlest thoughts robed in the divine garments of religion and poetry;—such was Luther, and as such Carlyle delights to behold him. Are they not akin? We assuredly think so. For the blood of this aristocracy refuses to mix with that of churls and bastards, and flows pure and uncontaminated from century to century, descending in all its richness and vigor from Piromis to Piromis. The ancient philosopher knew this secret well enough when he said a Parthian and a Libyan might be related, although they had no common parental blood; and that a man is not necessarily my brother because he is born of the same womb.

We find that Carlyle in his student-life manifested many of those strong moral characteristics which are the attributes of all his heroes. An indomitable courage and persistency meet us everywhere in his pages,—persistency, and also careful painstaking, and patience in sifting facts and gathering results. He disciplined himself to this end in early youth, and never allowed any study or work to conquer him. Speaking to us once in private upon the necessity of persevering effort in order to any kind of success in life, he said, "When I was a student, I resolved to make myself master of Newton's 'Principia,' and

although I had not at that time knowledge enough of mathematics to make the task other than a Hercules-labor to me, yet I read and wrought unceasingly, through all obstructions and difficulties, until I had accomplished it; and no Tamerlane conqueror ever felt half so happy as I did when the terrible book lay subdued and vanquished before me." This trifling anecdote is a key to Carlyle's character. To achieve his object, he exhausts all the means within his command; never shuffles through his work, but does it faithfully and sincerely, with a man's heart and hand. This outward sincerity in the conduct of his executive faculty has its counterpart in the inmost recesses of his nature. We feel that this man and falsehood are impossible companions, and our faith in his integrity is perfect and absolute. Herein lies his power; and here also lies the power of all men who have ever moved the world. For it is in the nature of truth to conserve itself, whilst falsehood is centrifugal, and flies off into inanity and nothingness. It is by the cardinal virtue of sincerity alone—the truthfulness of deed to thought, of effect to cause—that man and nature are sustained. God is truth; and he who is most faithful to truth is not only likest to God, but is made a participator in the divine nature. For without truth there is neither power, vitality, nor permanence.

Carlyle was fortunate that he was comparatively poor, and never tempted, therefore, as a student, to dissipate his fine talents in the gay pursuits of university life. Not that there would have been any likelihood of his running into the excesses of ordinary students, but we are pleased and thankful to reflect that he suffered no kind of loss or harm in those days of his novitiate. It is one of the many consolations of poverty that it protects young men from snares and vices to which the rich are exposed; and our poor student in his garret was preserved faithful to his vocation, and laid up day by day those stores of knowledge,

experience, and heavenly wisdom which he has since turned to so good account. It would be deeply interesting, if we could learn the exact position of Carlyle's mind at this time, with respect to those profound problems of human nature and destiny which have occupied the greatest men in all ages, ceaselessly and pertinaciously urging their dark and solemn questions, and refusing to depart until their riddles were in some sort solved. That Carlyle was haunted by these questions, and by the pitiless Sphinx herself who guards the portals of life and death,—that he had to meet her face to face, staring at him with her stony, passionless eyes,—that he had to grapple and struggle with her for victory,—there are proofs abundant in his writings. The details of the struggle, however, are not given us; it is the result only that we know. But it is evident that the progress of his mind from the bog-region of orthodoxy to the high realms of thought and faith was a slow proceeding,—not rolled onward as with the chariot-wheels of a fierce and sudden revolution, but gradually developed in a long series of births, growths, and deaths. The theological phraseology sticks to him, indeed, even to the present time, although he puts it to new uses; and it acquires in his hands a power and significance which it possessed only when, of old, it was representative of the divine.

Carlyle was matured in solitude. Emerson found him, in the year 1833, on the occasion of his first visit to England, living at Craigenputtock, a farm in Nithsdale, far away from all civilization, and "no one to talk to but the minister of the parish." He, good man, could make but little of his solitary friend, and must many a time have been startled out of his canonicals by the strange, alien speeches which he heard. It is a pity that this minister had not had some of the Boswell faculty in him, that he might have reported what we should all be so glad to hear. Over that period of his life, however, the curtain falls at present,

to be lifted only, if ever, by Carlyle himself. Through the want of companionship, he fell back naturally upon books and his own thoughts. Here he wrote some of his finest critical essays for the reviews, and that "rag of a book," as he calls it, the "*Life of Schiller*." The essays show a catholic, but conservative spirit, and are full of deep thought. They exhibit also a profoundly philosophical mind, and a power of analysis which is almost unique in letters. They are pervaded likewise by an earnestness and solemnity which are perfectly Hebrewic; and each performance is presented in a style decorated with all the costly jewels of imagination and fancy,—a style of far purer and more genuine English than any of his subsequent writings, which are often marred, indeed, by gross exaggerations, and still grosser violations of good taste and the chastities of language. What made these writings, however, so notable at the time, and so memorable since, was that sincerity and deep religious feeling of the writer which we have already alluded to. Here were new elements introduced into the current literature, destined to revivify it, and to propagate themselves, as by seminal vitality, in myriad minds and forms. These utterances were both prophetic and creative, and took all sincere minds captive. Dry and arid in comparison as Egyptian deserts, lay all around him the writings of his contemporaries. No living waters flowed through them; all was sand, and parch, and darkness. The contrast was immense: a living soul and a dead corpse! Since the era of the Commonwealth,—the holy, learned, intellectual, and earnest age of Taylor, Barrow, Milton, Fuller,—no such pen of fire had wrought its miracles amongst us. Writers spoke from the intellect, believed in the intellect, and divorced it from the soul and the moral nature. Science, history, ethics, religion, whenever treated of in literary form, were mechanized, and shone not with any spiritual illumination. There was abundance of lawyer-like ability,—but of genius, and its accompany-

ing "divine afflatus, little. Carlyle is full of genius; and this is evidenced not only by the fine aroma of his language, but by the depths of his insight, his wondrous historical pictures,—living cartoons of persons, events, and epochs, which he paints often in single sentences,—and the rich mosaic of truths with which every page of his writings is inlaid.

That German literature, with which at this time Carlyle had been more or less acquainted for ten years, had done much to foster and develope his genius there can be no doubt; although the book which first created a storm in his mind, and awoke him to the consciousness of his own abundant faculty, was the "Confessions" of Rousseau,—a fact which is well worthy of record and remembrance. He speaks subsequently of poor Jean Jacques with much sympathy and sorrow; not as the greatest man of his time and country, but as the sincerest,—a smitten, struggling spirit,—

" An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

From Rousseau, and his strange thoughts, and wild, ardent eloquence, the transition to German literature was easy. Some one had told Carlyle that he would find in this literature what he had so long sought after,—truth and rest,—and he gladly learned the language, and addressed himself to the study of its masters; with what success all the world knows, for he has grafted their thoughts upon his own, and whoever now speaks is more or less consciously impregnated by his influence. Who the man was that sent Carlyle to them does not appear, and so far as he is concerned it is of little moment to inquire; but the fact constitutes the grand epoch in Carlyle's life, and his true history dates from that period.

It was natural that he should be deeply moved on his introduction to German literature. He went to it with an open and receptive nature, and with an earnestness of purpose which could not

fail to be productive. Jean Paul, the beautiful!—the good man, and the wise teacher, with poetic stuff in him sufficient to have floated an argosy of modern writers,—this great, imaginative Jean Paul was for a long time Carlyle's idol, whom he reverently and affectionately studied. He has written a fine paper about him in his "Miscellanies," and we trace his influence not only in Carlyle's thought and sentiment, but in the very form of their utterance. He was, indeed, warped by him, at one period, clear out of his orbit, and wrote as he inspired. The dazzling sunbursts of Richter's imagination, however,—its gigantic procession of imagery, moving along in sublime and magnificent marches from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,—the array, symbolism, and embodiment of his manifold ideas, ceased in the end to enslave, though they still captivated Carlyle's mind; and he turns from him to the thinkers who deal with God's geometry, and penetrate into the abysses of being,—to primordial Kant, and his behemoth brother, Fichte. Nor does Hegel, or Schelling, or Schlegel, or Novalis escape his pursuit, but he hunts them all down, and takes what is needful to him, out of them, as his trophy. Schiller is his king of singers, although he does not much admire his "Philosophical Letters," or his "Aesthetic Letters." But his grandest modern man is the calm and plastic Goethe, and the homage he renders him is worthy of a better and a holier idol. Goethe's "Autobiography," in so far as it relates to his early days, is a bad book; and Wordsworth might well say of the "Wilhelm Meister," that "it was full of all manner of fornication, like the crossing of flies in the air." Goethe, however, is not to be judged by any fragmentary estimate of him, but as an intellectual whole; for he represented the intellect, and grasped with his selfish and cosmical mind all the provinces of thought, learning, art, science, and government, for purely intellectual purposes. This entrance into, and breaking up of, the minds of these distinguished persons

was, however, a fine discipline for Carlyle, who is fully aware of its value; and whilst holding communion with these great men, who by their genius and insight seemed to apprehend the essential truth of things at a glance, it is not wonderful that he should have been so merciless in his denunciations of the mere logic-ability of English writers, as he shows himself in the essays of that period. Logic, useful as it is, as a help to reasoning, is but the dead body of thought, as Novalis designates it, and has no place in the inspired regions where the prophets and the bards reside.

Carlyle's fame, however, had not reached its culminating point when Emerson visited him. The English are a slow, unimpressionable people, not given to hasty judgments, nor too much nor too sudden praise; requiring first to take the true altitude of a man, to measure him by severe tests; often grudging him his proper and natural advantages and talents, buffeting and abusing him in a merciless and sometimes an unreasoning and unreasonable manner, allowing him now and then, however, a sunbeam for his consolation, until at last they come to a settled understanding of him, and he is generously praised and abused into the sanctuary of their worthies. This was not the case, however, at present, with Carlyle; for although he had the highest recognitions from some of those who constitute the flower and chivalry of England, he was far better known and more widely read in America than in his own country. Emerson, then a young man, with a great destiny before him, was attracted by his writings, and carried a letter of introduction to him at Craigenputtock. "He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow; self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humor which floated everything he looked upon." He is the same man, in his best moods, in the year 1857, as he was in

1833. His person, except that he stoops slightly, is tall, and very little changed. He is thinner, and the once ruddy hues of his cheek are dying away like faint streaks of light in the twilight sky of a summer evening. But he is strong and hearty on the whole; although the excitement of continuous writing keeps him in a perpetual fever, deranges his liver, and makes him at times acrid and savage as a sick giant. Hence his increased pugnacity of late,—his fierceness, and angry hammering of all things sacred and profane. It is but physical and temporary, however, all this, and does not affect his healthy and serene moments. For no man lives who possesses greater kindness and affection, or more good, noble, and humane qualities. All who know him love him, although they may have much to pardon in him; not in a social or moral sense, however, but in an intellectual one. His talk is as rich as ever,—perhaps richer; for his mind has increased its stores, and the old fire of geniality still burns in his great and loving heart. Perhaps his conversation is better than his printed discourse. We have never heard anything like it. It is all alive, as if each word had a soul in it.

How characteristic is all that Emerson tells us of him in his "*English Traits*"!—a book, by the way, concerning which no adequate word has yet been spoken; the best book ever written upon England, and which no brave young Englishman can read, and ever after commit either a mean or a bad action. We are therefore doubly thankful to Emerson, both for what he says of England, and for what he relates of Carlyle, whose independent speech upon all subjects is one of his chief charms. He reads "*Blackwood*," for example, and has enjoyed many a racy, vigorous article in its pages; but it does not satisfy him, and he calls it "*Sand Magazine*." "*Fraser's*" is a little better, but not good enough to be worthy of a higher nomenclature than "*Mud Magazine*." Excessive praise of any one's talents drives him into admiration

of the parts of his own learned pig, now wallowing in the sty. The best thing he knew about America was that there a man could have meat for his labor. He did not read Plato, and he disparaged Socrates. Mirabeau was a hero; Gibbon the splendid bridge from the old world to the new. It is interesting also to hear that "Tristram Shandy" was one of the first books he read after "Robinson Crusoe," and that Robertson's "America" was an early favorite. Rousseau's "Confessions" had discovered to him that he was not a dunce. Speaking of English pauperism, he said that government should direct poor men what to do. "Poor Irish folks come wandering over these moors. My dame makes it a rule to give to every son of Adam bread to eat, and supplies his wants to the next house. But here are thousands of acres which might give them all meat, and nobody to bid those poor Irish go to the moor and till it. They burned the stacks, and so found a way to force the rich people to attend to them." Here is the germ of his book on "Chartism." Emerson and he talk of the immortality of the soul, seated on the hill-tops near Old Criffel, and looking down "into Wordsworth's country." Carlyle had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken; but he was honest and true, and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future. "Christ died on the tree; that built Dun-score Kirk yonder; that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence."

Such is Emerson's account of his first visit to our author, whose eyes were already turned towards London as the heart of the world, whither he subsequently went, and where he now abides.

From Craigenputtock, with its savage rocks and moorlands, its sheepwalk solitudes, its isolation and distance from all the advantages of civil and intellectual

life, to London and the living solitude of its unnumberable inhabitants, its activities, polity, and world-wide ramifications of commerce, learning, science, literature, and art, was a change of great magnitude, whose true proportions it took time to estimate. Carlyle, however, was not afraid of the huge mechanism of London life, but took to it bravely and kindly, and was soon at home amidst the everlasting whirl and clamor, the roar and thunder of its revolutions. For although a scholar, and bred in seclusion, he was also a genuine man of the world, and well acquainted with its rough ways and Plutonic wisdom. This knowledge, combined with his strong "common sense,"—as poor Dr. Beattie calls it, fighting for its supremacy with canine ferocity,—gave Carlyle high vantage-ground in his writings. He could meet the world with its own weapons, and was cunning enough at that fence, as the world was very shortly sensible. He was saved, therefore, from the contumely which vulgar minds are always ready to bestow upon saints and mystics who sit aloof from them, high enthroned amidst the truths and solemnities of God. The secluded and ascetic life of most scholars, highly favorable as it undoubtedly is to contemplation and internal development, has likewise its disadvantages, and puts them, as being undisciplined in the ways of life, at great odds, when they come to the actual and practical battle. A man should be armed at all points, and not subject himself, like good George Fox, Jacob Behmen, and other holy men, to the taunts of the mob, on account of any awkward gait, mannerism, or ignorance of men and affairs. Paul had none of these absurdities about him; but was an accomplished person, as well as a divine speaker. His doctrine of being all things to all men, that he might win souls to Christ, is, like good manners and politeness, a part of that mundane philosophy which obtains in every society, both as theory and performance; not, however, in its literal meaning, which would involve all sorts of hypocrisy and

lies as its accessories, but in the sense of ability to meet all kinds of men on their own grounds and with their own enginery of warfare.

Strength, whether of mind or body, is sure to command respect, even though it be used against ourselves; for we Anglo-Saxons are all pugilists. A man, therefore, who accredits his metal by the work he accomplishes, will be readily enough heard when he comes to speak and labor upon higher platforms. This was the case with Carlyle; and when he published that new Book of Job, that weird and marvellous Pilgrim's Progress of a modern cultivated soul, the "Sartor Resartus," in "Fraser's Magazine," strange, wild, and incomprehensible as it was to most men, they did not put it contemptuously aside, but pondered it, laughed at it, trembled over it and its dread apocalyptic visions and revelations, respecting its earnestness and eloquence, although not comprehending what manner of writing it essentially was. Carlyle enjoyed the perplexity of his readers and reviewers, neither of whom, with the exception of men like Sterling, and a writer in one of the Quarterlies, seemed to know what they were talking about when they spoke of it. The criticisms upon it were exceedingly comical in many instances, and the author put the most notable of these together, and always alluded to them with roars of laughter. The book has never yet received justice at the hands of any literary tribunal. It requires, indeed, a large amount of culture to appreciate it, either as a work of art, or as a living flame-painting of spiritual struggle and revelation. In his previous writings he had insisted upon the sacredness and infinite value of the human soul,—upon the wonder and mystery of life, and its dread surroundings,—upon the divine significance of the universe, with its star pomp, and overhanging immensities,—and upon the primal necessity for each man to stand with awe and reverence in this august and solemn presence, if he would hope to receive

any glimpses of its meaning, or live a true and divine life in the world; and in the "Sartor" he has embodied and illustrated this in the person and actions of his hero. He saw that religion had become secular; that it was reduced to a mere Sunday holiday and Vanity Fair, taking no vital hold of the lives of men, and radiating, therefore, none of its blessed and beautiful influences about their feet and ways; that human life itself, with all its adornments of beauty and poetry, was in danger of paralysis and death; that love and faith, truth, duty, and holiness, were fast losing their divine attributes in the common estimation, and were hurrying downwards with tears and a sad threnody into gloom and darkness. Carlyle saw all this, and knew that it was the reaction of that intellectual idolatry which brought the eighteenth century to a close; knew also that there was only one remedy which could restore men to life and health,—namely, the quickening once again of their spiritual nature. He felt, also, that it was his mission to attempt this miracle; and hence the prophetic fire and vehemence of his words. No man, and especially no earnest man, can read him without feeling himself arrested as by the grip of a giant,—without trembling before his stern questions, inculcations, and admonitions. There is a God, O Man! and not a blind chance, as governor of this world. Thy soul has infinite relations with this God, which thou canst never realize in thy being, or manifest in thy practical life, save by a devout reverence for him, and his miraculous, awful universe. This reverence, this deep, abiding religious feeling, is the only link which binds us to the Infinite. That severed, broken, or destroyed, and man is an alien and an orphan; lost to him forever is the key to all spiritual mystery, to the hieroglyph of the soul, to the symbolism of nature, of time, and of eternity.—Such, as we understand it, is Carlyle's teaching. But this is not all. Man is to be man in that high sense we have spoken

of, not for the mere offices of devotion and contemplation, folding his robes of immortality around him, as if God had done with him for all practical purposes, and he with God,—but for action,—action in a world which is to prove his power, his beneficence, his usefulness. That spiritual fashioning by the Great Fashioner of all things is so ordained that we ourselves may become fashioners, workers, makers. For it is given to no man to be an idle cumberer of the ground, but to dig, and sow, and plant, and reap the fruits of his labor for the garner. This is man's first duty, and the diviner he is the more divinely will he execute it.

That such a gospel as this could find utterance in the pages of the "Edinburgh Review" is curious enough; and it is scarcely less surprising that the "Sartor Resartus" should make its first appearance in the somewhat narrow and conservative pages of Fraser. Carlyle has clearly written his own struggles in this book,—his struggles and his conquests. From the "Everlasting No,"—that dreadful realm of enchantment, where all the forms of nature are frozen forever in dumb imprisonment and despair,—the great vaulted firmament no longer serene and holy and loving as God's curtain for his children's slumbers, but flaming in starry portents, and dropping down over the earth like a funeral pall; through this region of life-seemblance and death-reality the lonely and aching pilgrim wanders,—questioning without reply,—wailing, broken, self-consuming,—looking with eager eyes for the waters of immortality, and finding nothing but pools of salt and Marahs of bitterness. Herein is no Calvary, no Cross-symbolism, by whose miraculous power he is relieved of his infinite burden of sorrow, starting onward with hope and joy in his heart; nor does he ever find his Calvary until the deeps of his spiritual nature are broken up and flooded with celestial light, as he knocks reverently at the portals of heaven for communion with his Father who is in

heaven. Then bursts upon him a new significance from all things; he sees that the great world is but a fable of divine truth, hiding its secrets from all but the initiated and the worthy, and that faith, and trust, and worship are the cipher which unlocks them all. He thus arrives at the plains of heaven in the region of the "Everlasting Yes." His own soul lies naked and resolved before him,—its unspeakable greatness, its meaning, faculty, and destiny. Work, and dutiful obedience to the laws of work, are the outlets of his power; and herein he finds peace and rest to his soul.

That Carlyle is not only an earnest, but a profoundly religious man, these attempted elucidations of his teachings will abundantly show. His religion, however, is very far remote from what is called religion in this day. He has no patience with second-hand beliefs,—with articles of faith ready-made for the having. Whatsoever is accepted by men because it is the tradition of their fathers, and not a deep conviction arrived at by legitimate search, is to him of no avail; and all merely historical and intellectual faith, standing outside the man, and not absorbed in the life as a vital, moving, and spiritual power, he places also amongst the chaff for burning. This world is a serious world, and human life and business are also serious matters,—not to be trifled with, nor cheated by shams and hypocrisies, but to be dealt with in all truth, soberness, and sincerity. No one can thus deal with it who is not himself possessed of these qualities, and the result of a life is the test of what virtue there is in it. False men leave no mark. It is truth alone which does the masonry of the world,—which founds empires, and builds cities, and establishes laws, commerce, and civilization. And in private life the same law abides, indestructible as God. Carlyle's teaching tends altogether in this direction; and whilst he belongs to no church and no creed, he is tolerant of all, and of everything that is heartily and unfeignedly believed in by his fellows.

He is no Catholic; and yet for years he read little else than the forty volumes of the "Acta Sanctorum," and found, he says, all Christian history there, and much of profane history. Neither is he a Mahometan; but he nevertheless makes a hero of Mahomet, whom he loves for his Ishmaelite fierceness, bravery, and religious sincerity,—and because he taught deism, or the belief in one God, instead of the old polytheism, or the belief in many gods,—and gave half the East his very good book, called the Koran, for his followers to live and die by.

Whether this large catholicism, this worship of heroes, is the best of what now remains of religion on earth is certainly questionable enough; and if we regard it in no other light than merely as an idolatry of persons, there is an easy answer ready for it. But considering that religion is now so far dead that it consists in little else than formalities, and that its divine truth is no longer such to half the great world, which lies, indeed, in dire atrophy and wickedness,—and if we further consider and agree that the awakened human soul is the divinest thing on earth, and partakes of the divine nature itself, and that its manifestations are also divine in whomsoever it is embodied, we can see some apology for its adoption; inasmuch as it is the divine likeness to which reverence and homage are rendered, and not the person merely, but only so far as he is the medium of its showing. Christianity, however, will assuredly survive, although doubtless in a new form, preserving all the integrity of its message,—and be once more faith and life to men, when the present old, established, decaying cultus shall be venerated only as history.

Carlyle clings to the Christian formulæry and the old Christian life in spite of himself. He is almost fanatical in his attachment to the mediæval times,—to the ancient worship, its ceremonial, music, and architecture, its monastic government, its saints and martyrs. And the reason, as he shows in the "Past and Present," is, that all this array of

devotion, this pomp and ceremony, this music and painting, this gorgeous and sublime architecture, this fasting and praying, were *real*,—faithful manifestations of a religion which to that people was truly genuine and holy. They who built the cathedrals of Europe, adorned them with carvings, pictures, and those stately windows with their storied illuminations which at this day are often miracles of beauty and of art, were not frivolous modern conventicle-builders, but poets as grand as Milton, and sculptors whose genius might front that of Michel Angelo. It was no dead belief in a dead religion which designed and executed these matchless temples. Man and Religion were both alive in those days; and the worship of God was so profound a prostration of the inmost spirit before his majesty and glory, that the souls of the artists seem to have been inspired, and to have received their archetypes in heavenly visions. Such temples it is neither in the devotion nor the faculty of the modern Western world to conceive or construct. Carlyle knows all this, and he falls back in loving admiration upon those old times and their worthies, despising the filigree materials of which the men of to-day are for the most part composed. He revels in that picture of monastic life, also, which is preserved in the record of Jocelyn de Brakelonde. He sees all men at work there, each at his proper vocation; and he praises them, because they fear God and do their duty. He finds them the same men, although with better and more devout hearts, as we are at this day. Time makes no difference in this verdant human nature, which shows ever the same in Catholic monasteries as in Puritan meeting-houses. We have a wise preaching, however, from that Past, to the Present, in Carlyle's book, which is one of his best efforts, and contains isolated passages which for wisdom and beauty, and chastity of utterance, he has never exceeded.

We have no space to speak here of all his books with anything like critical

integrity. The greatest amongst them, however, is, perhaps, his "French Revolution, a History,"—which is no history, but a vivid painting of characters and events as they moved along in tumultuous procession. No one can appreciate this book who is not acquainted with the history in its details beforehand. Emerson once related to us a striking anecdote connected with this work, which gives us another glimpse of Carlyle's character. He had just completed, after infinite labor, one of the three volumes of his History, which he left exposed on his study table when he went to bed. Next morning he sought in vain for the manuscript, and had wellnigh concluded with Robert Hall, who was once in a similar dilemma, that the Devil had run away with it, when the servant-girl, on being questioned, confessed that she had burnt it to kindle the fire. Carlyle neither stamped nor raved, but sat down without a word and rewrote it.

In summing up the present results of Carlyle's labor, foolish men of the world and small critics have not failed to ask what it all amounts to,—what the great Demiurgus is aiming at in his weary battle of life; and the question is significant enough,—one more proof of that Egyptian darkness of vision which he is here to dispel. "He pulls down the old," say they; "but what does he give us in place of it? Why does he not strike out a system of his own? And after all, there is nothing new in him." Such is the idle talk of the day, and such are the men who either guide the people, or seek to guide them. Poor ignorant souls! who do not know the beginning of the knowledge which Carlyle teaches, nor its infinite importance to life and all its concerns:—this, namely, as we have said before, that the soul should first of all be wakened to the consciousness of its own miraculous being, that it may be penetrated by the miracles of the universe, and rise by aspiration and faith to the knowledge and worship of God, in whom are all things; that this attitude of the soul, and its accompanying wisdom, will

beget the strength, purity, virtue, and truth which can alone restore order and beauty upon the earth; that all "systems," and mechanical, outward means and appliances to the end, will but increase the Babel of confusion, as things unfitted to it, and altogether extraneous and hopeless. "Systems!" It is living, truthful men we want; these will make their own systems; and let those who doubt the truth humbly watch and wait until it is manifest to them, or go on their own arid and sorrowful ways in what peace they can find there.

The catholic spirit of Carlyle's works cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that he has received letters from all sorts and conditions of men, Methodists and Shakers, Churchmen and Romanists, Deists and Infidels, all claiming his fellowship, and thinking they find their peculiarities of thought in him. This is owing partly, perhaps, to the fact that in his earlier writings he masked his sentiments both in Hebraic and Christian phraseology; and partly to the lack of vision in his admirers, who could not distinguish a new thought in an old garment. His "Cromwell" deceived not a few in this respect; and we were once asked in earnest, by a man who should have been better informed, if Carlyle was a Puritan. Whatever he may be called, or believed to be, one thing is certain concerning him: that he is a true and valiant man,—all out a man!—and that literature and the world are deeply indebted to him. His mission, like that of Jeremy Collier in a still baser age, was to purge our literature of its falsehood, to recreate it, and to make men once more believe in the divine, and live in it. So earnest a man has not appeared since the days of Luther, nor any one whose thoughts are so suggestive, germinal, and propagative. All our later writers are tinged with his thought, and he has to answer for such men as Kingsley, Newman, Froude, and others who will not answer for him, nor acknowledge him.

In private life Carlyle is amiable, and often high and beautiful in his demeanor.

He talks much, and, as we have said, well; impatient, at times, of interruption, and at other times readily listening to those who have anything to say. But he hates babblers, and cant, and sham, and has no mercy for them, but sweeps them away in the whirlwind and terror of his wrath. He receives distinguished men, in the evening, at his house in Chelsea; but he rarely visits. He used occasionally to grace the saloons of Lady Blessington, in the palmy days of her life, when she attracted around her all noble and beautiful persons, who were distin-

guished by their attainments in literature, science, or art; but he rarely leaves his home now for such a purpose. He is at present engaged in his "Life of Frederick the Great," whom he will hardly make a hero of, and with whom, we learn, he is already very heartily disgusted. The first volume will shortly appear.

And now we must close this imperfect paper,—reserving for a future occasion some personal reminiscences of him, which may prove both interesting and illustrative.

THE BUTTON-ROSE.

CHAPTER I.

I FEAR I have not what is called "a taste for flowers." To be sure, my cottage home is half buried in tall shrubs, some of which are flowering, and some are not. A giant woodbine has wrapped the whole front in its rich green mantle; and the porch is roofed and the windows curtained with luxuriant honeysuckles and climbing wild-roses. But, though I have tried for it many times, I never yet had a successful bed of flowers. My next neighbor, Mrs. Smith, is "a lady of great taste"; and when she leads me proudly through her trim alleys edged with box, and displays her hyacinths and tulips, her heliotropes, cactuses, and gladioluses, her choice roses, "so extremely double," and all the rare plants which adorn her parterre, I conclude it must be that I have no taste at all. I beg her to save me seeds and bulbs, get fresh directions for laying down, and inoculating, grafting, and potting, and go home with my head full of improvements. But the next summer comes round with no change, except that the old denizens of the soil (like my maids and my children) have grown more wild and audacious than ever, and I find no place for beds of

flowers. I must e'en give it up; I have no taste for flowers, in the common sense of the words. In fact, they awaken in me no sentiment, no associations, as they stand, marshalled for show, "in beds and curious knots"; and I do not like the care of them.

Yet let me find these daughters of the early year in their native haunts, scattered about on hillside and in woody dingle, half hidden by green leaves, starting up like fairies in secluded nooks, nestling at the root of some old tree, or leaning over to peep into some glassy bit of water, and no heart thrills quicker than mine at the sight. There they seem to me to enjoy a sweet wild life of their own; nodding and smiling in the sunshine or verdant gloom, caring not to see or to be seen. Some of the loveliest of my early recollections are of rambles after flowers. There was a certain "little pink and yellow flower" (so described to me by one of my young cousins) after which I searched a whole summer with unabated eagerness. I was fairly haunted by its ideal image. Henry von Ofterdingen never sought with intenser desire for his wondrous blue flower, nor more vainly; for I never found it.

One day, this same cousin and myself, while wandering in the woods, found ourselves on the summit of a little rocky precipice, and at its foot, lo! in full bloom, a splendid variety of the orchis, (a flower I had never seen before,) looking to my astonished eyes like an enchanted princess in a fairy tale. With a scream of joy we both sprang for the prize. Harriet seized it first, but after gazing at it a moment with a quiet smile, presented it to me. "Kings may be blest, but I was glorious!" I never felt so rich before or since.

But there was one flower,—and I must confess that I made acquaintance with it in a garden, but at an age when I thought all things grew out of the blessed earth of their own sweet will,—which, as it is the first I remember to have loved, has maintained the right of priority in my affections to this day. Nay, many an object of deep, absorbing interest, more than one glowing friendship, has meantime passed away, leaving no memorial but sad and bitter thoughts; while this wee flower still lives and makes glad a little green nook in my heart. It was a Button-Rose of the smallest species, the outspread blossom scarce exceeding in size a shilling-piece. It stood in my grandfather's garden,—that garden which, at my first sight of it, (I was then about five years old,) seemed to me boundless in extent, and beautiful beyond aught that I had seen or thought before. It was a large, old-fashioned kitchen-garden, adorned and enriched, however, as then the custom was, with flowers and fruit-trees. Several fine old pear-trees and a few of the choicest varieties of plum and cherry were scattered over it; currants and gooseberries lined the fences; the main alley, running through its whole extent, was thickly bordered by lilacs, syringas, and roses, with many showy flowers intermixed, and terminated in a very pleasant grape-arbor. Behind this rose a steep green hill covered with an apple-orchard, through which a little thread of a footpath wound up to another arbor which stood on the summit

relieved against the sky. It was but little after sunrise, the first morning of my visit, when I timidly opened the garden gate and stood in full view of these glories. All was dewy, glittering, fragrant, musical as a morn in Eden. For a while I stood still, in a kind of enchantment. Venturing, at length, a few steps forward, gazing eagerly from side to side, I was suddenly arrested by the most marvellously beautiful object my eyes had ever seen,—no other than the little Button-Rose of our story! So small, so perfect! It filled my infant sense with its loveliness. It grew in a very pretty china vase, as if more precious than the other flowers. Several blossoms were fully expanded, and many tiny buds were showing their crimson tips. As I stood lost in rapture over this little miracle of beauty, a humming-bird, the smallest of its fairy tribe, darted into sight, and hung for an instant, its ruby crest and green and golden plumage flashing in the sun, over my new-found treasure. Were it not that the emotions of a few such moments are stamped indelibly on the memory, we should have no conception in maturer life of the intenseness of childish enjoyment. Oh for one drop of that fresh morning dew, that pure nectar of life, in which I then bathed with an unconscious bliss! Methinks I would give many days of sober, thoughtful, *rational* enjoyment for one hour of the eager rapture which thrilled my being as I stood in that enchanted garden, gazing upon my little rose, and that gay creature of the elements, that winged blossom, that living fragment of a rainbow, that glanced and quivered and murmured over it. .

But, dear as the Button-Rose is to my memory, I should hardly think of obtruding it on the notice of others, were it not for a little tale of human interest connected with it. While I yet stood motionless in the ecstasy of my first wonder, a young man and woman entered the garden, chatting and laughing in a very lively manner. The lady was my Aunt Caroline, then in the fresh bloom of

seventeen ; the young man I had never seen before. Seeing me standing alone in the walk, my aunt called me ; but as I shrunk away shy and blushing at sight of the stranger, she came forward and took hold of my hand.

"This is our little Katy, Cousin Harry," said she, leading me towards him.

"Our little Katy's most obedient!" replied he, taking off his broad-brimmed straw hat, and making a flourishing bow nearly to the ground.

"Don't be afraid of him, Katy dear ; he's nobody," said my aunt, laughing.

At these encouraging words I glanced up at the merry pair, and thought them almost as pretty as the rose and hummingbird. My Aunt Caroline's beauty was of a somewhat peculiar character,—if beauty that can be called which was rather spirit, brilliancy, geniality of expression, than symmetrical mould of features. The large, full eye was of the deepest violet hue ; the finely arched forehead, a little too boldly cast for feminine beauty, was shaded by masses of rich chestnut hair ; the mouth,—but who could describe that mouth ? Even in repose, some arch thought seemed ever at play among its changeful curves ; and when she spoke or laughed, its wonderful mobility and sweetness of expression threw a perfect witchery over her face. She was quite short, and, if the truth must be told, a little too stout in figure ; but this was in a great measure redeemed by a beautifully moulded neck, on which her head turned with the quickness and grace of a wild pigeon. Every motion was rapid and decided, and her whole aspect beamed with genius, gayety, and a cordial friendliness, which took the heart at first sight. And then, her voice, her laugh !—not so low as Shakspeare commends in woman, but clear, musical, true-hearted, making one glad like the song of the lark at sunrise.

Cousin Harry was a very tall, very pale, very black-haired and black-eyed young gentleman, with a high, open brow, and a very fascinating smile.

The remainder of the garden scene

was to me but little more than dumb show. Perhaps it was more vividly remembered for that very reason. I recollect being busy filling a little basket with strawberries, while I watched with a pleased, childish curiosity the two young people, as they passed many times up and down the gravelled walk between the rows of flowers. I was not far from the Button-Rose, and I had nearly filled my basket, when my aunt came to the spot and stooped over the little plant. Her face was towards me, and I saw several large tears fall from her eyes upon the leaves. She broke off the most beautiful blossom, and tying it up with some sprigs of mignonette, presented it to Cousin Harry. They then left the garden.

The next day I heard it said that Cousin Harry was gone away. The little rose was brought into the house and installed in the bow-window of my aunt's room, where it was watched and tended by us both with the greatest care.

Some time after this, the news came that Cousin Harry was married. The next morning I missed my little favorite from the window. My aunt was reading when I waked.

"Oh, Aunty !" I cried, "where is our little rose ?"

"It was too much trouble, Katy," said she, quietly ; "I have put it into the garden."

"But isn't it going to stand in our window any more ?"

"No, dear, I am tired of it."

"Oh, do bring it back ! I will take the whole care of it," said I, beginning to cry.

"Katy," said my aunt, taking me into her lap, and looking steadily, but kindly, into my face, "listen to me. I do not wish to have that rose in my room any more ; and if you love me, you will never mention it again."

Something in her manner prevented my uttering a word more in behalf of the poor little exile. As soon as I was dressed, I ran down into the garden to visit it. It looked very lonely, I thought ;

I could hardly bear to leave it. The day following, it disappeared from the garden, and old Nanny, the housemaid, told me that my aunt had given it away. I never saw it again.

Thus ended my personal acquaintance with the little Button-Rose. But that first strong impression on my fancy was indelible. The flower still lived in my memory, surrounded by associations which gave it a mystic charm. By degrees I ceased to miss it from the window; but that strange garden scene grew more and more vivid, and became a cabinet picture in one of the little inner chambers of memory, where I often pondered it with a delicious sense of mystery. The rose and humming-bird seemed to me the chief actors in the magic pantomime, and they were some way connected with my dear Aunt Linny and the black-eyed young man; but what it all meant was the great puzzle of my busy little brain. It has sometimes been a matter of curious speculation to me, what share that diminutive flower had in the development of my mind and character. With it, so it seems to me, began the first dawn of a conscious inner life. I can still recollect with wonderful distinctness what I have thought and felt since that date, while all the preceding years are vague and shadowy as an ill-remembered dream. From them I can only conjure up, as it were, my outward form,—a happy animal existence, with which scarce a feeling of self is connected; but from the time when I bore a part in this little fragment of a romance the current of identity flows on unbroken. From that light waking touch, perchance, the whole subsequent development took form and tone.—But, gentle reader, your pardon! This is nothing to my story.

CHAPTER II.

TEN years had slipped away, and I was now in my sixteenth year. Of course, my little cabinet picture had been joined by many others. It was

now but one in an extensive gallery; and the modest little gem, dimmed with dust, and hidden by larger pieces, had not been thought of for many a day.

External circumstances had remained much the same with us; only one great change, the death of my dear grandmother, having occurred in the family. My aunt presided over her father's household, and the admirable order and good taste which pervaded every department bore witness how well she understood combining the elements of a home.

Aunt Linny, now twenty-seven years of age, had lost nothing of her former attractiveness. The brilliant, impulsive girl had but ripened into the still more lovely woman. Her cheek was not faded nor her eye dimmed. There was the same frankness, the same heart in her glance, her smile, the warm pressure of her hand, but tempered by experience, reflection, and self-control. One felt that she could be loved and trusted with the whole heart and judgment. Her personal attractions, and yet more the charm of her sensible, genial, and racy conversation, brought to our house many pleasant visitors, and made her the sparkling centre of every circle into which she could be drawn. But it was rarely that she could be beguiled from home; for, since her mother's death, she had devoted herself heart and soul to her widowed father.

The relation between myself and my aunt was somewhat peculiar. Neither of us having associates of our own age in the family, I had become her companion, and even friend, to a degree which would have been impossible in other circumstances. She had scarcely outgrown the freshness and simplicity of childhood when I first came to live with her, and my mind and feelings had expanded rapidly under the constant stimulus of a nature so full of rich life; so that at the date I now speak of, we lived together more as sisters than as aunt and niece. An inexpressible charm rests on those days, when we read, wrote, rambled together, shared the same room,

and had every pleasure, every trouble in common. All show of authority over me had gradually melted away; but her influence with me was still unbounded, for I loved her with the passionate earnestness of a first, full-hearted friendship.—But to proceed with my story.

One sweet afternoon in early summer, we two were sitting alone. The windows towards the garden were open, and the breath of lilacs and roses stole in. I had been reading to her some verses of my own, celebrating the praise of first love as an imperishable sentiment. My fancy had just been crazed with the poetry of L. E. L., who was then shining as the "bright particular star" in the literary heavens.

"The lines are very pretty," said my aunt, "but I trust it's only poetizing, Kate; I should be sorry indeed to have you join the school of romantic misses who think first love such a killing matter."

"But, Aunty," I cried, "what a horribly prosy, matter-of-fact affair life would be in any other view! I believe poetry itself would become extinct."

"So, then, if a woman is disappointed in first love, she is bound to die for the benefit of poetry!"

"But just think, Aunt Linny,—if Ophelia, instead of going mad so prettily, and dying in a way to break everybody's heart, had soberly set herself to consider that there were as fine fish yet in the sea as ever were caught, and that it was best, therefore, to cheer up and wait for better times! Frightful!"

"Never trouble your little head, Kate, with fear that there will not be Ophelias enough, as long as the world stands. But I wouldn't be one, if I were you, unless I could bespeak a Shakespeare to do me into poetry. That would be an inducement, I allow. How would you fancy being a Sukey Fay, Kate?"

"Oh, the poor old wretch, with her rags and dirt and gin-bottle! Has she a story?"

"Just as romantic a one as Ophelia, only she lacks a poet. But, in sober

truth, Katy, why is there not as true poetry in battling with feeling as in yielding to it? To me there seems something far more lofty and beautiful in bearing to live, under certain circumstances, than in daring to die."

"If you only spoke experimentally, dear Aunty! Oh that Plato, or John Milton, or Sir Philip Sydney would reappear, and lay all his genius and glory at your feet! I wonder if you'd be of the same mind then!"

"And then, of course, this sublime suitor must die, or desert me, to show how I would behave under the trial.—Katy," continued my aunt, after a little pause, with a smile and slight blush, "I have half a mind to tell you a little romance of my early days, when I was just your age. It may be useful to you at this point of your life."

"Is it possible?" cried I,—"a romance of your early days! Quick, let me hear!"

"I shouldn't have called it a romance, Katy; for as a story, it is just nothing. It has no interest except as marking the beginning of my education,—the education, I mean, of real life."

"But let me hear; there's some spice of poetry in it, I know."

"Well, then, it's like many another story of early fancy. In my childhood I had a playmate. Our fathers' houses stood but a few rods apart, and the families lived in habits of the closest intimacy. From my earliest remembrance, the brave little boy, four years older than I, was my sworn friend and protector; and as we increased in years, an affection warm and frank as that of brother and sister grew up between us. A love of nature and of poetry, and a certain earnestness and enthusiasm of character, which separated us both from other children, drew us closely together. At fifteen he left us to fit for college at a distant school, and thenceforward he was at home only for brief visits, till he was graduated with distinguished honor at the age of twenty-one. During those six years of separation our relation to

each other had suffered no change. We had corresponded with tolerable regularity, and I had felt a sister's pride in his talents and literary honors. When, therefore, he returned home to recruit his health, which had been seriously impaired by study and confinement, I welcomed him with great joy, and with all the frankness of former times.

"Again we read, chatted, and rambled together. I found him unchanged in character, but improved, cultivated, to a degree which delighted, almost awed me. When he read our favorite authors with his rich, musical voice, and descended on their beauties with discriminating taste and fervent poetic feeling, a new light fell on the page. Through his eyes I learned to behold in nature a richness, a grace, a harmony, a meaning, only vaguely felt before. It was as if I had just received the key to a mysterious cipher, unlocking deep and beautiful truths in earth and sea and sky, by which they were invested with a life and splendor till now unseen. But it was his noble sentiments, his generous human sympathies, his ardent aspirations after honorable distinction to be won by toil and self-denial, which woke my heart as by an electric touch. My own unshaped, half-conscious aims and aspirations, stirred with life, took wing and soared with his into the pure upper air. Ah! it was a bright, beautiful dream, Kate, the life of those few months. I never once thought of love, nor of the possibility of separation. All flowed so naturally from our life-long intimacy, that I had not the slightest suspicion of the change which had come over me. But the hour of waking was at hand. We had looked forward to the settled summer weather for a marked improvement in his health. But June had come and he still seemed very delicate. His physician prescribed travelling and change of climate; and though his high spirits had deceived me as to his real danger, I urged him to go. He left us to visit an elder brother residing in one of the Middle States. Ten years this

very month!" added Aunt Linny, with an absent air.

"Ten years ago this very month," I exclaimed, "did my distinguished self arrive at this venerable mansion. What a singular conjunction of events! No doubt our horoscopes would reveal some strange entanglement of destinies at this point. Perchance I, even I, was 'the star malign' whose rising disturbed the harmonious movement of the spheres!"

"No doubt of it; the birth of a mouse once caused an earthquake, you know."

"But could I have seen him? Did I arrive before he had left?"

"Oh, yes, very likely; but of course you can have no recollection of him, such a chit as you were then."

"What was his name?" I cried, eagerly. A long-silent chord of memory began to give forth a vague, uncertain murmur.

"Oh, no matter, Kate, I would a little rather you shouldn't know. It doesn't affect the *moral* of the story, which was all I had in view in relating it."

"A plague take the moral, Aunty! The romance is what I want; and what's that without 'the magic of a name'?"

"Excuse me."

"Tell me his Christian name, then,—just for a peg to hang my ideas on; that is, if it's meat for romance. If it is Isaac or Jonathan, you needn't mention it."

"Well, then, you tease,—I called him Cousin Harry."

"Cousin Harry!" I screamed, starting forward, and staring at her with eyes wide open.

"Yes; but what ails you, child? You glare upon me like a maniac."

"Hush! hush! don't speak!" said I.

As I sunk back, in a sort of dream, into the rocking-chair in which I had been idling, the garden caught my eye through the open window. The gate overarched with honeysuckle, the long alley with its fragrant flowering border, the grape arbor, the steep green hill behind, lay before me in the still, rich beauty of June. In a twinkling, memory had swept the dust from my little cabinet pic-

ture, and let in upon it a sudden light. The ten intervening years vanished like a dream, and that long-forgotten garden scene started up, vivid as in the hour when it actually passed before my eyes. The clue to that mystery which had so spellbound my childish fancy was at length found. I sat for a time in silence, lost in a delicious, confused reverie.

"The Button-Rose was a gift from him, then?" were my first words.

"What, Kate?" said Aunt Linny, now opening her large blue eyes with a strange look.

"Did you give away the flower-pot too? That was so pretty! Whom did you give it to?"

"Incredible!" she exclaimed, coloring, and with the strongest expression of surprise. "Truly, little pitchers have not been slandered!"

"But the wonderful humming-bird, Aunty! What had that to do with it?"

"Kate," said my aunt, "you talk like one in sleep. Wake up, and let me know what all this means."

"I see it all now!" I rattled on, more to myself than her. "First young love,—parting gift,—Cousin Harry proves fickle,—Aunt Linny banishes the Button-Rose from her window,—takes to books, and educating naughty nieces, and doing good to everybody,—'bearing to live,' as more heroic than 'daring to die,'—in ten years gets so that she can speak of it with composure, as a lesson to romantic girls. So?"

"Even so, Katy!" she replied, quietly; "and to that early disappointment I owe more than to anything that ever befell me."

She said this with a smile; but her voice trembled a little, and I perceived that a soft dew had gathered over her eyes. By an irresistible impulse I rose, and stealing softly behind her, clasped my arms round her neck, and kissing her forehead whispered, "Forgive me, sweet Aunty!"

"Not a bit of harm, Katy," she replied, drawing me down for a warm kiss.

"But what a gypsy you must be," she added, in her usually lively tone, "to have trudged along so many years with this precious little bundle, and said never a word to anybody!"

"I've not thought of it myself, these ever so many years," said I, "and it seems like witchwork that it should all have come to me at this moment."

I then related to her my childish reminiscences and speculations, which amused her not a little. Her hearty, mirthful zest showed that the theme was not a disquieting one. I now begged her to proceed with her story.

"But stay a moment," said I; "let me fetch our garden bonnets, that we may enjoy it in the very scene of the romance."

"Ah, Kate, you are bent on making a heroine of me!" was the reply, as she took her seat in the grape arbor; "but there are really no materials. I shall finish in fifteen minutes by my watch, and you'll drop me as an Ophelia, I venture to say. Cousin Harry had left us, as I told you, to visit his brother. For some months his letters were very frequent, and as the time approached for his return they grew increasingly cheerful, and—Katy, I cannot but excuse myself in part, when I recall the magic charm of those letters. But no matter; all of a sudden they ceased, and for several weeks not a word was heard from him by his own family. At length, when my anxiety had become wellnigh intolerable, there came a brief letter to his father, announcing his marriage with the sister of his brother's wife, and his decision to enter into business with his brother."

"Did you know anything of the young lady?"

"He had once or twice mentioned her in his letters as a beautiful, amiable creature, whose education had been shamefully neglected. Her kindness to him in his illness and loneliness, added to her natural charms, won his heart, no doubt. Many a wise man has been caught in that snare."

"But what base conduct towards you!"

"Not at all, my dear! My dream had suffused his words with its own coloring,—that was all. As soon as reason could make her voice heard, I acquitted him of all blame. His feelings towards me had been those of a brother,—no more."

"But why, then, did he cease to write? why not share his new happiness with so dear a friend?"

"That was not unnatural, after what he had said of the young lady's deficiencies. Probably the awkwardness of the thing led him to defer writing from time to time, till he had become so absorbed in his domestic relations and his business, that he had ceased to think of it. Life's early dewdrops often exhale in that way, Kate!"

"Then life is a hateful stupidity!"

"Yes; if it could be morning all day, and childhood could outlast our whole lives, it would be very charming. But life has jewels that don't exhale, Kate, but sparkle brightest in the hottest sun. These lie deep in the earth, and to dig them out requires more than a child's strength of heart and arm. One must be well inured to toil and weather before he can win these treasures; but when once he wears these in his bosom he doesn't sigh for dewdrops."

"Well, let me hear how you were injured."

"The news of this marriage revealed to me, as by a flash of lightning, my whole inner world of feeling. When I knew that he was forever lost, I first knew what he had become to me. The pangs of disappointment, of self-humiliation,—I hardly know which were the stronger,—were like poisoned arrows in my heart. It was my first trouble, and I had to bear it in silence and alone. Not for worlds would I have had it guessed that I had cherished an unreturned affection, and it would have killed me to hear him blamed. Towards him I had, in my most secret heart, no emotion of resentment or reproach. A feeling of dreary loss, of a long, weary life from

which all the flowers had vanished, a sort of tender self-pity, filled my heart. It is not worth while to detail the whole process by which I gradually forced myself out of this miserable state. One thing helped me much. As soon as the first bitterness of my heart was passed, I saw clearly that the indulgence of such a sentiment towards one who was now the husband of another could not be innocent. It must not be merely concealed; it must be torn up, root and branch. With this steadily before my mind as the central point of my efforts, I worked my way step by step. First came the removal of the numerous little mementos of those happy days in dreamland, the sight of which softened my heart into weakness and vain regret. Next I threw aside my favorite works of imagination and feeling, and for two years read scarcely a book which did not severely task my mind. I devoted myself more to my mother, and interested myself in the poor and sick. Last, not least, I resolved on taking the whole charge of your education, Katy; and of my various specifics, I think I would recommend the training of such an elf as the 'sovereignest remedy' for first love. The luxuriant growth of your character interested, stimulated, kept me perpetually on the alert. I soon began to work *con amore* at this task; my spirits caught at times the contagious gayety of yours; my poor heart was refreshed by your warm childish love. In short, I began to live again. But, ah! dear Kate, it was a long, stern conflict. Many, many months, yes, years, passed by, ere those troubled waters became clear and still. But I held firmly on my way, and the full reward came at last. By degrees I had created within and around me a new world of interest and activity, in which this little whirlpool of morbid feeling became an insignificant point. I was conscious of the birth of new energies, of a bolder and steadier sweep of thought, of fuller sympathies, of that settled quiet and harmony of soul which are to be gained only in the school

of self-discipline. That dream of my youth now lies like a soft cloud far off in the horizon, beautiful with the morning tints of memory, but casting no shadow."

She paused; then added, in a lively tone: "Well, Kate, the fifteen minutes are not out, and yet my story is done. Think you now it would really have been better to go a-swinging on a willow-tree over a pond, and so have made a good poetical end?"

"Oh, I am so glad you were not such a goose as to make a swan of yourself, like poor Ophelia!" said I, throwing my arms around her, and giving her half a dozen kisses. "But tell me truly, was I indeed such a blessing to you, 'the very cherubim that did preserve thee'? To think of the repentance I have wasted over my childish naughtiness, when it was all inspired by your good angel! I shall take heed to this hint."

"Do so, Kate, and your good angel will doubtless inspire in me a suitable response."

"But tell me now, Aunt Linny, who the living man was. Was he a real cousin?"

"I may as well tell you, Kate, or you will get it from your 'familiar.' You have heard of our rich cousin in Cuba, Henry Morrison?"

"Oh, yes; I have heard grandfather speak of him. So, then, he was Cousin Harry! I should like one chance at his hair, for all his goodness. Did you ever meet again?"

"Never. His father's family soon removed to a distant place, so that there was no necessity for visiting the old home. But I have always heard him spoken of as an upright merchant and a cultivated and generous man. He has resided several years in Cuba. A year or two since, he went to Europe for his wife's health, and there she died. Rumor now reports him as about to become the husband of an Englishwoman of high connections. I should be very glad to see him once more.—But come now, Kate, let's have a decennial celebration of our two anniversaries. Lay

the tea-table in the grape arbor, and then invite grandpapa to a feast of strawberries and cream."

I hastily ornamented our rural banquet-hall with long branches of roses and honeysuckles in full bloom, stuck into the leafy roof. As we sat chatting and laughing over our simple treat, a humming-bird darted several times in and out. "A messenger!" whispered I to Aunt Linny. "Depend upon it, Cousin Harry didn't marry the English lady."

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning I slept late. Fancy had all night been busy, combining her old and new materials into many a wild shape. After my aunt had risen at her usual early hour, I fell into one of those balmy morning-naps which make up for a whole night's unrest. I dreamed still, but the visions floated by with that sweet changeful play which soothes rather than fatigues the brain. The principal objects were always the same; but the combination shifted every instant, as by the turn of a kaleidoscope. At length they arranged themselves in a lovely miniature scene in a convex mirror. There bloomed the little Button-Rose in the centre, and above it the humming-bird glanced and murmured, and now and then darted his slender bill deep into the bosom of the flowers. With hands clasped above this central object, as if exchanging vows upon an altar, stood the young human pair. Of a sudden, old Cornelius Agrippa was in the room, robed in a black scholar's-gown, over which his snowy beard descended nearly to his knees. Stretching forth a long white wand, he touched the picture, and immediately a wedding procession began to move out of the magic crystal, the figures, as they emerged, assuming the size of life. First tripped a numerous train of white-robed little maidens, scattering flowers; then came a priest in surplice and bands, holding before him a great open service-book; after him, the bridal pair, attended by their

friends. But by an odd trick of fancy, the bridegroom, who looked very stately and happy, appeared with the china flower-pot containing the Button-Rose balanced on the end of his nose! Awakened by my own laughter at this comical sight, I opened my eyes and found Aunt Linny sitting on the bedside and laughing with me.

"I should have waked you before, Katy," said she, "if you had not seemed to be enjoying yourself so much. Come, unfold your dream. I presume it will save me the trouble of telling you the contents of this wonderful epistle which I hold in my hand."

"It's from Cousin Harry! Huzza!" cried I, springing up to snatch it.

But she held it out of my reach. "Softly! good Mistress Fortuneteller," said she. "Read me the letter without seeing it, and then I shall know that you can tell the interpretation thereof."

"Of course it's from Cousin Harry. That's what the humming-bird came to say last night. As for the contents,—he's not married,—his heart turns to the sister-friend of his youth,—he yearns to look into her lustrous orbs once more,—she alone, he finds, is the completion of his '*Ich*.' He hastens across the dark blue sea; soon will she behold him at her feet."

"Alas, poor gypsy, thou hast lost thy silver penny this time. The letter is indeed from Cousin Harry, and that of itself is one of life's wonders. But it is addressed with all propriety to his 'venerable uncle.' He arrived from Europe a month since, and being now on a tour for health and pleasure, proposes to make a hasty call on his relatives and visit the old homestead. He brings his bride with him. Now, Kate, be stirring; they will be here to-night, and we must look our prettiest."

"The hateful, prosy man! I'll not do anything to make his visit agreeable," said I, pettishly.

"Why, Kate, what are you conjuring up in your foolish little noddle?"

"Oh, I supposed an *éclaircissement*

would come round somehow, and we should finish the romance in style."

"Why, Kate, do you really wish to get rid of me?"

"No, indeed! I wouldn't have you accept his old withered heart for the world. But I wanted you to have the triumph of rejecting it. 'Indeed, my dear cousin,'—thus you should have said,—'I shall always be interested in you as a kinsman, but I can never love you.'

"Kate is crazed!" she exclaimed, in a voice of despair. "Why, dear child, there is not a shadow of foundation for this nonsense. I am heartily glad at the thought of seeing my cousin once more, and all the gladder that he brings a wife with him. Will you read the letter?"

I read it twice, and then asked,— "Where does he mention his wife?"

"Why, there,—don't you see? 'I shall bring with me a young lady, whom, though a stranger and a foreigner, I trust you will be pleased to welcome.' Isn't that plain?"

The inference seemed sufficiently natural; but the slight uncertainty was the basis of many entertaining dreams through the day. I resolved to hold fast my faith in romance till the last moment. Towards evening, when the parlors and guest-chambers had received the last touches, when the silver had been polished, the sponge-cake and tarts baked, and our own toilette made,—when, in short, nothing remained to be done, my excitement and impatience rose to the highest pitch. I ran repeatedly down the avenue, and finally mounted with a pocket-telescope to the top of the house for a more extensive survey.

"See you aught, Sister Annie?" called my aunt from below.

"Nothing yet, good Fatima!—spin out thy prayers a little longer. Stay! a cloud of dust, a horseman!—no doubt an outrider hastening on to announce his approach. Ah! he passes, the stupid clown! Another! Nay, that was only a Derby wagon; the stars forbid that our deliverer should come in a Derby!

But now, hush! there's a *bond' fide* barouche, two black horses, black driver and all. Almost at the turn! O gentle Ethiopian, tarry! this is the castle! Go, then, false man! Fatima, thy last hope is past! No, they stop! the gentleman looks out! he waves his hand this way! Aunt Linny, 'tis he! the carriage is coming up the avenue!" So saying, I threw down the telescope and flew to her room.

"You are right, Kate, it must be he," said she, glancing through the window, and then following me quietly down stairs.

The carriage stopped, and we all went down the steps to receive our long absent relative. A tall, pale gentleman in black sprang out and came hurriedly towards us. He looked much older than I had expected; but the next instant the flash of his black eye, and the eloquent smile which lighted up his pensive countenance as with a sunbeam, brought back the Cousin Harry of ten years ago. He returned my grandfather's truly paternal greeting with the most affectionate cordiality; but with scarce a reply to my aunt's frank welcome, gave her his arm, and made a movement towards the house.

"But, cousin," said she, smiling, "what gem have you there, hidden in the carriage, too precious to be seen? We have a place in our hearts for the fair stranger, I assure you."

"Ah, poor thing! I had quite forgotten her," said he, coloring and laughing, as he turned towards the carriage.

Aunt Linny and I exchanged mirthful glances at this treatment of a bride; but the next instant he had lifted out and led towards us a small female personage, who, when her green veil was thrown aside, proved to be a lovely girl of some seven or eight years.

"Permit me," said he, smiling, "to present Miss Caroline Morrison, 'sole daughter of my house and heart'."

"But the stranger, the foreign lady?" inquired Aunt Linny, as she kissed and welcomed the child.

"Why, this is she,—this young Cuban! Whom else did you look for?" was the reply, in a tone of surprise, and, as it seemed to me, of slight vexation.

"We expected a lady with a few more years on her head," interposed grandpa; "but the little pet is just as welcome. There, Katy, this curly-pate will answer as well as a wax doll for you."

The dear old gentleman could never realize that I was grown up to be a woman. Of course, I was now introduced in due form, and we went together up the steps.

"How pleasant, how familiar all things look!" said our visitor, pausing and gazing round him. "Why, uncle, you must have had your house, and yourself, and everything about you insured against old age. Nothing has changed except to improve. I see the very picture I carried with me ten years ago."

The tears stood in my grandfather's eyes. "You have forgotten one great change, dear nephew," said he; "against that we could find no insurance."

"How could I forget?" was the answer, in a low tone, full of feeling, his own eyes filling with moisture. "My dear aunt! I shed many tears with and for you, when I heard of her death." He looked extremely amiable at this moment; I knew that I should love him.

My aunt smiled through her tears, and said, very sweetly, "The thought of her should cheer, and not cloud our meeting. Her presence never brought me sorrow, nor does her remembrance. Come, dear," she added, cheerfully, taking the child's hand, "come in and rest your poor little tired self. Kate, find the white kitten for her. A prettier one you never saw in France or Cuba, Miss Carrie,—that's what papa calls you, I suppose?"

"It used to be my name," said the little smiler; "but papa always calls me Linny now, because he thinks it sweeter."

"What say you to the humming-bird now?" I whispered to my aunt, as we were a moment alone in the tea-room.

"Kate, I wish you were fifty miles off

at this moment! It was no good angel that deluded me into telling you that foolish tale last evening. Indeed, Kate," added she, earnestly, "you will seriously compromise me, if you are not more careful. Promise me that you will not make one more allusion of this kind, even to me, while they remain!"

"But I may give you just a look, now and then?"

"Do you wish me to repent having trusted you, Kate?"

"I promise, aunty,—by my faith in first love!"

"Nonsense! Go, call them to tea."

CHAPTER IV.

OUR kinsman had been easily persuaded to remain with us a week, and a charming week it had been to all of us. He had visited all the West India Islands, and the most interesting portions of England and the Continent. My grandfather, who, as the commander of his own merchant-ship, had formerly visited many foreign countries, was delighted to refresh his recollections of distant scenes, and to live over again his adventures by sea and land. The conversation of our guest with his uncle was richly instructive and entertaining; for he had a lively appreciation of national and individual character, and could illustrate them by a world of amusing anecdote. The old veteran's early fondness for his nephew revived in full force, and his enjoyment was alloyed only by the dread of a new separation. "What shall I do when you are gone, Harry!" was his frequent exclamation; and then he would sigh and shake his head, and wish he had one son left.

But the richest treat for my aunt and me was reserved till the late evening, when the dear patriarch had retired to rest. Those warm, balmy nights on the piazza, with the moonlight quivering through the vines, and turning the terraced lawn with fantastic mixture of light and shadow into a fairy scene, while the cultivated traveller discoursed of all things beautiful in nature and art,

were full of witchery. Mont Blanc at sunrise, the wild scenery of the Simplon, the exhumed streets of Pompeii, the Colosseum by moonlight, those wondrous galleries of painting and sculpture of which I had read as I had read of the palace of Aladdin and the gardens of the genii,—the living man before me had seen all these! I looked upon him as an ambassador from the world of poetry. But even this interested me less than the tone of high and manly sentiment by which his conversation was pervaded, the feeling reminiscences of endeared friendships formed in those far-off lands, the brief glimpses of deep sorrows bravely borne; and I watched with a sweet, sly pleasure my aunt's quiet surrender to the old spell.

"It makes me very happy, Kate," said she one day, "to have found my cousin and friend again. I am glad to feel that friendships springing from the pure and good feelings of the heart are not so transient as I have sometimes been tempted to think them. They may be buried for years under a drift of new interests; but give them air, and they will live again."

"What is that remark of Byron about young ladies' friendship? Take care, take care!" said I, shaking my head, gravely; "receive the warning of a calm observer!"

"Oh, no, Kate! this visit is but a little green oasis in the desert. In a day or two we shall separate, probably forever; but both, I doubt not, will be happier through life for this brief reunion. His plan is to make his future residence in France."

At the end of the week our kinsman left us for a fortnight's visit to the metropolis. Intending to give us a call on his return south, he willingly complied with our desire to leave his little girl with us. As we were sitting together in my aunt's room after his departure, the child brought her a small packet which her father had intrusted to her. "I believe," said the little smiler, "he said it was a story for you to read. Won't you please

to read it to me?" She took it with a look of surprise and curiosity, and immediately opened it and began to read. But her color soon began to vary, her hand trembled, and presently laying down the sheets in her lap, she sat lost in thought.

"It seems a moving story!" I remarked, dryly.

"Kate, this is the strangest affair!—But I can't tell you now; I must read it first alone."

She left the room, and I heard the key turn in the lock as she entered another chamber. In about an hour she came out very composedly, and said nothing more on the subject.

After our little guest was asleep at night, I could restrain myself no longer. "You are treating me shabbily, aunty," said I. "See if I am ever a good girl again to please you!"

"You shall know it all, Katy; I only wished to think it over first by myself. There, take the letter; but make no note or comment till I mention it again."

The letter of Cousin Harry seemed to me rather matter-of-fact, I must confess, till near the end, where he spoke of a little nosegay which he enclosed, and which would speak to her of dear old times.

"But where is the nosegay, aunty?"

With a beautiful flush, as if the sunset of that vanished day were reddening the sky of memory, she drew a small packet from her bosom, and in it I found a withered rose-bud tied up with a shrivelled sprig of mignonette.

I am afraid that my Aunt Linny's answer was a great deal more proper than I should have wished; and yet, with all its emphatic expressions of duty towards her father and the impossibility of leaving him, there must have been something between the lines which I could not read. I have since discovered that all such epistles have their real meaning concealed in some kind of more rarefied sympathetic ink, which betrays itself only under the burning hands of a lover.

"So, then," said Aunt Linny, as she

was sealing this letter, "you see, Katy, that your romance has come to an untimely end."

I turned round her averted face with both my hands, and looked in her eyes till she blushed and laughed in spite of herself.

"My knowledge of symptoms is not large," said I, "but I have a conviction that his health will now endure a northern climate."

"Let's talk no more of this!" said she, putting me aside with a gentle gravity, which checked my nonsense. But as I was unable to detect in her, on this or the following day, the slightest depression of spirits, I shrewdly guessed that our anticipations of the result were not very dissimilar.

The next return post brought, not the expected letter, but our hero himself. I was really amazed at the change in his appearance. Erect, elastic, his face radiant with expression, he looked years younger than at his first arrival. I caught Aunt Linny's eloquent glance of surprise and pleasure as they met. For a moment the bridal pair of my dream stood living before me; then vanished even more suddenly than that fancy show of the old magician. When we again met, two or three hours after, my aunt's serene smile and dewy eyes told me that all was right.

In a month the wedding took place, and the "happy pair" started off on a few weeks' excursion. As I was helping my aunt exchange her bridal for her travelling attire, I whispered, "What say you to my doctrine of first love, aunty?"

"That it finds its best refutation in my experience. No, believe me, dearest Katy, the true jewel of life is a spirit that can rule itself, that can subject even the strongest, dearest impulses to reason and duty. Without it, indeed," she added, with a soft earnestness, "affection towards the worthiest object becomes an unworthy sentiment. And besides, Kate," —here her eye gleamed with girlish mirth

—"you see, if I had made love my all, I should have missed it all. Not even Cousin Harry's constancy would have been proof against a withered, whining, sentimental old maid."

"Well, you will allow that it's a great paradox, aunty! If you believe in my doctrine, it turns out a mere delusion; if

you don't believe in it, 'tis sure to come true."

"Take care, then, and disbelieve in it with all your might!" said she, laughing, and kissing me, as we left her room,—my room alone henceforth. A shadow seemed to fill it, as she passed the threshold.

OUR BIRDS, AND THEIR WAYS.

AMONG our summer birds, the vast majority are but transient visitors, born and bred far to the northward, and returning thither every year. The North, then, is their proper domicile, their legal "place of residence," which they have never renounced, but only temporarily desert, for special reasons. Their sojourn with us, or farther south, is merely an exile by stress of climate, like the flitting of the Southern planters from the rice-fields to the mountains in summer, or the pleasure tour or watering-place visit customary with the citizens of Boston and New York.

The lower orders, such as the humming-bird with his insect-like stomach and sucking-tube, and so on up through the warblers and flycatchers, more strictly bound by the necessities of their life, closely follow the sun,—while the upper ten-thousand, the robins, cedar-birds, sparrows, etc., like man, omnivorous in their diet, and their attendant *chevaliers d'industrie*, the rapacious birds, allow themselves greater latitude, and go and come occasionally at all seasons, though in general tending to the south in winter and north in summer. But precedence before all is due to permanent residents, with whom our intercourse is not of this transitory and fair-weather sort. Such are the crow, the blue jay, the chickadee, the partridge, and the quail, who may be called regular inhabitants, though perhaps all of them wander occasionally

from one district to another. Besides these, perhaps some of the hawks and owls remain here throughout the year. But the species I have named are the only ones that occur to me as equally numerous at all seasons in the immediate vicinity of Boston, and never out of town, whether you take the census in May or in January.

In spite of our uninterrupted acquaintance with them, however, there are still many of the nearest questions concerning these birds for which I find no sufficient answers. Even to the first question—How do they get their living?—there are only vague replies in the books.

There is the crow, for example. I have seen crows in the neighborhood of Boston every week of the year, and in not very different numbers. My friend the ornithologist said to me last winter, "You will see that they will be off as soon as the ground is well covered with snow." But on the contrary, when the snow came, and after it had lain deep on the fields for many days, I saw more than before,—probably because they found it easier to get food in the neighborhood of the houses and cultivated grounds.

A crow must require certainly half a pound of animal food, or its equivalent, daily, in order to keep from starving. Yet they not only do not starve that I hear of, but seem to keep in as good case in winter as in summer, though what

they find to eat is not immediately apparent. The vague traditional suggestion of "carrión," as of dead horses and the like, does not help us much. Some scraps doubtless may be left lying about, but any reliable stores of this kind are hardly to be looked for in this neighborhood. A few scattered kernels of corn, perhaps on a pinch a few berries, he may pick up; though I suspect the crow is somewhat human in his tastes, and, besides animal food, affects only the cereals. The frogs are deep in the mud. Now and then a squirrel or a mouse may be had; but they are mostly dozing in their holes. As for larger game, rabbits and the like, the crow is hardly nimble enough for them, nor are his claws well adapted for seizing; anything of this kind he will scarcely get, except as the leavings of the weasel or skunk. These he will not refuse; for though he is of a different species from the carrión crow of Europe, with whom he was formerly confounded, yet he is of similar, though perhaps less extreme, tastes as to his food. But when the ground is freshly covered with snow, all supplies of this sort would seem to be cut off, for the time at least. Yet who ever found a starved crow, or even saw one driven by hunger from any of his accustomed caution? He is ever the same alert, vivacious, harsh-tongued wanderer over the white fields as over the summer meadows.

A partial solution of the mystery is to be found in the habit which the bird has in common with most of the crow kind, of depositing any surplus food in a place of safety for future use. A tame crow that I saw last year was constantly employed in this way. As soon as his hunger was satisfied, if a piece of meat was given to him, he flew off to some remote spot, and there covered it up with twigs and leaves. I was told that the woods were full of these *caches* of his. Bits of bread and the like he was too well-fed to care much about, but he would generally go through the form of covering them, at your very feet, with a little rubbish, not taking the trouble to hide them.

Meanwhile his hunting went on as if he still had his living to get, and he would watch for field-mice, or come flying in from the woods with a squirrel swinging from his claws, either for variety's sake, or because he had really forgotten the stores he had laid up. Scattered magazines of this kind, established in times of accidental plenty, may render life during our winters possible to the crow.

But why should he give himself so much trouble to subsist here, when a few hours' work with those broad wings would bear him to a land of tropical abundance? The crow, it seems, is not a mere eating and drinking machine, drawn hither and thither by the balance of supply and demand, but has his motives of another sort. Is it, perhaps, some local attachment, so that a crow hatched in Brookline, for example, would be more loath than another to quit that neighborhood,—a sort of crow patriotism, akin to that which keeps the Greenlanders slowly starving of cold and hunger on that awful coast of theirs.

It is not probable, however, that the crow allows himself to suffer much from these causes; he is far too knowing for that, and shows his position at the head of the bird kind by an almost total emancipation from scruples and prejudices, and by the facility with which he adapts himself to special cases. Instinct works by formulas, which, as it were, make up the animal, so that the ant and the bee are atoms of incarnate constructiveness and acquisitiveness, and nothing else. And as intelligence, when its action is too narrowly concentrated, whether upon pin-making or money-making, tends to degenerate into mere instinct,—so instinct, when it begins to compare, and to except, and to vary its action according to circumstances, shows itself in the act of passing into intelligence. This marks the superiority of the crow over birds it often resembles in its actions. Most birds are wary. The crow is wary, and something more. Other shy birds, for instance ducks, avoid every strange object. The crow considers whether

there be anything dangerous in the strangeness. An ordinary scarecrow will not keep our crow from anything worth a little risk. He fathoms the scarecrow, compares its behavior, under various circumstances, with that of the usual wearer of its garments, and decides to take the risk. To protect his corn, the farmer takes advantage of this very discursiveness, and stretches round the field a simple line, nothing in itself, but hinting at some undeveloped mischief which the bird cannot penetrate.

Again, the crow is sometimes looked upon as a mere marauder; but this description also is much too narrow for him. He is anxious only for his dinner, and swallows seed-corn and noxious grubs with perfect impartiality. He is not a mere pirate, living by plunder alone, but rather like the old Phoenician sea-farer, indifferently honest or robber as occasion serves,—and robber not from fierceness of disposition, but merely from utter unscrupulousness as to means.

This is shown in his docility. A hawk or an eagle is never tamed, but a crow is more easily and completely tamable than the gentlest singing-bird. The one I have just spoken of, though hardly six months from the nest, would allow himself to be handled by his owner, and would suffer even a stranger to touch him. When I first came near the house, he greeted me with a suppressed *caw*, and flew along some hundred yards just over my head, looking down, first with one eye and then with the other, to get a complete view of the stranger. Next morning I became aware, when but half awake, of a sort of mewing sound in the neighborhood, and at last looking around, I saw through the window, which opened to the floor, my new acquaintance perched on the porch roof, which was at the same level, turning his head from side to side, and eyeing me through the glass with divers queer contortions and gesticulations, reminding me of some odd, old, dried-up French dancing-master, and with a varied succession of croakings, now high, now low, evidently bent upon

attracting my attention. When he had succeeded, he flew off with loud, joyous caws to the top of the house, where I heard him rolling nuts or acorns from the ridge, and flying to catch them before they fell off.

Their independence of seasons is shown also in their habit of associating in about equal numbers throughout the year. In the spring the flocks are more noticeable, hovering about some grove of pines, flying straight up in the air and swooping down again with an uninterrupted cawing, —seemingly a sort of crow ball, with a view to match-making. Afterwards they become more silent, and apparently more solitary, but still fly out to their feeding-grounds morning and evening; and if you sit down in the woods near one of their nests, the uneasy choking chuckle, ending at last in the outright cawing of the disturbed owner, will generally be answered from every point, and crow after crow come edging up from tree to tree to see what is the matter.

Though all of the crow tribe are notorious for their harsh voices, yet if the power of mimicry be considered as a mark of superiority, the crow has claims to high rank in this department also. The closest imitators of the human voice are birds of this family: for instance, the Mino bird. Our crow also is a vocal mimic, and that not in the matter-of-course way of the mocking-bird, but, as it were, more individual and spontaneous. He is not merely an imitator of the human voice, like the parrots, (and a better one as regards tone,) nor of other birds, like the thrushes, but combines both. The tame crow already mentioned very readily undertook extempore imitations of words, and with considerable success. I once heard a crow imitate the warbling of a small bird, in a tone so entirely at variance with his ordinary voice, that, though assured by one who had heard him before, that it was a crow and nothing else, it was only on the clearest proof that I could satisfy myself of the fact. It seemed to be quite an original and individual performance.

The blue jay is a near relative of the crow, and, like him, omnivorous, harsh-voiced, predaceous, a robber of birds' nests; so that if you hear the robins during their nesting-time making an unusual clamor about the house, the chances are you will get a glimpse of this brilliant marauder, sneaking away with a troop of them in pursuit. His usual voice is a harsh scream, but he has some low flute-like notes not without melody. The presence of a hawk, or more particularly an owl in the woods, is often made known by the screaming of the jays, who flock together about him with ever-increasing noise, like a troop of jackals about a lion, pressing in upon him closer and closer in a paroxysm of excitement, while the owl, thus taken at disadvantage, sidles along his bough seeking concealment, and at length softly flaps off to some more undisturbed retreat.

The blue jay is a shy bird, but he is enough of a crow to take a risk where anything is to be had for it, and in winter will come close to the house for food. In his choice of a nesting-place he seems at first sight to show less than his usual caution; for, though the nest is a very conspicuous one, it is generally made in a pine sapling not far from the ground, and often on a path or other opening in the woods. But perhaps, in the somewhat remote situations where he builds, the danger is less from below than from birds of prey sailing overhead. I once found a blue jay's nest on a path in the woods somewhat frequented by me, but not often trodden by any one else, and passed it twice on different days, and saw the bird sitting, but took some pains not to alarm her. The next time, and the next, she was not there; and on examination I found the nest empty, though with no marks of having been robbed. There was not time for the eggs to have hatched, and it was plain, that, finding herself observed, she had carried them off.

As a general thing, the severity of our winters does not seem much to affect the birds that stay with us. I have found chickadees and some of the smaller spar-

rows apparently frozen to death, but the extravasation of blood usual in such cases leaves us in doubt whether some accident may not have first disabled the bird; and if dead birds are more often found in winter than in summer, it may be only that the body keeps longer, and, from the absence of grass and leaves, and the white covering of the ground, is more readily seen. At all events, such specimens are not usually emaciated, and sometimes they are in remarkably good case, which, considering the rapid circulation and the corresponding waste of the body, shows that the cold had not affected their activity and their power of obtaining food.

The truth is, that birds are remarkably well guarded against cold by their quick circulation, their dense covering of down and feathers, and the ease with which they can protect their extremities. The chickadee is never so lively as in clear, cold weather;—not that he is absolutely insensible to cold; for on those days, rare in this neighborhood, when the mercury falls to fifteen degrees or more below zero, the chickadee shows by his behavior that he, too, feels it to be an exceptional state of things. Of such a morning I have seen a small flock of them collected on the sunny side of a thick hemlock, rather silent and quiet, with ruffled plumage, like balls of gray fur, waiting, with an occasional chirp, for the sun's rays to begin to warm them up, and meanwhile not depressed, but only a little sobered in their deportment, and ready, if the cold continued, to get used to that too.

The matter of food-supply during the winter for the smaller birds is more easily understood than in the case of the crow. The seeds of grasses and the taller summer flowers, and of the birches, alders, and maples, furnish supplies that are not interfered with by cold or snow; also the buds of various trees and shrubs,—for the buds do not first come into existence in the spring, as our city friends suppose, but are to be found all winter. Nor is insect-life suspended at this sea-

son to the extent that a careless observer might suppose. A sunny, sheltered nook, at any time during the winter, will show you a variety of two-winged flies, and several species of spiders, often in considerable abundance, and as brisk as ever. And the numbers of eggs and larvæ, and of the lurking tenants of crevices in tree-bark and dead wood, may be guessed by the incessant and assuredly not aimless activity of the chickadees and gold-crests and their associates.

This winter activity of the birds ought to be taken into account by those who accuse them of mischief-doing in summer. In winter, at least, no mischief can be done; there is no fruit to steal; and even sap-sucking, if such a practice at any time be not altogether fabulous, certainly cannot be carried on now. Nothing can be destroyed now except the farmer's enemies, or at best neutrals. Yet the birds keep at work all the time.

The only bird that occurs to me as a proved sufferer from famine in the winter is the quail. This is the most limited in its range of all our birds. Not only does it not migrate, (or only exceptionally,) but it does not even wander much,—the same covey keeping all the year, and even year after year, to the same feeding-ground. Nor does it ever seek its food upon trees, like the partridge, but solely upon the ground.

The quail is our nearest representative of the common barn-yard fowl. This it resembles in many respects, and among others, in its habit of going a-foot, except when the covey crosses from one feeding or roosting ground to another, or when the cock-bird mounts upon a rail-fence or stone-wall to sound his call in the spring. This persistence exposes the quail to hardship when the ground is covered with snow, and the fruit of the skunk-cabbage and all the berries and grain are inaccessible. He takes refuge at such times in the smilax-thickets, whose dense, matted covering leaves an open feeding-ground below. But a snowy winter always tells upon their numbers in any neighborhood. Whole

coveys are said to have been found dead, frozen stiff, under the bush where they had huddled together for warmth; and even before this extremity, their hardships lay them open to their enemies, and the fox and the weasel, and the farmer's boy with his box-trap, destroy them by wholesale. The deep snows of 1856 and 1857 have nearly exterminated them hereabouts; and I was told at Vergennes, in Vermont, that there were quails there many years ago, but that they had now entirely disappeared.

The appearance and disappearance of species within our experience teach us that Nature's lists are not filled once for all, but that the changes which geology shows in past ages continue into the present. Sometimes we can trace the immediate cause, or rather occasion, as in the case of the quail's congeners, the pinnated grouse, and the wild turkey, both of them inhabitants of all parts of the State in the early times. The pinnated grouse has been seen near Boston within the present century, but is now exterminated, I believe, except in Martha's Vineyard. The wild turkey was to be found not long since in Berkshire, but probably it has become extinct there too. Sometimes, for no reason that we can see, certain species forsake their old abodes, as the purple martin, which within the last quarter-century has receded some twenty miles from the seaboard,—or appear where they were before unknown, as the cliff swallow, which was first seen in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, but within about the same space of time has become as common hereabouts as any of the genus. In examples so conspicuous the movement is obvious enough; but in the case of rarer species, for instance, the olive-sided flycatcher, who can tell whether, when first observed, it was new to naturalists merely, or to this part of the country, or to the earth generally? The distinction sometimes made in such cases between accidental influences and the regular course of nature is a superficial one. The regular course of nature is in

itself a series of accidental influences; that is, the particular occasion is subservient to a general law with which it does not seem at first sight to have any connection. A severe winter may be sufficient to kill the quails, just as the ancient morass was sufficient to drown the mastodon. But the question is, why these causes began to operate just at these times. We may as well stop with the evident fact, that the unresting circulation is forever going on in the universe.

But if the quail, who is here very near his northern limits, has a hard time of it in the winter, and is threatened with such "removal" as we treat the Indians to, his relative, the partridge, our other gallinaceous or hen-like bird, is of a tougher fibre, as you see when you come upon his star-like tracks across the path, eight or nine inches apart, and struck sharp and deep in the snow, or closer together among the bushes, where he stretched up for barberries or buds, and ending on either side with a series of fine parallel cuts, where the sharp-pointed quills struck the snow as he rose,—a picture of vigor and success. He knows how to take care of himself, and to find both food and shelter in the evergreens, when the snow lies fresh upon the ground. There, in some sunny glade among the pines, he will ensconce himself in the thickest branches, and whir off as you come near, sailing down the opening with his body balancing from side to side.

The partridge is altogether a wilder and more solitary bird than the quail, and does not frequent cultivated fields, nor make his nest in the orchard, as the quail does, but prefers the shelf of some rocky ledge under the shadow of the pines in remote woods. He is one of the few birds found in the forest; for it is a mistake to suppose that birds abound in the forest, or avoid the neighborhood of man. On the contrary, you may pass days and weeks in our northern woods without seeing more than half a dozen species, of which the partridge is pretty

sure to be one. All birds increase in numbers about settlements,—even the crow, though he is a forest bird too. Hence, no doubt, has arisen the notion that the crow (supposed to be of the same species with the European) made his appearance in this country first on the Atlantic coast, and gradually spread westward, passing through the State of New York about the time of the Revolution. I was told some years since by a resident of Chicago, that the quails had increased eight-fold in that vicinity since he came there. The fact is, that the bird population, like the human, in the absence of counteracting causes, will continue to expand in precise ratio to the supply of food. The partridge goes farther north than the quail, and is found throughout the United States. With us he affects high and rocky ground, but northward he keeps at a lower level. At the White Mountains, the regions of this species and of the Canada grouse or spruce partridge are as well defined in height as those of the maples and the "black growth." Still farther north I have observed that our partridge frequents the lowest marshy ground, thus equalizing his climate in every latitude.

There are few of our land-birds that flock together in summer, and few that are solitary in winter,—none that I recollect, except birds of prey. And not only do birds of the same kind associate, but certain species are almost always found together. Thus, the chickadee, the golden-crested wren, the white-breasted nuthatch, and, less constantly, the brown creeper and the downy woodpecker, form a little winter clique, of which you do not often see one of the members without one or more of the others. No sound in nature more cheery and refreshing than the alternating calls of a little troop of this kind echoing through the glades of the woods on a still, sunny day in winter: the vivacious chatter of the chickadee, the slender, contented pipe of the goldcrest, and the emphatic, business-like *hank* of the nuthatch, as they drift leis-

urely along from tree to tree. The winter seems to be the season of holiday enjoyment to the chickadee, and he is never so evidently and conspicuously contented as in very cold weather. In summer he withdraws to the thickets, and becomes less noisy and active. His plumage becomes dull, and his brisk note changes to a fine, delicate *pē-pē-wy*, or oftenest a mere whisper. They are so much less noticeable at this season that one might suppose they had followed their gold-crest companions to the North, as some of them doubtless do, but their nests are not uncommon with us. Fearless as the chickadee is in winter,—so fearless, that, if you stand still, he will alight upon your head or shoulder,—in summer he becomes cautious about his nest, and will desert it, if much watched. They build here, generally, in a partly decayed white-birch or apple-tree, excavating a hole eighteen inches or two feet deep,—the chips being carefully carried off a short distance, so as not to betray the workman,—and lining the bottom of it with a felting of soft materials, generally rabbits' fur, of which I have taken from one hole as much as could be conveniently grasped with the hand.

Besides the species that we regularly count upon in winter, there are more or less irregular visitors at this season, some of them summer birds also,—as the purple finch, cedar-bird, gold-finch, robin, the flicker, or pigeon woodpecker, and the yellow-bellied and hairy woodpeckers. Others, again, linger on from the autumn, and sometimes through the winter,—as the snow-bird, song-sparrow, tree-sparrow. Still others are seen only in winter,—as the brown and shore larks, the cross-bills, redpolls, snow-buntings, pine grosbeak, and some of the hawks and owls; and of these some are merely accidental,—as the pine grosbeak, which in 1836 appeared here in great numbers in October, and remained until May. This beautiful and gentle bird (a sweet songster too) is doubtless a permanent resident within the United States, for I have seen them at the White Mountains in August. What

impels them to these occasional wanderings it is difficult to guess; it is obviously not mere stress of weather; for in 1836, as I have remarked, they came early in autumn and continued resident until late in the spring; and their food, being mainly the buds of resinous trees, must have been as easy to get elsewhere as here. Their coming, like the crow's staying, is a mystery to us.

I have spoken only of the land-birds; but the position of our city, so embraced by the sea, affords unusual opportunities for observing the sea-birds also. All winter long, from the most crowded thoroughfares of the city, any one, who has leisure enough to raise his eyes over the level of the roofs to the tranquil air above, may see the gulls passing to and fro between the harbor and the flats at the mouth of Charles River. The gulls, and particularly that cosmopolite, the herring gull, are met with in this neighborhood throughout the year, though in summer most of them go farther north to breed. On a still, sunny day in winter, you may see them high in the air over the river, calmly soaring in wide circles, a hundred perhaps at a time, or pluming themselves leisurely on the edge of a hole in the ice. When the wind is violent from the west, they come in over the city from the bay outside, strong-winged and undaunted, breasting the gale, now high, now low, but always working to windward, until they reach the shelter of the inland waters.

In the spring they come in greater numbers, and other species arrive: the great saddle-back, from the similarity of coloring almost to be mistaken for the white-headed eagle, as he sits among the broken ice at the edge of the channel; and the beautiful little Bonaparte's gull.

The ducks, too, still resort to our river-mouth, in spite of the railroads and the tall chimneys by which their old feeding-grounds are surrounded. As long as the channel is open, you may see the golden-eyes, or "whistlers," in extended lines, visible only as a row of bright

specks, as their white breasts rise and fall on the waves; and farther than you can see them, you may hear the whistle of their wings as they rise. Spring and fall the "black ducks" still come to find the brackish waters which they like, and to fill their crops with the seeds of the eel-grass and the mixed food of the flats. In the late twilight you may sometimes catch sight of a flock speeding in, silent and swift, over the Mill-dam, or hear their sonorous quacking from their feeding-ground.

At least, these things were,—and not long since,—though I cannot answer for a year or two back. The birds long retain the tradition of the old places, and strive to keep their hold upon them; but we are building them out year by year. The memory is still fresh of flocks of teal by the "Green Stores" on the Neck; but the teal and the "Stores" are gone, and perhaps the last black duck has quacked on the river, and the last whistler taken his final flight. Some of us, who are not yet old men, have killed "brown-backs" and "yellow-legs" on the marshes that lie along to the west and south of the city, now cut up by the railroads; and you may yet see from the ears an occasional long-booted individual, whose hopes still live on the tales of the past, stalking through the sedge with "superfluous gun," or patiently watching his troop of one-legged wooden decoys.

The sea keeps its own climate, and keeps its highways open, after all on the land is shut up by frost. The sea-birds, accordingly, seem to lead an existence more independent of latitude and of seasons. In midwinter, when the sea-shore watering-places are forsaken by men, you may find Nahant or Nantasket

Beach more thronged with bipeds of this sort than by the featherless kind in summer. The Long Beach of Nahant at that season is lined sometimes by an almost continuous flock of sea-ducks, and a constant passing and repassing are kept up between Lynn Bay and the surf outside.

Early of a winter's morning at Nantasket I once saw a flock of geese, many hundreds in number, coming in from the Bay to cross the land in their line of migration. They advanced with a vast, irregular front extending far along the horizon, their multitudinous *honking* softened into music by the distance. As they neared the beach the clamor increased and the line broke up in apparent confusion, circling round and round for some minutes in what seemed aimless uncertainty. Gradually the cloud of birds resolved itself into a number of open triangles, each of which with its deeper-voiced leader took its way inland; as if they trusted to their general sense of direction while flying over the water, but on coming to encounter the dangers of the land, preferred to delegate the responsibility. This done, all is left to the leader; if he is shot, it is said the whole flock seem bewildered, and often alight without regard to place or to their safety. The selection of the leader must therefore be a matter of deliberation with them; and this, no doubt, was going on in the flock I saw at Nantasket during their pause at the edge of the beach. The leader is probably always an old bird. I have noticed sometimes that his *honking* is more steady and in a deeper tone, and that it is answered in a higher key along the line.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

FOR the first time in the history of the English dominion in India, its power has been shaken from within its own possessions, and by its own subjects. Whatever attacks have been made upon it heretofore have been from without, and its career of conquest has been the result to which they have led. But now no external enemy threatens it, and the English in India have found themselves suddenly and unexpectedly engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with a portion of their subjects, not so much for dominion as for life. There had been signs and warnings, indeed, of the coming storm; but the feeling of security in possession and the confidence of moral strength were so strong, that the signs had been neglected and the warnings disregarded.

No one in our time has played the part of Cassandra with more foresight and vehemence than the late Sir Charles Napier. He saw the quarter in which the storm was gathering, and he affirmed that it was at hand. In 1850, after a short period of service as commander-in-chief of the forces in India, he resigned his place, owing to a difference between himself and the government, and immediately afterwards prepared a memoir in justification of his course, accompanied with remarks upon the general administration of affairs in that country. It was written with all his accustomed clearness of mind, vigor of expression, and intensity of personal feeling,—but it was not published until after his death, which took place in 1853, when it appeared under the editorship of his brother, Lieutenant-General Sir W. F. P. Napier, with the title of "Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government." Its interest is greatly enhanced when read by the light of recent events. It is in great part occupied with a narrative of the exhibition of a mutinous spirit which appeared in 1849 in some thirty Sepoy battalions, in regard to a reduc-

tion of their pay, and of the means taken to check and subdue it. On the third page is a sentence which read now is of terrible import: "Mutiny with [among?] the Sepoys is the *most* formidable danger menacing our Indian empire." And a few pages farther on occurs the following striking passage: "The ablest and most experienced civil and military servants of the East India Company consider mutiny as one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest danger threatening India,—a danger also that may come unexpectedly, and, if the first symptoms be not carefully treated, with a power to shake Leadenhall."

The anticipated mutiny has now come, its first symptoms were treated with utter want of judgment, and its power is shaking the whole fabric of the English rule in India.

One day toward the end of January last, a workman employed in the magazine at Barrackpore, an important station about seventeen miles from Calcutta, stopped to ask a Sepoy for some water from his drinking-vessel. Being refused, because he was of low caste, and his touch would defile the vessel, he said, with a sneer, "What caste are you of, who bite pig's grease and cow's fat on your cartridges?" Practice with the new Enfield rifle had just been introduced, and the cartridges were greased for use in order not to foul the gun. The rumor spread among the Sepoys that there was a trick played upon them,—that this was but a device to pollute them and destroy their caste, and the first step toward a general and forcible conversion of the soldiers to Christianity. The groundlessness of the idea upon which this alarm was founded afforded no hindrance to its ready reception, nor was the absurdity of the design attributed to the ruling powers apparent to the obscured and timid intellect of the Sepoys. The consequences of loss of caste

are so feared,—and are in reality of so trying a nature,—that upon this point the sensitiveness of the Sepoy is always extreme, and his suspicions are easily aroused. Their superstitious and religious customs “interfere in many strange ways with their military duties.” “The brave men of the 35th Native Infantry,” says Sir Charles Napier, “lost caste because they did their duty at Jelalabad; that is, they fought like soldiers, and ate what could be had to sustain their strength for battle.” But they are under a double rule, of religious and of military discipline,—and if the two come into conflict, the latter is likely to give way.

The discontent at Barrackpore soon manifested itself in ways not to be mistaken. There were incendiary fires within the lines. It was discovered that messengers had been sent to regiments at other stations, with incitements to insubordination. The officer in command at Barrackpore, General Hearsay, addressed the troops on parade, explained to them that the cartridges were not prepared with the obnoxious materials supposed, and set forth the groundlessness of their suspicions. The address was well received at first, but had no permanent effect. The ill-feeling spread to other troops and other stations. The government seems to have taken no measure of precaution in view of the impending trouble, and contented itself with despatching telegraphic messages to the more distant stations, where the new rifle-practice was being introduced, ordering that the native troops were “to have no practice ammunition served out to them, but only to watch the firing of the Europeans.” On the 26th of February, the 19th regiment, then stationed at Berhampore, refused to receive the cartridges that were served out, and were prevented from open violence only by the presence of a superior English force. After great delay, it was determined that this regiment should be disbanded. The authorities were not even yet alarmed; they were uneasy, but even their uneasiness does not seem

to have been shared by the majority of the English residents in India. It was not until the 3d of April that the sentence passed upon the 19th regiment was executed. The affair was dallied with, and inefficiency and dilatoriness prevailed everywhere.

But meanwhile the disaffection was spreading. The order for confining the use of the new cartridges to the Europeans seems to have been looked upon by the native regiments as a confirmation of their suspicions with regard to them. The more daring and evil-disposed of the soldiers stimulated the alarm, and roused the prejudices of their more timid and unreasoning companions. No general plan of revolt seems to have been formed, but the materials of discontent were gradually being concentrated; the inflammable spirits of the Sepoys were ready to burst into a blaze. Strong and judicious measures, promptly put into action, might even now have allayed the excitement and dissipated the danger. But the imbecile commander-in-chief was enjoying himself and shirking care in the mountains; and Lord Canning and his advisers at Calcutta seem to have preferred to allow the troops to take the initiative in their own way. Generally throughout Northern India the common routine of affairs went on at the different stations, and the ill-feeling and insubordination among the Sepoys scarcely disturbed the established quiet and monotony of Anglo-Indian life. But the storm was rising,—and the following extracts from a letter, hitherto unpublished, written on the 30th of May, by an officer of great distinction, and now in high command before Delhi, will show the manner of its breaking.

“A fortnight ago no community in the world could have been living in greater security of life and property than ours. Clouds there were that indicated to thoughtful minds a coming storm, and in the most dangerous quarter; but the actual outbreak was a matter of an hour, and has fallen on us like a judgment from Heaven,—sudden, irresistible, as

yet, terrible in its effects, and still spreading from place to place. I dare say you may have observed among the Indian news of late months, that here and there throughout the country mutinies of native regiments had been taking place. They had, however, been isolated cases, and the government thought it did enough to check the spirit of disaffection by disbanding the corps involved. The failure of the remedy was, however, complete, and, instead of having to deal now with mutinies of separate regiments, we stand face to face with a general mutiny of the Sepoy army of Bengal. To those who have thought most deeply of the perils of the English empire in India this has always seemed the monster one. It was thought to have been guarded against by the strong ties of mercenary interest that bound the army to the state, and there was, probably, but one class of feelings that would have been strong enough to have broken these ties,—those, namely, of religious sympathy or prejudice. The overt ground of the general mutiny was offence to caste feelings, given by the introduction into the army of certain cartridges said to have been prepared with hog's lard and cow's fat. The men must bite off the ends of these cartridges; so the Mahometans are defiled by the unclean animal, and the Hindoos by the contact of the dead cow. Of course the cartridges are *not* prepared as stated, and they form the mere handle for designing men to work with. They are, I believe, equally innocent of lard and fat; but that a general dread of being Christianized has by some means or other been created is without doubt, though there is still much that is mysterious in the process by which it has been instilled into the Sepoy mind, and I question if the government itself has any accurate information on the subject.

"It was on the 10th of the present month [May] that the outburst of the mutinous spirit took place in our own neighborhood,—at Meerut. The immediate cause was the punishment of

eighty-five troopers of the 3d Light Cavalry, who had refused to use the obnoxious cartridges, and had been sentenced by a native court-martial to ten years' imprisonment. On Saturday, the 9th, the men were put in irons, in presence of their comrades, and marched off to jail. On Sunday, the 10th, just at the time of evening service, the mutiny broke out. Three regiments left their lines, fell upon every European, man, woman, or child, they met or could find, murdered them all, burnt half the houses in the station, and, after working such a night of mischief and horror as devils might have delighted in, marched off to Delhi *en masse*, where three other regiments ripe for mutiny were stationed. On the junction of the two brigades, the horrors of Meerut were repeated in the imperial city, and every European who could be found was massacred with revolting barbarity. In fact, the spirit was that of a servile war. Annihilation of the ruling race was felt to be the only chance of safety or impunity; so no one of the ruling race was spared. Many, however, effected their escape, and, after all sorts of perils and sufferings, succeeded in reaching military stations containing European troops. * * *

"From the crisis of the mutiny our local anxieties have lessened. The country round is in utter confusion. Bands of robbers are murdering and plundering defenceless people. Civil government has practically ceased from the land. The most loathsome irresolution and incapacity have been exhibited in some of the highest quarters. A full month will elapse before the mutineers are checked by any organized resistance. A force is, or is supposed to be, marching on Delhi; but the outbreak occurred on the 10th of May, and this day is the first of June, and Delhi has seen no British colors and heard no British guns as yet. * * *

"As to the empire, it will be all the stronger after this storm. It is not five or six thousand mutinous mercenaries, or ten times the number, that will change

the destiny of England in India. Though we small fragments of the great machine may fall at our posts, there is that vitality in the English people that will bound stronger against misfortunes, and build up the damaged fabric anew."

So far the letter from which we have quoted.—It was not until the 8th of June that an English force appeared before the walls of Delhi. For four weeks the mutineers had been left in undisturbed possession of the city, a possession which was of incalculable advantage to them by adding to their moral strength the prestige of a name which has always been associated with the sceptre of Indian empire. The masters of Delhi are the masters not only of a city, but of a deeply rooted tradition of supremacy. The delay had told. Almost every day in the latter half of May was marked by a new mutiny in different military stations, widely separated from each other, throughout the North-Western Provinces and Bengal. The tidings of the possession of Delhi by the mutineers stimulated the daring madness of regiments that had been touched by disaffection. Some mutinied from mere panic, some from bitterness of hate. Some fled away quietly with their arms, to join the force that had now swelled to an army in the city of the Great Moghul; some repeated the atrocities of Meerut, and set up a separate standard of revolt, to which all the disaffected and all the worst characters of the district flocked, to gratify their lust for revenge of real or fancied wrongs, or their baser passions for plunder and unmeaning cruelty. The malignity of a subtle, acute, semi-civilized race, unrestrained by law or by moral feeling, broke out in its most frightful forms. Cowardice possessed of strength never wreaked more horrible sufferings upon its victims, and the bloody and barbarous annals of Indian history show no more bloody and barbarous page.

The course of English life in those stations where the worst cruelties and the bitterest sufferings have been in-

flicted on the unhappy Europeans has been for a long time so peaceful and undisturbed, it has gone on for the most part in such pleasant and easy quiet and with such absolute security, that the agony of sudden alarm and unwarned violence has added its bitterness to the overwhelming horror. It is not as in border settlements, where the inhabitants choose their lot knowing that they are exposed to the incursions of savage enemies,—but it is as if on a night in one of the most peaceful of long-settled towns, troops of men, with a sort of civilization that renders their attack worse than that of savages, should be let loose to work their worst will of lust and cruelty. The details are too recent, too horrible, and as yet too broken and irregular, to be recounted here.

Although, at the first sally of the mutineers from Delhi against the force that had at length arrived, a considerable advantage was gained by the Europeans, this advantage was followed up by no decisive blow. The number of troops was too small to attempt an assault against an army of thirty thousand men, each man of whom was a trained soldier. The English force was unprovided with any sufficient siege battery. It could do little more than encamp, throw up intrenchments for its own defence, and wait for attacks to be made upon it,—attacks which it usually repulsed with great loss to the attackers. The month of June is the hottest month of the year at Delhi; the average height of the thermometer being 92°. There, in such weather, the force must sit still, watch the pouring in of reinforcements and supplies to the city which it was too small to invest, and hear from day to day fresh tidings of disaster and revolt on every hand,—tidings of evil which there could scarcely be any hope of checking, until this central point of the mutiny had fallen before the British arms. A position more dispiriting can scarcely be imagined; and to all these causes for despondency were added the incompetency and fatuity of the Indian

government, and the procrastination of the home government in the forwarding of the necessary reinforcements.

Delhi has been often besieged, but seldom has a siege been laid to it that at first sight would have appeared more desperate than this. The city is strong in its artificial defences, and Nature lends her force to the native troops within the walls. If they could hold out through the summer, September was likely to be as great a general for them as the famous two upon whom the Czar relied in the Crimea. A wall of gray stone, strengthened by the modern science of English engineers, and nearly seven miles in circumference, surrounds the city upon three sides, while the fourth is defended by a wide offset of the Jumna, and by a portion of the high, embattled, red stone wall of the palace, which almost equals the city wall in strength, and is itself more than a mile in length. Few cities in the East present a more striking aspect from without. Over the battlements of the walls rise the slender minarets and shining domes of the mosques, the pavilions and the towers of the gates, the balustraded roofs of the higher and finer houses, the light foliage of acacias, and the dark crests of tall date-palms. It is a new city, only two hundred and twenty-six years old. Shah Jehan, its founder, was fond of splendor in building, was lavish of expense, and was eager to make his city imperial in appearance as in name. The great mosque that he built here is the noblest and most beautiful in all India. His palace might be set in comparison with that of Aladdin; it was the fulfilment of an Oriental voluptuary's dream. All that Eastern taste could devise of beauty, that Eastern lavishness could fancy of adornment, or voluptuousness demand of luxury, was brought together and displayed here. But its day of splendor was not long; and now, instead of furnishing a home to a court, which, if wicked, was at least magnificent, it is the abode of demoralized pensioners, who, having lost the reality, retain the pride

and the vices of power. For years it has been utterly given over to dirt and to decay. Its beautiful halls and chambers, rich with marbles and mosaics, its "Pearl" *musjid*, its delicious gardens, its shady summer-houses, its fountains, and all its walks and pleasure-grounds, are neglected, abused, and occupied by the filthy retainers of an effete court.

The city stands partly on the sandy border of the river, partly on a low range of rocks. With its suburbs it may contain about one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, a little more than half of whom are Hindoos, and the remainder nominally Mahometans, in creed. Around the wall stretches a wide, barren, irregular plain, covered, mile after mile, with the ruins of earlier Delhis, and the tombs of the great or the rich men of the Mahometan dynasty. There is no other such monumental plain as this in the world. It is as full of traditions and historic memories as of ruins; and in this respect, as in many others, Delhi bears a striking resemblance to Rome,—for the Roman Campagna is the only field which in its crowd of memories may be compared with it, and the imperial city of India holds in the Mahometan mind much the same place that Rome occupies in that of the Christian.

Before these pages are printed it is not unlikely that the news of the fall of Delhi will have reached us. The troops of the besiegers amounted in the middle of August to about five thousand five hundred men. Other troops near them, and reinforcements on the way, may by the end of the month have increased their force to ten thousand. At the last accounts a siege train was expected to arrive on the 3d of September, and an assault might be made very shortly afterwards. But September is an unhealthy month, and there may be delays. *Dehli door ust*,—"Delhi is far off,"—is a favorite Indian proverb. But the chances are in favor of its being now in British hands.*

* It is earnestly to be hoped that the officers in command of the British force will not yield to the savage suggestions and incite-

With its fall the war will be virtually ended,—for the reconquest of the disturbed territories will be a matter of little difficulty, when undertaken with the aid of the twenty thousand English troops who will arrive in India before the end of the year.

The settlement of the country, after these long disturbances, cannot be expected to take place at once; civil government has been too much interrupted to resume immediately its ordinary operation. But as this great revolt has had in very small degree the character of a popular rising, and as the vast mass of natives are in general not discontented with the English rule, order will be reestablished

ments of the English press, with regard to the fate of Delhi. The tone of feeling which has been shown in many quarters in England has been utterly disgraceful. Indiscriminate cruelty and brutality are no fitting vengeance for the Hindoo and Mussulman barbarities. The sack of Delhi and the massacre of its people would bring the English conquerors down to the level of the conquered. Great sins cry out for great punishments,—but let the punishment fall on the guilty, and not involve the innocent. The strength of English rule in India must be in her justice, in her severity,—but not in the force and irresistible violence of her passions. To destroy the city would be to destroy one of the great ornaments of her empire,—to murder the people would be to commence the new period of her rule with a revolting crime.

“For five days,” says the historian, “Tamerlane remained a tranquil spectator of the sack and conflagration of Delhi and the massacre of its inhabitants, while he was celebrating a feast in honor of his victory. When the troops were wearied with slaughter, and nothing was left to plunder, he gave orders for the prosecution of his march, and on the day of his departure he offered up to the Divine Majesty the sincere and humble tribute of grateful praise.”

“It is said that Nadir Shah, during the massacre that he had commanded, sat in gloomy silence in the little mosque of Roknudoulah, which stands at the present day in the Great Bazaar. Here the Emperor and his nobles at length took courage to present themselves. They stood before him with downcast eyes, until Nadir commanded them to speak, when the Emperor burst into tears and entreated Nadir to spare his subjects.”

lished with comparative rapidity, and the course of life will before many months resume much of its accustomed aspect.

The struggle of the trained and ambitious classes against the English power will but have served to confirm it. The revolt overcome, the last great danger menacing English security in India will have disappeared. England will have learnt much from the trials she has had to pass through, and that essential changes will take place within a few years in the constitution of the Indian government there can be no doubt. But it is to be remembered that for the past thirty years, English rule in India has been, with all its defects, an enlightened and beneficent rule. The crimes with which it has been charged, the crimes of which it has been guilty, are small in amount, compared with the good it has effected. Moreover, they are not the result of inherent vices in the system of government, so much as of the character of exceptional individuals employed to carry out that system, and of the native character itself.—But on these points we do not propose now to enter.

If the close of this revolt be not stained with retaliating cruelties, if English soldiers remember mercy, then the whole history of this time will be a proud addition to the annals of England. For though it will display the incompetency and the folly of her governments, it will show how these were remedied by the energy and spirit of individuals; it will tell of the daring and gallantry of her men, of their patient endurance, of their undaunted courage,—and it will tell, too, with a voice full of tears, of the sorrows, and of the brave and tender hearts, and of the unshaken religious faith supporting them to the end, of the women who died in the hands of their enemies. The names of Havelock and Lawrence will be reckoned in the list of England’s worthies, and the story of the garrison of Cawnpore will be treasured up forever among England’s saddest and most touching memories.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's out from Marblehead !

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Captain Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain :

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !”

Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang :
“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !”

Small pity for him ! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck !
“Lay by ! lay by !” they called to him.
Back he answered, “Sink or swim !
Brag of your catch of fish again !”
And off he sailed through the fog and rain !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,
 Looked for the coming that might not be !
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away ?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide ;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain :
 “ Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! ”

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting far and near :
 “ Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! ”

“ Hear me, neighbors ! ” at last he cried,—
 “ What to me is this noisy ride ?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin,
 To the nameless horror that lives within ?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck !
 Hate me and curse me,— I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead ! ”
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
 Said, “ God has touched him ! — why should we ? ”
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,
 “ Cut the rogue's tether and let him run ! ”

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

I FELL in with a humorist, on my travels, who had in his chamber a cast of the Rondanini Medusa, and who assured me that the name which that fine work of art bore in the catalogues was a misnomer, as he was convinced that the sculptor who carved it intended it for Memory, the mother of the Muses. In the conversation that followed, my new friend made some extraordinary confessions. "Do you not see," he said, "the penalty of learning, and that each of these scholars whom you have met at S., though he were to be the last man, would, like the executioner in Hood's poem, guillotine the last but one?" He added many lively remarks, but his evident earnestness engaged my attention, and, in the weeks that followed, we became better acquainted. He had great abilities, a genial temper, and no vices; but he had one defect,—he could not speak in the tone of the people. There was some paralysis on his will, that, when he met men on common terms, he spoke weakly, and from the point, like a flighty girl. His consciousness of the fault made it worse. He envied every daysman and drover in the tavern their manly speech. He coveted Mirabeau's *don terrible de la familiarité*, believing that he whose sympathy goes lowest is the man from whom kings have the most to fear. For himself, he declared that he could not get enough alone to write a letter to a friend. He left the city; he hid himself in pastures. The solitary river was not solitary enough;

the sun and moon put him out. When he bought a house, the first thing he did was to plant trees. He could not enough conceal himself. Set a hedge here; set oaks there,—trees behind trees; above all, set evergreens, for they will keep a secret all the year round. The most agreeable compliment you could pay him was, to say that you had not observed him in a house or a street where you had met him. Whilst he suffered at being seen where he was, he consoled himself with the delicious thought of the inconceivable number of places where he was not. All he wished of his tailor was, to provide that sober mean of color and cut which would never detain the eye for a moment. He went to Vienna, to Smyrna, to London. In all the variety of costumes, a carnival, a kaleidoscope of clothes, to his horror he could never discover a man in the street who wore anything like his own dress. He would have given his soul for the ring of Gyges. His dismay at his visibility had blunted the fears of mortality. "Do you think," he said, "I am in such great terror of being shot,—I, who am only waiting to shuffle off my corporeal jacket, to slip away into the back stars, and put diameters of the solar system and sidereal orbits between me and all souls,—there to wear out ages in solitude, and forget memory itself, if it be possible?" He had a remorse running to despair of his social *gaucheries*, and walked miles and miles to get the twitchings out of his face, the starts and

shrugs out of his arms and shoulders. "God may forgive sins," he said, "but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth." He admired in Newton, not so much his theory of the moon, as his letter to Collins, in which he forbade him to insert his name with the solution of the problem in the "Philosophical Transactions": "It would perhaps increase my acquaintance, the thing which I chiefly study to decline."

These conversations led me somewhat later to the knowledge of similar cases, existing elsewhere, and to the discovery that they are not of very infrequent occurrence. Few substances are found pure in nature. Those constitutions which can bear in open day the rough dealing of the world must be of that mean and average structure,—such as iron and salt, atmospheric air, and water. But there are metals, like potassium and sodium, which, to be kept pure, must be kept under naphtha. Such are the talents determined on some specialty, which a culminating civilization fosters in the heart of great cities and in royal chambers. Nature protects her own work. To the culture of the world, an Archimedes, a Newton is indispensable; so she guards them by a certain aridity. If these had been good fellows, fond of dancing, Port, and clubs, we should have had no "Theory of the Sphere," and no "Principia." They had that necessity of isolation which genius feels. Each must stand on his glass tripod, if he would keep his electricity. Even Swedenborg, whose theory of the universe is based on affection, and who reprobates to weariness the danger and vice of pure intellect, is constrained to make an extraordinary exception: "There are also angels who do not live consociated, but separate, house and house; these dwell in the midst of heaven, because they are the best of angels."

We have known many fine geniuses have that imperfection that they cannot do anything useful, not so much as write one clean sentence. 'Tis worse, and tragic, that no man is fit for society who

has fine traits. At a distance, he is admired; but bring him hand to hand, he is a cripple. One protects himself by solitude, and one by courtesy, and one by an acid, worldly manner,—each concealing how he can the thinness of his skin and his incapacity for strict association. But there is no remedy that can reach the heart of the disease, but either habits of self-reliance that should go in practice to making the man independent of the human race, or else a religion of love. Now he hardly seems entitled to marry; for how can he protect a woman, who cannot protect himself?

We pray to be conventional. But the wary Heaven takes care you shall not be, if there is anything good in you. Dante was very bad company, and was never invited to dinner. Michel Angelo had a sad, sour time of it. The ministers of beauty are rarely beautiful in coaches and saloons. Columbus discovered no isle or key so lonely as himself. Yet each of these potentates saw well the reason of his exclusion. Solitary was he? Why, yes; but his society was limited only by the amount of brain Nature appropriated in that age to carry on the government of the world. "If I stay," said Dante, when there was question of going to Rome, "who will go? and if I go, who will stay?"

But the necessity of solitude is deeper than we have said, and is organic. I have seen many a philosopher whose world is large enough for only one person. He affects to be a good companion; but we are still surprising his secret, that he means and needs to impose his system on all the rest. The determination of each is *from* all the others, like that of each tree up into free space. 'Tis no wonder, when each has his whole head, our societies should be so small. Like President Tyler, our party falls from us every day, and we must ride in a sulky at last. Dear heart! take it sadly home to thee, there is no coöperation. We begin with friendships, and all our youth is a reconnoitring and recruiting of the holy fraternity that shall combine for the

salvation of men. But so the remoter stars seem a nebula of united light, yet there is no group which a telescope will not resolve, and the dearest friends are separated by impassable gulfs. The co-operation is involuntary, and is put upon us by the Genius of Life, who reserves this as a part of his prerogative. 'Tis fine for us to talk: we sit and muse, and are serene, and complete; but the moment we meet with anybody, each becomes a fraction.

Though the stuff of tragedy and of romances is in a moral union of two superior persons, whose confidence in each other for long years, out of sight, and in sight, and against all appearances, is at last justified by victorious proof of probity to gods and men, causing joyful emotions, tears, and glory,—though there be for heroes this *moral union*, yet they, too, are as far off as ever from an intellectual union, and the moral union is for comparatively low and external purposes, like the co-operation of a ship's company, or of a fire-club. But how insular and pathetically solitary are all the people we know! Nor dare they tell what they think of each other, when they meet in the street. We have a fine right, to be sure, to taunt men of the world with superficial and treacherous courtesies!

Such is the tragic necessity which strict science finds underneath our domestic and neighborly life, irresistibly driving each adult soul as with whips into the desert, and making our warm covenants sentimental and momentary. We must infer that the ends of thought were peremptory, if they were to be secured at such ruinous cost. They are deeper than can be told, and belong to the immensities and eternities. They reach down to that depth where society itself originates and disappears,—where the question is, Which is first, man or men?—where the individual is lost in his source.

But this banishment to the rocks and echoes no metaphysics can make right or tolerable. This result is so against

nature, such a half-view, that it must be corrected by a common sense and experience. "A man is born by the side of his father, and there he remains." A man must be clothed with society, or we shall feel a certain bareness and poverty, as of a displaced and unfurnished member. He is to be dressed in arts and institutions, as well as body-garments. Now and then a man exquisitely made can live alone, and must but coop up most men, and you undo them. "The king lived and ate in his hall with men, and understood men," said Selden. When a young barrister said to the late Mr. Mason, "I keep my chamber to read law,"—"Read law!" replied the veteran, "'tis in the court-room you must read law." Nor is the rule otherwise for literature. If you would learn to write, 'tis in the street you must learn it. Both for the vehicle and for the aims of fine arts, you must frequent the public square. The people, and not the college, is the writer's home. A scholar is a candle, which the love and desire of all men will light. Never his lands or his rents, but the power to charm the disguised soul that sits veiled under this bearded and that rosy visage is his rent and ration. His products are as needful as those of the baker or the weaver. Society cannot do without cultivated men. As soon as the first wants are satisfied, the higher wants become imperative.

'Tis hard to mesmerize ourselves, to whip our own top; but through sympathy we are capable of energy and endurance. Concert exasperates people to a certain fury of performance they can rarely reach alone. Here is the use of society: it is so easy with the great to be great! so easy to come up to an existing standard!—as easy as it is to the lover to swim to his maiden, through waves so grim before. The benefits of affection are immense; and the one event which never loses its romance is the alighting of superior persons at our gate.

It by no means follows that we are not

fit for society, because *soirées* are tedious, and because the *soirée* finds us tedious. A backwoodsman, who had been sent to the university, told me, that when he heard the best-bred young men at the law-school talk together, he reckoned himself a boor; but whenever he caught them apart, and had one to himself alone, then they were the boors, and he the better man. And if we recall the rare hours when we encountered the best persons, we then found ourselves, and then first society seemed to exist. That was society, though in the transom of a brig, or on the Florida Keys.

A cold, sluggish blood thinks it has not facts enough to the purpose, and must decline its turn in the conversation. But they who speak have no more,—have less. 'Tis not new facts that avail, but the heat to dissolve everybody's facts. Heat puts you in right relation with magazines of facts. The capital defect of cold, arid natures is the want of animal spirits. They seem a power incredible, as if God should raise the dead. The recluse witnesses what others perform by their aid with a kind of fear. It is as much out of his possibility, as the prowess of Cœur-de-Lion, or an Irishman's day's work on the railroad. 'Tis said, the present and the future are always rivals. Animal spirits constitute the power of the present, and their feats are like the structure of a pyramid. Their result is a lord, a general, or a boon-companion. Before these, what a base mendicant is Memory with his leathern badge! But this genial heat is latent in all constitutions, and is disengaged only by the friction of society. As Bacon said of manners, "To obtain them, it only needs not to despise them," so we say of animal spirits, that they are the spontaneous product of health and of a social habit. "For behavior, men learn it, as they take diseases, one of another."

But the people are to be taken in very small doses. If solitude is proud, so is society vulgar. In society, high advantages are set down to the individual as disadvantages. We sink as easily

as we rise, through sympathy. So many men whom I know are degraded by their sympathies, their native aims being high enough, but their relation all too tender to the gross people about them. Men cannot afford to live together on their merits, and they adjust themselves by their demerits,—by their love of gossip, or sheer tolerance and animal good-nature. They untune and dissipate the brave aspirant.

The remedy is, to reinforce each of these moods from the other. Conversation will not corrupt us, if we come to the assembly in our own garb and speech, and with the energy of health to select what is ours and reject what is not. Society we must have; but let it be society, and not exchanging news, or eating from the same dish. Is it society to sit in one of your chairs? I cannot go to the houses of my nearest relatives, because I do not wish to be alone. Society exists by chemical affinity, and not otherwise.

Put any company of people together with freedom for conversation, and a rapid self-distribution takes place into sets and pairs. The best are accused of exclusiveness. It would be more true to say, they separate as oil from water, as children from old people, without love or hatred in the matter, each seeking his like; and any interference with the affinities would produce constraint and suffocation. All conversation is a magnetic experiment. I know that my friend can talk eloquently; you know that he cannot articulate a sentence: we have seen him in different company. Assort your party, or invite none. Put Stubbs and Byron, Quintilian and Aunt Miriam, into pairs, and you make them all wretched. 'Tis an extempore Sing-Sing built in a parlor. Leave them to seek their own mates, and they will be as merry as sparrows.

A higher civility will reestablish in our customs a certain reverence which we have lost. What to do with these brisk young men who break through all fences, and make themselves at home in every

house? I find out in an instant if my companion does not want me, and ropes cannot hold me when my welcome is gone. One would think that the affinities would pronounce themselves with a surer reciprocity.

Here again, as so often, Nature delights to put us between extreme antagonisms, and our safety is in the skill with which we keep the diagonal line. Solitude is impracticable, and society fatal. We must keep our head in the one, and our hands in the other. The conditions are met, if we keep our independence, yet do not lose our sympathy. These wonderful horses need to be driven by fine

hands. We require such a solitude as shall hold us to its revelations when we are in the street and in palaces; for most men are cowed in society, and say good things to you in private, but will not stand to them in public. But let us not be the victims of words. Society and solitude are deceptive names. It is not the circumstance of seeing more or fewer people, but the readiness of sympathy, that imports; and a sound mind will derive its principles from insight, with ever a purer ascent to the sufficient and absolute right, and will accept society as the natural element in which they are to be applied.

AKIN BY MARRIAGE.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER III.

WHEN little Helen was not far from nine years old, her mother, (as she had learned to call Mrs. Bugbee,) whose health for a long time had been failing, fell sick and took to her bed. Sometimes, for a brief space, she would seem to mend a little; and a council of doctors, convened to consider her case,—though each member differed from all the others touching the nature of her malady,—unanimously declared she would ultimately recover. But her disease, whatever it was, proved to be her mortal illness; for the very next night she came suddenly to her end. Her loss was a heavy one, especially to her own household. She had always been a quiet person, of rather pensive humor, whose native diffidence caused her to shrink from observation; and after Amelia's death she was rarely seen abroad, except at meeting, on Sundays, or when she went to visit the poor, the sick, or the grief-stricken. It was at home that her worth was most apparent; for plain domestic virtues, such as hers, seldom gain wide distinction. Her children's sor-

row was deep and lasting, and the badge of mourning which her husband wore for many months after her death was a truthful symbol of unaffected grief. From the beginning, he was warmly attached to his wife, whose affection for him was very great indeed. It would have been strange if he had been unhappy, when she, who made his tastes her study, also made it the business of her life to please him. Besides, his cheerful temper enabled him to make light of more grievous misfortunes than the getting of a loving wife and thrifty helpmeet ten years older than himself.

When a widower, like the Doctor, is but fifty, with the look of a much younger man, people are apt to talk about the chances of his marrying again. Before Mrs. Bugbee had been dead a twelve-month, rumors were as plenty as blackberries that the Doctor had been seen, late on Sunday evenings, leaving this house, or that house, the dwelling-place of some marriageable lady; and if he had finally espoused all whom the gossips reported he was going to marry, he would have had as many wives as any

Turkish pasha or Mormon elder. It was doubtless true that he called at certain places more frequently than had been his custom in Mrs. Bugbee's lifetime. This, he assured Cornelius, to whom the reports I have mentioned occasioned some uneasiness, was because he was more often summoned to attend, in a professional way, at these places, than he had ever been of old; which was true enough, I dare say, for more spinsters and widows were taken ailing about this time than had ever been ill at once before. Be that as it may, certain arrangements which the Doctor presently made in his domestic affairs did not seem to foretoken an immediate change of condition.

Miss Statira Blake, whom the Doctor engaged as housekeeper, was the youngest daughter of an honest shoemaker, who formerly flourished at Belfield Green, where he was noted for industry, a fondness for reading, a tenacious memory, a ready wit, and a fluent tongue. In politics he was a radical, and in religion a schismatic. The little knot of Presbyterian Federalist magnates, who used to assemble at the tavern to discuss affairs of church and state over mugs of flip and tumblers of sling, regarded him with feelings of terror and aversion. The doughty little cobbler made nothing of attacking them single-handed, and putting them utterly to rout; for he was a dabster at debate, and entertained as strong a liking for polemics as for books. Nay, he was a thorn in the side of the parson himself, for whom he used to lie in wait with knotty questions,—snares set to entrap the worthy divine, in the hope of beguiling him into a controversy respecting some abstruse point of doctrine, in which the cobbler, who had every verse of the Bible at his tongue's end, was not apt to come off second best.

But one day, Tommy Blake, being at a raising where plenty of liquor was furnished, (as the fashion used to be,) slipped and fell from a high beam, and was carried home groaning with a skinful of broken bones. He died the next

day, poor man, and his bedridden widow survived the shock of witnessing his dreadful agonies and death but a very little while. Her daughters, two young girls, were left destitute and friendless. But Major Bugbee, to whom the cobbler's wife had been remotely akin, and who was at that time first selectman of the town, took the orphans with him to his house, where they tarried till he found good places for them. Roxana, the elder girl, went to live with a reputable farmer's wife, whose only son she afterwards married. Statira remained under the shelter of the good Major's hospitable roof much longer than her sister did, and would have been welcome to stay, but she was not one of those who like to eat the bread of dependence. With the approval of the selectmen, she bound herself an indentured apprentice to Billy Tuthill, the little lame tailor, for whom she worked faithfully four years, until she had served out her time and was mistress of her trade, even to the recondite mystery of cutting a double-breasted swallow-tail coat by rule and measure. Then, at eighteen, she set up business for herself, going from house to house as her customers required, working by the day. Her services were speedily in great demand, and she was never out of employment. Many a worthy citizen of Belfield well remembers his first jacket-and-trowsers, the handiwork of Tira Blake. The Sunday breeches of half the farmers who came to meeting used to be the product of her skilful labor. Thus for many years (refusing meanwhile several good offers of marriage) she continued to ply her needle and shears, working steadily and cheerfully in her vocation, earning good wages and spending but little, until the thrifty sempstress was counted well to do, and held in esteem accordingly. Sometimes, when she got weary, and thought a change of labor would do her good, she would engage with some lucky dame to help do house-work for a month or two. She was a famous hand at pickling, preserv-

ing, and making all manner of tooth-some knick-knacks and dainties. Nor was she deficient in the pleasure walks of the culinary art. Betsey Pratt, the tavernkeeper's wife, a special crony of Statira's, used always to send for her whenever she was in straits, or when, on some grand occasion, a dinner or supper was to be prepared and served up in more than ordinary style. So learned was she in all the devices of the pantry and kitchen, that many a young woman in the parish would have given half her setting-out, and her whole store of printed cookery-books, to know by heart Tira Blake's unwritten lore of rules and recipes. So, wherever she went, she was welcome, albeit not a few stood in fear of her; for though, when well treated, she was as good-humored as a kitten, when provoked, especially by a slight or affront, her wrath was dangerous. Her tongue was sharper than her needle, and her pickles were not more piquant than her sarcastic wit. Tira, the older people used to remark, was Tommy Blake's own daughter; and truly, she did inherit many of her father's qualities, both good and bad, and not a few of his crotchets and opinions. In fine, she was a shrewd, sensible, Yankee old maid, who, as she herself was wont to say, was as well able to take care of 'number one' as e'er a man in town.

Statira never forgot Major Bugbee's kindness to her in her lonely orphanhood. She preserved for him and for every member of his family a grateful affection; but her special favorite was James, the Doctor's brother, who was a little younger than she, and who repaid this partiality with hearty good-will and esteem. When he grew up and married, his house became one of Statira's homes; the other being at her sister's house, which was too remote from Belfield Green to be at all times convenient. So she had rooms, which she called alike her own, at both these places, in each of which she kept a part of her wardrobe and a portion of her other goods and chattels. The children of both families

called her Aunt Statira, but, if the truth were known, she loved little Frank Bugbee, James's only son, better than she did the whole brood of her sister Roxy's flaxen-pated offspring. Nay, she loved him better than all the world besides. Statira used to call James her right-hand man, asking for his advice in every matter of importance, and usually acting in accordance with it. So, when Doctor Bugbee invited her to take charge of his household affairs, Cornelia joining in the request with earnest importunity, she did not at once return a favorable reply, though strongly inclined thereto, but waited until she had consulted James and his wife, who advised her to accept the proffered trust, giving many sound and excellent reasons why she ought to do so.

Accordingly, a few months after Mrs. Bugbee's death, Statira began to sway the sceptre where she had once found refuge from the poor-house; for though Cornelia remained the titular mistress of the mansion, Statira was the actual ruler, invested with all the real power. Cornelia gladly resigned into her more experienced hands the reins of government, and betook herself to occupations more congenial to her tastes than house-keeping. Whenever, afterwards, she made a languid offer to perform some light domestic duty, Statira was accustomed to reply in such wise that the most perfect concord was maintained between them. "No, my dear," the latter would say, "do you just leave these things to me. If there a'n't help enough in the house to do the work, your pa'll get 'em; and as for overscein', one's better than two." But sometimes, when little Helen proffered her assistance, Tira let the child try her hand, taking great pains to instruct her in housewifery, warmly praising her successful essays, and finding excuses for every failure. It was not long before a cordial friendship subsisted between the teacher and her pupil.

The Doctor, of course, experienced great contentment at beholding his children made happy, his house well kept and ordered, his table spread with plen-

tiful supplies of savory victuals, and all his domestic concerns managed with sagacity and prudence, by one upon whose good-will and ability to promote his welfare he could rely with implicit confidence. Even the servants shared in the general satisfaction; for though, under Tira's vigorous rule, no task or duty could be safely shunned or slighted, she proved a kind and even an indulgent mistress to those who showed themselves worthy of her favor. Old Violet, the mother of Dinah, the little black girl elsewhere mentioned, yielded at once to Tira Blake the same respectful obedience that she and her ancestors, for more than a century in due succession, had been wont to render only to dames of the ancient Bugbee line. Dinah herself, now a well-grown damsel, black, but comely, who, during Cornelia's maladministration, had been suffered to follow too much the devices and desires of her own heart, setting at naught alike the entreaties and reproofs of her mistress and her mother's angry scoldings,—even Dinah submitted without a murmur to Tira's wholesome authority, and abandoned all her evil courses. Bildad Royce, a crotchety hired-man, whom the Doctor kept to do the chores and till the garden, albeit at first inclined to be captious, accorded to the new housekeeper the meed of his approbation.

"I like her well enough to hope she'll stay, mum," quoth he, in reply to an inquisitive neighbor. "And for my part, Miss Prouty," he added, nodding and winking at his questioner, "I'd like to see it fixed so she'd alwus stay; and if the Doctor *doos* think he can't do no better'n to have her bimeby, when the time comes, who's a right to say a word agin it?"

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the unwary Mrs. Prouty,—"do you mean to say you think he's got any idea of such a thing, Bildad?"

"Yes, I *don't* mean to say I think he's got any idee of sich a thing, Bildad," replied Bildad himself, who took great delight in mystifying people, and who

sometimes, in order to express the most unqualified negation, was accustomed to employ this apparently ambiguous form of speech. "I said for *my* part, Miss Prouty,—for *my* part. As for the Doctor, he'll prob'bly have his own notions, and foller 'em."

Besides these already mentioned, there was another person, who sat so often at the Doctor's board and spent so many hours beneath his roof, that, for the nonce, I shall reckon her among his family. Indeed, Laura Stebbins was almost as much at home in the Bugbee mansion as at the parsonage, and she used to regard the Doctor and his wife with an affection quite filial in kind and very ardent in degree. For this she had abundant reason, the good couple always treating her with the utmost kindness, frequently making her presents of clothes and things which she needed, besides gifts of less use and value. These tokens of her friends' good-will she used to receive with many sprightly demonstrations of thankfulness; sometimes, in her transports of gratitude, distributing between the Doctor and his wife a number of delicious kisses, and telling the latter that her husband was the best and most generous of men. After Mrs. Bugbee's death, the Doctor's manner, as was to be expected, became more grave and sober, and he very wisely thought proper to treat Laura with a kindness less familiar than before, which perceiving with the quickness of her sex, she also practised a like reserve. But notwithstanding this prudent change in his demeanor, his good-will for Laura was in no wise abated. At all events, the friendship between Cornelia and Laura suffered no decay or diminution. Indeed, it increased in fervency and strength. For Laura, having finished her course of study at the Belfield Academy, had now more time to devote to Cornelia than when she had had lessons to get and recitations to attend. The parsonage stood next to the Bugbee mansion, and in the paling between the two gardens there was a wicket, through which Cornelia,

Laura, and Helen used to run to and fro a dozen times a day. The females of the Doctor's family made nothing of scudding, bareheaded, across to the parsonage by this convenient back-way, and bolting into the kitchen without so much as knocking at the door; and Laura's habits at the Bugbee mansion were still more familiar. Mrs. Jaynes, though not the most affable of womankind, gave this close intimacy much favor and encouragement; for she bore in mind that Cornelia's father was the richest and most influential member of her husband's church and parish.

At first, Laura was a little shy of the plain-spoken old maid, for whose person, manners, and opinions she had often heard Mrs. Jaynes express, in private, a most bitter dislike. But Statira had been regnant in the Bugbee mansion less than a week, when Laura began to make timid advances towards a mutual good understanding, of which for a while Statira affected to take no heed; for having formed a resolution to maintain a strict reserve towards every inmate of the parsonage, she was not disposed to break it so soon, even in favor of Laura, whose winsome overtures she found it difficult to resist.

"If it wa'n't for her bein' Miss Jaynes's sister," said she, one day, to Cornelia, who had been praising her friend,—"if it wa'n't for that one thing, I should like her remarkable well,—a good deal more'n common."

"Pray, what have you got such a spite against the Jayneses for?" asked Cornelia.

"What do you mean by askin' such a question as that, Cornele?" said Tira, in a tone of stern reproof. "Who's got a spite against 'em? Not I, by a good deal! As for the parson himself, he's a well-meanin' man, and does as near right as he knows how. If you could say as much as that for everybody, there wouldn't be any need of parsons any more."

"But you don't like Mrs. Jaynes," persisted Cornelia.

"I ha'n't got a spite against her, Cornele,—though, I confess, I don't love the woman," replied Statira. "But I always treat her well; though, to be sure, I don't curchy so low and keep smilin' so much as most folks do, when they meet a minister's wife and have talk with her. Even when she comes here a-borrowin' things she knows will be giv' to her when she asks for 'em, which makes it so near to beggin' that she ought to be ashamed on't, which I only give to her because it's your father's wish for me to do so, and the things are his'n; but I always treat her well, Cornele."

"But why don't you like her, Tira?" asked Helen.

"My dear, I'll tell you," said Statira; "for I don't want you to think I'm set against any person unreasonable and without cause. You see Miss Jaynes is a nateral-born beggar. I don't say it with any ill-will, but it's a fact. She takes to beggin' as naterally as a goslin' takes to a puddle; and when she first come to town she commenced a-beggin', and has kep' it up ever since. She used to tackle me the same as she does everybody else, askin' me to give somethin' to this, and to that, and to t'other pet humbug of her'n, but I never would do it; and when she found she could'n worry me into it, like the rest of 'em, it set her very bitter against me; and I heard of her tellin' I'd treated her with rudeness, which I'd always treated her civilly, only when I said 'No,' she found coaxin' and palaverin' wouldn't stir me. So it went on for a year or two, till, one fall, I was stayin' here to your ma's,—Cornele, I guess you remember the time,—helpin' of her make up her quinces and apples. We was jest in the midst of bilin' cider, with one biler on the stove and the biggest brass kettle full in the fireplace, when in comes boltin' Miss Jaynes, dressed up as fine as a fiddle. She set right down in the kitchen, and your ma rolled her sleeves down and took off her apron, lookin' kind o' het and worried. After a few words, Miss Jaynes took a paper out of her pocket, and says she to

your ma, ‘Miss Bugbee,’ says she, ‘I’m a just startin’ forth on the Lord’s business, and I come to you as the helpmate and pardner of one of his richest stewards in this vineyard.’—‘What is it now?’ says your ma, lookin’ out of one eye at the brass kettle, and speakin’ more impatient than I ever heard her speak to a minister’s wife before. Well, I can’t spend time to tell all that Miss Jaynes said in answer, but it seemed some of the big folks in New York had started a new society, and its object was to provide, as near as ever I could find out, such kind of necessary notions for indigent young men studyin’ to be ministers as they couldn’t well afford to buy for themselves,—such as steel-bowed specs for the near-sighted ones, and white cravats, black silk gloves, and linen-cambric handkerchiefs for ‘em all,—in order, as Miss Jaynes said, these young fellers might keep up a respectable appearance, and not give a chance for the world’s people to get a contemptible idee of the ministry, on account of the shabby looks of the young men that had laid out to foller that holy callin’. She said it was a cause that ought to lay near the heart of every evangelical Christian man, and especially the women. ‘We mothers in Israel,’ says Miss Jaynes, ‘ought to feel for these young Davids that have gone forth to give battle to the Goliaths of sin that are a-stalkin’ and struttin’ round all over the land.’ She said the society was goin’ to be a great institution, with an office to New York, with an executive committee and three secretaries in attendance there, and was a-goin’ to employ a great number of clergymen, out of a parish, to travel as agents collectin’ funds; ‘but,’ says she, ‘I’ve a better tack for collectin’ than most people, and I’ve concluded to canvass this town myself for donations to this noble and worthy cause; and I’ve come to you, Miss Bugbee,’ says she, ‘to lead off with your accustomed liberality.’—Well, what does your ma do, but go into her room, to her draw, I suppose, and fetch out a five-dollar bill,

and give it to Miss Jaynes, which I’d ‘a’ had to work a week, stitchin’ from mornin’ to night, to have earnt that five-dollar bill; though, of course, your ma had a right to burn it up, if she’d ‘a’ been a mind to; only it made me ache to see it go so, when there was thousands of poor starvin’ ragged orphans needin’ it so bad. All to once Miss Jaynes wheeled and spoke to me: ‘Well, Miss Tira,’ says she, ‘can I have a dollar from you?’—‘No, ma’am,’ says I.—‘I supposed not,’ says she; which would have been sassy in anybody but the parson’s wife. But I held my tongue, and out she went, takin’ no more notice of me than she did of Vi’let, nor half so much,—for I see her kind o’ look towards the old woman, as if she was half a mind to ask her for a fourpence-ha’penny. Well, that was the last on’t for a spell, until after New Year’s. I was stayin’ then at your Uncle James’s, and one afternoon your ma sent for your Aunt Eunice and me to come over and take tea. So we went over, and there was several of the neighbors invited in,—Squire Bramhall’s wife, and them your ma used to go with most, and amongst the rest, of course, Miss Jaynes. There had just before that been a donation party, New Year’s night, to the parson’s, and the Dorcas Society had bought Miss Jaynes a nice new Brussels carpet for her parlor, all cut and fitted and made up. In the course of the afternoon Miss Bramhall spoke and asked if the new carpet was put down, and if it fitted well. ‘Oh, beautiful!’ says she, ‘it fits the room like a glove; somebody must have had pretty good eyes to took the measure so correct, and I not know anything what was a-comin’; and I hope,’ says she, ‘ladies, you’ll take an early opportunity to drop in and see it; for there a’n’t one of you but what I’m under obligation to for this touchin’ token of your love,’ (that’s what she called it,)—‘except,’ says she, of a sudden, ‘except Miss Blake, whom, really, I hadn’t noticed before!’—I tell ye, Cornele, my ebenezer was up at this; for you can’t tell how mean and spiteful she spoke and

looked, pretendin' as if I was so insignificant a critter she hadn't taken notice of my bein' there before, which, to be sure, she hadn't even bid me good afternoon; and for my part, I hadn't put myself forward among such women as was there, though I didn't feel beneath 'em, nor they didn't think so, except Miss Jaynes.—Then she went on. ‘Miss Blake,’ says she, ‘I believe didn't mean no slight for not helpin’ towards the carpet; for she never gives to anything, as I know of,’ says she. ‘I’ve often asked her for various objects, and have been as often refused. The last time,’ says she, ‘I did expect to get somethin’; for I asked only for a dollar to that noble society for providin’ young men, a-strugglin’ to prepare themselves for usefulness in the ministry, with some of the common necessities of life, but she refused me. I expect,’ says she, a-sneerin’ in such a way that I couldn’t stand it any longer, ‘I expect Miss Blake is a-savin’ all her money to buy her settin’-out and furniture with; for I suppose,’ says she, lookin’ more spiteful than ever, ‘I suppose Miss Blake thinks that as long as there’s life there’s hope for a husband.’—I happen to know what all the ladies thought of this speech, for every one of ‘em afterwards told me; but, if you’ll believe me, one or two of the youngest of ‘em kind of pretended to smile at the joke on’t, when Miss Jaynes looked round as if she expected ‘em to laugh; for she thought, I suppose, I was really and truly no account, bein’ a cobbler’s daughter and a tailoress,—and that when the minister’s wife insulted me, I darsn’t reply, and all hands would stand by and applaud. But she found out her mistake, and she begun to think so, when she see how grave your ma and all the rest of the older ladies looked, for they knew what was comin’. I’d bit my lips up till now, and held in out of respect to the place and the company, but I thought it was due to myself to speak at last. Says I, ‘Miss Jaynes, I’ve always treated you with civility and the respect due to your place; though I own I ha’n’t felt free to

give my hard-earned wages away to objects I didn’t know much about, when, with my limited means, I could find places to bestow what little I could spare without huntin’ ‘em up. I don’t mean to boast,’ says I, ‘of my benevolence, and I don’t have gilt-framed diplomas hung up in my room to certify to it, to be seen and read of all men, as the manner of some is,—but,’ says I, ‘I will say that I’ve given this year twenty-five dollars to the Orphan Asylum, to Hartford, and I’ve a five-dollar gold-piece in my puss,’ says I, ‘that I can spare, and will give that more to the same charity, for the privilege of tellin’ before these ladies, that heard me accused of being stingy, why I don’t give to you when you ask me to, and especially why I didn’t give the last time you asked me. I would like to tell why I didn’t help sew in the Dorcas Society, to buy the new carpet,’ says I, ‘but I don’t want to hurt anybody’s feelin’s that ha’n’t hurt mine, and I’ll forbear.’—By this time Miss Jaynes was pale as a sheet. ‘I’m sure,’ says she, ‘I don’t care why you don’t choose to give, and I don’t suppose any one else does. It’s your own affair,’ says she, ‘and you a’n’t compelled to give unless you’re a mind to.’—‘You should have thought of that before you twitted me,’ says I, ‘before all this company.’—‘Oh, Tira, never mind,’ says Miss Bramhall, ‘let it all go!’ But up spoke your Aunt Eunice, and says she, ‘It’s no more than fair to hear Tira’s reasons, after what’s been said.’”

“Good!” said little Helen; “hurrah for Aunt Eunice!”

“And your ma,” resumed Statira, “I knew by her looks she was on my side, though, it bein’ her own house, she felt less free to say as much as your Aunt Eunice did.—‘In the first place,’ says I, ‘if I did want to keep my money to buy furniture with, in case I should get a husband, I expect I’ve a right to, for ‘ta’n’t likely,’ says I, ‘I shall be lucky enough to have my carpets giv’ to me. But that wa’n’t the reason I didn’t put my name down for a dollar on that subscription. One reason was, I knew the

upshot on't would be that somebody would be put up to suggestin' that the money should go for a life-membership in the society for Miss Jaynes,' says I; 'and I don't like to encourage anybody in goin' round beggin' for money to buy her own promotion to a high seat in the synagogue.'—You ought to seen Miss Jaynes's face then! It was redder'n any beet, for I'd hit the nail square on the head, as it happened, and the ladies could scurcely keep from smilin'.—'Then,' says I, 'I shouldn't be my father's daughter, if I'd give a cent for a preacher that isn't smart enough to get his own livin' and pay for his own clothes and eddication. To ask poor women to pay for an able-bodied man's expenses,' says I, 'seems to me like turnin' the thing wrong end foremost. A young feller that a'n't smart enough to find himself in victuals and clothes won't be of much help in the Lord's vineyard,' says I."

"And what did Mrs. Jaynes say?" asked little Helen, when Tira finally came to a pause.

"Well, really, my dear," replied Miss Blake, "the woman had nothin' to say, and so she said it. When I got through my speech I handed the five-dollar gold-piece to your Aunt Eunice, to send to the Asylum, and that ended it; for just then Dinah come in and said tea was ready, and we all went out. It was rather stiff for a while, and after tea we all went home; and for three long years Miss Jaynes never opened her face to me, until I came here to live, this time. Now she finds it's for her interest to make up, and so she tries to be as good as pie. But though I mean to be civil, I'm no hypocrite, and I can't be all honey and cream to them I don't like; and besides, it a'n't right to be."

"But you ought not to blame Laura because her sister affronted you," said Helen.

"I know that, my dear," replied Miss Blake; "and if I've hurt the girl's feelin's, I'm sorry for't. She's tried hard to be friends with me, but I've pushed her off; for, not bein' much acquainted, I was

jealous, at first, that Miss Jaynes had put her up to it, to try to get round me in some way."

"Never!" cried Cornelia,—"my Laura is incapable of such baseness!"

"Well," said Statira, smiling, "come to know her, I guess you can't find much guile in her, that's a fact. If I did her wrong by mistrustin' her without cause, I'll try to make amends. It a'n't in me to speak ha'sh even to a dog, if the critter looks up into my face and wags his tail in honest good-nater. And I'll say this for Laura Stebbins, anyhow, if she is Miss Jaynes's sister,—she's got the most takin' ways of 'most any grown-up person I ever see."

The reflection is painful to a generous mind, that, by harboring unjust suspicions of another, one has been led to repel friendly advances with indifference or disdain. In order to assuage some remorseful pangs, Miss Blake began from this time to treat Laura with distinguished favor. On the other hand, Laura, delighted at this pleasant change in Miss Blake's demeanor, sought frequent opportunities of testifying her joy and gratitude. In this manner an intimacy began, which ripened at length into a firm and enduring friendship. Laura soon commenced the practice of applying to her more experienced friend for advice and direction in almost every matter, great or small, and of confiding to her trust divers secrets and confessions which she would never have ventured to repose even in Cornelia's faithful bosom. This prudent habit Tira encouraged.

"I know, my dear," said she, one day, "I know what it is to be almost alone in the world, and what a comfort it is to have somebody you can rely on to tell your griefs and troubles to, and, as it were, get 'em to help you bear 'em. So, my dear child, whenever you want to get my notions on any point, just come right straight to me, if you feel like it. I may not be able to give you the best advice, for I a'n't so wise as you seem to think I be; however, I ha'n't lived nigh fifty years in the world for naught, I trust,

and without havin' learnt some things worth knowin'; and though my counsel mayn't be worth much, still you shall have the best I can give."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Laura, with such a burst of passionate emotion that Miss Blake's eyes watered at the sight of it. "My dear, dear, dear good friend! you don't know how glad I shall be, if you will let me do as you say, and tell me what to do, and scold me, and admonish and warn me! Oh, it will be such happiness to have somebody to tell all my *real* secrets and troubles to! I do so need such a friend sometimes!"

"Don't I know it, you poor dear?" said Miss Blake, wiping her eyes. "Ha'n't I been through the same straits myself? None but them that's been a young gal themselves, an orphan without a mother to confide in and to warn and guide 'em, knows what it is. But I do, my dear; and though I shall be a pretty poor substitute for an own mother, I'll do the best I can."

"Tira," said Laura, with a tearful and blushing cheek held up to the good spinster's, "kiss me, won't you?—you never have."

"My dear," said Miss Blake, preparing to comply with this request by wiping her lips with her apron, "you see I a'n't one of the kissin' sort, and I scurcely ever kiss a grown-up person; but here's my hand, and here's a kiss,"—with an old-fashioned smack that might have been heard in the next room,—"for a token that you may always come to me as freely as if I was your mother, relyin' upon my givin' you my honest advice and opinion concernin' any affair that you may ask for counsel upon. And furthermore, as girls naturally have a wish that the very things they need some one to direct 'em the most in sha'n't be known except by them they tell the secret to, I promise you, my dear, that I'll be as close as a freemason concernin' any privacy that you may trust me with, about any offer or courtin' matter of any kind."

"Oh, I shall never have any such

secrets," said Laura, blushing; "my sister never lets the beaux come to see me, you know. I'm going to be an old maid."

"Well, perhaps you will be," said Miss Blake; "only they gen'ally don't make old maids of such lookin' girls as you be."

But though Miss Blake took Laura into favor, she was by no means inclined to do the same by Mrs. Jaynes, who, having found to her cost that the ill-will of the humble sempstress was not to be lightly contemned, was now plainly anxious to conciliate her. But Statira was proof against all the wheedling and flattery of the parson's wife, behaving towards her always with the same cool civility, and with great self-control,—using none of the frequent opportunities afforded her to make some taunt, or fling, or reproachful allusion to Mrs. Jaynes's former conduct. Once, to be sure, when urged by the parson's wife and a committee of the Dorcas Society to invite that respectable body to convene at the Bugbee mansion for labor and refreshment, Statira returned a reply so plainly spoken that it was deemed rude and ungracious.

"Cornelia is mistress of this house, Miss Jaynes," said she, "and if she belonged to your society, and wanted to have its weekly meetin's here in turn, I'd do my best to give 'em somethin' good to eat and drink. But as she has left the matter to me, I say 'No,' without any misgivin' or doubt; and for fear I may be called stingy or unsociable, I'll tell the reason why I say so,—and besides, it's due to you to tell it. There's poor women, even in this town, put to it to get employment by which they can earn bread for themselves and their children. They can't go out to do housework, for they've got young ones too little to carry with 'em, and maybe a whole family of 'em. Takin' in sewin' is their only resource. Well, ma'am, for ladies, well-to-do and rich, to get together, under pretence of good works and charity, and take away work from these poor women, by offerin' to do it cheaper, underbiddin' of 'em for jobs, which I've known the

thing to be done, and then settin' over their ill-gotten tasks, sewin', and gabblin' slander all the afternoon, to get money to buy velvet pulpit-cushions or gilt chandeliers with, or to help pay some missionary's passage to the Tongoo Islands, is, in my opinion, a humbug, and, what's worse, a downright breach of the Golden Rule. At any rate, with my notions, it would be hypocrisy in me to join in, and that's why I don't invite the society here. I don't know but I have spoke too strong; if so, I'm sorry; but I've had to earn my own livin', ever since I was a girl, with my needle, and I know how hard the lot of them is that have to do so too. Besides, I can't help thinkin', what, perhaps, you never thought of, yourselves, ladies, that every person, who, while they can just as well turn their hands to other business, yet, for their own whim, or pleasure, or convenience, or profit, chooses to do work, of which there a'n't enough now in the world to keep in employment them that *must* get such work to do, or else beg, or sin, or starve,—when I think, I say, that every such person helps some poor cretur into the grave, or the jail, or a place worse than both, I feel that strong talk isn't out of place; and I've known this very Dorcas Society to send to Hartford and get shirts to make, under price, and spend their blood-money afterwards to buy a new carpet for the minister's parlor. That was a fact, Miss Jaynes, though perhaps it wa'n't polite in me to speak on't; and so for fear of worse, I'll say no more."

When this speech of his housekeeper came to the Doctor's ears, he expressed so warm an approval of its sentiments, that several who heard him began to be confirmed in suspicions they had previously entertained, the nature of which may be inferred from a remark which Mrs. Prouty confided to the ear of a trusty friend and crony. "Now do you mind what I say, Miss Baker," said she, shaking her snuffy forefinger in Mrs. Baker's face; "Doctor Bugbee'll marry Tira Blake yet. Now do you just stick a pin there."

But the revolving seasons twice went their annual round, the great weeping-willow-tree in the burying-ground twice put forth its tender foliage in the early spring, and twice in autumn strewed with yellow leaves the mound of Mrs. Bugbee's grave, while the predictions of many, who, like Mrs. Prouty, had foretold the Doctor's second wedding, still remained without fulfilment. Nay, at the end of two years after his wife's death, Doctor Bugbee seemed to be no more disposed to matrimony than in the first days of his bereavement. There were, to be sure, floating on the current of village gossip, certain rumors that he was soon to take a second wife; but as none of these reports agreed touching the name of the lady, each contradicted all the others, and so none were of much account. Besides, there was nothing in the Doctor's appearance or behavior that seemed to warrant any of these idle stories. It is the way with many hopeful widowers (as everybody knows) to become, after an interval of decorous sadness, more brisk and gay than even in their youthful days; bestowing unusual care upon their attire and the adornment of their persons, and endeavoring, by a courteous and gallant demeanor towards every unmarried lady, to signify the great esteem in which they hold the female sex. But these signs, and all others which betoken an ardent desire to win the favor of the fair, were wanting in the Doctor's aspect and deportment. Though, as my reader knows, he was by nature a man of lively temper, he was now grown more sedate than he had ever been before; and instead of attiring himself more sprucely than of old, he neglected his apparel to such a degree, that, although few would have noticed the untidy change, Statira was filled with continual alarms, lest some invidious housewife should perceive it, and lay the blame at her door. Except when called abroad to perform some professional duty, he spent his time at home, although his family observed that he secluded himself in

his office, among his books and gallipots, more than had been his wont, and that he sometimes indulged in moods of silent abstraction, which had never been noticed in his manner until of late. But these changes of demeanor seemed to betoken an enduring sorrow for the loss of his wife, rather than to indicate a desire or an intention to choose a successor to her. My readers, therefore, will

not be surprised to learn, by a plain averment of the simple truth, that not one of all the score of ladies, whose names had been coupled with his own, would Doctor Bugbee have married, if he could, and that to none of them had he ever given any good reason for believing that she stood especially high in his esteem.

[To be continued in the next Number.]

WHERE WILL IT END?

WISE men of every name and nation, whether poets, philosophers, statesmen, or divines, have been trying to explain the puzzles of human condition, since the world began. For three thousand years, at least, they have been at this problem, and it is far enough from being solved yet. Its anomalies seem to have been expressly contrived by Nature to elude our curiosity and defy our cunning. And no part of it has she arranged so craftily as that web of institutions, habits, manners, and customs, in which we find ourselves enmeshed as soon as we begin to have any perception at all, and which, slight and almost invisible as it may seem, it is so hard to struggle with and so impossible to break through. It may be true, according to the poetical Platonism of Wordsworth, that "heaven lies about us in our infancy"; but we very soon leave it far behind us, and, as we approach manhood, sadly discover that we have grown up into a jurisdiction of a very different kind.

In almost every region of the earth, indeed, it is literally true that "shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing boy." As his faculties develope, he becomes more and more conscious of the deepening shadows, as well as of the grim walls that cast them on his soul, and his opening intelligence is ear-

liest exercised in divining who built them first, and why they exist at all. The infant Chinese, the baby Calmuck, the sucking Hottentot, we must suppose, rest unconsciously in the calm of the heaven from which they, too, have emigrated, as well as the sturdy new-born Briton, or the freest and most independent little Yankee that is native and to the manner born of this great country of our own. But all alike grow gradually into a consciousness of walls, which, though invisible, are none the less impassable, and of chains, though light as air, yet stronger than brass or iron. And everywhere is the machinery ready, though different in its frame and operation in different torture-chambers, to crush out the budding skepticism, and to mould the mind into the monotonous decency of general conformity. Fo or Fetish, King or Kaiser, Deity itself or the vicegerents it has appointed in its stead, are answerable for it all. God himself has looked upon it, and it is very good, and there is no appeal from that approval of the Heavenly vision.

In almost every country in the world this deification of institutions has been promoted by their antiquity. As nobody can remember when they were not, and as no authentic records exist of their first establishment, their genealogy can be

traced direct to Heaven without danger of positive disproof. Thus royal races and hereditary aristocracies and privileged priesthoods established themselves so firmly in the opinion of Europe, as well as of Asia, and still retain so much of their *prestige* there, notwithstanding the turnings and overturnings of the last two centuries. This northern half of the great American continent, however, seems to have been kept back by Nature as a *tabula rasa*, a clean blackboard, on which the great problem of civil government might be worked out, without any of the incongruous drawbacks which have cast perplexity and despair upon those who have undertaken its solution in the elder world. All the elements of the demonstration were of the most favorable nature. Settled by races who had inherited or achieved whatever of constitutional liberty existed in the world, with no hereditary monarch, or governing oligarchy, or established religion on the soil, with every opportunity to avoid all the vices and to better all the virtues of the old polities, the era before which all history had been appointed to prepare the way seemed to have arrived, when the just relations of personal liberty and civil government were to be established forever.

And how magnificent the field on which the trophy of this final victory of a true civilization was to be erected! No empire or kingdom, at least since imperial Rome perished from the earth, ever unrolled a surface so vast and so variegated, so manifold in its fertilities and so various in its aspects of beauty and sublimity. From the Northern wastes, where the hunter and the trapper pursue by force or guile the fur-bearing animals, to the ever-perfumed latitudes of the lemon and the myrtle,—from the stormy Atlantic, where the skiff of the fisherman rocks fearlessly under the menace of beetling crags amid the foam of angry breakers, to where the solemn surge of the Pacific pours itself around our Western continent, boon Nature has spread out fields which ask only the

magic touch of Labor to wave with every harvest and blush with every fruit-age. Majestic forests crown the hills, asking to be transformed into homes for man on the solid earth, or into the moving miracles in which he flies on wings of wind or flame over the ocean to the ends of the earth. Exhaustless mineral treasures offer themselves to his hand, scarce hidden beneath the soil, or lying carelessly upon the surface,—coal, and lead, and copper, and the “all-worshipped ore” of gold itself; while quarries, reaching to the centre, from many a rugged hill-top, barren of all beside, court the architect and the sculptor, ready to give shape to their dreams of beauty in the palace or in the statue.

The soil, too, is fitted by the influences of every sky for the production of every harvest that can bring food, comfort, wealth, and luxury to man. Every family of the grasses, every cereal that can strengthen the heart, every fruit that can delight the taste, every fibre that can be woven into raiment or persuaded into the thousand shapes of human necessity, asks but a gentle solicitation to pour its abundance bounteously into the bosom of the husbandman. And men have multiplied under conditions thus auspicious to life, until they swarm on the Atlantic slope, are fast filling up the great valley of the Mississippi, and gradually flow over upon the descent towards the Pacific. The three millions, who formed the population of the Thirteen States that set the British empire at defiance, have grown up into a nation of nearly, if not quite, ten times that strength, within the duration of active lives not yet finished. And in freedom from unmanageable debt, in abundance and certainty of revenue, in the materials for naval armaments, in the elements of which armies are made up, in everything that goes to form national wealth, power, and strength, the United States, it would seem, even as they are now, might stand against the world in arms, or in the arts of peace. Are not these

results proofs irrefragable of the wisdom of the government under which they have come to pass ?

When the eyes of the thoughtful inquirer turn from the general prospect of the national greatness and strength, to the geographical divisions of the country, to examine the relative proportions of these gifts contributed by each, he begins to be aware that there are anomalies in the moral and political condition even of this youngest of nations, not unlike what have perplexed him in his observation of her elder sisters. He beholds the Southern region, embracing within its circuit three hundred thousand more square miles than the domain of the North, dowered with a soil incomparably more fertile, watered by mighty rivers fit to float the argosies of the world, placed nearer the sun and canopied by more propitious skies, with every element of prosperity and wealth showered upon it with Nature's fullest and most unwithdrawing hand, and sees, that, notwithstanding all this, the share of public wealth and strength drawn thence is almost inappreciable by the side of what is poured into the common stock by the strenuous sterility of the North. With every opportunity and means that Nature can supply for commerce, with navigable rivers searching its remotest corners, with admirable harbors in which the navies of the world might ride, with the chief articles of export for its staple productions, it still depends upon its Northern partner to fetch and carry all that it produces, and the little that it consumes. Possessed of all the raw materials of manufactures and the arts, its inhabitants look to the North for everything they need from the cradle to the coffin. Essentially agricultural in its constitution, with every blessing Nature can bestow upon it, the gross value of all its productions is less by millions than that of the simple grass of the field gathered into Northern barns. With all the means and materials of wealth, the South is poor. With every advantage for gathering strength and self-reliance,

it is weak and dependent.—Why this difference between the two ?

The *why* is not far to seek. It is to be found in the reward which Labor bestows on those that pay it due reverence in the one case, and the punishment it inflicts on those offering it outrage and insult in the other. All wealth proceeding forth from Labor, the land where it is honored and its ministers respected and rewarded must needs rejoice in the greatest abundance of its gifts. Where, on the contrary, its exercise is regarded as the badge of dishonor and the vile office of the refuse and offscouring of the race, its largess must be proportionably meagre and scanty. The key of the enigma is to be found in the constitution of human nature. A man in fetters cannot do the task-work that one whose limbs are unshackled looks upon as a pastime. A man urged by the prospect of winning an improved condition for himself and his children by the skill of his brain and the industry of his hand must needs achieve results such as no fear of torture can extort from one denied the holy stimulus of hope. Hence the difference so often noticed between tracts lying side by side, separated only by a river or an imaginary line ; on one side of which, thrift and comfort and gathering wealth, growing villages, smiling farms, convenient habitations, school-houses, and churches make the landscape beautiful ; while on the other, slovenly husbandry, dilapidated mansions, sordid huts, perilous wastes, horrible roads, the rare spire, and rarer village school betray all the nakedness of the land. It is the magic of motive that calls forth all this wealth and beauty to bless the most sterile soil stirred by willing and intelligent labor ; while the reversing of that spell scatters squalor and poverty and misery over lands endowed by Nature with the highest fertility, spreading their leprous infection from the laborer to his lord. All this is in strict accordance with the laws of God, as expounded by man in his books on political economy.

Not so, however, with the stranger

phenomenon to be discerned inextricably connected with this anomaly, but not, apparently, naturally and inevitably flowing from it. That the denial of his natural and civil rights to the laborer who sows and reaps the harvests of the Southern country should be avenged upon his enslaver in the scanty yielding of the earth, and in the unthrift, the vices, and the wretchedness which are the only crops that spring spontaneously from soil blasted by slavery, is nothing strange. It is only the statement of the truism in moral and in political economy, that true prosperity can never grow up from wrong and wickedness. That pauperism, and ignorance, and vice, that reckless habits, and debasing customs, and barbarous manners should come of an organized degradation of labor, and of cruelty and injustice crystallized into an institution, is an inevitable necessity, and strictly according to the nature of things. But that the stronger half of the nation should suffer the weaker to rule over it in virtue of its weakness, that the richer region should submit to the political tyranny of its impoverished moiety because of that very poverty, is indeed a marvel and a mystery. That the intelligent, educated, and civilized portion of a race should consent to the sway of their ignorant, illiterate, and barbarian companions in the commonwealth, and this by reason of that uncouth barbarism, is an astonishment, and should be a hissing to all beholders everywhere. It would be so to ourselves, were we not so used to the fact, had it not so grown into our essence and ingrained itself with our nature as to seem a vital organism of our being. Of all the anomalies in morals and in politics which the history of civilized man affords, this is surely the most abhorrent and the most unreasonable.

The entire history of the United States is but the record of the evidence of this fact. What event in our annals is there that Slavery has not set her brand upon it to mark it as her own? In the very moment of the nation's birth, like the

evil fairy of the nursery tale, she was present to curse it with her fatal words. The spell then wound up has gone on increasing in power, until the scanty formulas which seemed in those days of infancy as if they would fade out of the parchment into which they had been foisted, and leave no trace that they ever were, have blotted out all beside, and statesmen and judges read nothing there but the awful and all-pervading name of Slavery. Once intrenched among the institutions of the country, this baleful power has advanced from one position to another, never losing ground, but establishing itself at each successive point more impregnably than before, until it has us at an advantage that encourages it to demand the surrender of our rights, our self-respect, and our honor. What was once whispered in the secret chamber of council is now proclaimed upon the house-tops; what was once done by indirection and guile is now carried with the high hand, in the face of day, at the mouth of the cannon and by the edge of the sabre of the nation. Doctrines and designs which a few years since could find no mouthpiece out of a bar-room, or the piratical den of a filibuster, are now clothed with power by the authentic response of the bench of our highest judicatory, and obsequiously iterated from the oracular recesses of the National Palace.

And the events which now fill the scene are but due successors in the train that has swept over the stage ever since the nineteenth century opened the procession with the purchase of Louisiana. The acquisition of that vast territory, important as it was in a national point of view,—but coveted by the South mainly as the fruitful mother of slaveholding States, and for the precedent it established, that the Constitution was a barrier only to what should impede, never to what might promote, the interests of Slavery,—was the first great stride she made as she stalked to her design. The admission of Missouri as a slaveholding State, granted after a struggle

that shook American society to the centre, and then only on the memorable promises now broken to the ear as well as to the hope, was the next vantage-ground seized and maintained. The nearly contemporary purchase of Florida, though in design and in effect as revolutionary an action as that of Louisiana, excited comparatively little opposition. It was but the following up of an acknowledged victory by the Slave Power. The long and bloody wars in her miserable swamps, waged against the humanity of savages that gave shelter to the fugitives from her tyranny,—slave-hunts, merely, on a national scale and at the common expense,—followed next in the march of events. Then Texas loomed in the distance, and, after years of gradual approach and covert advances, was first wrested from Mexico, Slavery next indissolubly chained to her, and then, by a *coup d'état* of astonishing impudence, was added, by a flourish of John Tyler's pen, in the very article of his political dissolution, to "the Area of Freedom!" Next came the war with Mexico, lying in its pretences, bloody in its conduct, triumphant in its results,—for it won vast regions suitable for Slavery now, and taught the way to win larger conquests when her ever-hungry maw should crave them. What need to recount the Fugitive-Slave Bill, and the other "Compromises" of 1850? or to recite the base repeal of the Missouri Compromise, showing the slaveholder's regard for promises to be as sacred as that of a pettifogger for justice or of a dicer for an oath? or to point to the plains of Kansas, red with the blood of her sons and blackened with the cinders of her towns, while the President of the United States held the sword of the nation at her throat to compel her to submission?

Success, perpetual and transcendent, such as has always waited on Slavery in all her attempts to mould the history of the country and to compel the course of its events to do her bidding, naturally excites a measure of curiosity if not of

admiration, in the mind of every observer. Have the slave-owners thus gone on from victory to victory and from strength to strength by reason of their multitude, of their wealth, of their public services, of their intelligence, of their wisdom, of their genius, or of their virtue? Success in gigantic crime sometimes implies a strength and energy which compel a kind of respect even from those that hate it most. The right supremacy of the power that thus sways our destiny clearly does not reside in the overwhelming numbers of those that bear rule. The entire sum of all who have any direct connection with Slavery, as owners or hirers, is less than THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND,—not half as many as the inhabitants of the single city of New York! And yet even this number exaggerates the numerical force of the dominant element in our affairs. To approximate to the true result, it would be fair to strike from the gross sum those owning or employing less than ten slaves, in order to arrive at the number of slave-owners who really compose the ruling influence of the nation. This would leave but a small fraction over NINETY THOUSAND, men, women, and children, owning slaves enough to unite them in a common interest. And from this should be deducted the women and minors, actually owning slaves in their own right, but who have no voice in public affairs. These taken away, and the absentees flying to Europe or the North from the moral contaminations and material discomforts inseparable from Slavery, and not much more than FIFTY THOUSAND voting men will remain to represent this mighty and all-controlling power!—a fact as astounding as it is incontrovertible.

Oligarchies are nothing new in the history of the world. The government of the many by the few is the rule, and not the exception, in the polities of the times that have been and of those that now are. But the concentration of the power that determines the policy, makes

the laws, and appoints the ministers of a mighty nation, in the hands of less than the five-hundredth part of its members, is an improvement on the essence of the elder aristocracies; while the usurpation of the title of the Model Republic and of the Pattern Democracy, under which we offer ourselves to the admiration and imitation of less happy nations, is certainly a refinement on their nomenclature.

This prerogative of power, too, is elsewhere conceded by the multitude to their rulers generally for some especial fitness, real or imaginary, for the office they have assumed. Some services of their own or of their ancestors to the state, some superiority, natural or acquired, of parts or skill, at least some specialty of high culture and elegant breeding, a quick sense of honor, a jealousy of insult to the public, an impatience of personal stain,—some or all of these qualities, appealing to the gratitude or to the imagination of the masses, have usually been supposed to inhere in the class they permit to rule over them. By virtue of some or all of these things, its members have had allowed to them their privileges and their precedence, their rights of exemption and of preëminence, their voice potential in the councils of the state, and their claim to be foremost in its defence in the hour of its danger. Some ray of imagination there is, which, falling on the knightly shields and heraldic devices that symbolize their conceded superiority, at least dazzles the eyes and delights the fancy of the crowd, so as to blind them to the inhering vices and essential fallacies of the Order to whose will they bow.

But no such consolations of delusion remain to us, as we stand face to face with the Power which holds our destinies in its hand. None of these blear illusions can cheat our eyes with any such false presentments. No antiquity hallows, no public services consecrate, no gifts of lofty culture adorn, no graces of noble breeding embellish the coarse and sordid oligarchy that gives law to us. And in the blighting shadow of Slavery letters die and art cannot live. What

book has the South ever given to the libraries of the world? What work of art has she ever added to its galleries? What artist has she produced that did not instinctively fly, like Allston, to regions in which genius could breathe and art was possible? What statesman has she reared, since Jefferson died and Madison ceased to write, save those intrepid discoverers who have taught that Slavery is the corner-stone of republican institutions, and the vital element of Freedom herself? What divine, excepting the godly men whose theologic skill has attained to the doctrine that Slavery is of the essence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? What moralist, besides those ethic doctors who teach that it is according to the Divine Justice that the stronger race should strip the weaker of every civil, social, and moral right? The unrighteous partiality, extorted by the threats of Carolina and Georgia in 1788, which gives them a disproportionate representation because of their property in men, and the unity of interest which makes them always act in behalf of Slavery as one man, have made them thus omnipotent. The North, distracted by a thousand interests, has always been at the mercy of whatever barbarian chief in the capitol could throw his slave-whip into the trembling scale of party. The government having been always, since this century began, at least, the creature and the tool of the slaveholders, the whole patronage of the nation, and the treasury filled chiefly by Northern commerce, have been at their command to help manipulate and mould plastic Northern consciences into practicable shapes. When the slave interest, consisting, at its own largest account of itself, of less than **THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND** souls, has *thirty* members of the Senate, while the free-labor interest, consisting of at least **TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS, SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND** souls, has but *thirty-two*, and when the former has a delegation of some score of members to represent its slaves in the House, besides

its own fair proportion, can we marvel that it has achieved the mastery over us, which is written in black and bloody characters on so many pages of our history ?

Such having been the absolute sway Slavery has exercised over the facts of our history, what has been its influence upon the characters of the men with whom it has had to do ? Of all the productions of a nation, its men are what prove its quality the most surely. How have the men of America stood this test ? Have those in the high places, they who have been called to wait at the altar before all the people, maintained the dignity of character and secured the general reverence which marked and waited upon their predecessors in the days of our small things ? The population of the United States has multiplied itself nearly tenfold, while its wealth has increased in a still greater proportion, since the peace of 'Eighty-Three. Have the Representative Men of the nation been made or maintained great and magnanimous, too ? Or is that other anomaly, which has so perplexed the curious foreigner, an admitted fact, that in proportion as the country has waxed great and powerful, its public men have dwindled from giants in the last century to dwarfs in this ? Alas, to ask the question is to answer it. Compare Franklin, and Adams, and Jay, met at Paris to negotiate the treaty of peace which was to seal the recognition of their country as an equal sister in the family of nations, with Buchanan, and Soulé, and Mason, convened at Ostend to plot the larceny of Cuba ! Sages and law-givers, consulting for the welfare of a world and a race, on the one hand, and buccaneers conspiring for the pillage of a sugar-island on the other !

What men, too, did not Washington and Adams call around them in the Cabinet !—how representative of great ideas ! how historical ! how immortal ! How many of our readers can name the names of their successors of the present day ? Inflated obscurities, bloat-

ed insignificances, who knows or cares whence they came or what they are ? We know whose bidding they were appointed to obey, and what manner of work they are ready to perform. And shall we dare extend our profane comparisons even higher than the Cabinet ? Shall we bring the shadowy majesty of Washington's august idea alongside the microscopic realities of to-day ? Let us be more merciful, and take our departure from the middle term between the Old and the New, occupied by Andrew Jackson, whose iron will and doggedness of purpose give definite character, if not awful dignity, to his image. In his time, the Slave Power, though always the secret spring which set events in motion, began to let its workings be seen more openly than ever before. And from his time forward, what a graduated line of still diminishing shadows have glided successively through the portals of the White House ! From Van Buren to Tyler, from Tyler to Polk, from Polk to Fillmore, from Fillmore to Pierce ! "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," until it at last reached the vanishing point !

The baleful influence thus ever shed by Slavery on our national history and our public men has not yet spent its malignant forces. It has, indeed, reached a height which a few years ago it was thought the wildest fanaticism to predict ; but its fatal power will not be stayed in the mid-sweep of its career. The Ordinance of 1787 torn to shreds and scattered to the winds,—the line drawn in 1820, which the slaveholders plighted their faith Slavery should never overstep, insolently as well as infamously obliterated,—Slavery presiding in the Cabinet, seated on the Supreme Bench, absolute in the halls of Congress,—no man can say what shape its next aggression may not take to itself. A direct attack on the freedom of the press and the liberty of speech at the North, where alone either exists, were no more incredible than the later insolences of its tyranny. The battle not yet over in

Kansas, for the compulsory establishment of Slavery there by the interposition of the Federal arm, will be renewed in every Territory as it is ripening into a State. Already warning voices are heard in the air, presaging such a conflict in Oregon. Parasites everywhere instinctively feel that a zeal for the establishment of Slavery where it has been abolished, or its introduction where it had been prohibited, is the highest recommendation to the Executive favor. The rehabilitation of the African slave-trade is seriously proposed and will be furiously urged, and nothing can hinder its accomplishment but its interference with the domestic manufactures of the breeding Slave States. The pirate Walker is already mustering his forces for another incursion into Nicaragua, and rumors are rife that General Houston designs wresting yet another Texas from Mexico. Mighty events are at hand, even at the door; and the mission of them all will be to fix Slavery firmly and forever on the throne of this nation.

Is the success of this conspiracy to be final and eternal? Are the States which name themselves, in simplicity or in irony, the Free States, to be always the satrapies of a central power like this? Are we forever to submit to be cheated out of our national rights by an oligarchy as despicable as it is detestable, because it clothes itself in the forms of democracy, and allows us the ceremonies of choice, the name of power, and the permission to register the edicts of the sovereign? We, who broke the sceptre of King George, and set our feet on the supremacy of the British Parliament, surrender ourselves, bound hand and foot in bonds of our own weaving, into the hands of the slaveholding Philistines! We, who scorned the rule of the aristocracy of English acres, submit without a murmur, or with an ineffectual resistance, to the aristocracy of American flesh and blood! Is our spirit effectually broken? is the brand of meanness and compromise burnt in uneffaceably upon our souls? and are we never to be roused,

by any indignities, to fervent resentment and effectual resistance? The answer to these grave questions lies with ourselves alone. One hundred thousand, or three hundred thousand men, however crafty and unscrupulous, cannot forever keep under their rule more than twenty millions, as much their superiors in wealth and intelligence as in numbers, except by their own consent. If the growing millions are to be driven with cartwhips along the pathway of their history by the dwindling thousands, they have none to blame for it but themselves. If they like to have their laws framed and expounded, their presidents appointed, their foreign policy dictated, their domestic interests tampered with, their war and peace made for them, their national fame and personal honor tarnished, and the lie given to all their boastings before the old despots, by this insignificant fraction of their number,—scarcely visible to the naked eye in the assembly of the whole people,—none can gainsay or resist their pleasure.

But will the many always thus submit themselves to the domination of the few? We believe that the days of this ignominious subjection are already numbered. Signs in heaven and on earth tell us that one of those movements has begun to be felt in the Northern mind, which perplex tyrannies everywhere with the fear of change. The insults and wrongs so long heaped upon the North by the South begin to be felt. The torpid giant moves uneasily beneath his mountain-load of indignities. The people of the North begin to feel that they support a government for the benefit of their natural enemies; for, of all antipathies, that of slave labor to free is the most deadly and irreconcilable. There never was a time when the relations of the North and the South, as complicated by Slavery, were so well understood and so deeply resented as now. In fields, in farm-houses, and in workshops, there is a spirit aroused which can never be laid or exorcised till it has done its task. We see its work in the great uprising of

the Free States against the Slave States in the late national election. Though trickery and corruption cheated it of its end, the thunder of its protest struck terror into the hearts of the tyrants. We hear its echo, as it comes back from the Slave States themselves, in the exceeding bitter cry of the whites for deliverance from the bondage which the slavery of the blacks has brought upon them also. We discern the confession of its might in the very extravagances and violences of the Slave Power. It is its conscious and admitted weakness that has made Texas and Mexico and Cuba, and our own Northwestern territory, necessary to be devoured. It is desperation, and not strength, that has made the bludgeon and the bowie-knife integral parts of the national legislation. It has the American Government, the American Press, and the American Church, in its national organizations, on its side; but the Humanity and the Christianity of the Nation and the World abhor and execrate it. They that be against it are more than they that be for it.

It rages, for its time is short. And its rage is the fiercer because of the symptoms of rebellion against its despotism which it discerns among the white men of the South, who from poverty or from principle have no share in its sway. When we speak of the South as distinguished from the North by elements of inherent hostility, we speak only of the governing faction, and not of the millions of nominally free men who are scarcely less its thralls than the black slaves themselves. This unhappy class of our countrymen are the first to feel the blight which Slavery spreads around it, because they are the nearest to its noxious power. The subjects of no European despotism are under a closer *espionage*, or a more organized system of terrorism, than are they. The slaveholders, having the wealth, and nearly all the education that the South can boast of, employ these mighty instruments of power to create the public sentiment and to control the public affairs of their region, so

as best to secure their own supremacy. No word of dissent to the institutions under which they live, no syllable of dissatisfaction, even, with any of the excesses they stimulate, can be breathed in safety. A Christian minister in Tennessee relates an act of fiendish cruelty inflicted upon a slave by one of the members of his church, and he is forced to leave his charge, if not to fly the country. Another in South Carolina presumes to express in conversation his disapprobation of the murderous assault of Brooks on Senator Sumner, and his pastoral relations are broken up on the instant, as if he had been guilty of gross crime or flagrant heresy. Professor Hedrick, in North Carolina, ventures to utter a preference for the Northern candidate in the last presidential campaign, and he is summarily ejected from his chair, and virtually banished from his native State. Mr. Underwood, of Virginia, dares to attend the convention of the party he preferred, and he is forbidden to return to his home on pain of death. The blackness of darkness and the stillness of death are thus forced to brood over that land which God formed so fair, and made to be so happy.

That such a tyranny should excite an antagonistic spirit of resistance is inevitable from the constitution of man and the character of God. The sporadic cases of protest and of resistance to the slaveholding aristocracy, which lift themselves occasionally above the dead level of the surrounding despotism, are representative cases. They stand for much more than their single selves. They prove that there is a wide-spread spirit of discontent, informing great regions of the slave-land, which must one day find or force an opportunity of making itself heard and felt. This we have just seen in the great movement in Missouri, the very nursing-mother of Border-Ruffianism itself, which narrowly missed making Emancipation the policy of the majority of the voters there. Such a result is the product of no sudden culture. It must have been long and

slowly growing up. And how could it be otherwise? There must be intelligence enough among the non-slaveholding whites to see the difference there is between themselves and persons of the same condition in the Free States. Why can they have no free schools? Why is it necessary that a missionary society be formed at the North to furnish them with such ministers as the slave-master can approve? Why can they not support their own ministers, and have a Gospel of Free Labor preached to them, if they choose? Why are they hindered from taking such newspapers as they please? Why are they subjected to a censorship of the press, which dictates to them what they may or may not read, and which punishes booksellers with exile and ruin for keeping for sale what they want to buy? Why must Northern publishers expurgate and emasculate the literature of the world before it is permitted to reach them? Why is it that the value of acres increases in a geometrical ratio, as they stretch away towards the North Star from the frontier of Slavery? These questions must suggest their sufficient answer to thousands of hearts, and be preparing the way for the insurrection of which the slaveholders stand in the deadliest fear,—that of the whites at their gates, who can do with them and their institutions what seems to them good, when once they know their power, and choose to put it forth. The unity of interest of the non-slaveholders of the South with the people of the Free States is perfect, and it must one day combine them in a unity of action.

The exact time when the millions of the North and of the South shall rise upon this puny mastership, and snatch from its hands the control of their own affairs, we cannot tell,—nor yet the authentic shape which that righteous insurrection will take unto itself. But we know that when the great body of any nation is thoroughly aroused, and fully in earnest to abate a mischief or to right a wrong, nothing can resist its energy or defeat its purpose. It will provide the way, when

its will is once thoroughly excited. Men look out upon the world they live in, and it seems as if a change for the better were hopeless and impossible. The great statesmen, the eminent divines, the reverend judges, the learned lawyers, the wealthy landholders and merchants are all leagued together to repel innovation. But the earth still moves in its orbit around the sun; decay and change and death pursue their inevitable course; the child is born and grows up; the strong man grows old and dies; the law of flux and efflux never ceases, and lo! ere men are aware of it, all things have become new. Fresh eyes look upon the world, and it is changed. Where are now Calhoun, and Clay, and Webster? Where will shortly be Cass, and Buchanan, and Benton, and their like? Vanished from the stage of affairs, if not from the face of Nature. Who are to take their places? God knows. But we know that the school in which men are now in training for the arena is very different from the one which formed the past and passing generations of politicians. Great ideas are abroad, challenging the encounter of youth. Angels wrestle with the men of this generation, as with the Patriarch of old, and it is our own fault if a blessing be not extorted ere they take their flight. Principles, like those which in the earlier days of the republic elevated men into statesmen, are now again in the field, chasing the policies which have dwarfed their sons into politicians. These things are portentous of change,—perhaps sudden, but, however delayed, inevitable.

And this change, whatever the outward shape in which it may incarnate itself, in the fulness of time, will come of changed ideas, opinions, and feelings in the general mind and heart. All institutions, even those of the oldest of despotisms, exist by the permission and consent of those who live under them. Change the ideas of the thronging multitudes by the banks of the Neva, or on the shores of the Bosphorus, and they will be changed into Republicans and

Christians in the twinkling of an eye. Not merely the Kingdom of Heaven, but the kingdoms of this world, are within us. Ideas are their substance; institutions and customs but the shadows they cast into the visible sphere. Mould the substance anew, and the projected shadow must represent the altered shape within. Hence the dread despots feel, and none more than the petty despots of the plantation, of whatever may throw the light of intelligence across the mental sight of their slaves. Men endure the ills they have, either because they think them blessings, or because they fear lest, should they seek to fly them, it might be to others that they know not of. The present Bonaparte holds France in a chain because she is willing that he should. Let her but breathe upon the padlock, and, like that in the fable, it will fade into air, and he and his dynasty will vanish with it. So the people of the North submit to the domination of the South because they are used to it, and are doubtful as to what may replace it. Whenever the millions, North and South,

whom Slavery grinds under her heel, shall be resolutely minded that her usurpation shall cease, it will disappear, and forever. As soon as the stone is thrown the giant will die, and men will marvel that they endured him so long. But this can only come to pass by virtue of a change yet to be wrought in the hearts and minds of men. Ideas everywhere are royal;—here they are imperial. It is the great office of genius, and eloquence, and sacred function, and conspicuous station, and personal influence to herald their approach and to prepare the way before them, that they may assert their state and give holy laws to the listening nation. Thus a glorious form and pressure may be given to the coming age. Thus the ideal of a true republic, of a government of laws made and executed by the people, of which bards have sung and prophets dreamed, and for which martyrs have suffered and heroes died, may yet be possible to us, and the great experiment of this Western World be indeed a Model, instead of a Warning to the nations.

MY PORTRAIT GALLERY.

OFT round my hall of portraiture I gaze,
By Memory reared, the artist wise and holy,
From stainless quarries of deep-buried days.
There, as I muse in soothing melancholy,
Your faces glow in more than mortal youth,
Companions of my prime, now vanished wholly,—
The loud, impetuous boy, the low-voiced maiden.
Ah, never master that drew mortal breath
Can match thy portraits, just and generous Death,
Whose brush with sweet regretful tints is laden!
Thou paintest that which struggled here below
Half understood, or understood for woe,
And, with a sweet forewarning,
Mak'st round the sacred front an aureole glow
Woven of that light that rose on Easter morning.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Homeopathic Domestic Physician, etc., etc.

By J. H. PULTE, M. D., Author of
“Woman’s Medical Guide,” etc. Twenty-fourth thousand. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys, & Co. London: James Epps, 170, Piccadilly, 1857.

Of course the reader understands the following notice to be written by a venerable practitioner, who carries a gold-headed cane, and does not believe in any medical authority later than Sydenham. Listen to him, then, and remember that if anything in the way of answer, or remonstrance, or controversial advertisement is sent to the head-quarters of this periodical, it will go directly into the basket, which entering, a manuscript leaves all hope behind. The “old salts” of the “Atlantic” do not go for non-committal and neutrality, or any of that kind of nonsense. Our oracle with the gold stick must have the ground to himself, or keep his wisdom for another set of readers. A quarrel between “Senex” and “Fair-play” would be amusing, but expensive. We have no space for it; and the old gentleman, though he can use his cane smartly for one of his age, positively declines the game of single-stick. Hear him.

—The book mentioned above lies before us with its valves open, helpless as an oyster on its shell, inviting the critical pungent, the professional acid, and the judicial impaling trident. We will be merciful. This fat little literary mollusk is well-conditioned, of fair aspect, and seemingly good of its kind. Twenty-four thousand individuals,—we have its title-page as authority,—more or less lineal descendants of Solomon, have become the fortunate possessors of this plethoric guide to earthly immortality. They might have done worse; for the work is well printed, well arranged, and typographically creditable to the great publishing-house which honors Cincinnati by its intelligent enterprise. The purchasers have done very wisely in buying a book which will not hurt their eyes. Mr. Otis Clapp, bibliopolist, has the work, and will be pleased

to supply it to an indefinite number of the family above referred to.

—Men live in the immediate neighborhood of a great menagerie, the doors of which are always open. The beasts of prey that come out are called diseases. They feed upon us, and between their teeth we must all pass sooner or later,—all but a few, who are otherwise taken care of. When these animals attack a man, most of them give him a scratch or a bite, and let him go. Some hold on a little while; some are carried about for weeks or months, until the carrier drops down, or they drop off. By and by one is sure to come along that drags down the strongest, and makes an end of him.

Most people know little or nothing of these beasts, until all at once they find themselves attacked by one of them. They are therefore liable to be frightened by those that are not dangerous, and careless with those that are destructive. They do not know what will soothe, and what will exasperate them. They do not even know the dens of many of them, though they are close to their own dwellings.

A physician is one that has lived among these beasts, and studied their aspects and habits. He knows them all well, and looks them in the face, and lays his hand on their backs daily. They seem, as it were, to know him, and to greet him with such *risus sardonicus* as they can muster. He knows that his friends and himself have all got to be eaten up at last by them, and his friends have the same belief. Yet they want him near them at all times, and with them when they are set upon by any of these their natural enemies. He goes, knowing pretty well what he can do and what he cannot.

He can talk to them in a quiet and sensible way about these terrible beings, concerning which they are so ignorant, and liable to harbor such foolish fancies. He can frighten away some of the lesser kind of animals with certain ill-smelling preparations he carries about him. Once in a while he can draw the teeth of some of the biggest, or throttle them. He can

point out their dens, and so keep many from falling into their jaws.

This is a great deal to promise or perform, but it is not all that is expected of him. Sick people are very apt to be both fools and cowards. Many of them confess the fact in the frankest possible way. If you doubt it, ask the next dentist about the wisdom and courage of average manhood under the dispensation of a bad tooth. As a tooth is to a liver, so are the dentists' patients to the doctors', in the want of the two excellences above mentioned.

Those not over-wise human beings called *patients* are frequently a little unreasonable. They come with a small scratch, which Nature will heal very nicely in a few days, and insist on its being closed at once with some kind of joiner's glue. They want their little coughs cured, so that they may breathe at their ease, when they have no lungs left that are worth mentioning. They would have called in Luke the physician to John the Baptist, when his head was in the charger, and asked for a balsam that would cure cuts. This kind of thing cannot be done. But it is very profitable to lie about it, and say that it can be done. The people who make a business of this lying, and profiting by it, are called *quacks*.

—But as patients wish to believe in all manner of "cures," and as all doctors love to believe in the power of their remedies, and as nothing is more open to self-deception than medical experience, the whole matter of therapeutics has always been made a great deal more of than the case would justify. It has been an inflated currency,—fifty pretences on paper, to one fact of true, ringing metal.

Many of the older books are full of absurd nostrums. A century ago, Huxham gave messes to his patients containing more than four hundred ingredients. Remedies were ordered that must have been suggested by the imagination; things odious, abominable, unmentionable; flesh of vipers, powder of dead men's bones, and other horrors, best mused in expressive silence. Go to the little book of Robert Boyle,—wise man, philosopher, revered of Addison,—and you will find so many cures for the most formidable diseases, many of them of this fantastic character, that disease should seem to have been a

thing that one could turn off at will, like gas or water in our houses. Only there were rather too many specifics in those days. For if one has "an excellent approved remedy" that never fails, it seems unnecessary to print a list of twenty others for the same purpose. This is wanton excess; it is gilding the golden pill, and throwing fresh perfume on the *Mistura Assafetidæ*.

As the observation of nature has extended, and as mankind have approached the state of only *semi-barbarism* in which they now exist, there has been an improvement. The *materia medica* has been weeded; much that was worthless and revolting has been thrown overboard; simplicity has been introduced into prescriptions; and the whole business of *drugging* the sick has undergone a most salutary reform. The great fact has been practically recognized, that the movements of life in disease obey laws which, under the circumstances, are on the whole salutary, and only require a limited and occasional interference by any special disturbing agents. The list of specifics has been reduced to a very brief catalogue, and the delusion which had exaggerated the power of drugging for so many generations has been tempered down by sound and systematic observation.

Homœopathy came, and with one harlequin bound leaped out of its century backwards into the region of quagnires and fogs and mirages, from which true medical science was painfully emerging. All the trumpery of exploded pharmacopeias was revived under new names. Even the domain of the loathsome has been recently invaded, and simpletons are told in the book before us to swallow serpents' poison; nay, it is said that the *pediculus capitidis* is actually prescribed in infusion,—hunted down in his capillary forest, and transferred to the digestive organs of those he once fed upon.

It falsely alleged one axiom as the basis of existing medical practice, namely, *Contraria contrariis curantur*,—"Contraries are cured by contraries." No such principle was ever acted upon, exclusively, as the basis of medical practice. The man who does not admit it as *one* of the principles of practice would, on *medical* principles, refuse a drop of cold water to cool the tongue of Dives in fiery torments. The only

unconditional principle ever recognized by medical science has been, that diseases are to be treated by the remedies that experience shows to be useful. The universal use of both *cold* and *hot* external and internal remedies in various inflammatory states puts the garrote at once on the babbling throat of the senseless assertion of the homeœopathists, and stultifies for all time the nickname "allopathy."

It falsely alleged a second axiom, *Similia similibus curantur*,—"Like is cured by like,"—as the basis of its own practice; for it does not keep to any such rule, as every page of the book before us abundantly shows.

It subjected credulous mankind to the last of indignities, in forcing it to listen to that doctrine of infinitesimals and potencies which is at once the most epigrammatic of paradoxes, and the crowning exploit of pseudo-scientific audacity.

It proceeded to prove itself true by juggling statistics; some of the most famous of which, we may remark, are very well shown up by Professor Worthington Hooker, in a recent essay. And having done all these things, it sat down in the shadow of a brazen bust of its founder, and invited mankind to join in the Barmecide feast it had spread on the coffin of Science; who, however, proved not to have been buried in it,—indeed, not to have been buried at all.

Of course, it had, and has, a certain success. Its infinitesimal treatment being a nullity, patients are never hurt by drugs, *when it is adhered to*. It pleases the imagination. It is image-worship, relic-wearing, holy-water-sprinkling, transferred from the spiritual world to that of the body. Poets accept it; sensitive and spiritual women become sisters of charity in its service. It does not offend the palate, and so spares the nursery those scenes of single combat in which infants were wont to yield at length to the pressure of the spoon and the imminence of asphyxia. It gives the ignorant, who have such an inveterate itch for dabbling in physic, a book and a doll's medicine-chest, and lets them play doctors and doctresses without fear of having to call in the coroner. And just so long as unskilful and untaught people cannot tell coincidences from cause and effect in medical practice,—which to do, the wise and experienced know how

difficult!—so long it will have plenty of "facts" to fall back upon. Who can blame a man for being satisfied with the argument, "I was ill, and am well,—great is Hahnemann!"? Only this argument serves all impostors and impositions. It is not of much value, but it is irresistible, and therefore quackery is immortal.

Homeœopathy is one of its many phases; the most imaginative, the most elegant, and, it is fair to say, the least noxious in its direct agencies. "It is melancholy,"—we use the recent words of the world-honored physician of the Queen's household, Sir John Forbes,—"to be forced to make admissions in favor of a system so utterly false and despicable as Homeœopathy." Yet we must own that it may have been indirectly useful, as the older farce of the weapon-ointment certainly was, in teaching medical practitioners to place more reliance upon nature. Most scientific men see through its deceptions at a glance. It may be practised by shrewd men and by honest ones; rarely, it must be feared, by those who are both shrewd and honest. As a psychological experiment on the weakness of cultivated minds, it is the best trick of the century.

—Here the old gentleman took his cane and walked out to cool himself.

FOREIGN.

IT is an old remark of Lessing, often repeated, but nevertheless true, that Frenchmen, as a general rule, are sadly deficient in the mental powers suited to *objective* observation, and therefore eminently disqualified for reliable reports of travels. Among the host of French writing travellers or travelling writers, on whatever foreign countries, there have always been very few who looked at foreign countries, nations, institutions, and achievements, with anything like fairness of judgment and capacity of understanding. For an average Frenchman, Molière's renowned juxtaposition of

"Paris, la cour, le monde, l'univers,"

is a gospel down to this day; and no country can so justly complain of being constantly misunderstood and misrepresented by French tourists as ours. The more difficult it is for a Frenchman not to glance

through colored spectacles from the Palais Royal at whatever does not belong to "the Great Nation," the more praise those few of them deserve who give to the world correct and impartial impressions of travel and reliable ethnological works.

Such is the case with two works which we are glad to recommend to our readers. The first is

La Norvège, par LOUIS ENAULT. Paris : Hachette. 1857.

NORWAY, though a member of the European family, with a population once so influential in the world's history, is comparatively the least known of all civilized countries to the world at large, and what little we know of it is of a very recent date,—Stephens's and Leopold von Buch's works being not much more than a quarter of a century old, while Bayard Taylor's lively sketches in the "New York Tribune" are almost yet still, and not yet complete. The latter and M. Enault's book, when compared with each other, leave not the slightest doubt that each observes carefully and conscientiously in his own way, that both possess peculiar gifts for studying and describing correctly what there is worth studying and describing in this *terra incognita*, and that we can rely on both. Mr. Taylor is more picturesque, lively, fascinating, and drastic; M. Enault more thorough, quiet, and reserved in the expression of his opinions. The parts seem to be interchanged,—the Frenchman exhibiting more of the Anglo-Saxon, the American more of the French genius; but both confirm each other's statements admirably, and should be read side by side. If our readers wish to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the laws and institutions, with the statistical, economical, and geographical facts, the society and manners, the later history and future prospects of Norway, they will find here a work trustworthy in every respect.

Les Anglais et l'Inde, avec Notes, Pièces justificatives et Tableaux statistiques, par E. DE VALBEZEN. Paris. - 1857.

THIS is no narrative of travel, though evidently written by one who has been for a considerable time an eyewitness of

Indian affairs, and by a man of acute mind and quick and comprehensive perception, thoroughly versed in the history and condition of India. It is a treatise on all those topics bearing upon the present political, social, and commercial state of things there, beginning with the exposition of the English governmental institutions there existing, describing the country, its productions and resources, its various populations, its social relations, its agriculture, commerce, and wealth, and concluding with statistical and other documents in support of the author's statements. It gives a nearly systematical and complete picture of Indian affairs, enabling the reader to understand the present situation of the country and its foreign rulers, and to form a judgment on all corresponding topics. The style is classical, though somewhat concise and epigrammatic, giving proof everywhere of a mind that forms its own conclusions and takes independent, statesmanlike views. The author refrains from obtruding his own opinions on the reader, leaving things to speak for themselves. He is not ostensibly antagonistic to the English, as we should expect from a true Frenchman,—is no cordial hater of "*perfidie Albion*." You cannot, from his book, with any show of reason, infer that he is a Jesuit, a French missionary, a merchant, a governmental *employé*, or a simple traveller; but you feel instinctively that he is wide-awake, shrewd, and reserved, and that you may trust his reports in the main. He refers, for proof of his statements, mostly to English documents, and does not try to preoccupy your mind. Particularly noteworthy is what he says of the political economy of India; he controverts effectively the prevailing opinion that it is the richest country in the world,—showing its real poverty, in spite of its great natural resources, and the almost hopeless task of improving these resources. For the American merchant this is a very readable book, warning him to refrain from too hastily investing his capital and enterprise in Indian commerce,—India being the most insecure of all countries for foreign commercial undertakings; and in general, there are so many entirely new and startling revelations in it, that, to any one interested in Indian matters, it well repays reading.

Histoire de la Révolution Française, (1789—1799,) par THÉOD. H. BARRAU. Paris: Hachette. 1857.

WE cannot vouch that we have here a new, original history of this important epoch, based on an independent study of historical sources; but it is the very first history of the French Revolution we have known, not written in a partisan spirit, and bent on falsifying the facts in order to make political capital or to flatter national prejudices. It bears no evidence of any tendency whatever,—perhaps only because, with its more than five hundred pages, it is too short for that.

Histoire de France au XVI. Siècle, par MICHÉLET. Tom. 10. Henri IV. et Richelieu.

MICHÉLET is too well known as a truly Republican historiographer and truly humane and noble writer, and the former volumes of this history have been too long before the public, to require for this volume a particular recommendation. It begins with the last *décade* of the sixteenth century, and concludes with the year 1626. We are no particular admirers of Michélet's historical style and method of delineation, but we acknowledge his sense of historical justice, his unprejudiced mind, and his Republicanism, even when treating a subject so delicate, and so dear to Frenchmen, as Henry IV. Doing justice to whatever was really admirable in the character of this much beloved king, he overthrows a good many superstitious ideas current concerning him even down to our days. He shows that the Utopian, though benevolent project, ascribed to Henry, of establishing an everlasting peace by revising the map of Europe and constituting a political equilibrium between the several European powers, never in fact existed in the king's mind, nor even in Sully's, whom he equally divests of much unfounded glory and fictitious greatness. No doubt, but for his fickleness and inconsistency, Henry could have done a good deal toward realizing such ideas and reforming European politics; but it is saying too much for Henry's influence on the popular opinions of Europe, to affirm, what Michélet gives us to under-

stand, that he could have combined the nations of Europe against all their depraved rulers together.

La Liberté, par ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN. Paris. 1857.

THIS book contains a discussion between the author and M. de Lourdoueix, ex-editor of the "Gazette de France," written in the form of letters, on the various topics connected with the notion of Liberty. Girardin is, no doubt, the most genial of all living French writers on Socialism and Politics. He belongs neither to the fanatical school of Communists and Social Equalizers by force and "*par ordre du Mufti*," nor to the class of pliable tools of Imperial or Royal Autocracy. He is the only writer who, in the face of the prevailing restrictions upon the press in France, dares to speak out his whole mind, and to preach the Age of Reason in Politics and in the Social System. He is full of new ideas, which should, we think, be very attractive to American readers; and it is, indeed, strange that his writings are so little read and reviewed on this side of the ocean. His ideas on general education, on the total extinction of authority or government, on the abolition of public punishments of every kind, on the doing away with standing armies, war, and tyranny, and on making the State a great Assurance Company against all imaginable misfortunes and their consequences, are a fair index of the best philosophemes of the European mind since the last Revolution. We do not say that we approve every one of his issues and conclusions, but we insist most earnestly, that this book and similar ones, bearing testimony to what the political and social thinkers of the day in Europe are revolving in their minds, should be read and reviewed under the light of American institutions and ideas. The reader enjoys in the present book the great advantage of seeing the ideas of the Social Reformers discussed *pro* and *contra*.—M. Lourdoueix being their obstinate adversary.

Mémoires de M. Joseph Prudhomme, par HENRI MONNIER. 2 vols. Paris. 1857.

THIS is not what is commonly called *mémoires*,—to wit, historical recollections

modified by the subjective impressions of eyewitnesses to the past; it is rather a novel or romance in the form of *mémoires*, ridiculing the predominant *bourgeoisie* of the Old World, and sketching the whole life of a *bourgeois*, from infancy to green old age. For readers, who, through travel in Europe and acquaintance with French literature and tastes, are enabled to understand the many nice allusions contained in this novel, it is a very entertaining book.

1. *Kraft und Stoff.* By G. Büchner.
Fourth edition. 1857.
2. *Materie und Geist.* By the same. 1857.

It is certainly a remarkable sign of the times, that a book treating of purely scientific matters,—physiological facts and ideas,—like the first of these, of which the second is the complement, should in a very few years have attained to its fourth edition in Germany. All those works on Natural Science, by Alexander von Humboldt, Oersted, Du Bois-Raymond, Cotta, Vogt, Moleschott, Büchner, Rossmässler, Ule, Müller, and others, which have appeared since the Revolution of 1848, uniting a more popular and intelligible style with a purely scientific treatment of the matter-of-fact, irrespective of the religious and political dogmas that conflict with the results of natural science, have met with decided success in Germany and France. They are extensively read and appreciated, even by the less educated and learned classes. Among these works, that of Büchner ranks high, and it is therefore strange that we have seen it hitherto reviewed in no American journal. This may serve us as an excuse for noticing this fourth edition, though it is little improved over the former ones. It exhibits the last results of the science of physiology, in a scientific, but rather popular method of exposition. There is quite a hive of new ideas and intuitions contained in it,—ideas conflicting, it is true, with many received dogmas, and irreconcilable with orthodoxy; but it is of no use to shut our eyes to these ideas, as though the danger threatening from this side could be averted by imitating the policy of the ostrich. They should be faced and examined; the danger is far greater from ignoring them. It is impossible that ideas, largely enter-

tained and cultivated by a nation so expert in thinking, so versed in science and literature as the Germans, should have no interest for the great, intelligent American public. Natural Science may be said to form, at present, an integral portion of the religion of the Germans. It is, at least, a matter of ethnological and historical interest to learn in what regions of thought and speculation our German contemporaries are at home, and wherein they find their mental happiness and delight.

Die deutsche komische und humoristische Dichtung seit Beginn des 16. Jahrhunderts bis auf unsere Zeit. Von IGNAZ HUB. Nürnberg: Ebner. 1857.

Two volumes of this interesting work are coming out at the same time,—one containing the second of the five parts into which the prose anthology is divided, with comical and humorous pieces from the sixteenth century, (for instance, extracts from "Fortunatus," the "Historia" of Dr. J. Faust, "Die Schildbürger," Desid. Erasmus's "Gespräche," etc.,)—the other containing a collection of poetry of the same kind, belonging to the present century, and forming part of the third volume, with pieces by Uhland, Eichendorff, Rückert, Sapphir, Wm. Müller, Immermann, Palten, Hoffmann, Kopisch, Heine, Lenau, Mörckie, Grün, Wackernagel, and many others. The anthology is accompanied with biographical and historical notes, and explanations of provincialisms and such words as to the American reader of German would be likely to be otherwise unintelligible; so that he may thus, without too much trouble, satisfactorily enjoy this treasury of entertainment. The Germans may well be proud of such literary riches, in which England alone surpasses them.

Thüringer NATUREN, Charakter-und Sittenbilder in Erzählungen. Von OTTO LUDWIG. Erster Band. *Die Heiterthei und ihr Widerspiel.* Frankfurt. 1857.

THIS is one of the numerous imitations of the celebrated "Dorfgeschichten," by Berthold Auerbach. The latter introduced, in a time of literary poverty, a wide range of new subjects for epic treatment,—the life of German peasants, with their simple, healthy, vigorous natures undraped by a spurious civiliza-

tion. In painting these sinewy figures, full of a character of their own, he was very felicitous, had an enormous success, and drew a host of less gifted followers after him. Herr Ludwig is one of these. We shall not despair of his becoming, at some future time, a second Auerbach; but he is not one yet. There is, in this work, too much spreading out and extenuation of a material which, in itself not very rich and varied, requires great skill to mould into an epic form. But the author has a remarkable power of drawing true, lifelike characters, and developing them psychologically. It is refreshing to see that the German literary taste is becoming gradually more *realistic*, pure, and natural, turning its back on the romantic school of the French.

May Carols. By AUBREY DE VERE. London. 1857.

THE name of Aubrey de Vere has for some years past been familiar to the lovers of poetry, as that of a scholarly and genial poet. His successive volumes have shown a steady growth in poetic power and elevation of spirit. While gaining a firmer mastery over the instruments of poetry he has struck from them a deeper, fuller, and more significant tone. In this his last volume, which has lately appeared, his verse is brought completely into the service of the Church. The "May Carols" are poems celebrating the Virgin Mary in her month of May. For that month, and for the Roman church, Mr. De Vere has done in this volume what Keble did for the festivals of the year, and the English church, in his "Christian Year." Catholicism in England has produced no poet since the days of Crashaw so sincere in his piety, so sweet in his melody, so pure in spirit as De Vere. And the volume is not for Roman Catholic readers alone. Others may be touched by its religious fervor, and charmed with its beauties of description or of feeling. It is full and redolent of spring. The sweetness of the May air flows through many of its verses,—of that season when

Trees, that from winter's gray eclipse
Of late but pushed their topmost plume,
Or felt with green-touched finger-tips
For spring, their perfect robes assume.

While, vague no more, the mountains stand
With quivering line or hazy hue;
But drawn with finer, firmer, hand,
And settling into deeper blue.

Mr. De Vere is an exquisite student of nature, with fine perceptions that have been finely cultivated. Take this picture of the lark:—

From his cold nest the skylark springs;
Sings, pauses, sings; shoots up anew;
Attains his topmost height, and sings
Quiescent in his vault of blue.

And here is a description of the later spring:—

Brow-bound with myrtle and with gold,
Spring, sacred now from blasts and blights,
Lifts in a firm, untrembling hold
Her chalice of fulfilled delights.

Confirmed around her queenly lip
The smile late wavering, on she moves;
And seems through deepening tides to step
Of steadier joys and larger loves.

The little volume contains many passages such as these. We have space to quote but one of the poems complete, to show the manner in which Mr. De Vere unites the real, the symbolic, and the external, with the spiritual. Like most of his poems, it is marked by artistic finish and grace, and many of the lines have a natural beauty of unsought alliteration and assonance.

When all the breathless woods aloof
Lie hushed in noon tide's deep repose,
The dove, sun-warmed on yonder roof,
With what a grave content she coos!

One note for her! Deep streams run smooth:
The ecstatic song of transience tells.
O, what a depth of loving truth
In thy divine contentment dwells!

All day with down-dropt lids I sat
In trance; the present scene foregone.
When Hesper rose, on Ararat,
Methought, not English hills, he shone.

Back to the Ark, the waters o'er,
The primal dove pursued her flight:
A branch of that blest tree she bore
Which feeds the Church with holy light.

I heard her rustling through the air
With sliding plume,—no sound beside,
Save the sea-sobbing everywhere,
And sighs of the subsiding tide.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. I.—JANUARY, 1858.—NO. III.

NOTES ON DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

If building many houses could teach us to build them well, surely we ought to excel in this matter. Never was there such a house-building people. In other countries the laws interfere,—or customs, traditions, and circumstances as strong as laws; either capital is wanting, or the possession of land, or there are already houses enough. If a man inherit a house, he is not likely to build another,—nor if he inherit nothing but a place in an inevitable line of lifelong hand-to-mouth toil. In such countries houses are built wholesale by capitalists, and only by a small minority for themselves.

And where the man inherits no house, he at least inherits the traditional pattern of one, or the nature of the soil decides the main points; as you cannot build of brick where there is no clay, nor of wood where there are no forests. But here every man builds a house for himself, and every one freely according to his whims. Many materials are nearly equally cheap, and all styles and ways of building equally open to us; at least the general appearance of most should be known to us, for we have tried nearly all. Our public opinion is singularly impartial and cosmopolitan, or per-

haps we should rather say knowing and unscrupulous. All that is demanded of a house is, that it should be of an “improved style,” or at least “something different.” Nothing will excuse it, if old-fashioned,—and hardly anything condemn it, if it have novelty enough.

And this latitude is not confined to the owner’s scheme of his house, but extends also to the executive department. In other countries, however extravagant your fancy, you are brought within some bounds when you come to carry it out; for the architect and the builder have been trained to certain rules and forms, and these will enter into all they do. But here every man is an architect who can handle a T-square, and every man a builder who can use a plane or a trowel; and the chances are that the owner thinks he can do all as well as either of them. For if every man in England thinks he can write a leading article, much more every Yankee thinks he can build a house. Never was such freedom from the rule of tradition. A fair field and no favor; whatever that can accomplish we shall have.

The result, it must be confessed, is not gratifying. For if you sometimes find a

man who is satisfied with his own house, yet his neighbors sneer at it, and he at his neighbors' houses. And even with himself it does not usually wear well. The common case is that even he accepts it as a confessed failure, or at best a compromise. And if he does not confess the failure, (for association, pride, use-and-wont reconcile one to much,) the house confesses it. For what else but self-confessed failures are these thin wooden or cheap brick walls, temporarily disguised as massive stone,—this roof, leaking from the snow-bank retained by the Gothic parapet, or the insufficient slope which the "Italian style" demands?

There is no lack of endeavor to make the house look well. People will sacrifice almost anything to that. They will stive their chambers into the roof,—they will have windows where they do not want them, or leave them out where they do,—in our tropical summers they will endure the glare and heat of the sun, rather than that blinds should interfere with the moulded window-caps, or with the style generally,—they will break up the outline with useless and expensive irregularity,—they will have brackets that support nothing, and balconies and look-outs upon which no one ever steps after the carpenter leaves them,—all for the sake of pleasing the eye. And all this without any real and lasting success,—with a success, indeed, that seems often in an inverse ratio to the effort. If a man have a pig-stye to build, or a log-house in the woods, he may hit upon an agreeable outline; but let him set out freely and with all deliberation to build something that shall be beautiful, and he fails.

Not that the failure is peculiar at all to us. In Europe there may, perhaps, be less bad taste,—though I am not sure of that; but there, and everywhere, I think, the memorable houses, among those of recent date, are not those carefully elaborated for effect,—the premeditated irregularity of the English Gothic, the trig regularity of the French

Pseudo-Classical, or the studied rusticity of Germany,—but such as seem to have grown of themselves out of the place where they stand,—Swiss *châlets*, Mexican or Manila plantation-houses, Italian farm-houses, built, nobody knows when or by whom, and built without any thought of attracting attention. And here I think we get a hint as to the reason of their success. For a house is not a monument, that it should seek to draw attention to itself,—but the dwelling-place of men upon the earth; and it must show itself to be wholly secondary to its purpose.

We have had a good deal of exhortation lately, now getting rather wearisome, about avoiding pretence in architecture, and that we should let things show for what they are. The avoidance of pretence should begin farther back. If the house is *all* pretence, we shall not help it by "frankness of treatment" in details.

The house is the sign of man's entering into possession of the earth. A houseless savage, living on wild game and accidental fruits, is an alien in nature, or a minor not yet come to his estate. As soon as he begins to cultivate the soil he builds him a house,—no longer a hut or a cave, but the work of his own hands, and as permanent as his tenure of the cultivated field. If that is to descend to his children, the house must be so built as to endure accordingly. It is the material expression of the *status* of the family,—such people in such a place. Hence the two-fold requirement of fitness for its use and of harmony with its surroundings. A log-house is the appropriate dwelling of the lumberer in the woods; but transplant it to a suburban lawn and it becomes an absurdity, and a double absurdity. It is not in harmony with the place, nor fit for the use of the citizen. Nothing more satisfactory in their place than the old English parish-churches; but transfer one of them from its natural atmosphere and surroundings to the midst of one of our raw villages or bustling cities, exposed to the sudden and violent changes of our climate,—the

open timber roof admitting the heat and the cold, and the stone walls bedewed with condensed moisture,—and after the first pleasant impression of the moment is over, there is left only a painful feeling of mimicry, not to be removed by any precision of copying, nor by the feeble attempts at ivy in the corners.

This is all evident enough, and in principle generally admitted; but we dodge the application of the principle, because we are not ready to admit to ourselves, what history, apart from any reasoning, would show us, that these importations are failures, and that not accidentally in these particular cases, leaving the hope of better success for the next trial, but necessarily, and because they are importations.

All good architecture must be the gradual growth of its country and its age,—the accumulation of men's experience, adding and leaving out from generation to generation. The air of permanence and stability that we admire in it must be gained by a slow and solid growth. It is the product, not of any one man's skill, but of a nation's; and its type, accordingly, must be gradually formed.

But in this, as in everything else, there must be an aim, and one persisted in, else no experience is gained. A mere succession of generations will do nothing, if for each of them the whole problem is changed. The man of to-day cannot profit by his father's experience in the building of his house, if his culture, his habits, his associates, are different from his father's,—much less if they have changed since his own youth, and are changing from year to year. He will not imitate, he will not forbear to alter. On such shifting sands no enduring structure is possible, but only a tent for the night.

We talk of the laws of architecture; but the fundamental law of all, and one that is sure to be obeyed, is, that the dwelling shall typify man's appropriation of the earth and its products,—what we call property. A man's house is natu-

rally just as fixed a quantity as the kind and the amount of his possessions, and no more so. The style of it, depending on the inherited ideas of the class to which he belongs, will be as formed and as fixed as that class. Then where there is no fixed class, and where the property of every man is constantly varying, our quantity will be just so variable, and the true type of our architecture will be the tent,—of the frame-and-clapboard variety suited to the climate.

For good architecture, then, we need castes in society, and fixed ways of living. We see the effect in the old parsonages in England, where from year to year have dwelt men of the same class, education, income, tastes, and circumstances generally, and so bringing from generation to generation nearly the same requirements, with the unessential changes brought in from time to time by new wants or individual fancies, here and there putting out a bay-window or adding a wing, but always in the spirit of the original building, and the whole getting each year more weather-stained and ivy-grown, and so toned into more complete harmony with the landscape, yet still living and expansive.

It may be said that the result is here a partly accidental one, and not a matter of art. But domestic architecture is only half-way a fine art. It does not aim at a beauty of the monumental kind, as a statue, a triumphal arch, or even a temple does. Its primary aim is shelter, to house man in nature,—and it forms, as it were, the connecting link between him and the outward world. Its results, therefore, are partly the free artistic production, and partly retain unmodified their material character. In the image carved by the sculptor, the stone or wood used derive little of their effect from the original material; the important character is that imparted to them by his skill. Still more the canvas and pigments of the painter. But in architecture the wood and stone still fulfil the offices of covering, connecting, and supporting, as they did in the tree and the quarry, and

their physical properties play an essential part in the work. The house, therefore, is a work of art only half emancipated from nature, and must depend on nature for much of its beauty also. It must not be isolated, as something merely to be looked at, apart from its position and its material use.

The common mistake in our houses is, that they are designed, as inexperienced persons choose their paper-hangings, to be something of themselves, and not as mere background, as they should be. Thus it is that people seek to beautify their houses by ornamenting them, as a vulgar person sticks himself over with jewelry. A man's house is only a wider kind of dress; and as we do not call a man well-dressed when we are forced to see his dress before we see him, so a house cannot be satisfactory when it isolates itself from its inmates and from the landscape. In such houses, the more effort the worse they are; they may cheat us for the moment, but the oftener we see them the less we like them. Does not the uncomfortable sensation with which fine houses so often oppress us arise from the vague feeling that the owner has built himself out of his house, and his house out of the landscape?

Hence it is mostly the novices that build the fine houses. A man of sense, I think, will generally build his second house plainer than his first. Not that he desires, perhaps, any the less what he desired before, but he is more alive to the difficulties and to the cost, and takes refuge in the safety of a lower scale. His experience has taught him that where he succeeded best he was really farthest from the end he sought. The fine house requires that its accessories should be in kind. All things within and without, the approach, the grounds, the furniture, must be brought up to the same pitch, and kept there. And when all is done, it is not done, but forever demands retouching. What is got in this kind cannot be paid for with money, nor finished once for all, but is a never-sated absorbent of time, thought, life.

And it attacks the owner, too; he must conform, in his dress, his equipage, and his habits generally; he must be as fine as his house. The nicer his taste the more any incongruity will offend him, and the greater the danger of his becoming more or less an appendage to his house.

Much of that chronic ailment of our society, the "trials of housekeeping," is traceable to this source. This is a complicated trouble, and probably other causes have their share in it. But we cannot fail to recognize in these seemingly accidental obstructions a stern, but beneficent adjustment of our circumstances to enforce a simplicity which we should else neglect. One cannot greatly deprecate the terrors of high rents and long bills, and the sufferings from clumsy and careless domestics, if they help to keep down senseless profusion and display.

Our problem is, in truth, one of greater difficulty than at first appears. For we are each of us striving to do, by the skill and forethought of one man, what naturally accomplishes itself in a succession of generations and with the aid of circumstances. It is from our freedom that the trouble arises. Were our society composed of few classes, widely and permanently distinct, a fitting style for each would naturally arise and become established and perfected. There would be fewer occasions for new houses, and the new house would be less novel in style, and so two difficulties would be overcome. For novelty of style is a drawback to effect, as tending to isolate the house; and a new house is always at a disadvantage. Nature, in any case, is slow to adopt our handiwork into the landscape; sometimes the assimilation is so difficult that it must be ruined for its original purpose before it will be accepted. Sooner or later, indeed, it will be accepted. For though most of our buildings seem even in decay to resist the harmonizing hand of Nature, and to grow only ghastly and not venerable in dilapidation, yet leave them long enough

and what of beauty was possible to them will appear, though it be only a crumbling heap of bricks where the chimney stood, or the grassy slope where the cellar-wall has fallen in.

It is for this reason that persons of taste have taken pains to face their houses with weather-stained and lichen-crusted stone, or invent proper names for them, in imitation of the English manor-houses. But Nature is jealous of this helping, and neither the lichens nor the names will stick, for the reason that they never grew there. They cannot be naturalized without naturalizing their conditions. The gray ancestral houses of England are the beautiful symbols of the permanence of family and of caste. They are the embodiments of traditional institutions and culture. When we speak of the House of Stanley or of Howard, the expression is not wholly figurative. We do not mean simply the men and women of these families, but the whole complex of this manifold environment which has descended to them and in the midst of which they have grown up,—no more to be separated from it than the polyp from the coral-stem. All this is centralized and has its expression in the House.

Now as these conditions are not our conditions, the attempt to build fine houses is an attempt to import an effect where the cause has not existed. Our position is that of a perpetually shifting population,—the mass shifting and the individuals shifting, in place, circumstances, requirements. The movement is inevitable, and, whether desirable or not, we must conform to it. So we naturally build cheaply and slightly, that the house be not an incumbrance rather than a furtherance to our life. It is agreeable to the feelings to be well rooted and established, and the results in outward appearance are agreeable. But it is not desirable to be so niched into the rock, that a change of fortune, or even a change in the direction of a town-road, shall leave us high and dry, like the fossils of the Norwegian cliffs,

but rather, like the shell-fish of our beaches, free to travel up and down with the tide.

The imitating of foreign examples comes from no real, heart-felt demand, but only from a fancied or simulated demand,—from tradition, association; at second-hand in one shape or another. It is at bottom something of the same funkeyism that in a more exaggerated form assumes heraldic bearings and puts its servants into livery.

It may well reconcile us to our deprivation to remember at what cost these things we admire are established and kept up. The imagination is pleased with this stability; but it is bought too dear, if progress is to be sacrificed to it, if the freedom and the true lives of the members are to be merged in the family, and if they are to be the stones of which the house is built. It is not desirable to be *adscriptus glebe*, whether the bonds be physical or only moral ones. We may well be content to have our limits free, even though our architecture suffer for it. It is better that houses should belong to men, and not men to houses.

But whether we are content or not, it is evident that all hope of improvement lies in the tendency, somewhat noticeable of late, to the abnegation of exotic styles and graces. We have survived the Parthenon pattern, and there seems to be a prospect that we shall outlive the Gothic cottage. Even the Anglo-Italian bracketed villa has seen its palmiest days apparently, and exhausted most of its variations. We are in an extremely chaotic state just now; but there seems to be an inclination towards more rational ways, at least in the plans and general arrangement of houses.

Of course mere negation cannot carry us far. We sometimes hear it said that it is as easy for a house to look well as to look ill, and those who say this seem to think that the failure is due solely to want of due consideration of the problem on the part of our builders, and that we have but to leave out their blun-

ders to get at a satisfactory result. But if we look at the facts of the case, we find the builders have some reason on their side.

Nothing can be more unsightly than the stalky, staring houses of our villages, with their plain gable-roofs, of a pitch neither high enough nor low enough for beauty, and disfigured, moreover, by mere excrescences of attic windows, and over the whole structure the awkward angularity, and the look of barren, mindless conformity and uniformity in the general outlines, and the meagre, frittered effect inherent in the material. But when we come to build, we find that the block-heads who invented this style, or no-style, have got at the cheapest way of supplying the first imperative demands of the people for whom they build,—namely, to be walled in and roofed weather-tight, and with a decent neatness, but without much care that the house should be solid and enduring,—for it cannot well be so flimsy as not to outlast the owner's needs. He does not look to it as the habitation of his children,—hardly as his own for his lifetime,—but as a present shelter, easily and quickly got ready, and as easily plucked up and carried off again. The common-law of England looks upon a house as real estate, as part of the soil; but with us it is hardly a fixture.

Surely nothing can be more simple and common-sense than an ordinary New England house, but at the same time nothing can be uglier. The outline, the material, the color and texture of the surface are at all points opposed to breadth of effect or harmony with the surroundings. There is neither mass nor elegance; there are no lines of union with the ground; the meagre monotony of the lines of shingles and clapboards making subdivisions too small to be impressive, and too large to be overlooked,—and finally, the paint, of which the outside really consists, thrusting forward its chalky blankness, as it were a standing defiance of all possibility of assimilation,—all combine to form

something that shall forever remain a blot in the landscape.

Evidently it is not merely a more common-sense treatment that we want; for here is sufficient simplicity, but a simplicity barren of all satisfaction. And singularly enough, it seems, with all its meagreness, to pass easily into an ostentatious display. In these houses there is no thought of "architecture"; that is considered as something quite apart, and not essential to the well-building of the house. But for this very reason matters are not much changed when the owner determines to spend something for looks. The house remains at bottom the same rude mass, with the "architecture" tacked on. It is not that the owner has any deeper or different sentiment towards his dwelling, but merely that he has a desire to make a flourish before the eyes of beholders. There is no heartfelt interest in all this on his part; it gives him no pleasure; how, then, should it please the spectator? The case is the same, whether it be the coarse ornamentation of the cheap cottage, or the work of the fashionable architect; we feel that the decoration is superficial and may be dispensed with, and then, however skilful, it becomes superfluous. The more elaborate the worse, for attention is the more drawn to the failure.

What is wanted for any real progress is not so much a greater skill in our house-builders, as more thoughtful consideration on the part of the house-owners of what truly interests them in the house. We do not stop to examine what really weighs with us, but on some fancied necessity hasten to do superfluous things. What is it that we really care for in the building of our houses? Is it not, that, like dress, or manners, they should facilitate, and not impede the business of life? We do not wish to be compelled to think of them by themselves either as good or bad, but to get rid of any obstruction from them. They are to be lived in, not looked at; and their beauty must grow as naturally from their use as the flower from its stem, so that it

shall not be possible to say where the one ends and the other begins. Not that beauty will come of itself; there must be the feeling to be satisfied before any satisfaction will come. But we shall not help it by pretending the feeling, nor by trying to persuade others or ourselves

that we are pleased with what has been pleasing to other nations and under other circumstances. Our poverty, if poverty it be, is not disgraceful, until we attempt to conceal it by our affectation of foreign airs and graces.

MAYA, THE PRINCESS.

THE sea floated its foam-caps upon the gray shore, and murmured its inarticulate love-stories all day to the dumb rocks above; the blue sky was bordered with saffron sunrises, pink sunsets, silver moon-fringes, or spangled with careless stars; the air was full of south-winds that had fluttered the hearts of a thousand roses and a million violets with long, deep kisses, and then flung the delicate odors abroad to tell their exploits, and set the butterflies mad with jealousy, and the bees crazy with avarice. And all this bloom was upon the country of Larrièrepensée, when Queen Lura's little daughter came to life in the Topaz Palace that stood on Sunrise Hills, and was King Joconde's summer pavilion.

Now there was no searching far and wide for godfathers, godmothers, and a name, as there is when the princesses of this world are born: for, in the first place, Larrièrepensée was a country of pious heathen, and full of fairies; the people worshipped an Idea, and invited the fairy folk to all their parties, as we who are proper here invite the clergy; only the fairy folk did not get behind the door, or leave the room, when dancing commenced.

And the reason why this princess was born to a name, as well as to a kingdom, was, that, long ago, the people who kept records in Larrièrepensée were much troubled by the ladies of that land never growing old: they staid at thirty for ten

years; at forty, for twenty; and all died before fifty, which made much confusion in dates,—especially when some women were called upon to tell traditions, the only sort of history endured in that kingdom; because it was against the law to write either lies or romances, though you might hear and tell them, if you would, and some people would; although to call a man a historian there was the same thing as to say, “You lie!” here.

But as I was saying, this evergreen way into which the women fell caused much trouble, and the Twelve Sages made a law that for six hundred years every female child born in any month of the seventy-two hundred following should be named by the name ordained for that month; and then they made a long list, containing seventy-two hundred names of women, and locked it up in the box of Great Designs, which stood always under the king's throne; and thenceforward, at the beginning of every month, the Twelve Sages unlocked the box, consulted the paper, and sent a herald through the town to proclaim the girl-name for that month. So this saved a world of trouble; for if some wrinkled old maid should say, “And that happened long ago, some time before I was born,” all her gossips laughed, and cried out, “Ho! ho! there's a historian! do we not all know you were a born Allia, ten years before that date?”—and then the old maid was put to shame.

Now it happened well for Queen Lura's lovely daughter, that on her birth-month was written the gracious name of Maya, for it seemed well to fit her grace and delicacy, while but few in that country knew its sad Oriental depth, or that it had any meaning at all.

It was all one flush of dawn upon Sunrise Hills, when the maids-of-honor, in curls and white frocks, began to strew the great Hall of Amethyst with geranium leaves, and arrange light tripods of gold for the fairies, who were that day gathered from all Larrièrerepensée to see and gift the new princess. The Queen had written notes to them on spicy magnolia-petals, and now the head-nurse and the grand-equerry wheeled her couch of state into the Hall of Amethyst, that she might receive the tender wishes of the good fairies, while yet the sweet languor of her motherhood kept her from the fresh wind and bright dew out of doors.

The couch of state was fashioned like a great rose of crimson velvet; only where there should have been the gold anthers of the flower lay the lovely Queen, wrapped in a mantle of canary-birds' down, and nested on one arm slept the Child of the Kingdom, Maya. Presently a cloud of honey-bees swept through the wide windows, and settling upon the ceiling began a murmurous song, when, one by one, the flower-fairies entered, and flitting to their tripods, each garlanded with her own blossom, awaited the coming of their Head,—the Fairy Cordis.

As the Queen perceived their delay, a sudden pang crossed her pale and tranquil brow.

"Ah!" said she, to the nurse-in-chief, Mrs. Lita, "my poor baby, Maya! What have I done? I have neglected to ask the Fairy Anima, and now she will come in anger, and give my child an evil gift, unless Cordis hastens!"

"Do not fear, Madam!" said Mrs. Lita, "your nerves are weak,—take a little cordial."

So she gave the Queen a red glass full of honeybell whiskey; but she called it a

fine name, like Rose-dew, or Tears-of-Flax, and then Queen Lura drank it down nicely;—so much depends on names, even in Larrièrerepensée!

But as Mrs. Lita set away the glass, the bees upon the ceiling began to buzz in a most angry manner, and rally about the queen-bee; the south-wind cried round the palace corner; and a strange light, like the sun shining when it rains, threw a lurid glow over the graceful fairy forms. Then the door of the hall flung open, and a beautiful, wrathful shape crossed the threshold;—it was the Fairy Anima. Where she gathered the gauzes that made her rainbow vest, or the water-diamonds that gemmed her night-black hair, or the sun-fringed cloud of purple that was her robe, no fay or mortal knew; but they knew well the power of her presence, and grew pale at her anger.

With swift feet she neared the couch of state, but her steps lingered as she saw within those crimson leaves the delicate, fear-pale face of the Queen, and her sleeping child.

"Always rose-folded!" she murmured, "and I tread the winds abroad! A fair bud, and I am but a stately stem! You were foolish and frail, Queen Lura, that you sent me no word of your harvest-time; now I come angry. Show me the child!"

Mrs. Lita, with awed steps, drew near, and lifted the baby in her arms, and the child's soft hazel eyes looked with grave innocence at Anima. Truly, the Princess was a lovely piece of nature: her hair, like fine silk, fell in dark, yet gilded tresses from her snow-white brow; her eyes were thoughtless, tender, serene; her lips red as the heart of a peach; her skin so fair that it seemed stained with violets where the blue veins crept livingly beneath; and her dimpled cheeks were flushed with sleep like the sunset sky.

Anima looked at the baby.—"Ah! too much, too much!" said she. "Queen Lura, a butterfly can eat honey only; let us have a higher life for the Princess of

Larrièrepensée. Maya, I give thee for a birth-gift another crown. Receive the Spark!"

Queen Lura shrieked; but Anima stretching out her wand, a snake of black diamonds, with a blood-red head, touched the child's eyes, and from the serpent's rapid tongue a spark of fire darted into either eye, and sunk deeper and deeper,—for two tears flowed above, and hung on Maya's silky lashes, as she looked with a preternatural expression of reproach at the Fairy.

Now all was confusion. Queen Lura tried to faint,—she knew it was proper,—and the grand-equerry rang all the palace bells in a row. Anima gave no glance at the little Princess, who still sat upright in Mrs. Lita's petrified arms, but went proudly from the hall alone.

The flower-fairies dropped their wands with one sonorous clang upon the floor, and with bitter sighs and wringing hands flitted one after another to the portal, bewailing, as they went, their wasted gifts and powers.

"Why should I give her beauty?" cried the Fairy Rose; "all eyes will be dazzled with the Spark; who will know on what form it shines?"

So the red rose dropped and died.

"Why should I bring her innocence?" said the Fairy Lily; "the Spark will burn all evil from her, thought and deed!"

Then the white lily dropped and died.

"Is there any use to her in grace?" wept the Fairy Eglantine; "the Spark will melt away all mortal grossness, till she is light and graceful as the clouds above."

And the eglantine wreaths dropped and died.

"She will never want humility," said the Fairy Violet; "for she will find too soon that the Spark is a curse as well as a crown!"

So the violet dropped and died.

Then the Sun-dew denied her pity; the blue Forget-me-not, constancy; the Iris, pride; the Butter-cup, gold; the Passion-flower, love; the Amaranth, hope:

all because the Spark should gift her with every one of these, and burn the gift in deeply. So they all dropped and died; and she could never know the flowers of life,—only its fires.

But in the end of all this flight came a ray of consolation, like the star that heralds dawn, springing upward on the skirt of night's blackest hour. The raging bees that had swarmed upon the golden chandelier returned to the ceiling and their song; the scattered flowers revived and scented the air: for the Fairy Cordis came,—too late, but welcome; her face bright with flushes of vivid, but uncertain rose,—her deep gray eyes brimming with motherhood, a sister's fondness, and the ardor of a child. The tenderest garden-spider-webs made her a robe, full of little common blue-eyed flowers, and in her gold-brown hair rested a light circle of such blooms as beguile the winter days of the poor and the desolate, and put forth their sweetest buds by the garret window, or the bedside of a sick man.

Mrs. Lita nearly dropped the baby, in her great relief of mind; but Cordis caught it, and looked at its brilliant face with tears.

"Ah, Head of the Fairies, help me!" murmured Queen Lura, extending her arms toward Cordis; for she had kept one eye open wide enough to see what would happen while she fainted away.

"All I can, I will," said the kindly fairy, speaking in the same key that a lark sings in. So she sat down upon a white velvet mushroom and fell to thinking, while Maya, the Princess, looked at her from the rose where she lay, and the Queen, having pushed her down robe safely out of the way, leaned her head on her hand, and very properly cried as much as six tears.

Soon, like a sunbeam, Cordis looked up. "I can give the Princess a counter-charm, Queen Lura," said she,—"but it is not sure. Look you! she will have a lonely life,—for the Spark burns, as well as shines, and the only way to mend that matter is to give the fire better fuel than

herself. For some long years yet, she must keep herself in peace and the shade; but when she is a woman, and the Spark can no more be hidden,—since to be a woman is to have power and pain,—then let her veil herself, and with a staff and scrip go abroad into the world, for her time is come. Now in this kingdom of Larrièrepensée there stand many houses, all empty, but swept and garnished, and a fire laid ready on the hearth for the hand of the Coming to kindle. But sometimes, nay, often, this fire is a cheat: for there be men who carve the semblance of it in stone, and are so content to have the chill for the blaze all their lives; and on some hearths the logs are green wood, set up before their time; and on some they are but ashes, for the fire has burned and died, and left the ghostly shape of boughs behind; and sometimes, again, they are but icicles clothed in bark, to save the shame of the possessor. But there are some hearths laid with dry and goodly timber; and if the Princess Maya does not fail, but chooses a real and honest heap of wood, and kindles it from the Spark within her, then will she have a most perfect life; for the fire that consumes her shall leave its evil work, and make the light and warmth of a household, and rescue her forever from the accursed crown of the Spark. But—I grieve to tell you, yet one of my name cannot lie—if the Princess mistake the false for the true, if she flashes her fire upon stone, or ice, or embers, either the Spark will recoil and burn her to ashes, or it will die where she placed it and turn her to stone, or—worst fate of all, yet likeliest to befall the tenderest and best—it will re-enter her at her lips, and turn her whole nature to the bitterness of gall, so that neither food shall refresh her, sleep rest her, water quench her thirst, nor fire warm her body. Is it worth the trial? or shall she live and burn slowly to her death, with the unquenchable fire of the Spark?"

"Ah! let her, at the least, try for that perfect life," said Queen Lura.

Then the Fairy Cordis drew from her delicate finger a ring of twisted gold, in which was set an opal wrought into the shape of a heart, and in it palpitated, like throbbing blood, one scarlet flash of flame.

"Let her keep this always on her hand," said Cordis. "It will serve to test the truth of the fire she strives to kindle; for if it be not true wood, this heart will grow cold, the throb cease, the glow become dim. The talisman may, will, save her, unless in the madness of joy she forget to ask its aid, or the Spark flashing upon its surface seems to create anew the fire within, and thus deceives her."

So the Fairy put the ring upon Queen Lura's hand, and kissed Maya's fair brow, already shaded with sleep. The bees upon the ceiling followed her, dropping honey as they went; the maids-of-honor wheeled away the couch of state; the castle-maids swept up the fading leaves and blossoms, drew the tulip-tree curtains down, fastened the great door with a sandal-wood bar, sprinkled the corridors with rosewater; and by moonrise, when the nightingales sung loud from the laurel thickets, all the country slept,—even Maya; but the Spark burned bright, and she dreamed.

So the night came on, and many another night, and many a new day,—till Maya, grown a girl, looked onward to the life before her with strange foreboding, for still the Spark burned.

Hitherto it had been but a glad light on all things, except men and women; for into their souls the Spark looked too far, and Maya's open brow was shadowed deeply and often with sorrows not her own, and her heart ached many a day for pains she could not or dared not relieve; but if she were left alone, the illumination of the Spark filled everything about her with glory. The sky's rapturous blue, the vivid tints of grass and leaves, the dismaying splendor of blood-red roses, the brilliant whiteness of the lily, the turquoise eyes of water-plants,—all

these gave her a pleasure intense as pain; and the songs of the winds, the love-whispers of June midnights, the gathering roar of autumn tempests, the rattle of thunder, the breathless and lurid pause before a tropic storm,—all these the Spark enhanced and vivified; till, seeing how blest in herself and the company of Nature the Child of the Kingdom grew, Queen Lura deliberated silently and long whether she should return the gift of the Fairy Cordis, and let Maya live so tranquil and ignorant forever, or whether she should awaken her from her dreams, and set her on her way through the world.

But now the Princess Maya began to grow pale and listless. Her eyes shone brighter than ever, but she was consumed with a feverish longing to see new and strange things. On her knees, and weeping, she implored her mother to release her from the court routine, and let her wander in the woods and watch the village children play.

So Queen Lura, having now another little daughter, named Maddala, who was just like all other children, and a great comfort to her mother, was the more inclined to grant Maya's prayer. She therefore told Maya all that was before her, and having put upon her tiny finger the fairy-ring, bade the tiring-woman take off her velvet robe, and the gold circlet in her hair, and clothe her in a russet suit of serge, with a gray kirtle and hood. King Joconde was gone to the wars, Queen Lura cried a little, the Princess Maddala laughed, and Maya went out alone,—not lonely, for the Spark burned high and clear, and showed all the legends written on the world everywhere, and Maya read them as she went.

Out on the wide plain she passed many little houses; but through all their low casements the red gleam of a fire shone, and on the door-steps clustered happy children, or a peasant bride with warm blushes on her cheek at spinning, or a young mother with pensive eyes lulled her baby to its twilight sleep and sheltered it with still prayers.

One of these kindly cottages harbored Maya for the night; and then her way at dawn lay through a vast forest, where the dim tree-trunks stretched far away till they grew undefined as a gray cloud, and only here and there the sunshine strewed its elf-gold on ferns and mosses, feathery and soft as strange plumage and costly velvet. Sometimes a little brook with bubbling laughter crept across her path and slid over the black rocks, gurgling and dimpling in the shadow or sparkling in the sun, while fish, red and gold-speckled, swam noiseless as dreams, and darting water-spiders, poised a moment on the surface, cast a glittering diamond reflection on the yellow sand beneath.

The way grew long, and Maya weary. The new leaves of opalescent tint shed odors of faint and passionate sweetness; the birds sang love-songs that smote the sense like a caress; a warm wind yearned and complained in the pine boughs far above her; yet her heart grew heavy, and her eyes dim; she was sick for home;—not for the palace and the court; not for her mother and Maddala; but for home;—she knew her exile, and wept to return.

That night, and for many nights, she slept in the forest; and when at length she came out upon the plain beyond, she was pale and wan, her dark eyes drooped, her slender figure was bowed and languid, and only the mark upon her brow, where the coronet had fretted its whiteness, betrayed that Maya was a princess born.

And now dwellings began to dot the country: brown cottages, with clinging vines; villas, aerial and cloud-tinted, with pointed roofs and capricious windows; huts, in which some poor wretch from his bed of straw looked out upon the wasteful luxury of his neighbor, and, loathing his bitter crust and turbid water, saw feasts spread in the open air, where tropic fruits and beaded wine mocked his feverish thirst; and palaces of stainless marble, rising tower upon tower, and turret over turret, like the pearly heaps

of cloud before a storm, while the wind swept from their gilded lattices bursts of festal music, the chorus that receives a bride, or the triumphal notes of a warrior's return.

All these Maya passed by, for no door was open, and no fireless hearth revealed; but before night dropped her starry veil, she had travelled to a mansion whose door was set wide, and, within, a cold hearth was piled with boughs of oak and beech. The opal upon Maya's finger grew dim, but she moved toward the unlit wood, and at her approach the false pretence betrayed itself; the ice glared before her, and chilled her to the soul, as its shroud of bark fell off. She fled over the threshold, and the house-spirit laughed with bitter mirth; but the Spark was safe.

Now came thronging streets, and many an open portal wooed Maya, but wooed in vain. Once, upon the steps of a quaint and picturesque cottage stood an artist, with eyes that flashed heaven's own azure, and lit his waving curls with a gleam of gold. His pleading look tempted the Child of the Kingdom with potent affinities of land and likeness; his fair cottage called her from wall and casement, with the spiritual eyes of ideal faces looking down upon her, forever changeless and forever pure; but when, from purest pity, kindness, and beauty-love, she would have drawn near the hearth, a sigh like the passing of a soul shivered by her, and before its breath the shapely embers fell to dust, the hearth beneath was heaped with ashes, and with tearful lids Maya turned away, and the house-spirit, weeping, closed the door behind her.

Long days and nights passed ere she essayed again; and then, weary and faint with home-woe, she lingered on the steps of a lofty house whose carved door was swung open, whose jasper hearthstone was heaped with goodly logs, and beside it, on the soft flower-strewn skin of a panther, slept a youth beautiful as Adonis, and in his sleep ever murmuring, "Mother!" Maya's heart yearned with a kin-

dred pang. She, too, was orphaned in her soul, and she would gladly have lit the fire upon this lonely hearth, and companioned the solitude of the sleeper; but, alas! the boughs still wore their summer garland, and from each severed end slow tears of dryad-life distilled honeyedly upon the stone beneath. Of such withes and saplings comes no living fire! Maya, smiling, set a kiss upon the boy-sleeper's brow, but the Spark lay quiet, and the house-spirit flung a blooming cherry-bough after its departing guest.

The year was now wellnigh run. The Princess Maya despaired of home. The earth seemed a harsh stepmother, and its children rather stones than clay. A vague sense of some fearful barrier between herself and her kind haunted the woman's soul within her, and the unquenchable flames of the Spark seemed to girdle her with a defence that drove away even friendly ingress. Night and day she wept, oppressed with loneliness. She knew not how to speak the tongues of men, though well she understood their significance. Only little children mated rightly with her divine infancy; only the mute glories of nature satisfied for a moment her brooding soul. The celestial impulses within her beat their wings in futile longing for freedom, and with inexpressible anguish she uttered her griefs aloud, or sung them to such plaintive strains that all who heard wept in sympathy. Yet she had no home.

After many days she came upon a broad, champaign, fertile land, where, on a gentle knoll, among budding orchards, and fields green with winter grains, stood a low, wide-eaved house, with gay parterres and clipped hedges around it, all ordered with artistic harmony, while over chimney and cornice crept wreaths of glossy ivy, every deep green leaf veined with streaks of light, and its graceful sprays clasping and clinging wherever they touched the chiselled stone beneath. Upon the lawn opened a broad, low door, and the southern sun streamed inward, showing the carved panels of the fireplace and its red hearth,

where heavy boughs of wood and splinters from the heart of the pine lay ready for the hand of the Coming to kindle. Upon the threshold, plucking out the dead leaves of the ivy, stood one from whose face strength, and beauty, and guile that the guileless knew not, shone sunlike upon Maya; and as she faltered and paused, he spoke a welcome to her in her own language, and held toward her the clasping hand of help. A thrill of mad joy cleft the heart of the Princess, a glow of incarnate summer dyed with rose her cheek and lip, the Spark blazed through her brimming eyes, weariness vanished. "Home! home!" sung her rapt lips; and in the delirious ecstasy of the hour she pressed toward the hearth, laid down her scrip and staff upon the heaped wood, flung herself on the red stone, and, heedless of the opal talisman, flashed outward from her joyful eyes the Spark,—the Crown, the Curse! So a forked tongue of lightning speeds from its rain-fringed cloud, and cleaves the oak to its centre; so the blaze of a meteor rushes through mid-heaven, and—is gone! The Spark lit, quivered, sunk, and flashed again; but the wood lay unlighted beneath it. Maya gasped for breath, and with the long respiration the Spark returned, lit upon her lips, seared them like a hot iron, and entered into her heart,—the blighting canker of her fate, a bitterness in flesh and spirit forevermore.

Writhing with anguish and contempt, she turned away from the wrought stone whose semblance had beguiled her to her mortal loss; and as she passed from the step, another hand lit a consuming blaze beneath her staff and scrip, sending a sword of flame after her to the threshold, and the house-spirit shrieked aloud, "Only stones together strike fire, Maya!"—while from the casement above looked forth two faces, false and fair, with eyes of azure ice, and disdainful smiles, and bound together by a curling serpent, that ringed itself in portentous symbol about their waists.

With star-like eyes, proud lips, and

erect head, Maya went out. Her laugh rang loud; her song soared in wild and mocking cadence to the stars; her rigid brow wore scorn like a coronal of flame; and with a scathed nature she trod the streets of the city, mixed with its wondering crowds, made the Spark a blaze and a marvel in all lands,—but hid the opal in her bosom; for its scarlet spot of life-blood had dropped away, and the jewel was broken across.

So the wide world heard of Maya, the Child of the Kingdom, and from land to land men carried the stinging arrows of her wit, or signalled the beacon-fires of her scorn, while seas and shores unknown echoed her mad and rapt music, or answered the veiled agony that derided itself with choruses of laughter, from every mystic whisper of the wave, or roar of falling headlands.

And then she fled away, lest, in the turbulent whirl of life, the Curse should craze, and not slay her. For sleep had vanished with wordless moans and frightened aspect from her pillow,—or if it dared, standing afar off, to cast its pallid shadow there, still there was neither rest nor refreshing in the troubled spell. Nor could the thirst that consumed her quench itself with red wine or crystal water, translucent grapes or the crimson fruits that summer kisses into sweetness with her heats; forever longing, and forever unsated, it parched her lips and burnt her gasping mouth, but there was no draught to allay it. And even so food failed of its office. Kindly hands brought to her, whose queenliness asserted itself to their souls with an innocent loftiness, careless of pomp or insignia, all delicate eates and exquisite viands; but neither the keen and stimulating odors of savory meat, the crisp whiteness of freshest bread, nor the slow-dropping gold of honeycomb could tempt her to eat. The simplest peasant's fare, in measure too scanty for a linnet, sustained her life; but the Curse lit even upon her food, and those lips of fire burned all things in their touch to tasteless ashes.

So she fled away; for the forest was

cool and lonely, and even as she learned the lies and treacheries of men, so she longed to leave them behind her and die in bitterness less bitter for its solitude. But Maya fled not from herself: the winds wailed like the crying of despair in her harp-voiced pines; the shining oak-leaves rustled hisses upon her unstrung ear; the timid forest-creatures, who own no rule but patient love and caresses, hid from her defiant step and dazzling eye; and when she knew herself in no wise healed by the ministries of Nature, in the very apathy of desperation she flung herself by the clear fountain that had already fallen upon her lips and cooled them with bitter water, and hiding her head under the broad, fresh leaves of a calla that bent its marble cups above her knitted brow and loosened hair, she lay in deathlike trance, till the Fairy Anima swept her feet with fringed garments, and cast the serpent wand writhing and glittering upon her breast.

"Wake, Maya!" said the organ-tones of the Spark-Bringer; and Maya awoke.

"So! the Spark galls thee?" resumed those deep, bitter-sweet tones; and for answer the Princess Maya held toward her, with accusing eyes, the broken, bloodless opal.

"Cordis's folly!" retorted Anima. "Thou hadst done best without it, Maya; the Spark abides no other fate but shining. Yet there is a little hope for thee. Wilt thou die of the bitter fire, or wilt thou turn beggar-maid? The sleep that charity lends to its couch shall rest thee;

the draught a child brings shall slake thy thirst; the food pity offers shall strengthen and renew. But these are not the gifts a Princess receives; she who gathers them must veil the Crown, shroud the Spark, conceal the Curse, and in torn robes, with bare, and bleeding feet, beg the crumbs of life from door to door. Wilt thou take up this trade?"

Maya rose up from the leaves of the cool lily, and put aside the veiling masses of her hair.

"I will go!" she whispered, flutelike for hope beat a living pulse in her brain.

So with srip and hood she went out of the forest and begged of the world's bounty such life as a beggar-maid may endure.

Long ago the King and Queen died in Larrièrepensée, and there the Princess Maddala reigns with a goodly Prince beside her, nor cares for her lost sister; but songless, discrowned, desolate, Maya walks the earth.

All ye whose fires burn bright on the hearth, whose dwellings ring with child-laughter, or are hushed with love-whispers and the peace of home, pity the Princess Maya! Give her food and shelter; charm away the bitter flames that consume her life and soul; drop tears and alms together into the little wasted hand that pleads with dumb eloquence for its possessor; and even while ye pity and protect, revere that fretted mark of the Crown that still consecrates to the awful solitude of sorrow Maya, the Child of the Kingdom!

CATAWBA WINE.

THIS song of mine
Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wayside inns,
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
 Of the Scuppernong,
 From warm Carolinian valleys,—
 Nor the Isabel
 And the Muscadel
 That bask in our garden alleys,—

Nor the red Mustang,
 Whose clusters hang
 O'er the waves of the Colorado,
 And the fiery flood
 Of whose purple blood
 Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
 Is the wine of the West,
 That grows by the Beautiful River ;
 Whose sweet perfume
 Fills all the room
 With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
 Are the haunts of bees
 Forever going and coming,
 So this crystal hive
 Is all alive
 With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in their way
 Are the Verzenay,
 And the Sillery soft and creamy ;
 But Catawba wine
 Has a taste more divine,
 More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
 By the haunted Rhine,
 By Danube or Guadalquivir,
 Nor on island or cape,
 That bears such a grape
 As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice
 For foreign use,
 When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,
 To rack our brains
 With the fever pains
 That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
 With all such drinks,
 And after them tumble the mixer !

For a poison malign
Is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it, one needs but name it ;
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dressed,
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

THE WINDS AND THE WEATHER.

The Physical Geography of the Sea.
By M. F. MAURY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Climatology of the United States and of the Temperate Latitudes of the North American Continent. By LORIN BLODGET. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1857.

Proceedings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. 1857.

. AN eloquent philosopher, depicting the deplorable results that would follow, if some future materialist were "to succeed in displaying to us a mechanical system of the human mind, as comprehensive, intelligible, and satisfactory as the Newtonian mechanism of the heavens," exclaims, "Fallen from their elevation, Art and Science and Virtue would no longer be to man the objects of a genuine and reflective adoration." We are led, in reflecting upon the far more probable success of the meteorologist, to similar forebodings upon the dulness and sameness to which social intercourse will be

reduced when the weather philosophers shall succeed in subjecting the changes of the atmosphere to rules and predictions,—when the rain shall fall where it is expected, the wind blow no longer "where it listeth," and wayward man no longer find his counterpart in nature. But we console ourselves by contemplating the difficulties of the problem, and the improbability, that, in our generation at least, we shall be deprived of these subjects of general news and universal interest.

During the last half-century, the progress of experimental philosophy in the direction of the weather, though its results are for the most part of a negative character, has yet been sufficient to excite the apprehensions of the philanthropist. We have unlearned many fables and false theories, and have made great advancement in that knowledge of our ignorance, which is the only true foundation of positive science.

The moon has been deposed from the executive chair, though she still has her supporters and advocates; and an in-

numerable host of minor causes are found to constitute, upon strictly republican principles, the ruling power of the winds and the rain. That regularity, however complicated, which reason still demands, and expects even from the weather, is not found to be so simple as our rules and signs of the weather indicate; for the operation of these innumerable causes is so complicated, that the repetition of similar phenomena or similar combinations of causes, to any great extent, is the most improbable of events. Perhaps the meteorologist will ultimately find that Nature has succeeded, in what seems, indeed, to be her aim, in completely retracing her steps, and reducing the operation of that simple and regular system of causes, which she brought out of chaos, back to a confusion of detail, from which all law and regularity are obliterated.

Meteorological observations have, however, determined many regular and constant causes and a few regular phenomena. The method pursued in these investigations is, for the most part, the elimination, by general averages, of limited and temporary changes in the elements of the weather, and the determination of those changes which depend upon the constant influences of locality, of season, and of constant or slowly varying causes. These constant influences constitute the climate; and the study of climates is thus the first step towards the solution of the problem of the weather. Climates, in their changes and distribution, are very important elements in the determination of the movements of the weather, and are to the meteorologist what the elements of the planetary orbits are to the astronomer; but, unlike planetary perturbations, the weather makes the most reckless excursions from its averages, and obscures them by a most inconsequent and incalculable fickleness.

Whether mechanical science will hereafter succeed in calculating these perturbations of climate, as we may style the weather, or will find the problem beyond

its capacity, it will yet, doubtless, account for much that is now obscure, as observation brings the facts more distinctly to view. We propose to give a brief general survey of the mechanics of the atmosphere in its present state, and to indicate the nature and limits of our knowledge on this subject.

Among the first noticed and most remarkable features of regularity in atmospheric changes are constant, periodic, and prevailing winds. The most remarkable instances of these are the trade-winds of the torrid zone, the monsoons of the Indian Ocean, and the prevailing southwest wind of our northern temperate latitudes. Of these, the trade-winds are the most important to science, as furnishing the key to that general explanation of the winds which was first advanced by the distinguished Halley.

In Halley's celebrated theory, the trade-winds are explained as the effects of the unequal distribution of the sun's heat in different latitudes. The air of the equator, heated more than the northern or southern air, expands more, and overflows, moving in the upper regions of the atmosphere toward the poles; while the lower, colder air on both sides moves toward the equator to preserve equilibrium. Thus an extensive circulation is carried on. The air that moves from the equator in the upper atmosphere, gradually sinking to the surface of the earth, finally ceases to move toward the poles, and returns as an undercurrent to the equator, where it again rises and moves toward the poles.

Now the air of the equator, moving with the earth's rotary motion, has a greater velocity than the earth itself at high northern or southern latitudes, and consequently appears to gain an eastward motion in its progress toward the poles. Without friction, this relative eastward motion would increase as the air moves toward the poles, and diminish at the same rate as the air returns, till at the equator the velocity of the earth and of the air would again be equal; but friction reduces the motion of the returning air

to that of the earth, at or near the calms of the tropics; so that the air, passing the tropics, gains a relative westward motion in its further progress through the torrid zone. The southwestward motion thus produced between the tropic of Cancer and the equator is the well-known trade-wind.

Now, according to this theory, the prevailing winds of our temperate latitudes ought to have a southeastward motion as far as the calms of Cancer or "the horse latitudes." Moreover, instead of these calms, there should still be a southward motion. But observation has shown, that though the prevailing lower winds of our latitude move eastward, still their motion is toward the north rather than the south; so that they appear to contradict the theory by which the trade-winds are explained.

To account for these anomalies, Lieut. Maury has invented a very ingenious hypothesis, which is published in his "Physical Geography of the Sea." He supposes that the air, which passes from the equator toward the poles in the upper regions of the atmosphere, is brought down to the surface of the earth beyond the calms of the tropics, and that it thence proceeds with an increasing eastward motion, appearing in our northern hemisphere as the prevailing northeastward winds. Approaching the poles with a spiral motion, the air there rises, according to this hypothesis, in a vortex, and returns toward the equator in the upper atmosphere, gradually acquiring a westward motion; till, returning to the tropics, it is again brought down to the earth, and thence proceeds, with a still increasing westward motion, as the trade-winds. At the equator the air rises again, and, according to Lieut. Maury, crosses to the other side, and proceeds through a similar course in the other hemisphere.

The rising of the air at the equator is supposed to cause the equatorial rains; and the drought of the tropics is also explained by that descent of the air, in these latitudes, which this hypothesis supposes.

Now although this hypothesis explains the phenomena, it has still met with great opposition. The motions which Lieut. Maury supposes can hardly be accounted for without resorting, as is usual in such cases, to electricity or magnetism,—to some occult cause, or some occult operation of a known cause. Moreover, it has been difficult for the mechanical philosopher to understand how the winds manage to cross each other, as Lieut. Maury supposes them to do, at the equator and the tropics, without getting into "entangling alliances." If this hypothesis were advanced, not as a physical explanation of the phenomena, but, like the epicycles and eccentricities of Ptolemy, "to save the appearances," its ingenuity would be greatly to its author's credit; but, like the epicycles and eccentricities, though it represents the phenomena well enough, it contradicts laws of motion, now well known, which ought to be familiar to every physical philosopher. But these speculations of Lieut. Maury will now be superseded by a new theory of atmospheric movements, an account of which was presented by its author, Mr. J. Thompson, at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.*

Mr. Thompson's theory takes account of forces, hitherto unnoticed, which are generated by the eastward circulation of the atmosphere in high latitudes. He shows that these forces cause the prevailing northeastward under-current of our latitudes, while above this, yet below the highest northeastward current, the air ought still to move southward according to Halley's theory.

This under-current is not the immediate effect of differences of temperature, but a secondary effect induced by the friction of the earth's surface and the continual deflection of the air's eastward motion from a great circle, (in which the

* A fuller discussion of this theory the author reserved for the Royal Society. The *London Athenaeum* gives a brief abstract of his paper, in its report of the proceedings of the Association.

air tends to move,) into the small circle of the latitude, in which the air actually does move. The force of this deflection, measured by the centrifugal force of the air as it circulates around the pole, retards the movement from the equator, and finally wholly suspends it; so that the upper air circulates around in the higher latitudes as water may be made to circulate in a pail; and the air is drawn away from the polar regions as this circulatory motion is communicated to it, and tends to accumulate in the middle latitudes, as the circulating water is heaped up around the sides of the pail. Hence, in the middle latitudes there is a greater weight of air than at the poles, and this tends to press the lower air to higher latitudes. Centrifugal force, however, balances this pressure, so long as the lower air moves with the velocity of the upper strata; but as the friction of the earth retards its motion and diminishes its centrifugal force, it gradually yields to the pressure of the air above it, and moves toward the poles. Near the polar circles it is again retarded by its increasing centrifugal force, and it returns through the middle regions of the atmosphere.

Thus there are two systems of atmospheric circulation in each hemisphere. The principal one extends from the equator to high middle latitudes and partly overlies the other, which extends from the tropical calms to the polar circles. These two circulations move in opposite directions; like two wheels, when one communicates its motion to the other by the contact of their circumferences.

In the middle latitudes the lower current of the principal circulation lies upon the upper current of the secondary circulation, and both move together toward the equator. This principal lower current first touches the earth's surface beyond the tropical calms, and having lost its relative eastward motion and now tending westward, it appears as the trade-wind, very regular and constant; while the upper secondary current returns, without reaching the tropics, as an un-

der-current, and in our latitude appears as the prevailing northeastward wind,—a very feeble motion, usually lost in the weather winds and other disturbances, and only appearing distinctly in the general average.

Mr. Thompson illustrates the effect of the friction of the earth's surface on the eastward circulation of the air by a very simple experiment with a pail of water. If we put into the pail grains of any material a little heavier than water, and then give the water a rotatory motion by stirring it, the grains ought, by the centrifugal force imparted to them, to collect around the sides of the pail; but, sinking to the bottom, they do in fact tend to collect at the centre, carried inward by those currents which the friction of the sides and bottom indirectly produces.

Thus Mr. Thompson's beautiful and philosophical theory completes that of Halley, and explains all those apparent anomalies which have hitherto seemed irreconcileable with the only rational account of the trade-winds. The rainless calms of the tropics are explained by this theory without that crossing and interference of winds which Lieut. Maury supposes; for the secondary circulation returns as an under-current toward the poles without reaching the tropics, and the dry lower current of the principal circulation passes over the tropical latitudes, in its gradual descent, before it reaches the earth as the trade-winds.

These trade-winds, absorbing moisture from the sea, precipitate it as they rise again, and produce the constant equatorial rains; and these rains, doubtless, tend much more powerfully than the mere unequal distribution of heat to direct the wind toward the equator; for the fall of rain rapidly diminishes the pressure of the air and disturbs its equilibrium, so that violent winds are frequently observed to blow toward rainy districts. Thus, primarily, the unequal distribution of heat, and, more immediately, the equatorial rains cause the principal circulation of our atmosphere; and this indirectly produces the secondary cir-

culation of Mr. Thompson's theory. Both these regular movements are, however, greatly disturbed, and especially the latter, by winds which are occasioned by local and irregular rains.

In these movements and their causes we have the general outline of our subject, within which we must now sketch the weather. The causes of atmospheric movement, which we have thus far considered, are the unequal distribution of the sun's heat, the absorption and precipitation of moisture, the direct and the inductive action of the earth's rotation and friction. If to these we should add the tidal action of the sun's and moon's attractions, we should perhaps complete the list of *veræ cause* which are certainly known to exert a more or less general influence upon the atmosphere. But this short list is long enough, as we shall soon see.

If the earth were wholly covered with water of a uniform depth, its climates would be distributed with greater regularity, and the perturbations of climate would be comparatively small and regular; though even under such circumstances there would still exist a tendency to discontinuity and complexity of movements from that influence of rain, the peculiar character of which we shall soon consider.

The irregular distribution of land and water, and the peculiar action of each in imparting the heat of the sun to the incumbent air,—the irregular distribution of plains and mountains, and their various effects in different positions and at different altitudes,—the distribution of heat effected by ocean currents,—all these tend to produce permanent derangements of climate and great irregularities in the weather. To these we must add what the astronomer calls disturbing actions of the second order,—effects of the disturbances themselves upon the action of the disturbing agencies,—effects of the irregular winds upon the distribution of heat and rain, and upon the action of lands and seas, mountains and plains. Though such disturbances are compar-

atively insignificant in the motions of the planets, yet in the weather they are often more important than the primary causes.

The aggregate and permanent effect of all these disturbing causes, primary and secondary, is seen in that irregular distribution of climates, which the tortuous isothermal lines and the mottled rain-charts illustrate. The isothermal lines may be regarded as the topographical delineations of that bed of temperatures down which the upper atmosphere flows from the equator toward the poles, till its downward tendency is balanced by the centrifugal force of its eastward motion. This irregular bed shifts from month to month, from day to day, and even from hour to hour; and the lines that are drawn on the maps are only averages for the year or the season.

In the midst of these irregular, but continuous agencies, the rain introduces a peculiar discontinuity, and turns irregularity into discord. We have shown that the rain is an immediate cause of wind; but how is the rain itself produced? For so marked an effect we naturally seek a special cause; but no adequate single cause has ever been discovered. The combination of many conditions, probably, is necessary,—such as a peculiar distribution of heat and moisture and atmospheric movements; though the immediate cause of the fall of rain is doubtless the rising, and consequent expansion and cooling, of the saturated air.

The winds that blow hither and thither, vainly striving to restore equilibrium to the atmosphere, burden themselves with the moisture they absorb from the seas; and this moisture absorbs their heat, retards their motion, and slowly modifies the forces which impel them. Now when the saturated air, extending far above the surface of the earth, and carried in its movements still higher, is relieved of an incumbent weight of air, it becomes rarefied, and its temperature and capacity for moisture are simultaneously diminished; its moisture, suddenly pre-

cipitated, appears as a cloud, the particles of which collect into rain-drops and fall to the earth. Thus the air suddenly loses much of its weight, and instead of restoring equilibrium to the troubled atmosphere, it introduces a new source of disturbance. Though the weight of the air is diminished by the fall of rain, yet the bulk is increased by the expansive force of the latent heat which the condensed vapors set free. Thus the rainy air expands upwards and flows outwards, and no longer able to balance the pressure of the surrounding air, it is carried still higher by inblowing winds, which rise in turn and continue the process, often extending the storm over vast areas. The force of these movements is measured partly by the force of latent heat set free, and partly by the mechanical power of the rain-fall, a very small fraction of which constitutes the water-power of all our rivers. Such a fruitful source of disturbance, generated by so slight an accident as the upward movement of the saturated air, expanded by its own agency to so great an extent, so sudden and discontinuous in its action, so obscure in its origin, and so distinct in its effects,—such a phenomenon defies the powers of mathematical prediction, and rouses all the winds to sedition.

A storm not only disturbs the lower winds, but its influences reach even to the upper movements. The sudden expansion and rising of the rainy air delay these movements, which afterwards react as violent winds.

The forces stored away by the gradual rise of vapor and its absorption of heat, and then suddenly exhibited in a mechanical form by the effects of rain, afford an illustration of that principle of conservation and economy of power, of which there are so many examples in modern science. No power is ever destroyed. Whether exhibited as heat or mechanical force, in the products and forces of chemical or of vital action, in movement or in altered conditions of motion,—whether changed by the growth of plants into fuel or into food, and con-

verted again to heat by combustion or by vital processes, and brought out as mechanical power in the steam-engine or in the horse,—it is still the same power, and is measured in each of its forms by an invariable standard. It first appears as the heat of the sun, and a portion escapes at once back into space, while the rest passes first through a series of transformations. A part is changed into moving winds or into suspended vapor, and a part into fuel or food. From conditions of motion it is changed into motion; from motion it is changed by friction or resistance into heat, electric force, molecular vibrations, or into new conditions of motion, and passing through its course of changes, it remains embodied in its permanent effects or escapes into space as heat.

Though mechanical science will probably never be able to predict the beginning or duration of storms, it will yet, doubtless, be able to account for all their general features, and for such distinct local peculiarities as observation may determine. Great advancement has already been made in the determination of prevailing winds and in the study of storms. Two theories have been brought forward upon the general movements of storms; both have been proved, to the entire satisfaction of their advocates, by the storms themselves; and probably both are, with some limitations, true. The first of these theories we have already described. According to it, the winds move inward toward the centre of the storm; according to the other theory, they blow in a circumference around the centre.

Observations upon storms of small extent, such as thunder-storms or tornadoes, show very clearly that the winds blow toward the stormy district. But when observations are made upon the winds within the district of such extensive storms as sometimes visit the United States, the directions of the wind are found to be so various, that the advocates of either theory, making due allowance for local disturbances, can triumphantly refute their adversaries. In such storms

there are doubtless many centres or maxima of rain, and whether the wind move around or toward these centres, it would inevitably get confused.

The opinion, that the winds move around the central point or line of the storm, was strenuously maintained by the late Mr. Redfield, whose activity in his favorite pursuit has connected his name inseparably with meteorology. Others have maintained the same opinion, and the rotatory motion of the tropical hurricanes is offered as a principal proof. It is obvious from the causes of motion already considered, that, if the air is carried far, by its tendency toward a rainy district, it will acquire a secondary relative motion from its change of latitude; and this, in our hemisphere, if the air move toward the south, will be westward,—if toward the north, eastward. Hence the motion of the air from both directions toward a stormy district is deflected to the right side of the storm; and this gives rise to that motion from right to left which is observed in the hurricanes of the northern hemisphere.

To suppose, as many do, that regular winds, arising from constant and extensive causes, can come into bodily conflict and preserve their identity and original impetus for days, without immediate and strongly impelling forces to sustain their motion, implies a profound ignorance of mechanical science, and is little better than those ancient superstitions which gave a personal identity to the winds. The momentum of ordinary winds is a feeble force in comparison with those forces of pressure and friction which continually modify it. Hence sudden changes in the direction and intensity of winds must primarily arise from similar changes in these forces. But there are no known forces which change so suddenly, except the pressure and latent heat of suspended vapor; and therefore the fall of rain is the only adequate known cause of those storm-winds which, interpolated among the gentler winds, keep the atmosphere in perpetual commotion.

Storms have, however, certain habits and peculiarities, more or less regular and distinct, which depend upon locality and season. And this is what ought to be expected; for, though the storms themselves are essentially anomalous, yet many of the causes which coöperate to induce them are constant or periodic, while others are subject to but slight perturbations. It is obvious that no more moisture can be precipitated than has been evaporated, and that the winds only gain suddenly by the fall of rain the forces which they have lost at their leisure in the absorption of moisture. Thus the rage of the storm is kept within bounds, and though the exact period at which the winds are set free cannot be determined, yet their force and frequency must be subject to certain limitations. The study of the habits and peculiarities of storms is of the greatest importance to navigation and agriculture, and these arts have already been benefited by the labors of the meteorologist.

The lawlessness of the weather, within certain limitations, though discouraging to the physical philosopher, has yet its bright side for the student of final causes. The uses of the weather and its adaptation to organic life are subjects of untiring interest. The progression of the seasons, varied by differences of latitude, is also diversified and adapted to a fuller development of organic variety by irregularities of climate.

The regular alternations of day and night, summer and winter, dry seasons and wet, are adapted to those alternations of organic functions which belong to the economy of life. The vital forces of plants and of the lower orders of animals have not that self-determining capacity of change which is necessary to the complete development of life; but they persist in their present mode of action, and, when they are not modified by outward changes, reduce life to its simplest phases. Changes of growth are effected by those apparent hardships to which life is subject; and progression in new directions is effected by retro-

gression in previous modes of growth. The old leaves and branches must fall, the wood must be frost-bitten or dried, the substance of seeds must wither and then decay, the action of leaves must every night be reversed, vines and branches must be shaken by the winds, that the energies and the materials of new forms of life may be rendered active and available.

Some of the outward changes of nature are regular and periodic, while others, without law or method, are apparently adapted by their diversity to draw out the unlimited capacities and varieties of life; so that as inorganic nature approaches a regulated confusion, the more it tends to bring forth that perfect order, of which fragments appear in the incomplete system of actual organic life.

The classification of organic forms presents to the naturalist, not the structure of a regular though incomplete development, but the broken and fragmentary form of a ruin. We may suppose, then, with a recent physiological writer, that the creation of those organic forms which constitute this fragmentary system was effected in the midst of an elemental storm, a regulated confusion, uniting all the external conditions which the highest

capacities and the greatest varieties of organized life require for their fullest development; and that as the storm subsided into a simpler, but less genial diversity,—into the weather,—whole orders and genera and species sank with it from the ranks of possible organic forms. The weather, fallen from its high estate, no longer able to develope, much less to create new forms, can only sustain those that are left to its care.

Man finds himself everywhere mirrored in nature. Wayward, inconstant, always seeking rest, always impelled by new evils, the greatest of which he himself creates,—protecting and cherishing or blighting and destroying the fragmentary life of a fallen nature,—incapable himself of creating new capacities, but nourishing in prosperity and quickening in adversity those that are left,—he sees the workings of his own life in the strife of the elements. His powers and activities are related to his spiritual capacities, as inorganic movements are related to an organizing life. The resurrection of his higher nature is like a new creation, secret, sudden, inconsequent. “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.”

AKIN BY MARRIAGE.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE designs of Mr. Elam Hunt upon the hand of Laura Stebbins have already been mentioned, in a former chapter of this history, as well as the fact that his hopes were encouraged by Mrs. Jaynes, who (to make no secret of the matter) had pledged her word to the enamored

Elam, that when he should be settled in a parish of his own, Laura should be added to complete the sum of his felicity.

To this agreement Laura herself was not a party; nay, her consent had never been so much as asked; for though Elam knew that marriage by proxy was im-

possible, and, indeed, would doubtless have preferred to be the bridegroom at his own wedding, he had no objection whatever to a vicarious courtship; for he was not a forward suitor, delighting to prattle of his pains to his fair tormentor, as the way of many is. But touching all the terms and conditions of this contract Laura was informed by Mrs. Jaynes, who, when the other protested with tears and sobs against this disposition of her person without even asking her leave thereto, replied, with a quiet voice and manner, that she had the right to make the promise in Laura's name, and had done so upon due consideration.

This ominous reserve frightened Laura far more than an angry reply would have done; for when her sister spoke with such brief decision, it was a sign that her mind was made up; and Laura knew full well the resolute purpose with which Mrs. Jaynes was wont to pursue any design that she had once formed. She distrusted her own ability to withstand her sister's inflexible will, and felt a secret misgiving, that, in spite of herself, she would by some means be forced or persuaded to yield at last. This very lack of faith in her own power of resistance caused her more distress and terror than all her other fears. Sometimes she almost fancied a spell of enchantment had been put upon her, which would render all her efforts to escape her fate as unavailing as the struggles of a gnat in a spider's web.

A friend in time of trouble is like a staff to one that is lame or weary. But when Laura, in these straits, leaned upon her dearest friend, Cornelia, for aid and comfort, she found but a broken reed; for, instead of words of consolation and encouragement, Cornelia uttered only dismal prophecies that Laura was surely doomed to be the young parson's bride.

"If you only had another lover to run away with, now," said she, "why, then it would be delightful to have your sister act as she does; but, as it is, I'm sure I don't see any way to avoid it."

"Nor I," cried Laura, sinking still deeper in despair. "Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"In novels, you know," pursued Cornelia, "where there's a cruel, tyrannical father, like your sister, there's always a hero in love with the heroine——"

"I'm sure I wish there was a hero in love with me," said Laura, thinking of her own hero in regiments. "I'd run away with him," she added, with animation, "if—if both his legs were shot off," —not considering duly, I dare say, how greatly such a dreadful mutilation, however glorious in itself, would conflict with the rapid locomotion essential to her plan of elopement.

But when Tira Blake came to be told of Laura's trouble, and the reasons of it, that sage and prudent friend gave counsel that cheered her like a cordial, telling her it would be sinful to marry a man whom she disliked so heartily, and that in such a matter no one had the right to demand or enforce obedience.

"It's bad enough to be married when you're willin'," said she; "but when you a'n't willin', there's no law nor no gospel to make you."

"But if Maria should compel me, what should I do?" cried Laura, to whom her sister's will seemed more mighty than both law and gospel.

"She can't," replied Statira, sententiously; "she can't. Her 'yes,' in such a case, is only good for herself; it can't make you any man's wife.—What shall you do? Why, nothin',—nothin' in the world. If they should bring bridegroom and parson, and stand you up side of him by main force, (which of course is foolish to think of their doing so, only I suppose it just to show you what I mean,) even in such a case you needn't do anything. Keep your mouth shut and your head from bobbin', and there a'n't lawyers, nor squires, nor parsons, nor parsons' wives either, for that matter, enough in all Connecticut to marry you to a mouse, let alone a man. Humph!" added Miss Blake, with scornful accent, "I should like to see 'em set out to

marry *me* to anybody I didn't want to have!"

There was nothing in all that Tira said which Laura did not know before; but it was uttered in such a way that it sounded in her ears like a new revelation, filling her heart with peace and comfort, and inspiring her with hope and courage. The magic spell that had enthralled her spirit was broken by the power of a few cheery, confident, assuring words. A heavy weight seemed lifted from her heart, and, relieved from the pressure, her spirits rose, joyous and elastic. The shadow was dispelled which had darkened her future, and the sun seemed to shine brighter and the birds to sing more sweetly. She herself was changed,—or at least it was hard to believe she was the same Laura Stebbins who, the night before, had cried herself to sleep, and whose doleful visage, that very morning, had looked out at her from the mirror. She flew at Tira in a transport, and, without asking her leave, kissed her twenty times in less than a minute, after a fashion that (I say it with reverence) would have tantalized even a deacon. She clapped her hands, she laughed, she danced, she went swaying on tiptoe around the room with a jaunty step, singing and keeping time to a waltz-tune; and finally, pausing near the window, she doubled a tiny fist, as white as a snowball, bringing it down into the rosy palm of her other hand with a gesture of resolute determination, at the same time uttering, through closed teeth and with compressed and puckered lips, an oft-repeated vow, that, never, *never*, the longest day she lived, would she marry Elam Hunt, to please anybody,—as her sister Maria (said she, with a saucy toss of the head) would find, if she tried to make her!

I doubt greatly, whether, if Laura had known what I am now going to tell my reader, she would have indulged in such vivacious pranks, and bold, defiant words: namely, that Mrs. Jaynes was hearing everything she said, and, in fact, had listened to and taken special heed of nearly

the whole conversation, a part of which has been set forth above. Coming through the wicket in the garden fence, on an errand to the Bugbee kitchen, the sound of her own name, in Laura's excited tones, struck Mrs. Jaynes's ear and excited her curiosity. Walking nearer to the house, and concealing herself behind a little thicket of lilac bushes, near the open window of Statira's bedroom, she was enabled to hear with distinctness almost every word uttered by the unconscious conspirators, who were plotting against the fulfilment of her cherished project.

There is good reason for believing that what Mrs. Jaynes overheard, while lying in ambush, as has been related, excited in her heart emotions of indignation and resentment. Be that as it may, no trace of displeasure was visible upon her face or in her voice or manner, when, a few minutes afterwards, she stood by the side of the unsuspecting Tira, in the back veranda of the house, holding in her hand a plate containing a pat of butter she had just borrowed from the Doctor's housekeeper, while the latter, peeping through the curtain of vine-leaves, gazed at as pretty a spectacle as just then could have been seen anywhere in Belfield. On the grassplot, in the shade of a great cherry-tree, Laura and Helen were playing at graces. Both were full of frolicsome glee; the former, with spirits in their first glad rebound from recent despondency, being wild with gaiety, enjoying the sport no less than the merry child, her playmate. Laura's glowing face was fairly radiant with beauty, and her figure was unconsciously displayed in such a variety of bewitching attitudes and dainty postures, that even a pair of frisky kittens, that had been chasing each other round the grassplot and up and down the stems of the cherry-trees, ceased their gambols and lay still, crouching in the grass, and watching her graceful motions, as if taking heed for future imitation. If Kit and Tabby really did regard Laura with admiration and complacency, it was more

than I can say for Mrs. Jaynes, in whose heart a secret rage was burning, though her aspect and demeanor were as placid and demure as if the butter she held in her hand would not have melted in her pursed-up mouth.

Mrs. Jaynes, for reasons of her own, thought proper to keep her temper in control, abstaining from any manifestation of displeasure for a much longer time than while she remained standing in the back veranda of Doctor Bugbee's house. She did not think it prudent to apprise Laura that her rebellious conference with Statira had been discovered, nor to forbid her from holding further communication with her evil counsellors; but contented herself, for the present, with keeping a stricter watch over her sister's conduct, by practising with increased rigor and vigilance that efficient system of tactics hereinbefore commemorated, by which the ardor of Laura's chance admirers was repressed and their advances repelled, and by alluding, from time to time, to Laura's prospective nuptials, as to an event predestined and inevitable, or, at least, no less sure to come to pass than if Laura herself had engaged her hand to Mr. Hunt of her own free will and accord, and was only waiting to be asked to name the wedding-day.

It was many months after Elam left the shady height of East Windsor Hill before he received a call to settle; for though he preached in different parts on trial, before many congregations that were destitute of pastors, none of these fastidious flocks would listen to his voice a second time, or agree to choose him for its shepherd. At last, however, the people of Walbury, a town in Windham County, lying nearly twenty miles from Belfield, made choice of Mr. Hunt to be their spiritual guide, and accordingly extended to him an invitation to be ordained and installed as the settled minister over their ancient parish. Upon receiving this proposal, Elam at once despatched a letter to his friend and ally, Mrs. Jaynes, informing her of his

good fortune, and suggesting that Laura should at once bestir herself in preparations for their wedding, in order that this blissful event might precede his ordination. Then, after waiting for the lapse of that period of decorous delay which immemorial usage has prescribed in such cases, he indited an epistle to the church in Walbury, stating, in proper and accustomed form, that his native humility inclined him to refuse their request; but that, after a wrestle with his inclinations, he had got the better of them, and had resolved to sacrifice his own wishes and feelings, and to enter the field of labor to which the Israel in Walbury had invited him.

A year and more had elapsed since Laura, encouraged by Tira Blak's assuring words, had begun to hope that a better fate was in store for her than to become the wife of a man she detested. Meanwhile, Elam had often come to Belfield, sometimes preaching a sermon for Mr. Jaynes, and going away again, after a brief sojourn, without having opened his mouth to Laura to speak of love or marriage. At his later visits it was evident that he was inclined to despond about his prospects of getting a settlement, and Laura began to entertain strong hopes that he never would be successful; for she would have given up all the chances of beholding her military hero in person, and would have been content to live a maid forever, continually waiting for Elam, if she could have been assured the time would never come for him to claim her.

But, one morning, after breakfast, having made her bed and arranged her chamber, singing blithely all the while, she was just going to sit down by the window with her sewing, when Mrs. Jaynes came in with a letter in her hand. Laura guessed at once that the letter was from Elam, and that it contained the news of which the reader has been apprised already. Though she did not need to read the letter in order to inform herself of its contents, she took it in her hand, when her sis-

ter bade her read it, and made a pretence of obedience, shuddering, meanwhile, with disgust and terror. At last she came to the conclusion of the epistle, where Elam had mentioned his desire to be married before being ordained, and had subscribed himself as united in gospel bonds to the worthy lady to whom the letter was addressed. Then, folding up the paper with trembling hands, she held it towards her sister, without daring to look up, or to say a word.

"Now, Laura," asked Mrs. Jaynes, in a quiet tone, "when can you be ready to be married?"

Laura tried to speak, and looked up, with a pale, frightened face, into her sister's impassive countenance. Her white lips failed to form the words she strove to utter.

"When shall the wedding be?" said Mrs. Jaynes, with a smile of affected sportiveness. "Name the happy day, my love."

"Happy day!" repeated poor Laura. "Oh, Maria!"

"Why, what's the matter, child?" said Mrs. Jaynes; "what are you crying for?"

"Oh, dear, dear sister!" sobbed Laura, falling on her knees at Mrs. Jaynes's feet, "do hear me! You are my mother, for you fill her place."

"I have endeavored to do so," said Mrs. Jaynes.

"Then, for God's sake, don't make me marry this horrid man!" pursued Laura. "Don't tell me that I must! Don't force me to such a fate!" And with many passionate words, like these, Laura implored her sister not to lay any command upon her to marry Elam Hunt.

"Hush, Laura! hush, my dear child!" said Mrs. Jaynes, who had anticipated this scene, and was well prepared with her replies. "Be calm; you behave absurdly. I have no power to force you to marry any man. I don't expect to compel you to accept Mr. Hunt for a husband. For at least two years past I had supposed, however, that it was your intention to do so. If you have changed your mind, and if you wish to break an

engagement that has subsisted so long, whether for or without cause, I cannot prevent it. You have read so many foolish romances, that your head is turned, and you fancy yourself a heroine in distress. But let me tell you, my dear, that in real life, here, in New England, a woman cannot be forced to marry. So calm your transports, wipe your eyes, and get up from your knees. I'm not to be kneeled to, pray remember."

Laura did as she was told,—so much abashed that she dared not look up. To increase her confusion, her sister began to laugh.

"I beg your pardon, dear," said she, "but, ha, ha, ha! it was so funny!—like a scene in a play, I should think."

"I know I've been silly, Maria," said Laura, weeping again,—with shame, this time.

"Never mind, dear," said her sister, in a kind tone, "we're all silly sometimes. You'll never be guilty of the folly again, at any rate, of supposing that girls can be married, in spite of themselves, by cruel sisters; eh, Laura?"

"Oh, Maria, do forgive me!" cried Laura, blushing crimson. "I was so very silly!"

"Well, let it all go," said Mrs. Jaynes, kissing her. "Now we'll talk about this letter. Tell me why you don't wish to marry Mr. Hunt. If you have any good reason against it, I'm sure I don't desire it; though, I confess, having supposed so long it was a settled thing, I had set my heart upon it. Perhaps this disappointment has been sent to me for some wise purpose," added Mrs. Jaynes, with a pious sigh.

Thus encouraged, Laura opened her heart and began to talk, saying that she didn't like Mr. Hunt, that she didn't love him, that she disliked him, and hated him, and that he was hateful, and horrid, and awful, and dreadful, and so homely, and pale, and pimpled, and, ugh! she should never like him, nor love him, but always dislike him, and hate him. And on she went in this manner, till her fervor was cooled, and she had exhausted, by fre-

quent repetition, every form of speech capable of expressing her great repugnance to a union with Elam Hunt. In conclusion, she said she was willing never to marry, but would remain with her sister and work for her and the children all her life.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Jaynes. "We'll talk of your kind offer presently; and you will see, I think, that I have no desire that you should live and die an old maid, even in case you do not marry Mr. Hunt."

"I'm sure I'd rather than not," said Laura, with a twinge of conscience at the thought of her hero.

"Have you said all that you've got to say?" asked Mrs. Jaynes, very quietly.

Laura looked up into her sister's grave, sober face, and felt a chill of vague apprehension begin to take the place of the hopeful glow in her heart.

"Eh?" said Mrs. Jaynes, inquiringly.

"Y—yes," faltered Laura, "only this,—I don't like him, and he's such a horrid, disgusting man,—and—and—that's all, I believe, except that I don't like him, and think he's *so* disagreeable,—and—oh, yes! there's another thing,—he wears blue spectacles,—ugh! *blue* spectacles!"

"Is there anything more?" said Mrs. Jaynes, still speaking with the same even, quiet voice.

"N—no," said Laura, "only I ——" and here she paused.

"Don't like him," added Mrs. Jaynes, supplying the words.

"Yes, that's it," said Laura. "I know I'm foolish, but ——"

"It's much to confess it," said Mrs. Jaynes. "Now that I've patiently heard all that you have to say, I wish to be heard a few words in favor of a dear and worthy friend of mine, against whom you appear to entertain a groundless antipathy."

"No, not groundless," interposed Laura.

"Well, I'll agree that a pale, studious face and blue spectacles are good reasons for hating a man. Now let me say a

word or two in his favor, notwithstanding, and also in favor of a plan which I had supposed was agreed upon, and which I dislike extremely to see abandoned. You have reasons against it, which you have stated. I have reasons for it, which I will state. But first answer me two or three simple questions, 'yes' or 'no,'—will you, dear?"

And Laura assenting, she went on to ask if Mr. Hunt was not good, and pious, and of blameless life and reputation; extorting from Laura an affirmative reply to each separate inquiry.

"He's all these good qualities, then, to offset the complexion of his face and spectacles," resumed Mrs. Jaynes. "Now let us look at the matter in a worldly point of view. He is able to give you not only a place, but the very highest position in society; he can offer you, not wealth, but competence, which is better than either poverty or riches. Why, my dear, there are a hundred girls in this town, many of whom excel you in everything which men think desirable in a wife, except, perhaps, the poor, perishable quality of beauty,—girls of good family, rich, or likely to be so, intelligent, well educated, some of them, to say the least, almost as pretty as you, any one of whom would think herself honored by this offer which you despise; for most people are aware that to be a minister's wife, in New England, is, my dear, to occupy, as I have just said, the very summit of the social structure."

Here Mrs. Jaynes made a period, and watched the effect of her words. After a pause she resumed by alluding to Laura's offer to remain with her always, without marrying; and while poor Laura listened with a feeling as if the very earth was sinking beneath her feet, Mrs. Jaynes reminded her that she was a penniless orphan, who had been maintained for years by the bounty of one upon whom she had no claim, except that she was the sister of his wife.

"I have no right, you know, my dear," continued Mrs. Jaynes, "to tell you that you may stay here longer. Jabez,

doubtless, would bid you remain and welcome, as he told you to come and welcome. But young women are usually expected to marry, at or near your age. It is probable, indeed I know, that, at the time you came, this event was thought of, and taken into account. Mr. Jaynes is Mr. Hunt's warm friend and admirer. He expects that you are going to marry this good friend. What will be his reflections when he learns that you prefer to remain here, a pensioner upon his income, rather than to marry such a man as Mr. Hunt, whose only demerits are his blue spectacles and pale complexion?"

Here Laura turned so white, and looked so woful, that her tormentor paused, in apprehension that the poor girl was going to swoon.

"Oh, my God! what shall I do?" cried Laura, beating her palms together, in sore distress.

"You know," resumed Mrs. Jaynes, watching her sister carefully, and speaking softly, "you know that Mr. Jaynes's salary is not large. It used to be more than sufficient for our wants, but the children are getting to be more expensive every year. Their clothes cost more, and the boys, at least, ought soon to go away to school, and Jabez has set his heart upon sending Newton to college. If—well, never mind, dear, I'll say no more; but when I think of this offer of Mr. Hunt,—such a good offer, especially to one in your circumstances, from such a worthy, talented, pious young clergyman, whose preference Julia Bramhall or Cornelia Bugbee, with their thousands, would be glad to win,—who is going to be settled in a good old parish, like Walbury, and receive at once a salary almost as large, I dare say, as Mr. Jaynes's,—I do say, Laura, that you ought to give better reasons for refusing him, nay, for jilting him, after a two-years' engagement, than that his cheeks are pale and his spectacles blue. We love you, Laura, and are willing to give you a home and the best we can afford to eat and drink and wear, but Mr.

Hunt loves you as well, or better, and offers you more than we have it in our power to bestow. Take the day for reflection. To-morrow Mr. Hunt will be here. Think, my child, whether you will be justified in rejecting this offer. Your refusal, bear in mind, imposes upon others a sacrifice of something more than childish whims and silly prejudices. In order that you may have time and opportunity to give this important matter due consideration, you had better remain in your chamber. But don't fancy yourself a prisoner. If you choose to see any one that calls, you can do so. But, my dear, I cannot permit you to go and seek those who, from spite and malice against me, would take delight in giving you evil couns'l."

With this sharp innuendo against Tira Blake, in which she thought she might now safely indulge, Mrs. Jaynes concluded her speech and went out softly, leaving poor Laura in a stupor of despair, sitting with her hands clasped in her lap and her head drooping on her bosom.

At last, looking up with a glance so woful that one would scarcely have known her, Laura perceived she was alone. She rose, went to the door and locked it, standing for a moment trembling, until of a sudden she fell a-crying piteously, and began to walk to and fro across her chamber, wringing her hands like one distraught, and sometimes throwing herself upon the bed, wailing and moaning all the while as if her heart would break indeed. And, truly, she had some reason for the violence of her grief. Not being a thoughtful person, nor given to meditation, she had never before duly considered that her maintenance was a matter of cost and calculation to those who provided it, nor reflected that she had no rightful claim upon those who gave her shelter, food, and clothing. She had been thankful to her protectors for their kindness, but the sentiment she entertained for them was more like filial love than gratitude. For the first time she realized that she was a pensioner on another's bounty,

and felt the sharp sting of conscious dependence.

At length, growing more calm after the first passionate outbreak of frantic sorrow had subsided, she dried her eyes and sat down on purpose to think. Poor child! Serious deliberation was a new exercise to her mind. Besides, her head ached, her brain seemed in a whirl, and her heart was so full and heavy she wanted to do nothing but cry with all her might till the burden was gone. But think she must, and knitting her brows and stifling her sobs, she tried to think. What could she do? Oh, if she could but ask Tira! But what good could Tira do? What could she tell her? It was not her sister that was forcing her, but Fate itself! All that her sister had told her was true, every word. The tone of her voice, her manner, had been unusually kind and gentle. There was nothing she had said that she could be blamed for saying. Tira herself must admit that it was all true and reasonable,—but, oh, how very dreadful! Then she conjured up to view the image of Elam Hunt,—his lank, slim figure, arrayed in sombre black,—his pale, cadaverous visage, spotted with pimples and blue blotches of close-shaven beard,—his spectral glance of admiration through those detestable blue spectacles. She imagined that she felt the clammy touch of his long, skinny fingers, and cold, flabby palm. She reflected upon the probability, nay, the certainty, that she must marry this man, for whom she felt such an invincible repugnance, and in a frenzy of dismay and terror she screamed aloud and started up as if to fly. Then, recollecting herself, she sank down moaning.—Oh, heavens! she thought, there was no escape, no help! How wretched she was! how utterly miserable! all alone, alone, in such a dreary, lonesome world, with no home, nor father, nor mother, nor brother,—with only a sister who had a husband and children, whom she loved, as she ought, far better than she did her. There was nobody to whom she was the dearest of

all,—nobody, except Elam Hunt, whom she hated and loathed with all her heart, and the very thought of whose love made her shudder. What could she do? To stay and be a burden for her friends to support was worse than anything. That, at least, she was resolved to do no longer. If she were only strong enough, she would go where nobody knew her and work at housework, or in a factory, or anywhere. Oh, if she only knew enough to teach school! She should like that. It would be so pleasant to have the children love her, and bring her flowers to put upon her desk! But, oh, dear! she didn't know enough, she feared. For all that she had graduated at the Academy, she never dared to write a letter without looking up all the hard words of it in the dictionary, to see how they were spelt;—and parsing! and doing sums!—oh, gracious! she never could teach school,—that was out of the question!

At last, after a long fit of silent musing, during which she had bit her lips, and frowned, and gazed abstractedly at the wall, a gleam of hope lit up her face, soon brightening into a smile. She had hit upon a plan! She could learn the milliner's trade! She had always been handy with her needle, and liked nothing better than to arrange laces and ribbons and flowers. She could easily learn to make and trim a bonnet, she thought; at least, she could try. At first it would come hard to sit cooped up in those little back shops, sewing and stitching from morning till night; but it was better than marrying Elam Hunt, or than eating other people's bread. Then she began to build castles in the air, as her custom was. She fancied herself a milliner's apprentice, working away at bonnets and caps, among a group of other girls,—sometimes rising to attend upon a customer, or peeping out between the folds of a curtain at people in the front shop. She wondered whether Cornelia and Helen would be ashamed of knowing a milliner's apprentice, if they should chance to see her in Hartford.

What would her schoolmates say? and would her hero despise a girl that worked for a livelihood? Then she whimpered a little, thinking how lonesome she would be, for a while, among strangers; but it was a kind of lamentation that differed widely from the frantic weeping of the morning. Then, all at once, a doubt began to depress her new-born hopes. Could she get a place? She was a stranger in Hartford, and beyond that city she dared not send her thoughts. Could Tira get a place for her? She feared not, for Tira herself seldom went to the city. But there was Doctor Bugbee, who knew a great many people there, and who was so rich and powerful, that even in Hartford, though it was a city, his word must have great influence. Besides, the firm of Bugbee Brothers purchased large quantities of goods at some of the great millinery shops. The Doctor's own private custom was not small, for Cornelia dressed as became her condition, and even little Helen scorned to wear a bonnet unless it came from Hartford. Doctor Bugbee could help her to find a place. Doubtless he would be willing, nay, even glad, to assist her in her trouble. At any rate, she would ask him. But how was she to see him? He was not likely to call upon her, unless she feigned sickness, and sent for him; for her sister would not permit her to go to his house, where she would be sure to see Tira. Besides, the Doctor's manner had of late grown so distant and forbidding, that she was a little fearful of obtruding herself upon his notice. Though sorry for this change, she had never laid it so much to heart as to be grieved or affronted; for even his children complained of his altered behavior, and all his friends had noticed the gloomy expression which his face sometimes wore. But now she troubled herself with wondering whether she had given him any cause to be offended with her. Perhaps her giddy nonsense and thoughtless gayety, which when he himself was cheerful and happy he had listened to without displeasure, had vexed

and annoyed him in his moods of sadness and dejection. But what else could she do than solicit his aid? The favor, though small for him to grant, would be of immense benefit to her, and the good-hearted Doctor would not be likely to refuse. She would tell him how friendless she was, and beg him to help the fatherless in her distress. She knew that he would not turn her away. At all events, she could try.

Coming at last to this conclusion, and wonderfully cheered and strengthened by the purpose she had formed, she washed her face, arranged her dishevelled hair, and smoothed her rumpled dress. Then sitting down behind the window-curtain, she began to watch for Cornelia, hoping her friend would not long delay her accustomed visit to the parsonage. But it happened that Cornelia had that very day begun a novel, in three volumes, the heroine of which was represented to be a young lady whose extreme beauty and amiable temper made her deserving of better treatment than she received at the hands of the hard-hearted author, who suffered her to be cheated and bullied by a scheming and brutal guardian, to be slandered by his envious daughter, persecuted by a dissolute nobleman, haunted by a spectre, shut up in a tower, exposed to manifold dangers, beset by robbers, abducted, assaulted, barely rescued, and, finally, even teased and tormented by the chosen lover of her heart, a jealous-pated fellow, who was always making her miserable and himself ridiculous by his absurd suspicions and fractious behavior.

Sympathizing deeply with this distressed young woman, whose unexampled misfortunes and troubles would have touched the heart of even a marble statue, Cornelia was weeping dolefully over a page near the end of the second volume, where the lady's lover, in a fit of senseless jealousy, tears her miniature from his bosom, renounces her affection, and leaves her swooning upon the floor. Just then Helen rushed into her chamber, with a summons from Laura to hasten

at once to her side. For Laura, after long watching, had caught sight of Helen jumping the rope on the grassplot, and by means of coughing and waving her handkerchief from the window had attracted the notice of the child, who, coming to the paling, had received the message she forthwith bore to Cornelius, adding to it the information that Laura's eyes appeared to be almost as red as Cornelius's own.

Staying only to finish the volume, Cornelius repaired to comfort and console

her friend, to whose chamber she found ready access in spite of some vague misgivings in Mrs. Jaynes's mind. But, shrewd as this lady was by nature, and apprehensive as she felt that some untoward accident would prevent the accomplishment of her cherished plans, she never dreamed of the momentous results that were to follow this interview, apparently so harmless, between Laura and her friend; nor would it be fitting to suffer an account of so important a conference to appear at the end of a chapter.

[To be continued in the next Number.]

SPARTACUS.

THE Romans had many virtues, and conspicuous amongst these was the virtue of impartiality. They treated everybody with equal inhumanity. They were as pitiless towards the humble as towards the proud. The quality of mercy was utterly unknown to them. Their motto,

"*Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos,*"

Fowell Buxton has happily translated, "They murdered all who resisted them, and enslaved the rest."

But it was as slaveholders that the Romans most clearly exhibited their impartiality. They were above those miserable subterfuges that are so common with Americans. They made slaves of all, of the high as well as the low,—of Thracians as well as Sardinians, of Greeks and Syrians as readily as of Scythians and Cappadocians.

The consequence of the modes by which the Romans obtained their bondmen,—by war, by purchase, and by kidnapping,—affecting as they did the most cultivated and the bravest races, necessarily made slavery a very dangerous institution. Greeks and Gauls, Thracians and Syrians, Germans and Spaniards were not

likely to submit their necks readily to the yoke. They rose several times in great masses, and contended for years on equal terms with the legions. Some of their number exhibited the talents of statesmen and soldiers, at the head of armics more numerous than both those which fought at Cannæ. One of them showed himself to be a born soldier, and caused the greatest terror to be felt at Rome that had been known there since that day on which Hannibal rode up to the Colline Gate, and cast his javelin defiantly into that city which he himself never could enter.

The treatment of their slaves by the Romans was not unlike that which slaves now experience. Some masters were kind, and there are many facts which show that the relations between master and slave were occasionally of the most amiable nature. But these were exceptional cases, the general rule being cruelty, as it must be where so much power is lodged in the hands of one class of men, and the other has only a nominal protection from the law. Even where cruelty takes no other form than that involved in hard labor, the slave must

experience intolerable oppression. Now the Romans were the most avaricious people that ever lived. They had a hearty love of money for money's sake. They would do anything for gold. Such men were not likely to let their slaves grow fat from light tasks and abundant food; their food was light, and their tasks were heavy. So ill-fed were they that they were compelled to rob on the highway, and were encouraged to do so by their owners. Indeed, much of the private economy of the Romans was founded on cruelty to their slaves. Some, who have come down to us as model men, were infamous for their maltreatment of their bondmen. The life of any foreigner was of but little account with any Roman, but enslaved foreigners were regarded as on a level with brutes. Many anecdotes are related of the ferocious disregard of all humanity which the world's masters manifested towards the servile classes. There is a story told by Cicero, in one of the Verrine Orations, which peculiarly illustrates this feature of the Roman character. The praetorian edicts forbade slaves to carry arms. There were no exceptions. A boar of great size was once given to Lucius Donitius, who was a Sicilian Praetor. Its size caused him to ask by whom it was slain; and on being informed that the hunter was a shepherd and slave, he sent for him. The slave, not doubting that he should be rewarded for his bravery, hastened to present himself before the Praetor, who asked him what he killed the animal with. "With a spear," was the answer; whereupon the Praetor ordered that he should be immediately crucified. This was but one of thousands of similar acts that were perpetrated by Romans through many generations.

The slaves, as we have remarked, occasionally revolted, and the efforts that were found necessary to subdue them rose sometimes to the dignity of wars. The first Servile War of the Romans occurred in Sicily. There were various reasons why this fine island should become the scene of servile wars sooner

than other portions of the Roman dominions. Upon the final expulsion of the Carthaginians, about the middle of the second Punic War, great changes of property ensued. Speculators from Italy rushed into the island, "who," says Arnold, "in the general distress of the Sicilians, bought up large tracts of land at a low price, or became the occupiers of estates which had belonged to Sicilians of the Carthaginian party, and had been forfeited to Rome after the execution or flight of their owners. The Sicilians of the Roman party followed the example, and became rich out of the distress of their countrymen. Slaves were to be had cheap; and corn was likely to find a sure market whilst Italy was suffering from the ravages of war. Accordingly, Sicily was crowded with slaves, employed to grow corn for the great landed proprietors, whether Sicilian or Italian, and so ill-fed by their masters that they soon began to provide for themselves by robbery. The poorer Sicilians were the sufferers from this evil; and as the masters were well content that their slaves should be maintained at the expense of others, they were at no pains to restrain their outrages. Thus, although nominally at peace, though full of wealthy proprietors, and though exporting corn largely every year, yet Sicily was teeming with evils, which, seventy or eighty years after, broke out in the horrible atrocities of the Servile War."*

The Sicilian Servile War began b. c. 133, only a few years after the destruction of Carthage and Corinth, and when the military power of the republic was probably at its height, though military discipline may have been somewhat relaxed from the old standard. It lasted two or three years. The chief of the slaves had at one time two hundred thousand followers, inclusive, probably, of women and children. He was a Syrian of Apamea, named Eunus, and had been a prophet and conjurer among the slaves. To his prophecies and tricks he

* Arnold, *History of Rome*, Vol. III. pp. 317-318, London edition.

owed his elevation when the rebellion broke out. According to some accounts, he was rather a cunning than an able man; but it should be recollected that his enemies only have drawn his portrait. The victories he so often won over the Roman forces are placed to the credit of his lieutenant, a Cilician of the name of Cleon; but he must have been a man of considerable ability to have maintained his position so long, and to have commanded the services of those said to have been his superiors. Cleon's superiority was probably only that of the soldier. He fell in battle, and Eunus was made prisoner, but died before he could be brought to punishment,—no doubt, to the vast regret of his savage captors.

In the year b. c. 103, another Servile War broke out in Sicily, and was not brought to an end until after four years of hard fighting. The leaders were Salvius, or Tryphon, an Italian, and Athenion, a Cilician, or Greek. Both showed considerable talent, but owed their leadership, Salvius to his knowledge of divination, and Athenion to his pretensions to astrology. They were often successful, and it was not until a Consul had taken the field against them that the slaves were subdued, the chiefs having successively fallen, and no one arising to make their place good.

The next great Servile War was on a grander scale, though briefer, than either of the Sicilian contests. Its scene was Italy, and it was conducted, on the part of the rebels, by the profoundest military genius ever encountered by the Romans, with the exception, perhaps, of Hannibal. We speak of SPARTACUS, who defeated many Roman armies, and disputed with the all-conquering republic the dominion of the Italian Peninsula, and with it that of the civilized world. This war took place b. c. 73–71, while Rome was engaged in hostilities with Sertorius and Mithridates; and it was brought to an end only by the exertions of the ablest generals the republic then had,—the great Pompeius having been summoned from Spain, and it being in contemplation to or-

der home Lucullus from the East. In the war with Hannibal the Romans showed their fearlessness by sending troops to Spain while the Carthaginian with his army was lying under their walls; but they called troops and generals from Spain to their assistance against the Thracian gladiator. He must have been a man of extraordinary powers to have accomplished so much with the means at his disposal. It has been regarded as a proof of the astonishing powers of Hannibal as a commander, that he could keep together, and in effective condition, an army composed of the outcasts, as it were, of many nations, and win with it great victories, scattered over a long period of time; yet this was less than was done by Spartacus. The Carthaginian, like Alexander, succeeded to an army formed by his father, next after himself the ablest man of the age. The Thracian, without country or home, and an outlaw from the beginning of his enterprise, had to create an army, and that out of the most heterogeneous and apparently the most unpromising materials. The palm must be assigned to the latter.

To what race did Spartacus belong? We are told that he was a Thracian, his family being shepherds. The Thracians were a brave people, but by no means remarkable for the highest intellectual superiority; yet Spartacus was eminently a man of mind, with large views, and an original genius for organization and war. Plutarch pays him the highest compliment in his power, by admitting that he deserved to be regarded as belonging to the Hellenic race. He was, says the old Lifemaker, “a man not only of great courage and strength, but, in judgment and mildness of character, superior to his condition, and more like a Greek than one would expect from his nation.” It is not impossible that he had Greek blood in his veins. Thrace was hard by Greece, had many Greek cities, and its full proportion of those Greek adventurers, military and civil, who were to be found in every country and city, from Spain to

Persia, from Gades to Ecbatana. What more probable than that among his ancestors were Greeks? At the same time it must be admitted that the Thracians themselves were capable of producing eminent men, being a superior physical race, and prevented only by the force of circumstances from attaining to a respectable position. They were renowned for soldierlike qualities, which caused the Romans to give them the preference as gladiators,—a dubious honor, to say the best of it.

How, and under what circumstances, Spartacus became a gladiator, is a point by no means clear. We cannot trust the Roman accounts, as it was a meritorious thing, in the opinion of a Roman, for a man to lie for his country, as well as to die for it. Florus states, that he was first a Thracian mercenary, then a Roman soldier, then a deserter and robber, and then, because of his strength, a gladiator from choice. But, to say nothing of the national prejudices of Florus, he writes like a man who felt it to be a particular grievance that Romans should have been compelled to fight slaves, and particularly gladiators. This is in striking contrast with Plutarch, who was a contemporary of Florus, but whose patriotic pride was not wounded by the victories which the Thracian gladiator won over Roman generals. Indeed, as he was willing to admit that Spartacus ought to have been a Greek, we may suppose that he was pleased to read of his victories,—a not unnatural thing in a provincial, and particularly in a Greek, who knew so well what his country had once been. Plutarch says not a word about the Thracian having been a soldier and a thief, but introduces him with one of his good stories. "They say," he tells us, "that when Spartacus was first taken to Rome to be sold, a snake was seen folded over his face while he was sleeping, and a woman, of the same tribe with Spartacus, who was skilled in divination, and possessed by the mysterious rites of Dionysus, declared that this was a sign of a great and formidable power, which would

attend him to a happy termination." She was the Thracian's wife, or mistress, being connected with him by some tender tie, and was with him when he subsequently escaped from Capua. In the bloody drama of the War of Spartacus hers is the sole relieving figure, and we would fain know more of her, for it could have been no ordinary woman who was loved by such a man.

The passion of the Romans for gladiatorial combats is well known. Not a few persons followed the calling of gladiator-trainers, and had whole corps of these doomed men, whom they let to those who wished to get up such shows. There were several schools of gladiators, the chief of which were at Ravenna and Capua, where garrisons were maintained to keep the pupils in subjection. According to one account, Spartacus, while on a predatory incursion, was made prisoner, and afterwards sold to Cneius Lentulus Batius, a trainer of gladiators, who sent him to his school at Capua. He was to have fought at Rome. But he had higher thoughts than of submitting to so degrading a destiny as the being "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Most of his companions were Gauls and Thracians, the bravest of men, who bore confinement with small patience. They conspired to make their escape,—the chief conspirators being Spartacus and two others, who were subsequently made his lieutenants,—Crixus, a Gaul, and Oenomaus, a Greek. Some two hundred persons were in the conspiracy, but only a portion of them succeeded in breaking the school bounds. Florus says that not more than thirty got out, while Velleius makes the number to have been sixty-four, and Plutarch seventy-eight. Having armed themselves with spits, knives, and cleavers, from a cook's shop, they hastened out of Capua. Passing along the Appian Way, they fell in with a number of wagons loaded with gladiators' weapons, which they seized, and were thus placed in good fighting condition. Shortly after this they encountered a small body of sol-

diers, whom they routed, and whose arms they substituted for the gladiatorial, deeming these no longer worthy of them.

They were now joined by a few others, fugitives and mountaineers, with whom they took refuge in the crater of Vesuvius, then, as from time immemorial, and for nearly a century and a half later, inactive. Thence, under the leadership of Spartacus and his lieutenants, Crixus and Oedomarus, they ravaged the country; but it is not probable that they caused much alarm, their number being only two hundred, and such collections of slaves being by no means uncommon. The Romans little dreamed that they were on the eve of one of the most terrible of their many wars. Claudius Pulcher, one of the *Prætors*, was sent against the "robbers," as they were considered to be. He found them so advantageously posted on the mountain, that, though superior to them in numbers in the ratio of fifteen to one, he resolved to blockade them, and so compel them to descend to the plain and fight at disadvantage, or starve. But he was contending with a man of genius, against whom even Rome's military system could not then succeed. He despised his enemy,—a sort of gratification which to those indulging in it generally costs very dear. Spartacus caused ropes to be made of vine branches, with the aid of which he and his followers lowered themselves to the base of the mountain, at a point which had been left unguarded by the Romans because considered inaccessible by the red-tapist who commanded them, and consequently affording a capital outlet for bold men under a daring leader. In the dead of night the gladiators stole round to the rear of the Roman camp, and assailed it. Taken by surprise and heavy with sleep, the Romans were routed like sheep, and their arms and baggage passed into the hands of the despised enemy.

Spartacus saw now that it was time for him and his comrades to assume a higher character than had hitherto be-

longed to them. Instead of a leader of outlaws, he aspired to be the liberator of the servile population of Italy. He issued a proclamation, in which, while calling upon his followers to remember the multitudes who groaned in chains, he urged the slaves to rise, pointing out how strong they were and how weak were their oppressors, maintaining that the strength of the masters lay in the blind and disgraceful submission of the slaves, at the same time declaring that the land belonged of right to the bravest,—a sentiment as natural and proper when uttered by a man in his situation as it is base when proceeding from a modern buccaneer, who has taken up arms, not to obtain his own freedom, but to enslave others. The whole address is contemptuous towards the Romans, though somewhat too rhetorical for a man in the situation of Spartacus. It is the composition of Sallust, but we may believe that it expresses the sentiments of Spartacus, as Sallust was not only his contemporary, but was too good an artist to disregard keeping in what he wrote.

Italy was at this time full of slaves, many of whom must have been men of quite as much intelligence as the Romans, having been made captives in war. The free population of the Peninsula had almost entirely disappeared. Two generations before, Tiberius Gracchus had pointed to the miserable condition of Italy, and to the fact that the increase of the slave population had caused the Italian yeomanry to become almost extinct. In the years that had passed since his murder the work of extinction had gone on at an accelerated rate, the Social War and the Wars of Sulla and Marius having aided slavery to do its perfect work. In this way had perished that splendid rural population from which the Roman legionary infantry had been conscribed, and which had enabled the aristocratical republic to baffle the valor of Samnium, the skill of Pyrrhus, and the genius of Hannibal. Even so early as in the first of the Eastern wars of the Romans, immediately after the second

defeat of Carthage, there were indications that the supply of Roman soldiers was giving out. An anecdote of the younger Scipio shows what must have been the character of a large part of the Roman population more than sixty years before the War of Spartacus. When he declared that Tiberius Gracchus had rightly been put to death, and an angry shout at the brutal speech came from the people, he turned to them and exclaimed, "Peace, ye stepsons of Italy! Remember who it was that brought you in chains to Rome!"

The country being full of slaves and the children of slaves, Spartacus had little difficulty in obtaining recruits. Apulia was particularly fruitful of insurgents. In that country the vices of Roman slavery were displayed in all their naked hideousness, and the Apulian shepherds and herdsmen had a reputation for lawlessness that has never been surpassed. Yet this was the consequence, not the cause, of their bondage. It is related that some of them having asked their master for clothing, he exclaimed, "What! are there no travellers with clothes on?" "The atrocious hint," says Liddell, "was soon taken; the shepherd slaves of Lower Italy became banditti, and to travel through Apulia without an armed retinue was a perilous adventure. From assailing travellers, the marauders began to plunder the smaller country-houses; and all but the rich were obliged to desert the country, and flock into the towns. So early as the year 185 B. C., seven thousand slaves in Apulia were condemned for brigandage by a Praetor sent specially to restore order in that land of pasturage. When they were not employed upon the hills, they were shut up in large, prison-like buildings, (*ergastula*,) where they talked over their wrongs, and formed schemes of vengeance."* The century and more between this date and the appearance of Spartacus had not improved the condition of the Apulian slaves. He found them ripe for revolt,

and was soon joined by thousands of their number, men whose modes of life rendered them the very best possible material for soldiers, provided they could be induced to submit to the restraints of discipline. They were strong, hardy, athletic, and active, and full of hatred of their masters. It shows the superiority of the Thracian that he could prevail upon them to act in a regular manner. He formed them into an army, the chief officers being the men who had escaped from Capua in his company. This army had some discipline, which was the more easily acquired because many of the men were originally soldiers, captives of the Roman sword. But the hatred of all in it to the Romans, and their knowledge that they had to choose between victory and the cruellest forms of death known to the cruellest of conquerors, made them the most reliable military force then to be found in the world.

With such an army, thus composed, thus animated, and thus led, Spartacus commenced that war to which he has given his name. Bursting upon Lower Italy, the most horrible atrocities were perpetrated, the rich landholders being subjected to every species of indignity and cruelty, in accordance with that law of retaliation which was accepted and recognized by all the ancient world, and which the modern has not entirely abrogated. Towns were captured and destroyed,* and the slaves everywhere lib-

* These ravages seem to have made a great impression on the Romans, and were by them long remembered. Forty years later Horace alludes to them, in that Ode which he wrote on the return of Augustus from Spain (Carm. III. xiv. 19). He calls to his young slave to fetch him a jar of wine that had seen the Marian War, "if there could be found one that had escaped the vagabond Spartacus." The manner in which he, the son of a *libertinus*, speaks of Spartacus, is not only amusing as an instance of foolish pride, but is curious as illustrating a change in Roman ideas that was working out more important results than could have followed from all the acts of the first two Caesars, though perhaps it was in some sense connected with, if not dependent upon, their legislation.

erated to swell the conquering force. Spartacus is said to have sought to moderate the fury of his followers, and we can believe that he did so without supposing that he was much above his age in humane sentiment. He saw that excesses were likely to demoralize his army, and so render it unfit to meet the legions which it must sooner or later encounter.

Much as Spartacus had done, and signal as had been his successes, it was not yet the opinion at Rome that he was a formidable foe. The government despatched Publius Varinius Glaber to act against him, at the head of ten thousand men. This seems a small force, yet it was not much smaller than the army with which, three or four years later, Lucullus overthrew the whole military power of the Armenian monarchy; and it was half as large as that with which Cæsar changed the fate of the world at Pharsalia. The Romans probably thought it strong enough to subdue all the slaves in Italy, and Varinius sufficiently skilful to defeat their leaders and send them to Rome in chains. But they were to have a rough awakening from their dreams of invincibility, though some early successes of Varinius for a time apparently justified their confidence.

The army of Spartacus numbered forty thousand men, but it was poorly armed, and its discipline was very imperfect. It still lacked, to use a modern term, "the baptism of fire,"—never yet having been matched in the open field against a regular force. Its arms were chiefly agricultural implements, and wooden pikes that had been made by hardening the points of stakes with fire. Spartacus resolved upon retreating into Lucania; but the Gauls in his army, headed by his lieutenant Crixus, pronounced this decision cowardly, separated themselves from the main body, attacked the Romans, and were utterly routed. The retreat to Lucania was then made in perfect safety, and even with glory, apart from the skill with which it was conducted. Watching his opportunity, and showing that he understood the mil-

itary principle of cutting up an enemy in detail, Spartacus fell upon a Roman detachment, two thousand strong, and destroyed it. Shortly after this, the Roman general succeeded, as he thought, in getting him into a trap. The servile encampment was upon a piece of ground hemmed in on one side by mountains, on the other by impassable waters, and the Romans were about to close up the only outlets with some of those grand works to which they owed so many of their conquests, when, one night, Spartacus silently retreated, leaving his camp in such a state as completely deceived the enemy, who did not discover what had happened until the next morning, when the gladiators were beyond their reach.

This masterly retreat was followed up by a brilliant surprise of a division of the Roman army under the command of Cossinius. The night was just setting in, and the soldiers were resting from their day's march and from the labors of forming the encampment, when the Thracian fell upon them. Thus suddenly attacked, they fled, without making any show of resistance,—abandoning everything to the assailants. Cossinius himself, who was bathing, had time only to escape with his life. The Romans rallied, a battle ensued, and they were routed, Cossinius being among the slain. This action took place not far from the Aufidus, which had witnessed the slaughter of Cannæ.

Spartacus now considered his army fairly "blooded." It had routed a Roman detachment, and defeated a small army. Two Roman camps had fallen into its hands, under circumstances that gave indications of superior generalship, and several towns had been stormed. Though still deficient in arms, he resolved to attack Varinius. Sallust represents him as addressing his army before the battle, and telling them that they were about to enter, not upon a single action, but upon a long war,—that from success then would follow a series of victories,—and that therein lay their only salvation from a death at once excruciating and

infamous. They must, he said, live upon victory after victory,—an expression that showed he had a clear comprehension of the nature of his situation. In the battle that followed, Varinius was beaten, unhorsed, and compelled to fly for his life. All his personal goods fell into the hands of Spartacus. His lictors, with the *fusces*, shared the same fate. Spartacus assumed the dress of the Roman, and all the ensigns of authority. He has been censured for this; but a little reflection ought to convince every one that he did not act from vanity, but from a profound appreciation of the state of things in Italy. The slaves, of which his army was composed, were accustomed to see the emblems of authority with which he was now clothed and surrounded in the possession of their masters alone; and when they beheld them on and about their chief, they were not only reminded of the governing power, but also of the overthrow of those who had theretofore monopolized it. Spartacus was a statesman, and knew how to operate on the minds of the rude masses who followed him and obeyed his orders.

The defeat of Varinius left the whole of Lower Lucania at the mercy of the gladiators. Spartacus now established posts at Metapontum and at Thurii. Here he labored, with unceasing energy and industry, to organize and discipline his men. Adopting various measures to prevent them from becoming enervated through the abundance in which they were revelling, he prohibited the use of money among them, and gave all that he himself had to relieve those who had suffered from the war. Some of his officers are said to have followed his example in making so great a sacrifice for the common good.

Towards the close of the year Varinius had succeeded in getting another army on foot. With this he resolved to watch the enemy,—repeated defeats having made the Romans cautious, though they were not even yet seriously alarmed. He formed and fortified a camp, whence he

kept a look-out. There was some skirmishing, but no fighting on a large scale. This did not suit Spartacus, who had become confident in himself and his men. He desired battle, but wished the Romans should take the initiative, and was convinced that the near approach of winter would compel them soon to fight or to retreat. To encourage them, he feigned fear, and commenced a retrograde movement; but no sooner had the elated Romans advanced in pursuit than he turned upon them, and they were compelled to fight under circumstances that made defeat certain. This second rout of Varinius was total, and we hear no more of him.

Never had there been a more successful campaign than that which Spartacus had just closed. His force had been increased from less than one hundred men to nearly one hundred thousand. He had proved himself more than the equal of the generals who had been sent against him, both in strategy and in arms. He had fought three great battles, and numerous lesser actions, and had been uniformly successful. Like Carnot, he had “organized victory.” A large part of Italy was at his command, and, under any other circumstances than those which existed, or against any other foe than Rome, he would probably have found little difficulty in establishing a powerful state, the origin of which would have been far more respectable than that with which he was contending. But he was a statesman, and knew, that, brilliant as were his successes, he had no chance of accomplishing anything permanent within the Peninsula. He was fighting, too, for freedom, not for dominion. His plan was to get out of Italy. Two courses were open to him. He might retreat to the extremity of the Peninsula, cross the strait that separates it from Sicily, and renew the servile wars of that island; or he might march north, force his way out of Italy, and so with most of his followers reach their homes in Gaul and Thrace. The latter course was de-

terminated upon; but the more hot-headed portion of his men, the Gauls, were opposed to it, and resolved to march upon Rome. A division of the victorious army ensued. The larger number, under Spartacus, proceeded to carry out the wise plan of their leader, but the minority refused to obey him. We have seen, that, at the very outset of his enterprise, Spartacus encountered opposition from the Gauls in his army, who were ever for rash measures, and that, separating themselves from their associates, under the lead of Crixus, they had been defeated. Crixus rejoined his old chief-tain, and did good service; but he and his countrymen, untaught by experience, and inflated with a notion of invincibility,—on what founded, it would be hard to say,—would not aid Spartacus in his prudent attempt to lead his followers out of Italy. Rome was their object, and, to the number of thirty thousand, they separated themselves from the main army. At first, the event seemed to justify their decision. Meeting a Roman army, commanded by the Praetor Arrius, on the borders of Samnium, the Gauls put it to rout, and the victory of Crixus was not less decisive than any of those which had been won by Spartacus. But this splendid dawn was soon overcast. Crixus was a drunkard, and, while sleeping off one of his fits of intoxication, he was set upon by a Roman army under the Consul Gellius. He was killed, and his followers either shared his fate or were totally dispersed. This was the first great victory won by the Romans in the war.

The defeat of Varinius aroused the Roman government to see that their enemy was not to be despised, and, revolted slave though he was, they were compelled to pay him the respect of making prodigious efforts to effect his destruction. The Consuls Gellius and Lentulus were charged with the conduct of the war. The former overthrew the Gauls. The latter followed Spartacus, and came up with him in Etruria. Here a contest of pure generalship took

place. Lentulus was determined not to fight until Gellius—whose victory he knew of—should have come up; and Spartacus was equally determined that fight he should before the junction could be effected. He succeeded in blocking up the road by which Gellius was advancing, unknown to Lentulus, and then offered the latter battle. Supposing that his colleague would join him in the course of the action, the Roman accepted the challenge and was beaten. The victors then marched to meet Gellius, who was served after the same manner as Lentulus. Spartacus was the only general who ever defeated two great Roman armies, each headed by a Consul, on the same day, and in different battles. Hannibal's Austerlitz, Cannæ, approaches nearest to this exploit of the Thracian; but on that field the two consular armies were united under the command of Varro.

These great successes were soon followed by the defeat of two lesser Roman armies, combined under the lead of the Praetor Manlius and the Proconsul Cassius. This last victory not only left the whole open country at the command of Spartacus, but also the road to Rome, upon which city he now resolved to march. It would have been wiser, had he persevered in his original plan, the execution of which his victories must have made it easy to carry out. But perhaps success had its usual effect, even on his mind, and blinded him to the impossibility of permanent triumph in Italy. He winnowed his army, dismissing all his soldiers except such as were distinguished by their bravery, their strength, and their intelligence. In order that his march might be swift, he caused all the superfluous baggage to be destroyed. Every beast of burden that could be dispensed with was slain. His prisoners were disposed of after the same fashion. In a modern general such an act would be utterly without excuse. But it was strictly in accordance with the laws of ancient warfare, and Spartacus probably felt far more regret at

sacrificing his beasts of burden than he experienced in consenting to, if he did not order, the butchery of some thousands of men whom he must have looked upon as so many brutes.

Proceeding to the south, Spartacus fell in with a great Roman army led by Arrius, and a battle was fought near Ancona, in which victory was true to the gladiator. The Romans were not only beaten, their army was utterly destroyed; a result which they seem to have felt to be so shameful, that they made no apologies for it. Why, after this signal victory, Spartacus did not forthwith carry out his grand design of attacking Rome,—a design every way so worthy of his genius, and which alone could give him a chance of achieving permanent success after he had abandoned the idea of forcing his way out of Italy by a northern march,—can never be known. It is supposed to have been in consequence of information that circumstances had now placed it in his power to effect a passage into Sicily, a project which he had regarded with favor at an earlier period.

At this time the Cilician pirates had the command of the Mediterranean, which they held until they were conquered, some years later, by Pompeius. It was by the aid of these men that Spartacus expected to carry his army into Sicily. They had shipping in abundance, and in a few days they could have conveyed a hundred thousand men across the narrow strait that separates Sicily from Italy. This they agreed to do, and were paid in advance by Spartacus, though it is probable that he relied less upon that payment for their assistance than upon the palpable fact that their interests were the same as his own. The pirates were on the sea what the gladiatorial army was on land. They were the victims of Roman oppression, and had become outlaws because the world's law was against them. A union of their fleets, which numbered more than a thousand vessels, with the army of Spartacus, in the harbors and on the fields of Sicily, would perhaps have been more

than a match for the whole power of Rome, contending as the republic then was with Mithridates, and bleeding still from the wounds inflicted by Marius and Sulla, as well as from the blows of Spartacus. Sicily, too, was then in a state which promised well for the design of the Thracian. Verres was ruling over the island,—and how he ruled it Cicero has told us. Had the victorious Thracian entered the island, both the free population and the slaves would have risen against the Romans. A new state might have been formed, strong both in fleets and in armies, and compelled from the very nature of its origin to contend to the death with its old oppressors. Whatever the result, it is certain that a long Sicilian war, like that which the Romans had been compelled to wage with the Carthaginians, would have changed the course of history, by directing the attention and the energies of such men as Crassus, Pompeius, and Cæsar to very different fields from those on which their fame and power were won.

But it was not to be. There was work for Rome to do, which could be done by no other nation. The power that had been found superior to Hannibal was not to fall before Spartacus, or even to have its course stayed materially by his victories. He marched to the foot of Italy, on the shore of the strait, where he expected to find his supposed naval allies. He was disappointed. They, impolitic no less than faithless, broke their engagement after they had pocketed the sum agreed upon for their services. It was impossible for Spartacus to carry out his design; for not only had he no vessels, but his followers were, it is altogether probable, incapable of building them. The Romans, too, must have had ships in the strait, and a very few would have been found enough to keep it clear of the unskilful gladiators, even had the latter had the time and the means to construct boats.

After the defeat of the Romans under Arrius, the Senate had called Crassus to the chief command, resolving to make

an herculean effort to destroy their terrible enemy. The accounts are somewhat confused, but, according to Plutarch, Crassus commenced operations against Spartacus before the latter marched for Sicily. He sent one of his lieutenants, Mummius, to follow and harass the gladiators, but with orders to avoid a general engagement. The lieutenant disobeyed his orders, fought a battle, and was defeated. Not a few of his men threw away their arms, and fled,—an uncommon thing with a Roman army. The victors continued their march, but, as we have seen, failed in their main object. Spartacus then took up a position in the territory of Rhegium, which is over against Sicily. He must have been convinced by this time that the crisis of his fortune had arrived, and though he would not even then entirely give up all idea of crossing over into the island that lay within sight of his camp, he prepared to meet the coming storm, which had been for some time gathering in his rear. Accordingly he faced about, and commenced a game of generalship with Crassus, who was now in person at the head of the Roman army.*

Of all men then living, Crassus was best entitled to command an army employed in fighting revolted slaves. If not the greatest slaveholder in Rome, he was the most systematic of the class of owners, and knew best how to turn the

* It is probable that justice has never been done to Crassus as a military man. Roman writers were not likely to deal fairly with a man who closed his career so fatally to himself, and so disgracefully in every way to his country. It was his misfortune—a misfortune of his own creating—to lead the finest Roman army that had ever been seen in the East to destruction, in an unjust attack on the Parthians. Had he succeeded, the injustice of his course would have been overlooked by his countrymen; but they never could forgive his defeat. Yet it is certain that this man, who has come down to us as a contemptible creature, having small claim to consideration beyond what he derived from his enormous possessions, not only exhibited eminent military ability in the War of Spartacus, but, when a young man, won that great battle

industry of slaves to account. He was the wealthiest citizen of the republic. One can understand how indignant such a person must have felt at the audacity of the gladiator and his followers. As a slaveholder, as a man of property, as a lover of law and order, he was concerned at so very disorderly a spectacle as that of slaves subverting all the laws of the republic; as a Roman, he felt that abhorrence for slaves which was common to the character. Here were motives enough to bring out the powers of any man, if powers he had in him; and it does not follow that because Crassus was very rich he was therefore a fool. He was a man of consummate talents, and at this particular time was probably the most influential citizen of Rome. The Romans had confidence in him, as the embodiment of the spirit of supremacy by which they were so completely animated. The event showed that their confidence was not misplaced.

The army of Crassus was two hundred thousand strong, and having restored its discipline by examples of great severity, he marched to meet Spartacus; but on arriving in front of the latter's position, he would not attack it, while Spartacus showed an equal unwillingness to fight. The Roman determined to blockade the enemy. As they had the sea on one side, and that was held by a fleet, he commenced a line of works, the completion

which takes its name from the Colline Gate, and which laid the Roman world at the feet of Sulla. Pontius Telesinus had marched upon Rome, with the intention of "destroying the den of the wolves of Italy," and Sulla arrived to the city's rescue but just in time. In the battle that immediately followed, Sulla, at the head of the left wing of his army, was completely defeated, while the right wing, commanded by Crassus, was as completely victorious. Talent must have had something to do with Crassus's success, which enabled Sulla to retrieve his fortunes, and to triumph over the Mariau party. One hundred thousand men are said to have fallen in this battle. The avarice of Crassus and his want of popular manners were fatal to him in life, and his defeat left him no friends in death.

of which would have rendered it impossible for the gladiators to escape. These works were on the usual Roman scale, and consisted principally of walls and ditches, a hundred thousand men being employed in their construction. So cleverly did Crassus conceal what he was about, that it was not until he had almost accomplished his design that Spartacus discovered the intention of his foe. The emergency was suited to his genius, and he was not unequal to it. He began a series of attacks on the Romans, harassing them perpetually, retarding their labors, and drawing their attention from that point of their line by which he purposed to extricate his army. At last, on a night when a terrible snow-storm was raging, he led his men to a place where the Roman works were yet incomplete, the snow enabling them to march noiselessly. When they reached the line, the immense ditches seemed to bar their further advance; but they set resolutely at work to fill them. Earth, snow, fagots, and dead bodies of men and beasts were hastily thrown into them; and across this singular bridge the whole army poured into the country, leaving the Roman camp behind, and having rendered nugatory all the laborious digging and trenching of the legions.

It was not until the next morning that Crassus discovered what had been done, and how thoroughly he had been outgeneraled by Spartacus. But he had no room for vexation in his mind. He was so frightened as a Roman citizen, that he could not feel mortified as a Roman soldier. He took counsel of his fears, and did that which he had cause both to be ashamed of and to regret in after days. He wrote to the Senate, stating that in his opinion not only should Pompeius be summoned home from Spain, but Lucullus also from the East, to aid in putting down an enemy who was unconquerable by ordinary means. A short time sufficed to show how indiscreetly for his own fame he had acted; for Spartacus was unable to follow up his success, in consequence of

mutinies in his army. The Gauls again rebelled against his authority, and left him. Crassus concentrated his whole force in an attack on the seceders, and a battle followed which Plutarch says was the most severely contested of the war. The Romans remained masters of the field, more than twelve thousand of the Gauls being slain, of whom only two were wounded in the back, the rest falling in the ranks. Spartacus retreated to the mountains of Petelia, closely followed by Roman detachments. Turning upon them, he drove them back; but this last gleam of success led to his destruction. His policy was to avoid a battle, but his men would not listen to his prudent counsels, and compelled him to face about and march against Crassus. This was what the Roman desired; for Pompeius was bringing up an army from Spain, and would be sure to reap all the honors of the war, were it to be prolonged.

Some accounts represent Spartacus as anxious for battle. Whether he was so or not, he made every preparation that became a good general. The armies met on the Silarus, in the northern part of Lucania; and the battle which followed, and which was to finish this remarkable war, was fought not far from where the traveller now sees the noble ruins of Paestum. Spartacus made his last speech to his soldiers, warning them of what they would have to expect, if they should fall alive into the hands of their old masters. By way of practical commentary on his text, he caused a cross to be erected on a height, and to that cross was nailed a living Roman, whose agonies were visible to the whole army. Spartacus then ordered his horse to be brought to him in front of the army, and slew the animal with his own hands. "I am determined," he said to his men, "to share all your dangers. Our positions shall be the same. If we are victorious, I shall get horses enough from the foe. If we are beaten, I shall need a horse no more."*

* When the Earl of Warwick, the King-

The battle that followed was the most severely contested action of that warlike period, which, extending through two generations, saw the victories of Marius over the Northern barbarians at its commencement, and Pharsalia and Munda and Philippi at its close. The insurgents attacked with great fury, but with method, Spartacus leading the way at the head of a band of select followers, thus acting the part of a soldier as well as of a general. The Romans steadily resisted,—and the slaughter was great on both sides. At last, victory began to incline towards the gladiators, when Spartacus fell, and the fortune of the day was changed. He had made a fierce charge on the Romans, with the intention of cutting his way to Crassus. Two centurions had fallen by his sword, and a number of inferior men, when he was himself wounded in one of his thighs. Falling upon one knee, he still continued to fight, until he was overpowered and slain. The battle was maintained for some time longer, and ended only with the destruction of the insurgents, thirty thousand of whom were

maker, killed his horse in front of the Yorkist army, at the battle of Towton, (fought on Palm Sunday, 1461,) he little knew that he was imitating the action of a general of revolted slaves, more than fifteen centuries earlier. Warwick is said to have done the same thing at the battle of Barnet, the last of his fields, where he was defeated and slain, fighting for the House of Lancaster.

killed;—Livy puts their killed at forty thousand. The Roman slain numbered twenty thousand, and they had as many more wounded. Only six thousand prisoners fell into the hands of Crassus, who caused the whole of them to be crucified,—the crosses being placed at intervals on both sides of the Appian Way, between Capua and Rome, and the whole Roman army being marched through the horrible lines. A body of five thousand fugitives, who sought refuge in the north, were intercepted by Pompeius on his homeward march from Spain, and slaughtered to a man.

Thus fell Spartacus, and far more nobly than either of the great republican chiefs whose deaths were so soon to follow. Pompeius, who boasted that he had cut up the war by the roots, ran away from Pharsalia, without an effort to retrieve his fortunes, though the force opposed to him in the battle was only half as large as his own, and he had still abundant resources for future operations. Crassus, who claimed to have conquered Spartacus, and who not unreasonably resented the pretensions of Pompeius, fell miserably in Parthia, after having led the Romans to the most fatal of their fields except Cannæ. Wanting the nerve to die sword in hand in the midst of his foes, like Spartacus, he consented to adorn the triumph of those foes, and perished as ignominiously as the great gladiator gloriously.

WHO PAID FOR THE PRIMA DONNA?

I.

"If anything could make a man forgive himself for being sixty years old," said the Consul, holding up his wine-glass between his eye and the setting sun,—for it was summer-time,—"it would be that he can remember M—— in her divine sixteen-teen at the Park Theatre, thirty odd years ago. Egad, Sir, one couldn't

help making great allowances for *Don Giovanni*, after seeing her in *Zerlina*. She was beyond imagination *piquante* and delicious."

The Consul, as my readers may have partly inferred, was not a Roman Consul, nor yet a French one. He had had the honor of representing this great republic at one of the Hanse Towns,—I forgot

which,—in President Monroe's time. I don't recollect how long he held the office, but it was long enough to make the title stick to him for the rest of his life with the tenacity of a militia colonelcy or village diaconate. The country people round about used to call him "the *Counsel*," which, I believe,—for I am not very fresh from my school-books,—was etymologically correct enough, however orthoepically erroneous. He had not limited his European life, however, within the precinct of his Hanseatic consulship, but had dispersed himself very promiscuously over the Continent, and had seen many cities, and the manners of many men—and of some women,—singing-women, I mean, in their public character; for the Consul, correct of life as of ear, never sought to undify his divinities by pursuing them from the heaven of the stage to the purgatorial intermediacy of the *coulisses*, still less to the lower depth of disenchantment into which too many of them sunk in their private life.

"Yes, Sir," he went on, "I have seen and heard them all,—Catalani, Pasta, Pezzaroni, Grisi, and all the rest of them,—even Sonntag,—though not in her very best estate; but I give you my word there is none that has taken lodgings here," tapping his forehead, "so permanently as the Signorina G——, or that I can see and hear so distinctly, when I am in the mood of it, by myself. *Rosina*, *Desdemona*, *Cinderella*, and, as I said just now, *Zerlina*,—she is as fresh in them all to my mind's eye and ear, as if the Park Theatre had not given way to a cursed shoe-shop, and I had been hearing her there only last night. Let's drink her memory," the Consul added, half in mirth and half in melancholy,—a mood to which he was not unused, and which did not ill become him.

Now no intelligent person, who knew the excellence of the Consul's wine, could refuse to pay this posthumous honor to the harmonious shade of the lost Muse. The Consul was an old-fashioned man in his tastes, to be sure, and held to the old religion of Madeira which divided the

faith of our fathers with the Cambridge Platform, and had never given in to the later heresies which have crept into the communion of good-fellowship from the South of France and the Rhine.

"A glass of Champagne," he would say, "is all well enough at the end of dinner, just to take the grease out of one's throat, and get the palate ready for the more serious vintages ordained for the solemn and deliberate drinking by which man justifies his creation; but Madeira, Sir, Madeira is the only stand-by that never fails a man and can always be depended upon as something sure and steadfast."

I confess to having fallen away myself from the gracious doctrine and works to which he had held so fast; but I am no bigot,—which for a heretic is something remarkable,—and had no scruple about uniting with him in the service he proposed, without demur or protestation as to form or substance. Indeed, he disarmed fanaticism by the curious care he bestowed on making his works conformable to the faith that was in him; for, partly by inheritance and partly by industrious pains, his old house was undermined by a cellar of wine such as is seldom seen in these days of modern degeneracy. He is the last gentleman, that I know of, of that old school that used to import their own wine and lay it down annually themselves,—their bins forming a kind of vinous calendar suggestive of great events. Their degenerate sons are content to be furnished, as they want it, from the dubious stores of the vintner, by retail.

"I suppose it was her youth and beauty, Sir," I suggested, "that made her so rememberable to you. You know she was barely turned seventeen when she sung in this country."

"Partly that, no doubt," replied the Consul, "but not altogether, nor chiefly. No, Sir, it was her genius which made her beauty so glorious. She was wonderfully handsome, though. She was a phantom of delight, as that Lake fellow says,"—it was thus profanely that the Consul des-

ignated the poet Wordsworth, whom he could not abide,—“and the best thing he ever said, by Jove!”

“And did you never see her again?” I inquired.

“Once, only,” he answered,—“eight or nine years afterwards, a year or two before she died. It was at Venice, and in *Norma*. She was different, and yet not changed for the worse. There was an indescribable look of sadness out of her eyes, that touched one oddly and fixed itself in the memory. But she was something apart and by herself, and stamped herself on one’s mind as Rachel did in *Camille* or *Phèdre*. It was true genius, and no imitation, that made both of them what they were. But she actually had the physical beauty which Rachel only compelled you to think she had by the force of her genius and consummate dramatic skill, while she was on the scene before you.”

“But do you rank M—— with Rachel as a dramatic artist?” I asked.

“I cannot tell,” he answered; “but if she had not the studied perfection of Rachel, which was always the same and could not be altered without harm, she had at least a capacity of impulsive self-adaptation about her which made her for the time the character she personated,—not always the same, but such as the woman she represented might have been in the shifting phases of the passion that possessed her. And to think that she died at eight-and-twenty! What might not ten years more have made her!”

“It is odd,” I observed, “that her fame should be forever connected with the name she got by her first unlucky marriage in New York. For it was unlucky enough, I believe,—was it not?”

“You may say that,” responded the Consul, “without fear of denial or qualification. It was disgraceful in its beginning and in its ending. It was a swindle on a large scale; and poor Maria G—— was the one who suffered the most by the operation.”

“I have always heard,” said I, “that old G—— was cheated out of the price

for which he had sold his daughter, and that M. M—— got his wife on false pretences.”

“Not altogether so,” returned the Consul. “I happen to know all about that matter from the best authority. She was obtained on false pretences, to be sure, but it was not G—— that suffered by them. M. M——, moreover, never paid the price agreed upon, and yet G—— got it for all that.”

“Indeed!” I exclaimed, “it must have been a neat operation. I cannot exactly see how the thing was done; but I have no doubt a tale hangs thereby, and a good one. Is it tellable?”

“I see no reason why not,” said the Consul; “the sufferer made no secret of it, and I know of no reason why I should. Mynheer Van Holland told me the story himself, in Amsterdam, in the year ‘Thirty-five.’”

“And who was he?” I inquired, “and what had he to do with it?”

“I’ll tell you,” responded the Consul, filling his glass and passing the bottle, “if you will have the goodness to shut the window behind you and ring for candles; for it gets chilly here among the mountains as soon as the sun is down.”

I beg your pardon,—did you make a remark?—Oh, *what mountains!* You must really pardon me; I cannot give you such a clue as that to the identity of my dear Consul, just now, for excellent and sufficient reasons. But if you have paid your money for the sight of this Number, you may take your choice of all the mountain ranges on the continent, from the Rocky to the White, and settle him just where you like. Only you must leave a gap to the westward, through which the river—also anonymous for the present distress—breaks its way; and which gives him half an hour’s more sunshine than he would otherwise be entitled to, and slope the fields down to its margin near a mile off, with their native timber thinned so skilfully as to have the effect of the best landscape-gardening. It is a grand and lovely

scene; and when I look at it, I do not wonder at one of the Consul's apophthegms, namely, that the chief advantage of foreign travel is, that it teaches you that one place is just as good to live in as another. Imagine that the one place he had in his mind at the time was just this one. But that is neither here nor there. When candles came, we drew our chairs together, and he told me in substance the following story. I will tell it in my own words,—not that they are so good as his, but because they come more readily to the nib of my pen.

II.

NEW YORK has grown considerably since she was New Amsterdam, and has almost forgotten her whilom dependence on her first godmother. Indeed, had it not been for the historic industry of the eruditè Diedrich Knickerbocker, very few of her sons would know much about the obligations of their nursing mother to their old grandame beyond sea, in the days of the Dutch dynasty. Still, though the old monopoly has been dead these two hundred years, or thereabout, there is I know not how many fold more traffic with her than in the days when it was in full life and force. Doth not that benefactor of his species, Mr. Udalpho Wolfe, derive thence his immortal, or immortalizing, Schiedam Schnapps, the virtues whereof, according to his advertisements, are fast transferring dram-drinking from the domain of pleasure to that of positive duty? Tobacco-pipes, too, and toys, such as the friendly saint, whom Protestant children have been taught by Dutch tradition to invoke, delights to drop into the votive stocking,—they come from the mother city, where she sits upon the waters, quite as much a Sea-Cybele as Venice herself. And linens, too, fair and fresh and pure as the maidens that weave them, come forth from Dutch looms ready to grace our tables or to deck our beds. And the mention of these brings me back to my story,—though the immediate connection

between Holland linen and M——'s marriage may not at first view be palpable to sight. Still, it is a fact that the web of this part of her variegated destiny was spun and woven out of threads of flax that took the substantial shape of fine Hollands;—and this is the way in which it came to pass.

Mynheer Van Holland, of whom the Consul spoke just now, you must understand to have been one of the chief merchants of Amsterdam, a city whose merchants are princes and have been kings. His transactions extended to all parts of the Old World and did not skip over the New. His ships visited the harbor of New York as well as of London; and as he died two or three years ago a very rich man, his adventures in general must have been more remunerative than the one I am going to relate. In the autumn of the year 1825, it seemed good to this worthy merchant to despatch a vessel with a cargo chiefly made up of linens to the market of New York. The honest man little dreamed with what a fate his ship was fraught, wrapped up in those flaxen folds. He happened to be in London the winter before, and was present at the *début* of Maria G—— at the King's Theatre. He must have admired the beauty, grace, and promise of the youthful *Rosina*, had he been ten times a Dutchman; and if he heard of her intended emigration to America, as he possibly might have done, it most likely excited no particular emotion in his phlegmatic bosom. He could not have imagined that the exportation of a little singing-girl to New York should interfere with a potential venture of his own in fair linen. The gods kindly hid the future from his eyes, so that he might enjoy the comic vexation her lively sallies caused to *Doctor Bartolo* in the play, unknowing that she would be the innocent cause of a more serious provocation to himself, in downright earnest. He thought of this, himself, after it had all happened.

Well, the good ship *Steenbok* had prosperous gales and fair weather across.

the ocean, and dropped anchor off the Battery with some days to spare from the amount due to the voyage. The consignee came off and took possession of the cargo, and duly transferred it to his own warehouse. Though the advantages of advertising were not as fully understood in those days of comparative ignorance as they have been since, he duly announced the goods which he had received, and waited for a customer. He did not have to wait long. It was but a day or two after the appearance of the advertisement in the newspapers that he had prime Holland linens on hand, just received from Amsterdam, when he was waited upon by a gentleman of good address and evidently of French extraction, who inquired of the consignee, whom we will call Mr. Schulemberg for the nonce, "whether he had the linens he had advertised yet on hand."

"They are still on hand and on sale," said Mr. Schulemberg.

"What is the price of the entire consignment?" inquired the customer.

"Fifty thousand dollars," responded Mr. Schulemberg.

"And the terms?"

"Cash, on delivery."

"Very good," replied the obliging buyer, "if they be of the quality you describe in your advertisement, I will take them on those terms. Send them down to my warehouse, No. 118, Pearl Street, tomorrow morning, and I will send you the money."

"And your name?" inquired Mr. Schulemberg.

"Is M——," responded the courteous purchaser.

The two merchants bowed politely, the one to the other, mutually well pleased with the morning's work, and bade each other good day.

Mr. Schulemberg knew but little, if anything, about his new customer; but as the transaction was to be a cash one, he did not mind that. He calculated his commissions, gave orders to his head clerk to see the goods duly delivered the next morning, and went on change and

thence to dinner in the enjoyment of a complacent mind and a good appetite. It is to be supposed that M. M—— did the same. At any rate, he had the most reason,—at least, according to his probable notions of mercantile morality and success.

III.

THE next day came, and with it came, betimes, the packages of linens to M. M——'s warehouse in Pearl Street; but the price for the same did not come as punctually to Mr. Schulemberg's counting-room, according to the contract under which they were delivered. In point of fact, M. M—— was not in at the time; but there was no doubt that he would attend to the matter without delay, as soon as he came in. A cash transaction does not necessarily imply so much the instant presence of coin as the unequivocal absence of credit. A day or two more or less is of no material consequence, only there is to be no delay for sales and returns before payment. So Mr. Schulemberg gave himself no uneasiness about the matter when two, three, and even five and six days had slid away without producing the apparition of the current money of the merchant. A man who transacted affairs on so large a scale as M. M——, and conducted them on the sound basis of ready money, might safely be trusted for so short a time. But when a week had elapsed and no tidings had been received either of purchaser or purchase-money, Mr. Schulemberg thought it time for himself to interfere in his own proper person. Accordingly, he incontinently proceeded to the counting-house of M. M—— to receive the promised price or to know the reason why. If he failed to obtain the one satisfaction, he at least could not complain of being disappointed of the other. Matters seemed to be in some little unbusiness-like confusion, and the clerks in a high state of gleeful excitement. Addressing himself to the chief among them, Mr. Schulemberg asked the pertinent question,—

"Is M. M—— in?"

"No, Sir," was the answer, "he is not; and he will not be just at present."

"But when will he be in? for I must see him on some pressing business of importance."

"Not to-day, Sir," replied the clerk, smiling expressively; "he cannot be interrupted to-day on any business of any kind whatever."

"The deuce he can't!" returned Mr. Schulemberg. "I'll see about that very soon, I can tell you. He promised to pay me cash for fifty thousand dollars' worth of Holland linens a week ago; I have not seen the color of his money yet, and I mean to wait no longer. Where does he live? for if he be alive, I will see him and hear what he has to say for himself, and that speedily."

"Indeed, Sir," pleasantly expostulated the clerk, "I think when you understand the circumstances of the case, you will forbear disturbing M. M—— this day of all others in his life."

"Why, what the devil ails this day above all others," said Mr. Schulemberg, somewhat testily, "that he can't see his creditors and pay his debts on it?"

"Why, Sir, the fact is," the clerk replied, with an air of interest and importance, "it is M. M——'s wedding-day. He marries this morning the Signorina G——, and I am sure you would not molest him with business on such an occasion as that."

"But my fifty thousand dollars!" persisted the consignee, "and why have they not been paid?"

"Oh, give yourself no uneasiness at all about that, Sir," replied the clerk, with the air of one to whom the handling of such trifles was a daily occurrence; "M. M—— will, of course, attend to that matter the moment he is a little at leisure. In fact, I imagine, that, in the hurry and bustle inseparable from an event of this nature, the circumstance has entirely escaped his mind; but as soon as he returns to business again, I will recall it to his recollection, and you will hear from him without delay."

The clerk was right in his augury as

to the effect his intelligence would have upon the creditor. It was not a clerical error on his part when he supposed that Mr. Schulemberg would not choose to enact the part of skeleton at the wedding breakfast of the young *Prima Donna*. There is something about the great events of life, which cannot happen a great many times to anybody,—

"A wedding or a funeral,
A mourning or a festival,"—

that touches the strings of the one human heart of us all and makes it return no uncertain sound. *Shylock* himself would hardly have demanded his pound of flesh on the wedding-day, had it been *Antonio* that was to espouse the fair *Portia*. Even he would have allowed three days of grace before demanding the specific performance of his bond. Now Mr. Schulemberg was very far from being a *Shylock*, and he was also a constant attendant upon the opera, and a devoted admirer of the lovely G——. So he could not wonder that a man on the eve of marriage with that divine creature should forget every other consideration in the immediate contemplation of his happiness,—even if it were the consideration for a cargo of prime linens, and one to the tune of fifty thousand dollars. And it is altogether likely that the mundane reflection occurred to him, and made him easier in his mind under the delay, that old G—— was by no means the kind of man to give away a daughter who dropped gold and silver from her sweet lips whenever she opened them in public, as the princess in the fairy-tale did pearls and diamonds, to any man who could not give him a solid equivalent in return. So that, in fact, he regarded the notes of the Signorina G—— as so much collateral security for his debt.

So Mr. Schulemberg was content to bide his reasonable time for the discharge of M. M——'s indebtedness to his principal. He had advised Mynheer Van Holland of the speedy sale of his consignment, and given him hopes of a quick return of the proceeds. But as days

wore away, it seemed to him that the time he was called on to bide was growing into an unreasonable one. I cannot state with precision exactly how long he waited. Whether he disturbed the sweet influences of the honey-moon by his intrusive presence, or permitted that nectareous satellite to fill her horns and wax and wane in peace before he sought to bring the bridegroom down to the things of earth, are questions which I must leave to the discretion of my readers to settle, each for himself or herself, according to their own notions of the proprieties of the case. But at the proper time, after patience had thrown up in disgust the office of a virtue, he took his hat and cane one fine morning and walked down to No. 118, Pearl Street, for the double purpose of wishing M. M—— joy of his marriage and of receiving the price, promised long and long withheld, of the linens which form the tissue of my story.

"The gods gave ear and granted half his prayer;

The rest the winds dispersed in empty air."

There was not the slightest difficulty about his imparting his epithalamic congratulation,—but as to his receiving the numismatic consideration for which he hoped in return, that was an entirely different affair. He found matters in the Pearl-Street counting-house again apparently something out of joint, but with a less smiling and sunny atmosphere pervading them than he had remarked on his last visit. He was received by M. M—— with courtesy, a little overstrained, perhaps, and not as flowing and gracious as at their first interview. Preliminaries over, Mr. Schulemberg, plunging with epic energy into the midst of things, said, "I have called, M. M——, to receive the fifty thousand dollars, which, you will remember, you engaged to pay down for the linens I sold you on such a day. I can make allowance for the interruption which has prevented your attending to this business sooner, but it is now high time that it were settled."

"I consent to it all, Monsieur," replied M. M——, with a deprecatory gesture; "you have reason, and I am desolated that it is the impossible that you ask of me to do."

"How, Sir!" demanded the creditor; "what do you mean by the impossible? You do not mean to deny that you agreed to pay cash for the goods?"

"My faith, no, Monsieur," shruggingly responded M. M——; "I avow it; you have reason; I promised to pay the money, as you say it; but if I have not the money to pay you, how can I pay you the money? What to do?"

"I don't understand you, Sir," returned Mr. Schulemberg. "You have not the money? And you do not mean to pay me according to agreement?"

"But, Monsieur, how can I when I have not money? Have you not heard that I have made—what you call it?—failure, yesterday? I am grieved of it, thrice sensibly; but if it went of my life, I could not pay you for your fine linens, which were of a good market at the price."

"Indeed, Sir," replied Mr. Schulemberg, "I had not heard of your misfortunes; and I am heartily sorry for them, on my own account and yours, but still more on account of your charming wife. But there is no great harm done, after all. Send the linens back to me and accounts shall be square between us, and I will submit to the loss of the interest."

"Ah, but, Monsieur, you are too good, and Madame will be recognizant to you forever for your gracious politeness. But, my God, it is impossible that I return to you the linen. I have sold it, Monsieur,—I have sold it all!"

"Sold it?" reiterated Mr. Schulemberg, regardless of the rules of etiquette, "Sold it? And to whom, pray? And when?"

"To M. G——, my father-in-the-law," answered the catechumen, blandly; "and it is a week that he has received it."

"Then I must bid you a good morn-

ing, Sir," said Mr. Schulemberg, rising hastily and collecting his hat and gloves, "for I must lose no time in taking measures to recover the goods before they have changed hands again."

"Pardon, Monsieur," interrupted the poor, but honest M——, "but it is too late! One cannot regain them. M. G—— embarked himself for Mexico yesterday morning, and carried them all with him!"

Imagine the consternation and rage of poor Mr. Schulemberg at finding that he was sold, though the goods were not! I decline reporting the conversation any farther, lest its strength of expression and force of expletive might be too much for the more queasy of my readers. Suffice it to say, that the *swindlee*, if I may be allowed the royalty of coining a word, at once freed his own mind and imprisoned the body of M. M——; for in those days imprisonment for debt was a recognized institution, and I think few of its strongest opponents will deny that this was a ease to which it was no abuse to apply it.

IV.

I REGRET that I am compelled to leave this exemplary merchant in captivity; but the exigencies of my story, the moral of which beckons me away to the distant coast of Mexico, require it at my hands. The reader may be consoled, however, by the knowledge that he obtained his liberation in due time, his Dutch creditor being entirely satisfied that nothing whatsoever could be squeezed out of him by passing him between the bars of the debtor's prison, though that was all the satisfaction he ever did get. How he accompanied his young wife to Europe and there lived by the coining of her voice into drachmas, as her father had done before him, needs not to be told here; nor yet how she was divorced from him, and made another matrimonial venture in partnership with De B——. I have nothing to do with him or her, after the bargain and

sale of which she was the object, and the consequences which immediately resulted from it; and here, accordingly, I take my leave of them. But my story is not quite done yet; it must now pursue the fortunes of the enterprising *impresario*, Signor G——, who had so deftly turned his daughter into a ship-load of fine linens.

This excellent person sailed, as M. M—— told Mr. Schulemberg, for Vera Cruz, with an assorted cargo, consisting of singers, fiddlers, and, as aforesaid, of Mynheer Van Holland's fine linens. The voyage was as prosperous as was due to such an argosy. If a single Amphion could not be drowned by the utmost malice of gods and men, so long as he kept his voice in order, what possible mishap could befall a whole ship-load of them? The vessel arrived safely under the shadow of San Juan de Ulua, and her precious freight in all its varieties was welcomed with a tropical enthusiasm. The market was bare of linen and of song, and it was hard to say which found the readiest sale. Competition raised the price of both articles to a fabulous height. So the good G—— had the benevolent satisfaction of clothing the naked and making the ears that heard him to bless him at the same time. After selling his linens at a great advance on the cost price, considering he had only paid his daughter for them, and having given a series of the most successful concerts ever known in those latitudes, Signor G—— set forth for the Aztec City. As the relations of *meum* and *tuum* were not upon the most satisfactory footing just then at Vera Cruz, he thought it most prudent to carry his well-won treasure with him to the capital. His progress thither was a triumphal procession. Not Cortés, not General Scott, himself, marched more gloriously along the steep and rugged road that leads from the sea-coast to the table-land, than did this son of song. Every city on his line of march was the monument of a victory, and from each one he levied tribute and bore spoils

away. And the vanquished thanked him for this spoiling of their goods.

Arrived at the splendid city, at that time the largest and most populous on the North American continent, he speedily made himself master of it, a welcome conqueror. The Mexicans, with the genuine love for song of their Southern ancestors, had had but few opportunities for gratifying it such as that now offered to them. G—— was a tenor of great compass, and a most skilful and accomplished singer. The artists who accompanied him were of a high order of merit, if not of the very first class. Mexico had never heard the like, and, though a hard-money country, was glad to take their notes and give them gold in return. They were feasted and flattered in the intervals of the concerts, and the bright eyes of Señoras and Señoritas rained influence upon them on the off nights, as their fair hands rained flowers upon the *on* ones. And they have a very pleasant way, in those golden realms, of giving ornaments of diamonds and other precious stones to virtuous singers, as we give pencil-cases and gold watches to meritorious railway conductors and hotel clerks, as a testimonial of the sense we entertain of their private characters and public services. The gorgeous East herself never showered on her kings barbaric pearl and gold with a richer hand than the city of Mexico poured out the glittering rain over the portly person of the happy G——. Saturated at length with the golden flood and its foam of pearl and diamond,—if, indeed, singer were ever capable of such saturation, and were not rather permeable forever like a sieve of the Danaïdes,—saturated, or satisfied that it was all run out, he prepared to take up his line of march back again to the City of the True Cross. Mexico mourned over his going, and sent him forth upon his way with blessings and prayers for his safe return.

But, alas! the blessings and the prayers were alike vain. The saints were either deaf or busy, or had gone a jour-

ney, and either did not hear or did not mind the vows that were sent up to them. At any rate, they did not take that care of the worthy G—— which their devotees had a right to expect of them. Turning his back on the Halls of the Montezumas, where he had revelled so sumptuously, he proceeded on his way towards the Atlantic coast, as fast as his mules thought fit to carry him and his beloved treasure. With the proceeds of his linens and his lungs, he was rich enough to retire from the vicissitudes of operatic life, to some safe retreat in his native Spain or his adoptive Italy. Filled with happy imaginings, he fared onward, the bells of his mules keeping time with the melodious joy of his heart, until he had descended from the *tierra caliente* to the wilder region on the hither side of Jalapa. As the narrow road turned sharply, at the foot of a steeper descent than common, into a dreary valley, made yet more gloomy by the shadow of the hill behind intercepting the sun, though the afternoon was not far advanced, the *impresario* was made unpleasantly aware of the transitory nature of man's hopes and the vanity of his joys. When his train wound into the rough open space, it found itself surrounded by a troop of men whose looks and gestures bespoke their function without the intermediation of an interpreter. But no interpreter was needed in this case, as Signor G—— was a Spaniard by birth, and their expressive pantomime was a sufficiently eloquent substitute for speech. In plain English, he had fallen among thieves, with very little chance of any good Samaritan coming by to help him.

Now Signor G—— had had dealings with brigands and banditti all his operatic life. Indeed, he had often drilled them till they were perfect in their exercises, and got them up regardless of expense. Under his direction they had often rushed forward to the footlights, pouring into the helpless mass before them repeated volleys of explosive crotchets. But this was a very different chorus

that now saluted his eyes. It was the real thing, instead of the make-believe, and, in the opinion of Signor G——, at least, very much inferior to it. Instead of the steeple-crowned hat, jauntily feathered and looped, these irregulars wore huge *sombreros*, much the worse for time and weather, flapped over their faces. For the velvet jacket with the two-inch tail, which had nearly broken up the friendship between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman, when the latter gentleman proposed inducing himself with one, on the occasion of Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy-dress breakfast,—for this integument, I say, these minions of the moon had blankets round their shoulders, thrown back in preparation for actual service. Instead of those authentic cross-garterings in which your true bandit rejoices, like a new Malvolio, to tie up his legs, perhaps to keep them from running away, these false knaves wore, some of them, ragged boots up to their thighs, while others had no crural coverings at all, and only rough sandals, such as the Indians there use, between their feet and the ground. They were picturesque, perhaps, but not attractive to wealthy travellers. But the wealthy travellers were attractive to them; so they came together, all the same. Such as they were, however, there they were, fierce, sad, and sallow, with vicious-looking knives in their belts, and guns of various parentage in their hands, while their captain bade our good man stand and deliver.

There was no room for choice. He had an escort, to be sure; but it was entirely unequal to the emergency,—even if it were not, as was afterwards shrewdly suspected, in league with the robbers. The enemy had the advantage of arms, position, and numbers; and there was nothing for him to do but to disgorge his hoarded gains at once, or to have his breath stopped first and his estate summarily administered upon afterwards by these his casual heirs,—as the King of France, by virtue of his *Droit d'Aubaine*, would have confiscated Yorick's six shirts

and pair of black silk breeches, in spite of his eloquent protest against such injustice, had he chanced to die in his Most Christian Majesty's dominions. As Signor G—— had an estate in his breath, from which he could draw a larger yearly rent than the rolls of many a Spanish grandee could boast, he wisely chose the part of discretion and surrendered at the same. His new acquaintances showed themselves expert practitioners in the breaking open of trunks and the rifling of treasure-boxes. All his beloved doublets, all his cherished dollars, for the which no Yankee ever felt a stronger passion, took swift wings and flew from his coffers to alight in the hands of the adversary. The sacred recesses of his pockets, and those of his companions, were sacred no longer from the sacrilegious hands of the spoilers. The breast-pins were ravished from the shirt-frills,—for in those days studs were not,—and the rings snatched from the reluctant fingers. All the shining testimonials of Mexican admiration were transferred with the celerity of magic into the possession of the chivalry of the road. Not Faulconbridge himself could have been more resolved to come on at the beckoning of gold and silver than were they, and, good Catholics though they were, it is most likely that Bell, Book, and Candle would have had as little restraining influence over them as he professed to feel.

At last they rested from their labors. To the victors belonged the spoils, as they discovered with instinctive sagacity that they should do, though the apophthegm had not yet received the authentic seal of American statesmanship. Science and skill had done their utmost, and poor G—— and his companions in misery stood in the centre of the ring stripped of everything but the clothes on their backs. The duty of the day being satisfactorily performed, the victors felt that they had a right to some relaxation after their toils. And now a change came over them which might have reminded Signor G—— of the banditti of the green-room, with whose habits he had

been so long familiar and whose operations he had himself directed. Some one of the troop, who, however fit for stratagems and spoils, had yet music in his soul, called aloud for a song. The idea was hailed with acclamations. Not satisfied with the capitalized results of his voice to which they had helped themselves, they were unwilling to let their prey go until they had also ravished from him some specimens of the airy mintage whence they had issued. Accordingly the Catholic vagabonds seated themselves on the ground, a fuliginous parterre to look upon, and called upon G—— for a song. A rock which projected itself from the side of the hill served for a stage as well as the "green plat" in the wood near Athens did for the company of Manager Quince, and there was no need of "a tyring-room," as poor G—— had no clothes to change for those he stood in. Not the Hebrews by the waters of Babylon, when their captors demanded of them a song of Zion, had less stomach for the task. But the prime tenor was now before an audience that would brook neither denial nor excuse. Nor hoarseness, nor catarrh, nor sudden illness, certified unto by the friendly physician, would avail him now. The demand was irresistible; for when he hesitated, the persuasive though stern mouth of a musket hinted to him in expressive silence that he had better prevent its speech with song.

So he had to make his first appearance upon that "unworthy scaffold," before an audience which, multifold as his experience had been, was one such as he had never sung to yet. As the shadows of evening began to fall, rough torches of pine wood were lighted and shed a glare such as Salvator Rosa loved to kindle, upon a scene such as he delighted to paint. The rascals had taste,—that the tenor himself could not deny. They knew the choice bits of the operas which held the stage forty years ago, and they called for them wisely and applauded his efforts vociferously. Nay, more, in the height of their enthusiasm, they would

toss him one of his own doubloons or dollars, instead of the bouquets usually hurled at well-deserving singers. They well judged that these flowers that never fade would be the tribute he would value most, and so they rewarded his meritorious strains out of his own stores, as Claude Du Val or Richard Turpin, in the golden days of highway robbery, would sometimes generously return a guinea to a traveller he had just lightened of his purse, to enable him to continue his journey. It was lucky for the unfortunate G—— that their approbation took this solid shape, or he would have been badly off indeed; for it was all he had to begin the world with over again. After his appreciating audience had exhausted their musical repertory and had as many encores as they thought good, they broke up the concert and betook themselves to their fastnesses among the mountains, leaving their patient to find his way to the coast as best he might, with a pocket as light as his soul was heavy. At Vera Cruz a concert or two furnished him with the means of embarking himself and his troupe for Europe, and leaving the New World forever behind him.

And here I must leave him, for my story is done. The reader hungering for a moral may discern, that, though Signor G—— received the price he asked for his lovely daughter, it advantaged him nothing, and that he not only lost it all, but it was the occasion of his losing everything else he had. This is very well as far as it goes; but then it is equally true that M. M—— actually obtained his wife, and that Myneher Van Holland paid for her. I dare say all this can be reconciled with the eternal fitness of things; but I protest I don't see how it is to be done. It is "all a muddle," in my mind. I cannot even affirm that the banditti were ever hanged; and I am quite sure that the unlucky Dutch merchant, whose goods were so comically mixed up with this whole history, never had any poetical or material justice for his loss of them. But it is as

much the reader's business as mine to settle these casuistries. I only undertook to tell him who it was that paid for the *Prima Donna*,—and I have done it.

V.

"I CONSIDER that a good story," said the Consul, when he had finished the narration out of which I have compounded the foregoing,—"and, what is not always the case with a good story, it is a true one."

I cordially concurred with my honored friend in this opinion, and if the reader should unfortunately differ from me on

this point, I beg him to believe that it is entirely my fault. As the Consul told it to me, it was an excellent good story.

"Poor Mynheer Van Holland," he added, laughing, "never got over that adventure. Not that the loss was material to him; he was too rich for that; but the provocation of his fifty thousand dollars going to a parcel of Mexican *ladrones*, after buying an opera-singer for a Frenchman on its way, was enough to rouse even Dutch human-nature to the swearing-point. He could not abide either Frenchmen or opera-singers, all the rest of his life. And, by Jove, I don't wonder at it!"

Nor I, neither, for the matter of that.

TWO RIVERS.

THY summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

Thou in thy narrow banks art pent:
The stream I love unbounded goes
Through flood and sea and firmament;
Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
Through passion, thought, through power and dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream,—
Who drink it shall not thirst again;
No darkness stains its equal gleam,
And ages drop in it like rain.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.

[THE "Atlantic" obeys the moon, and its LUNIVERSARY has come round again. I have gathered up some hasty notes of my remarks made since the last high tides, which I respectfully submit. Please to remember this is *talk*; just as easy and just as formal as I choose to make it.]

—I never saw an author in my life—saving, perhaps, one—that did not purr as audibly as a full-grown domestic cat, (*Felis Catus*, LINN.,) on having his fur smoothed in the right way by a skilful hand.

But let me give you a caution. Be very careful how you tell an author he is *droll*. Ten to one he will hate you; and if he does, be sure he can do you a mischief, and very probably will. Say you *cried* over his romance or his verses, and he will love you and send you a copy. You can laugh over that as much as you like—in private.

—Wonder why authors and actors are ashamed of being funny?—Why, there are obvious reasons, and deep philosophical ones. The clown knows very well that the women are not in love with him, but with Hamlet, the fellow in the black cloak and plumed hat. Passion never laughs. The wit knows that his place is at the tail of a procession.

If you want the deep underlying reason, I must take more time to tell it. There is a perfect consciousness in every form of wit—using that term in its general sense—that its essence consists in a partial and incomplete view of whatever it touches. It throws a single ray, separated from the rest,—red, yellow, blue, or any intermediate shade,—upon an object; never white light; that is the province of wisdom. We get beautiful effects from wit,—all the prismatic colors,—but never the object as it is in fair daylight. A pun, which is a kind of wit, is a different and much shallower trick

in mental optics; throwing the *shadows* of two objects so that one overlies the other. Poetry uses the rainbow tints for special effects, but always keeps its essential object in the purest white light of truth.—Will you allow me to pursue this subject a little further?

[They didn't allow me at that time, for somebody happened to scrape the floor with his chair just then; which accidental sound, as all must have noticed, has the instantaneous effect that Proserpina's cutting the yellow hair had upon infelix Dido. It broke the charm, and that breakfast was over.]

—Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them. Good-breeding *never* forgets that *amour-propre* is universal. When you read the story of the Archbishop and Gil Blas, you may laugh, if you will, at the poor old man's delusion; but don't forget that the youth was the greater fool of the two, and that his master served such a booby rightly in turning him out of doors.

—You need not get up a rebellion against what I say, if you find everything in my sayings is not exactly new. You can't possibly mistake a man who means to be honest for a literary pickpocket. I once read an introductory lecture that looked to me too learned for its latitude. On examination, I found all its erudition was taken ready-made from D'Israëli. If I had been ill-natured, I should have shown up the Professor, who had once belabored me in his feeble way. But one can generally tell these whole-

sale thieves easily enough, and they are not worth the trouble of putting them in the pillory. I doubt the entire novelty of my remarks just made on telling unpleasant truths, yet I am not conscious of any larceny.

Neither make too much of flaws and occasional overstatements. Some persons seem to think that absolute truth, in the form of rigidly stated propositions, is all that conversation admits. This is precisely as if a musician should insist on having nothing but perfect chords and simple melodies,—no diminished fifths, no flat sevenths, no flourishes, on any account. Now it is fair to say, that, just as music must have all these, so conversation must have its partial truths, its embellished truths, its exaggerated truths. It is in its higher forms an artistic product, and admits the ideal element as much as pictures or statues. One man who is a little too literal can spoil the talk of a whole tableful of men of *esprit*.

—“Yes,” you say, “but who wants to hear fanciful people’s nonsense? Put the facts to it, and then see where it is!”—Certainly, if a man is too fond of paradox,—if he is flighty and empty,—if, instead of striking those fifths and sevenths, those harmonious discords, often so much better than the twinned octaves, in the music of thought,—if, instead of striking these, he jangles the chords, stick a fact into him like a stiletto. But remember that talking is one of the fine arts,—the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult,—and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note. Therefore conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker’s results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable. It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other’s thoughts, there are so many of them.

[The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.]

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough

that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale;—no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellects,—and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighboring theatre, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping *voce di petto*, to Falstaff’s nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns. { 1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
2. John’s ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
3. Thomas’s ideal John; never the real John, nor John’s John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases. { 1. The real Thomas.
2. Thomas’s ideal Thomas.
3. John’s ideal Thomas

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he is, so far as Thomas’s attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker

knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

[A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *viâ* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the mean time he had eaten the peaches.]

—The opinions of relatives as to a man's powers are very commonly of little value; not merely because they over-rate their own flesh and blood, as some may suppose; on the contrary, they are quite as likely to underrate those whom they have grown into the habit of considering like themselves. The advent of genius is like what florists style the *breaking* of a seedling tulip into what we may call high-caste colors,—ten thousand dingy flowers, then one with the divine streak; or, if you prefer it, like the coming up in old Jacob's garden of that most gentlemanly little fruit, the seckel pear, which I have sometimes seen in shop-windows. It is a surprise,—there is nothing to account for it. All at once we find that twice two make *five*. Nature is fond of what are called "gift-enterprises." This little book of life which she has given into the hands of its joint possessors is commonly one of the old story-books bound over again. Only once in a great while there is a stately poem in it, or its leaves are illuminated with the glories of art, or they enfold a draft for untold values signed by the million-fold millionaire old mother herself. But strangers are commonly the first to

find the "gift" that came with the little book.

It may be questioned whether anything can be conscious of its own flavor. Whether the musk-deer, or the civet-cat, or even a still more eloquently silent animal that might be mentioned, is aware of any personal peculiarity, may well be doubted. No man knows his own voice; many men do not know their own profiles. Every one remembers Carlyle's famous "Characteristics" article; allow for exaggerations, and there is a great deal in his doctrine of the self-unconsciousness of genius. It comes under the great law just stated. This incapacity of knowing its own traits is often found in the family as well as in the individual. So never mind what your cousins, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and the rest, say about that fine poem you have written, but send it (postage paid) to the editors, if there are any, of the "Atlantic,"—which, by the way, is not so called because it is a *notion*, as some dull wits wish they had said, but are too late.

—Scientific knowledge, even in the most modest persons, has mingled with it a something which partakes of insolence. Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind;—not of manners, perhaps; they may be soft and smooth, but the smile they carry has a quiet assertion in it, such as the Champion of the Heavy Weights, commonly the best-natured, but not the most diffident of men, wears upon what he very inelegantly calls his "mug." Take the man, for instance, who deals in the mathematical sciences. There is no elasticity in a mathematical fact; if you bring up against it, it never yields a hair's breadth; everything must go to pieces that comes in collision with it. What the mathematician knows being absolute, unconditional, incapable of suffering question, it should tend, in the nature of things, to breed a despotic way of thinking. So of those who deal with the palpable and often unmistakable facts of external nature; only in a less

degree. Every probability—and most of our common, working beliefs are probabilities—is provided with *buffers* at both ends, which break the force of opposite opinions clashing against it; but scientific certainty has no spring in it, no courtesy, no possibility of yielding. All this must react on the minds that handle these forms of truth.

—Oh, you need not tell me that Messrs. A. and B. are the most gracious, unassuming people in the world, and yet preëminent in the ranges of science I am referring to. I know that as well as you. But mark this which I am going to say once for all: If I had not force enough to project a principle full in the face of the half dozen most obvious facts which seem to contradict it, I would think only in single file from this day forward. A rash man, once visiting a certain noted institution at South Boston, ventured to express the sentiment, that man is a rational being. An old woman who was an attendant in the Idiot School contradicted the statement, and appealed to the facts before the speaker to disprove it. The rash man stuck to his hasty generalization, notwithstanding.

[—It is my desire to be useful to those with whom I am associated in my daily relations.* I not unfrequently practise the divine art of music in company with our landlady's daughter, who, as I mentioned before, is the owner of an accordion. Having myself a well-marked barytone voice of more than half an octave in compass, I sometimes add my vocal powers to her execution of

"Thou, thou reign'st in this bosom,"—

not, however, unless her mother or some other discreet female is present, to prevent misinterpretation or remark. I have also taken a good deal of interest in Benjamin Franklin, before referred to, sometimes called B. F., or more frequently Frank, in imitation of that felicitous abbreviation, combining dignity and convenience, adopted by some of his betters. My acquaintance with the French language is very imperfect, I having nev-

er studied it anywhere but in Paris, which is awkward, as B. F. devotes himself to it with the peculiar advantage of an Alsatian teacher. The boy, I think, is doing well, between us, notwithstanding. The following is an *uncorrected* French exercise, written by this young gentleman. His mother thinks it very creditable to his abilities; though, being unacquainted with the French language, her judgment cannot be considered final.

LE RAT DES SALONS À LECTURE.

Ce rat ci est un animal fort singulier. Il a deux pattes de derrière sur lesquelles il marche, et deux pattes de devant dont il fait usage pour tenir les journaux. Cet animal à le peau noir pour le plupart, et porte un cercle blanchâtre autour de son cou. On le trouve tous les jours aux dits salons, ou il demeure, digère, s'il y a de quoi dans son intérieur, respire, tousse, éternue, dort, et ronfle quelquefois, ayant toujours le semblance de lire. On ne sait pas s'il a une autre gîte que cela. Il a l'air d'une bête très stupide, mais il est d'une sagacité et d'une vitesse extraordinaire quand il s'agit de saisir un journal nouveau. On ne sait pas pourquoi il lit, parce qu'il ne paraît pas avoir des idées. Il vocalise rarement, mais en revanche, il fait des bruits nasaux divers. Il porte un crayon dans une de ses poches pectorales, avec lequel il fait des marques sur les bords des journaux et des livres, semblable aux suivants: !!!—Bah! Pooh! Il ne faut pas cependant les prendre pour des signes d'intelligence. Il ne vole pas, ordinairement; il fait rarement même des échanges de parapluie, et jamais de chapeau, parceque son chapeau a toujours un caractère spécifique. On ne sait pas au juste ce dont il se nourrit. Feu Cuvier était d'avis que c'était de l'odeur du cuir des reliures; ce qu'on lit d'être une nourriture animale fort saine, et peu chère. Il vit bien longtemps. Enfin il meure, en laissant à ses héritiers une carte du Salon à Lecture où il avait existé pendant sa vie. On prétend qu'il revient toutes les nuits, après la mort, visiter le Salon. On peut le voir, dit on, à minuit, dans sa place habituelle, tenant le journal du soir, et ayant à sa main un crayon de charbon. Le lendemain on trouve des caractères inconnus sur les bords du journal. Ce qui prouve que le spiritualisme est vrai, et que Messieurs les Professeurs de Cambridge sont des imbeciles qui ne savent rien du tout, du tout.

I think this exercise, which I have

not corrected, or allowed to be touched in any way, is very creditable to B. F. You observe that he is acquiring a knowledge of zoölogy at the same time that he is learning French. Fathers of families who take this periodical will find it profitable to their children, and an economical mode of instruction, to set them to revising and amending this boy's exercise. The passage was originally taken from the "Histoire Naturelle des Bêtes Ruminans et Rongeurs, Bipèdes et Autres," lately published in Paris. This was translated into English and published in London. It was republished at Great Pedlington, with notes and additions by the American editor. The notes consist of an interrogation-mark on page 53d, and a reference (p. 127th) to another book "edited" by the same hand. The additions consist of the editor's name on the title-page and back, with a complete and authentic list of said editor's honorary titles in the first of these localities. Our boy translated the translation back into French. This may be compared with the original, to be found on Shelf 13, Division X, of the Public Library of this metropolis.]

—Some of you boarders ask me from time to time why I don't write a story, or a novel, or something of that kind. Instead of answering each one of you separately, I will thank you to step up into the wholesale department for a few moments, where I deal in answers by the piece and by the bale.

That every articulately-speaking human being has in him stuff for *one* novel in three volumes duodecimo has long been with me a cherished belief. It has been maintained, on the other hand, that many persons cannot write more than one novel,—that all after that are likely to be failures.—Life is so much more tremendous a thing in its heights and depths than any transcript of it can be, that all records of human experience are as so many bound *herbaria* to the innumerable glowing, glistening, rustling, breathing, fragrance-laden, poison-sucking, life-giving, death-distilling leaves and flowers

of the forest and the prairies. All we can do with books of human experience is to make them alive again with something borrowed from our own lives. We can make a book alive for us just in proportion to its resemblance in essence or in form to our own experience. Now an author's first novel is naturally drawn, to a great extent, from his personal experiences; that is, is a literal copy of nature under various slight disguises. But the moment the author gets out of his personality, he must have the creative power, as well as the narrative art and the sentiment, in order to tell a living story; and this is rare.

Besides, there is great danger that a man's first life-story shall clean him out, so to speak, of his best thoughts. Most lives, though their stream is loaded with sand and turbid with alluvial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom as they flow along. Oftentimes a single *cradling* gets them all, and after that the poor man's labor is only rewarded by mud and worn pebbles. All which proves that I, as an individual of the human family, could write one novel or story at any rate, if I would.

—Why don't I, then?—Well, there are several reasons against it. In the first place, I should tell all my secrets, and I maintain that verse is the proper medium for such revelations. Rhythm and rhyme and the harmonies of musical language, the play of fancy, the fire of imagination, the flashes of passion, so hide the nakedness of a heart laid open, that hardly any confession, transfigured in the luminous halo of poetry, is reproached as self-exposure. A beauty shows herself under the chandeliers, protected by the glitter of her diamonds, with such a broad snowdrift of white arms and shoulders laid bare, that, were she unadorned and in plain calico, she would be unendurable—in the opinion of the ladies.

Again, I am terribly afraid I should show up all my friends. I should like to know if all story-tellers do not do this? Now I am afraid all my friends would

not bear showing up very well; for they have an average share of the common weakness of humanity, which I am pretty certain would come out. Of all that have told stories among us there is hardly one I can recall that has not drawn too faithfully some living portrait that might better have been spared.

Once more, I have sometimes thought it possible I might be too dull to write such a story as I should wish to write.

And finally, I think it very likely I shall write a story one of these days. Don't be surprised at any time, if you see me coming out with "The Schoolmistress," or "The Old Gentleman Opposite." [Our schoolmistress and our old gentleman that sits opposite had left the table before I said this.] I want my glory for writing the same discounted now, on the spot, if you please. I will write when I get ready. How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made!

—I saw you smiled when I spoke about the possibility of my being too dull to write a good story. I don't pretend to know what you meant by it, but I take occasion to make a remark that may hereafter prove of value to some among you.—When one of us who has been led by native vanity or senseless flattery to think himself or herself possessed of talent arrives at the full and final conclusion that he or she is really dull, it is one of the most tranquillizing and blessed convictions that can enter a mortal's mind. All our failures, our short-comings, our strange disappointments in the effect of our efforts are lifted from our bruised shoulders, and fall, like Christian's pack, at the feet of that Omnipotence which has seen fit to deny us the pleasant gift of high intelligence,—with which one look may overflow us in some wider sphere of being.

—How sweetly and honestly one said to me the other day, "I hate books!" A gentleman,—singularly free from affectations,—not learned, of course, but of perfect breeding, which is often so much better than learning,—by no means dull,

in the sense of knowledge of the world and society, but certainly not clever either in the arts or sciences,—his company is pleasing to all who know him. I did not recognize in him inferiority of literary taste half so distinctly as I did simplicity of character and fearless acknowledgment of his inaptitude for scholarship. In fact, I think there are a great many gentlemen and others, who read with a mark to keep their place, that really "hate books," but never had the wit to find it out, or the manliness to own it. [*Entre nous*, I always read with a mark.]

We get into a way of thinking as if what we call an "intellectual man" was, as a matter of course, made up of nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of book-learning, and one-tenth himself. But even if he is actually so compounded, he need not read much. Society is a strong solution of books. It draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves. If I were a prince, I would hire or buy a private literary tea-pot, in which I would steep all the leaves of new books that promised well. The infusion would do for me without the vegetable fibre. You understand me; I would have a person whose sole business should be to read day and night, and talk to me whenever I wanted him to. I know the man I would have: a quick-witted, out-spoken, incisive fellow; knows history, or at any rate has a shelf full of books about it, which he can use handily, and the same of all useful arts and sciences; knows all the common plots of plays and novels, and the stock company of characters that are continually coming on in new costume; can give you a criticism of an octavo in an epithet and a wink, and you can depend on it; cares for nobody except for the virtue there is in what he says; delights in taking off big wigs and professional gowns, and in the disengaging and unbandaging of all literary mummies. Yet he is as tender and reverential to all that bears the mark of genius,—that is, of a new influx of truth or beauty,—as a nun over her missal. In short, he

is one of those men that know everything except how to make a living. Him would I keep on the square next my own royal compartment on life's chessboard. To him I would push up another pawn, in the shape of a comely and wise young woman, whom he would of course take—to wife. For all contingencies I would liberally provide. In a word, I would, in the plebeian, but expressive phrase, "put him through" all the material part of life; see him sheltered, warmed, fed, button-mended, and all that, just to be able to lay on his talk when I liked,—with the privilege of shutting it off at will.

A Club is the next best thing to this, strung like a harp, with about a dozen ringing intelligences, each answering to some chord of the macrocosm. They do well to dine together once in a while. A dinner-party made up of such elements is the last triumph of civilization over barbarism. Nature and art combine to charm the senses; the equatorial zone of the system is soothed by well-studied artifices; the faculties are off duty, and fall into their natural attitudes; you see wisdom in slippers and science in a short jacket.

The whole force of conversation depends on how much you can take for granted. Vulgar chess-players have to play their game out; nothing short of the brutality of an actual checkmate satisfies their dull apprehensions. But look at two masters of that noble game! White stands well enough, so far as you can see; but Red says, Mate in six moves;—White looks,—nods;—the game is over. Just so in talking with first-rate men; especially when they are good-natured and expansive, as they are apt to be at table. That blessed clairvoyance which sees into things without opening them,—that glorious license, which, having shut the door and driven the reporter from its key-hole, calls upon Truth, majestic virgin! to get off from her pedestal and drop her academic pose, and take a festive garland and the vacant place on the *medius lectus*,—that carnival-shower of questions and replies and comments,

large axioms bowled over the mahogany like bomb-shells from professional mortars, and explosive wit dropping its trains of many-colored fire, and the mischief-making rain of *bon-bons* pelting everybody that shows himself,—the picture of a truly intellectual banquet is one that the old Divinities might well have attempted to reproduce in their —

—“Oh, oh, oh!” cried the young fellow whom they call John,—“that is from one of your lectures!”

I know it, I replied,—I concede it, I confess it, I proclaim it.

“The trail of the serpent is over them all!”

All lecturers, all professors, all schoolmasters, have ruts and grooves in their minds into which their conversation is perpetually sliding. Did you never, in riding through the woods of a still June evening, suddenly feel that you had passed into a warm stratum of air, and in a minute or two strike the chill layer of atmosphere beyond? Did you never, in cleaving the green waters of the Back Bay,—where the Provincial blue-noses are in the habit of beating the “Metropolitan” boat-clubs,—find yourself in a tepid streak, a narrow, local gulf-stream, a gratuitous warm-bath a little underdone, through which your glistening shoulders soon flashed, to bring you back to the cold realities of full-sea temperature? Just so, in talking with any of the characters above referred to, one not unfrequently finds a sudden change in the style of the conversation. The lack-lustre eye, rayless as a Beacon-Street door-plate in August, all at once fills with light; the face flings itself wide open like the church-portals when the bride and bridegroom enter; the little man grows in stature before your eyes, like the small prisoner with hair on end, beloved yet dreaded of early childhood; you were talking with a dwarf and an imbecile,—you have a giant and a trumpet-tongued angel before you!—Nothing but a streak out of a fifty-dollar lecture.—As when, at some unlooked-for moment, the mighty fountain-column springs

into the air before the astonished passer-by,—silver-footed, diamond-crowned, rainbow-scarfed,—from the bosom of that fair sheet, sacred to the hymns of quiet batrachians at home, and the epigrams of a less amiable and less elevated order of *reptilia* in other latitudes.

—Who was that person that was so abused some time since for saying that in the conflict of two races our sympathies naturally go with the higher? No matter who he was. Now look at what is going on in India,—a white, superior "Caucasian" race, against a dark-skinned, inferior, but still "Caucasian" race,—and where are English and American sympathies? We can't stop to settle all the doubtful questions; all we know is, that the brute nature is sure to come out most strongly in the lower race, and it is the general law that the human side of humanity should treat the brutal side as it does the same nature in the inferior animals,—tame it or crush it. The India mail brings stories of women and children outraged and murdered; the royal stronghold is in the hands of the babe-killers. England takes down the Map of the World, which she has girdled with empire, and makes a correction thus: ~~Deceit.~~ *Dele.* The civilized world says, Amen.

—Do not think, because I talk to you of many subjects briefly, that I should not find it much lazier work to take each one of them and dilute it down to an essay. Borrow some of my old college themes and water my remarks to suit yourselves, as the Homeric heroes did with their *melas oinos*,—that black, sweet, syrupy wine (?) which they used to alloy with three parts or more of the flowing stream. [Could it have been *molasses*, as Webster and his provincials spell it,—or *Molossa's*, as dear old smattering, chattering, would-be-College-President, Cotton Mather, has it in the "Magna-lia"? Ponder thereon, ye small antiquaries, who make barn-door-fowl flights of learning in "Notes and Queries"!—ye Historical Societies, in one of whose venerable triremes I, too, ascend the

stream of time, while other hands tug at the oars!—ye Amines of parasitical literature, who pick up your grains of native-grown food with a bodkin, having gorged upon less honest fare, until, like the great minds Goethe speaks of, you have "made a Golgotha" of your pages! —ponder thereon!]

—Before you go, this morning, I want to read you a copy of verses. You will understand by the title that they are written in an imaginary character. I don't doubt they will fit some family-man well enough. I send it forth as "Oak Hall" projects a coat, on *a priori* grounds of conviction that it will suit somebody. There is no loftier illustration of faith than this. It believes that a soul has been clad in flesh; that tender parents have fed and nurtured it; that its mysterious *compages* or frame-work has survived its myriad exposures and reached the stature of maturity; that the Man, now self-determining, has given in his adhesion to the traditions and habits of the race in favor of artificial clothing; that he will, having all the world to choose from, select the very locality where this audacious generalization has been acted upon. It builds a garment cut to the pattern of an Idea, and trusts that Nature will model a material shape to fit it. There is a prophecy in every seam, and its pockets are full of inspiration.—Now hear the verses.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

—My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

—Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

—The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

—“And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?

Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all:
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

AGASSIZ'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Contributions to the Natural History of the United States of America. By LOUIS AGASSIZ. Vols. I. and II. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1857.

THE Great Professor has given the first Monograph of his *Magnum Opus* to the Great Republic and the wider realm of Science. The learned world resolves itself into committees to consider every important work; claiming leave to sit for as long a time as they choose,—for years, or for a whole generation. Every alleged fact is to be verified or cancelled or qualified, every inference to be measured over and over again by its premises, every proposition to be tried by all the tests that can prove its strength or weakness, and the whole to be marshalled to the place it may claim in the alcoves of the universal library. No hasty opinion can anticipate this final and peremptory judgment. Its elements must of necessity be gathered slowly from many and scattered sources. The accumulated learning of the great centres of civilization, the patient investigation of plodding observers, the keen insight of subtle analysts, the jealous clairvoyance of dissentient theo-

rists, the oblique glances of suspicious sister-sciences, the random flashes that skepticism throws from her faithless mirror to dazzle all eyes that seek for truth; through such a varied and protracted ordeal must every record that embodies long and profound observation, large and lofty thought, reach the golden *Imprimatur* which is its warrant for immortality.

The work of Mr. Agassiz, if we may judge it by the portion now before us, has a right to challenge such a matured opinion, and to wait for it. Not the less does a certain duty belong to us as literary journalists with reference to these stately volumes, which are in the hands of thousands, learned and unlearned, and of which there are scores of thousands waiting to hear. Our duty we consider to be four-fold: first, that of recognition in terms of fitting courtesy; secondly, of analysis for the general reader; thirdly, of accentuation, so to speak, of what seems most widely applicable or interesting; and lastly, of making such comments as so pregnant a text may suggest.

And first, of recognition. Here are the fruits of ten years of patient labor, taken out of the heart of life, in the age of

vigor, which is that of ambition,—to use the phrase of another great observer,—by a man of large endowments and of vast knowledge, assisted by skilful collaborators, by finished artists, by the counsels and liberality of the learned few, and the generous countenance of the intelligent many. Before analysis, before criticism, there should be uttered a welcome; not grudging, not envious of an overshadowing reputation, not over-curious in searching for qualifications to abate its warmth, not carefully taming down its enthusiasm to tepid formalisms; but full-souled and free-spoken, such as all noble works and deeds should claim.

The learned men of past centuries have left us an example of this treatment of authors, in those gratulatory verses with which they were wont to hail every considerable literary or scientific performance. They knew human nature well. They knew that the author, when he quenches the lamp over which he has grown haggard and pale, and steps from his cell into daylight and the chill outside air, longs, longs unutterably, for kind words, and the cheering fellowship of kindred souls; and with instinctive grace they chose the poetical form of expression, simply because this alone gives full license to the lips of friendship.

This old folio which stands by us is not precious only because it contains the quaint wisdom and manifold experience of Ambroise Paré, mingled with his credulous gossip, and again sweetened by his simple reverence; not precious alone because it contains the noblest words ever uttered by one of his profession,—*Ie le pensay et Dieu le guarit*; but also because PIERRE RONSARD, the "Poet of France," has left his deathless name thrice inscribed in its earlier pages at the foot of tributes to its author.

And here in the next century comes Schenck of Grafenberg, staggering under his monstrous volume of "Casus Rariores,"—ready to fall fainting by the way-side, when lo! the shining ones meet him too, and lift him and lighten him with the utterance of these *fifty-one* distinct poems

which we see hung up on so many votive tablets at the entrance of this miniature Babel of Science.

Even so late as the last century the genial custom survived; for our worthy Stalpart vander Wiel, whose little pair of volumes was published in 1727, can boast of twenty-two pages of well-ordered commendatory verse, much of it in his native Dutch,—a little of which goes a good way with all except Batavian readers.

But as the "Arundines Cami," musical as they are, have lent no prelude to these harmonies of science, we must say in a few plain words of prose our own first thought as to the work the commencement of which lies before us. We believe, that, if completed according to its promise, it is to be one of the monumental labors of our century. Comparisons are not to be lightly instituted, and especially under circumstances that do not allow a fair survey of the whole field from which the objects to be compared are to be taken. We suppose, however, it will be conceded that the sunset continent has never witnessed anything like the inception of this mighty task in the way of systematic natural science. And if, since Cuvier, the greatest of naturalists, as Mr. Agassiz considers him, slept with the fossils to which he had given life, there has been any other student of Nature who has attempted a task so immense, with the same union of observing, reflecting, analyzing, and coördinating power, we cannot name him. Our civilization has a right to be proud of such an accession to its thinking and laboring constituency; it is also bound to be grateful for it, and to express its gratitude.

It is just one hundred years since another Swiss, the magnificent Albert von Haller, gave to the world the first volume of the "Elementa Physiologiae Corporis Humani." Nine years afterwards, in 1766, the last of the eight volumes appeared; and the vast structure, which embodied his untiring study of Nature, his world-wide erudition, his deepest thought, his highest imaginings,

his holiest aspirations, stood, like the Alps whose shadow fell upon its birthplace, the lovely Lausanne, pride of the Pays de Vaud. The clepsydrae that measure the centuries as they drop from the dizzy cliffs—the glaciers, by the descent of which “time is marked out, as by a shadow on a dial,” and which thunder out the high noon of each revolving year with their frozen tongues, as they crack beneath the summer’s sun—have registered a new centennial circle, and at the very hour of its completion, Switzerland vindicates her ancient renown in these fair pages, at once pledge and performance, of another of her honored children. May the auspicious omen lead to as happy a conclusion!

Lovingly, then, we lay open the generous quarto and look upon its broad, bright title-page. It tells us that we have here the first of a series of “Contributions to the Natural History of the United States of America.” We see that one of its three parts embraces the largest generalities of Natural Science, under the head of an “Essay on Classification.” We see that the other two parts are devoted to the description and delineation of a single order of Reptilia,—the Testudinata, or “Turtles.”

If Mr. Agassiz had intentionally chosen the simplest way of proving that he had naturalized himself in New England, he could not have selected more fortunately than he has done by adopting our word *Turtle* to cover all the Testudinates. To an Englishman a turtle is a sea-monster, that for a brief space lies on his back and fights the air with his useless paddles in the bow-window of a provision-shop, bound eventually to Guildhall, there to feed Gog and Magog, or his worshippers, known as aldermen. For him a land-testudinate is a *tortoise*. When his poets and romancers speak of turtles, again, they commonly mean *turtle-doves*.

“Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies.”

The only flight of a testudinate which we

remember is that downward one of the unfortunate tortoise that cracked the bald crown of Æschylus. But turtle, as embracing all chelonians, or, as liberal shepherds call it, “turkle,” is unquestionably Cisatlantic. The distinguished naturalist has made himself an American citizen by adopting our own expression, and should have the freedom of all our cities presented to him in the shell of a box-TURTLE.

It is singular to recall the honors which have been bestowed on the testudinates from all antiquity. It was the sun-dried and sinew-strung shell of a tortoise that suggested the lyre to Mercury, as he walked by the shore of Nilus. It was on the back of a tortoise that the Indian sage placed his elephant which upheld the world. Under the *testudo* the Roman legions swarmed into the walled cities of the *orbis terrarum*. And in that wise old fable which childhood learns, and age too often remembers, sorrowing, it was the tortoise that won the race against the swiftest of the smaller tribes, his competitor.

And here once more we have his shell strung with vibrating thoughts that repeat the harmonies of nature. Once more his broad back stoops to the weighty problems which the planet proposes to its children. Once more the great cities are stormed—by science—beneath his coat of mail. Once more he has run the race, not against the hare only, but the whole animal kingdom, and won it, and with it the new fame which awaits him, as he leads in the long array of his fellows that are to come up, one by one, in these enduring records. And so we turn the leaf, and come to the DEDICATION.

The Dedication of a work like this, destined to preserve all the names it enrolls in the sculpture-like immortality of science, naturally delays us for a moment. Of the foreign teacher and friend to whom the author owes some of his earliest lessons, and of that group of our own citizens, most of them still living, who lent their united efforts to the enterprise of publication after it was commenced,

we need not speak individually. But we cannot pass over the name of FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY without a word of grateful remembrance for one who was "the friend and adviser" of the author in planning the publication of the work before us. We who remember his varied culture, his large and fluent discourse, with its formidable accuracy of knowledge and gracious suavity of utterance, his taste in literature and art, which made his home a suite of princely cabinets, his generous and elegant hospitality, which scholars and artists knew so well,—counting him as the peer, and in many points the more than peer of such as the wide world of letters is proud to claim,—are pleased to see that his cherished name will be read by the students of unborn generations on the first leaf of this noble record of the science of our own.

The PREFACE which follows the Dedication is full of grateful acknowledgments to the many friends of science, in all parts of the country, who came forward to lend their aid in various forms, especially in collecting and transmitting specimens from the most widely remote sections of the continent. The pious zeal of Mr. Winthrop Sargent, who brought a cargo of living turtles more than a thousand miles to the head-quarters of testudinous learning at Cambridge, is only paralleled by the memorable act of the Pisans in transporting ship-loads of holy soil from Palestine to fill their Campo Santo. Genius is marked by nothing more distinctly than that it makes the world its tributary. He from whose lips it speaks has but to look calmly into the eyes of dull routine, of jaded toil, of fickle childhood, and utter the words, "Follow me." Custom-house officials close their books, tired fishermen leave their nets, riotous boys forsake their play, to do the master's bidding. Is he making collections for some great purpose of study? Piece by piece the fragmentary spoils flow in upon him, of all sizes, shapes, and hues; a chaos of confused riches, perhaps only a wealth of rubbish, as they lie at his feet. One by one they fall into harmonious re-

lations, until the meaningless heap has become a vast mosaic, where nothing is too minute to fill some interstice, nothing too angular to fit some corner, nothing so dull or brilliant of tint that it will not furnish its fraction of light or shadow. Such has been the history of those years of labor the results of which these volumes present to us. Whatever may have been said of the devotion of our countrymen to material interests, the wise and winning lips had only to speak, and such a currency of *plastrons* and *carapaces* was set in circulation, that the contemplative stranger who saw the mighty coinage of *Chelonia* flowing in upon Cambridge might well have thought that the national idea was not the Almighty Dollar, but the Almighty Turtle.

Mr. Agassiz places a high estimate on the intelligence as well as the kind spirit of his adopted countrymen. "There is not a class of learned men here," he says, "distinct from the other cultivated members of the community. On the contrary, so general is the desire for knowledge, that I expect to see my book read by operatives, by fishermen, by farmers, quite as extensively as by the students of our colleges, or by the learned professions; and it is but proper that I should endeavor to make myself understood by all."

The deficiencies of our scientific libraries, and the want of a class of elementary works upon Natural History, such as are widely circulated in Europe, are adverted to and alleged as a reason for entering into details which the professional naturalist might think misplaced.

We quote one paragraph entire from the Preface, as not susceptible of being abridged, and as briefly stating those general facts with regard to the work which all our readers must desire to know.

"I have a few words more to say respecting the two first volumes, now ready for publication. Considering the uncertainty of human life, I have wished to bring out at once a work that would exemplify the nature of the investigations

I have been tracing during the last ten years, and show what is likely to be the character of the whole series. I have aimed, therefore, in preparing these two volumes, to combine them in such a manner as that they should form a whole. The First Part contains an exposition of the general views I have arrived at thus far, in my studies of Natural History. The Second Part shows how I have attempted to apply these results to the special study of Zoölogy, taking the order of Testudinata as an example. I believe, that, in America, where turtles are everywhere common, and greatly diversified, a student could not make a better beginning than by a careful perusal of this part, specimens in hand, with constant reference to the second chapter of the First Part. The Third Part exemplifies the bearing of Embryology upon these general questions, while it contains the fullest illustration of the embryonic growth of the Testudinata."

The Preface closes with honorable mention of the gentlemen who have furnished direct assistance in the preparation of the work, and especially of Mr. Clark in microscopic observation and illustration, and of Mr. Sonrel in drawing the zoölogical figures.

The LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS is not without its special meaning and interest. If, as has been said, the grade of civilization in any community can be estimated by the amount of sulphuric acid it consumes, the extent to which a work like this has been called for in different sections of the country may to some extent be considered an index of its intellectual aspirations, if not of its actual progress. This is especially true of those remoter regions where personal motives would exercise least influence. But without instituting any comparisons, we may well be proud of this ample list of twenty-five hundred subscribers, most of them citizens of the republic,—“a support such as was never before offered to any scientific man for purely scientific ends, without any reference to government objects or direct practical aims.”

Our analysis must confine itself mainly to the first of the three parts into which these two volumes are divided. This first part it is that contains those large results which every thinker must desire to learn from one whose life has been devoted to the searching and contemplative study of Nature. It is in the realm of thought here explored, that Natural Science, whose figure we are wont to look down upon, crouching to her task, like him of the muck-rake, as he painfully gathers together his sticks and straws, rises erect, and lifts her forehead into the upper atmosphere of philosophy, where the clouds are indeed thickest, but the stars are nearest. The second and third parts belong more exclusively to the professed students of Natural History in its different special departments. Our notice of these divisions of the work must therefore be comparatively brief.

The first chapter of the first part has for its title, “The fundamental relations of animals to one another and to the world in which they live, as the basis of the natural system of animals.”

Certain general doctrines, the spirit of which runs through all the scientific works of Mr. Agassiz, are distinctly laid down in the first section of this chapter. It is headed with the statement, “The leading features of a natural zoölogical system are all founded in nature.” The systems named from the great leaders of science are but translations of the Creator’s thoughts into human language. “If it can be proved that man has not invented, but only traced this systematic arrangement in nature,—that these relations and proportions which exist throughout the animal and vegetable world have an intellectual, an ideal connection in the mind of the Creator,—that this plan of creation, which so commends itself to our highest wisdom, has not grown out of the necessary action of physical laws, but was the free conception of the Almighty Intellect, matured in his thought, before it was manifested in tangible, external forms,—if, in short, we can prove premeditation prior to the act of creation,

we have done, once and forever, with the desolate theory which refers us to the laws of matter as accounting for all the wonders of the universe, and leaves us with no God but the monotonous, unvarying action of physical forces, binding all things to their inevitable destiny."

One more extract must be given from this section, for it is the key to the general argument which follows.

"I disclaim every intention of introducing in this work any evidence irrelevant to my subject, or of supporting any conclusions not immediately flowing from it; but I cannot overlook nor disregard here the close connection there is between the facts ascertained by scientific investigations, and the discussions now carried on respecting the origin of organized beings. And though I know those who hold it to be very unscientific to believe that thinking is not something inherent in matter, and that there is an essential difference between inorganic and living and thinking beings, I shall not be prevented by any such pretensions of a false philosophy from expressing my conviction, that, as long as it cannot be shown that matter or physical forces do actually reason, I shall consider any manifestation of thought as evidence of the existence of a thinking being as the author of such thought, and shall look upon an intelligent and intelligible connection between the facts of nature as direct proof of the existence of a thinking God, as certainly as man exhibits the power of thinking when he recognizes their natural relations."

We must content ourselves with the most general statement of the nature and bearing of the series of propositions which follow. They are illustrated by a large survey of the material universe in its manifestations of life, and of the relations between the various forms of life to each other and to the inorganic world. These propositions, thirty-one in number, might be called an analysis of the qualities of the Infinite Mind exhibited in the realm of organized and especially of animal being. Nothing but

want of space prevents our reproducing at full length the very careful recapitulation to be found at the close of the chapter, or the analysis to be found in the Table of Contents. With something more of labor than the task of copying would have been, we have attempted to compress the truths already crowded in these brief and pregnant sentences into the still narrower compass of a few lines in our straitened pages.

The harmony of the universe is a manifestation of illimitable intellect, displaying itself in various modes of thought, as these are shown in the characters and relations of organized beings: unity of thought, manifesting itself independently of space, of time, of known material agencies, of special form,—illustrated by repetition of similar types in different circumstances, by identities, or partial resemblances, or serial connections, found under varying conditions of being; power of expressing the same idea in innumerable forms, as in those instances of essential identity of parts in the midst of formal differences known as *special homologies*; power of combination, as in the adjustment of organized beings to each other and to the inorganic world, or in the harmonious allotment of the most varied gifts to different beings; definite recognition of time and space, as in the life of individuals, of species, in the stages of growth, in the geographical limitation of types; prescience and omniscience, as shown in the *prophetic* types of earlier geological ages; omnipresence, by the adjustment of the whole series of animal organisms to the various parts of the planet they inhabit.

The final *r  sum  * of Mr. Agassiz is as follows:—

"We may sum up the results of this discussion, up to this point, in still fewer words.

"All organized beings exhibit in themselves all those categories of structure and of existence upon which a natural system may be founded, in such a manner, that, in tracing it, the human mind is only translating into human language

the Divine thoughts expressed in Nature in living realities.

"All these beings do not exist in consequence of the continued agency of physical causes, but have made their successive appearance upon earth by the immediate intervention of the Creator. As proof, I may sum up my argument in the following manner:—

"The products of what are commonly called physical agents are everywhere the same, (that is, upon the whole surface of the globe,) and have always been the same (that is, during all geological periods); while organized beings are everywhere different, and have differed in all ages. Between two such series of phenomena there can be no causal or genetic connection.

"The combination in time and space of all these thoughtful conceptions exhibits not only thought, it shows also premeditation, power, wisdom, greatness, prescience, omniscience, providence. In one word, all these facts in their natural connection proclaim aloud the One God, whom man may know, adore, and love; and Natural History must, in good time, become the analysis of the thoughts of the Creator of the Universe, as manifested in the animal and vegetable kingdoms."

To this statement we must add two paragraphs from the pages just preceding. (pp. 130, 131.)

"If I have succeeded, even very imperfectly, in showing that the various relations observed between animals and the physical world, as well as between themselves, exhibit thought, it follows that the whole has an Intelligent Author; and it may not be out of place to attempt to point out, as far as possible, the difference there may be between Divine thinking and human thought.

"Taking nature as exhibiting thought for my guide, it appears to me, that, while human thought is consecutive, Divine thought is simultaneous, embracing at the same time and forever, in the past, the present, and the future, the most diversified relations among hundreds of thousands of organized beings, each of

which may present complications, again, which to study and understand even imperfectly, as, for instance, man himself, mankind has already spent thousands of years. And yet, all this has been done by one Mind, must be the work of one Mind only, of Him before whom man can only bow in grateful acknowledgment of the prerogatives he is allowed to enjoy in this world, not to speak of the promises of a future life."

Chapter Second is entitled, "Leading Groups of the existing systems of animals."

Its nine sections treat successively of the great types or branches of the animal kingdom, of classes, orders, families, genera, species, other natural divisions, successive development of characters, and close with some very significant conclusions on the importance of the study of classification.

Mr. Agassiz has attempted to give definiteness to the terms above enumerated, which have been used with various significance, by limiting each one of them to covering a single category of natural relationship. Thus:—

Branches or *types* are characterized by their plan of structure.

Classes, by the manner in which that plan is executed, so far as ways and means are concerned.

Orders, by the degrees of complication of that structure.

Families, by their form, so far as determined by structure.

Genera, by the details of the execution in special parts.

Species, by the relations of individuals to one another and to the world in which they live, as well as by the proportions of their parts, their ornamentation, etc.

"And yet there are other natural divisions which must be acknowledged in a natural zoological system; but these are not to be traced so uniformly in all classes as the former,—they are, in reality, only limitations of the other kinds of divisions."

This chapter must be studied in the

original text, the arguments by which its conclusions are supported hardly admitting of brief analysis. The most superficial reader will be interested in Mr. Agassiz's account of the mode in which he sought for the natural boundaries of the various divisions, by observing the special point of view in which various eminent naturalists have considered their subject; as, for instance, Audubon, among the biographers of species,—Latrelle, among the students of genera,—and Cuvier, at the head of those who have contemplated the higher groups, such as classes and types. The most indifferent reader will be arrested by the opinions boldly promulgated with reference to species.

"The evidence that all animals have originated in large numbers is growing so strong, that the idea that every species existed in the beginning in single pairs may be said to be given up almost entirely by naturalists." "If we are led to admit as the beginning of each species the simultaneous origin of a large number of individuals, if the same species may originate at the same time in different localities, these first representatives of each species, at least, were not connected by sexual derivation; and as this applies equally to any first pair, this fancied test criterion of specific identity must at all events be given up, and with it goes also the pretended real existence of the species, in contradistinction from the mode of existence of genera, families, orders, classes, and types; for what really exists are individuals, not species." (pp. 166-167.)

Chapter Third is headed, "Notice of the principal systems of Zoölogy." It is divided into the six following sections: General remarks upon modern systems; Early attempts to classify animals; Period of Linnæus; Period of Cuvier, and Anatomical systems; Physiophilosophical systems; Embryological systems.

This chapter is invaluable to the general student, as giving him in a single view not only a *conspectus* of the most important attempts at classification in

Zoölogy, but an examination of the principles involved in each, by the one among all living men most fitted to perform the task. No cultivated person who desires to know anything of Natural Science can pass over this portion of the work without careful study. Those who are not prepared to follow the author through the details of the Second Part will yet consider these volumes as indispensable companions for reference, as containing this brief but comprehensive encyclopedia and commentary, covering the whole philosophical machinery of zoölogical science.

For the first section of this chapter Mr. Agassiz adopts the fundamental divisions (branches) of Cuvier, introducing such changes among the classes and orders as the progress of science demands. The second section gives a short account of the early attempts to classify animals, more particularly of the divisions established by Aristotle. The third section embraces the period of Linnæus, and gives his classification. The fourth, that of Cuvier, and Anatomical systems, with the classifications of Cuvier, Lamarck, De Blainville, Ehrenberg, Burmeister, Owen, Milne-Edwards, Von Siebold and Stannius, Leuckart. The fifth section includes the Physiophilosophical systems, with diagrams of Oken's and Fitzinger's classifications, and a special article for the circular groups of McLeay. The sixth and last section is devoted to Embryological systems, and presents diagrams of the classifications of Von Baer, Van Beneden, Kölliker, and Vogt.

The SECOND PART of the Monograph introduces us to the consideration of a special subject of Natural History,—the North American Testudinata. Its three chapters treat successively of this order of Reptiles,—of its families,—of its North American genera and species.

The THIRD PART, contained in the second volume, is entitled, "Embryology of the Turtle." It consists of two chapters: "Development of the Egg, from

its first appearance to the formation of the embryo." "Development of the Embryo, from the time the egg leaves the ovary to that of the hatching of the young." Then follow the explanation of the plates and the plates themselves, thirty-four in number.

We need not attempt to give any account of the parts devoted to the development of these particular subjects. This we must necessarily leave to the journals devoted to scientific matters, and the class of students most intimate with these departments of Natural Science.

Yet the American who asks for a model to work by in his investigations will find a great deal more than the "North American Testudinata" in the part to which that title is prefixed. The principles of classification exemplified, the methods of description illustrated, the rules of nomenclature tested,—what matter is it whether the *gran maestro* has chosen this or that string to play the air upon, when each has compass enough for all its melody?

Still more forcibly does this comment apply to the elaborate and ample division of the work embracing the Embryology of the Turtle. He who has mastered the details of this section has at his feet the whole broad realm of which this province holds one of the key-fortresses. *Ex testudine naturam.*

We are unwilling to speak of the illustrations comparatively without more extended means of judgment than we have at hand. But that they are of superlative excellence, brilliant, delicate, accurate, life-like, and nature-like, is what none will dispute. Look at these turtles, models of real-estate owners as they are. Observe No. 13, Plate IV.,—"Chelydra Serpentina,"—"snapper," or "snappin' turtle," in the vernacular. He is out collecting rents from the naked-skinned reptiles, his brethren; in default thereof, taking the bodies of the aforesaid. Or behold No. 5, Plate VI. bewailing the wretchedness of those who have no roofs to cover them. Or No. 2, of the same

plate, bestowing an archiepiscopal benediction on the houseless multitudes, before he retires for the night to slumber between his tessellated floor and his frescoed ceiling.

Of the smooth, white eggs, with their rounded reliefs and tenderly graduated light and shadow, all eyes are judges. But of the exquisite figures showing the various stages of development and the details of structural arrangement, the uninitiated must take the opinions of a microscopic expert; and if they will accept our testimony as that of one not unfamiliar with the instrument and the mysteries it reveals, we can assure them that these figures are of supreme excellence. The hazy semitransparency of the embryonic tissues, the halos, the granules, the globules, the cell-walls, the delicate membranous expansions, the vascular webs, are expressed with purity, softness, freedom, and a conscientiousness which reminds us of Donné's microscopic daguerreotypes, while in many points the views are literally truer to nature,—just as a sculptor's bust of a living person is often more really like him in character than a cast moulded on his features.

We have attempted to give a slight idea of the contents of these two volumes, in the compass of a few pages. We have called the reader's attention to various points of special interest, as we were going along. It remains to make such comments as suggest themselves to us, either in our character of "the schooliast," or in our own right as a free citizen of the intellectual as well as the political republic.

WHENCE? WHY? WHITHER? These are the three great questions that arise in the soul of every race and of every thinking being. He who looks at either of them with the least new light, though he whisper what he sees ever so softly, has the world to listen to him. No matter how he got his knowledge nor what he calls it; it belongs to mankind. But "Science" has been mainly engaged

with another question, in itself of very inferior interest, namely, *How?*

We must be permitted to speak of "Science" in our freest capacity, and will endeavor not to abuse our liberty. The study of natural phenomena for the sake of the pleasing variety of aspects they present, for the delight of collecting curious specimens, for the exercise of ingenuity in detecting the secret methods of Nature, for the gratification of arranging facts or objects in regular series, is an innocent and not a fruitless pursuit. Many persons are born with a natural instinct for it, and with special aptitudes which may even constitute a kind of genius. We should do honor to such power wherever we find it; honor according to its kind and its degree; but not affix the wrong label to it. Those who possess it acquire knowledge sometimes so extensive and uncommon that we regard them with a certain admiration. But, knowledge is not wisdom. Unless these narrow trains of ideas are brought into relation with other and wider ranges of thought, or with the conduct of life, they cannot aspire to that loftier name.

We must go farther than this. The study of the *How?* in Nature, or the simple observation of phenomena, is often used as an opiate to quiet the higher faculties. There can be no question of the fact that many persons pass much of their lives working in the in-door or out-door laboratories of science, just as old women knit, just as prisoners carve quaintly elaborate toys in their dungeons. The product is not absolutely useless in either case; the fingers of the body or of the mind become swift and cunning, but the soul does not grow under such culture. We are willing to allow that many of those who browse in the sleepy meadows of timeless observation,—loving to keep their heads down as they gaze at and gather their narcotic herbs, rather than lift them to the horizon beyond or the heaven above,—act in obedience to the law of their limited natures. Still, let us recognize the limitation, and not forget that the pursuit

which may be fitting and praiseworthy toil for one class of minds may be ignoble indolence for another. We must remember, on the other hand, that, however humble may be the intellectual position of the man of science or knowledge, in distinction from wisdom, the results of his labors may be of the highest importance. The most ignorant laborer may get a stone out of the quarry, and the poorest slave unearth a diamond. These intellectual artisans come to their daily task with hypertrophied special organs, fitted to their peculiar craft. Some of them are all eyes; some, all hands; some are self-recording microscopes; others, self-registering balances. If a man would watch a thermometer every hour of the day and night for ten years, and give a table of his observations, the result would be of interest and value. But the bulbous extremity of the instrument would probably contain as much thought at the end of the ten years as that of the observer.

Clearly, then, "Science" does not properly belong to "scientific" men, unless they happen also to be wise ones; not more to them than honey to bees, or books to printers. The bee *may*, certainly, feed on the honey he has made, and the printer read the books he has put in type. But *Vos non vobis* is the rule. "Science" is knowledge, it is true, but knowledge disarticulated and parcelled out among certain specialists, like Truth in Milton's glorious comparison. He who can restore each part to its true position, and orient the lesser whole in its relations to the universe, he it is to whom science belongs. He must range through all time and follow Nature to her farthest bounds. Then he can dissect beetles like Straus Durckheim, without becoming a myope. But even this is not enough. Let us see what qualities would go to make up the ideal model of the truly wise student of Nature.

He must have, in the first place, as the substratum of his faculties, the power of observation, with the passion that keeps it active and the skilful hand to serve its

needs. Secondly, a quick eye for resemblances and differences. Thirdly, a wide range of mental vision. Fourthly, the coördinating or systematizing faculty. Fifthly, a large scholarship. Lastly, and without which all these gifts fall short of their ultimate aim, an instinct for the highest forms of truth,—a centripetal tendency, always seeking the idea behind the form, the Deity in his manifestations, and thence working outward again to solve those infinite problems of life and its destinies which are, in reality, all that the thinking soul most lives for.

It is as easy to find all these qualities separate as it is to turn beneath the finger one of the letters of a revolving padlock. But they must all be brought together in line before the grand portals of Nature's hryptal temple will open to her chosen student. How incomplete the man of science is with only one or two of these endowments may be seen by a few examples.

The power and instinct of observation combined with the most consummate skill do not necessarily make a great philosophical naturalist. Leeuwenhoek had all these. They bore admirable fruits, too. We cannot but read the old man's letters to the Royal Society, written, if we remember right, after the age of eighty, with delight and admiration. Those little lenses in their silver mountings, all ground and set and fashioned by his own hand, showed him the blood-globules, and the "pipes" of the teeth, which Purkinje and Retzius found with their achromatic microscopes a century later. We honor his skill and sagacity as they deserve; but a little trick of Mr. Dollond's, applied to the microscopic object-glass, has left all his achievements a mere matter of curious history.

Few have been more remarkable for perceiving resemblances and differences than Oken. This is the poetical side of the scientific mind; and he shares with Goethe the honor of that startling and far-reaching discovery, the vertebral character of the bones of the cranium. At this very time the four vertebral cranial

bones recognized by Owen are the same Oken has described. But notwithstanding the generous tribute of Mr. Agassiz to his great merits, the writer who assigns special colors to the persons in the Trinity, (red, blue, and green,) and then allots to Satan a constituent of one of these, (yellow,) has drifted away from the solid anchorage of observation into the shoreless waste of the inane, if not amidst the dark abysses of the profane.

If the widest range of mental vision, joined, too, with great learning, could make a successful student of Nature, Lord Bacon should have stood by the side of Linnaeus. But open the "*Sylva Sylvarum*" anywhere and see what Bacon was as a naturalist. "It was observed in the *Great Plague* of the last yeare, that there were seene in divers *Ditches* and low *Grounds* about *London*, many *Toads* that had *Tailes*, two or three inches long, at the least: Whereas *Toads* (usually) have no *Tailes* at all. Which argueth a great disposition to *Putrefaction* in the *Soile* and *Aire*." This in that "great birth of time," the "Instauration of the Sciences"!

The systematizing or coördinating power is worse than nothing, unless it be supported by the other qualities already mentioned. Darwin had it, and something of what is called genius with it; but where is now the "*Zoönomia*"?

And what is erudition without the power to correct errors by appealing to Nature, to arrange methodically, to use wisely? It would be a shame to mention any name in illustration of its insignificance. Our shelves bend and crack under the load of unwise and learned authorship. There are two stages in every student's life. In the first he is afraid of books; in the second books are afraid of him. For they are a great community of thieves, and one finds the same stolen patterns in all their pockets. Though often dressed in sheep's clothing, they have the maw of wolves. When the student has once found them out, he laughs at the pretensions of erudition, and strides gayly up and down great libraries, feeling that the

most blustering folio of them all will turn as pale as if it were bound in law-calf, if he only lay his hand on its shoulder.

Nor, lastly, can any elevation of aim, any thirst for the divine springs of knowledge, enable a man to dispense with the sober habits of observation and the positive acquirements that must give him the stamina to attempt the higher flights of thought. The eagle's wings are nothing without his pectoral muscles. It is not Swedenborg and his disciples that legislate for the scientific world; they may suggest truth, but they rarely prove it, and never bring it into such systematic forms as narrow-minded Nature will insist on laying down.

That all these qualities which go to make up our ideal should exist in absolute perfection in any single man of mortal birth is not to be expected. But there are names in the history of Science which recall so imposing a combination of these several gifts, that, comparing the men who bore them with the civilization of their time, we can hardly conceive that uninspired intellect should come nearer the imaginary standard. Such a man was Aristotle. The slender and close-shaven fop, with the showy mantle on his ungraceful person and the costly rings on his fingers, who hung on the lips of Plato for twenty years, and trained the boy of Macedon to whatever wisdom he possessed,—whose life was set by destiny between the greatest of thinkers and the greatest of conquerors,—seems to have borrowed the intellect of the one and the universal aspirations of the other. But because he invaded every realm of knowledge, it must not be thought he dealt with Nature at second-hand. He was a collector and a dissector. He could display the anatomical structure of a fish as well as write a treatise on the universe or on rhetoric, or government or logic, or music or mathematics. Dethroned we call him; and yet Mr. Agassiz quotes his descriptions with respect, and confesses that the systematic classification of animals makes but one stride from Aristotle to Linnæus.

Cuvier was such a man. Alone, and unapproached in his own spheres of knowledge, his "Report on the Progress of the Natural Sciences" is only an index to the wide range of his intellect. In one point, however, we must own that he seems slow of apprehension or limited by preconceived opinions,—in his reception of the homologies pointed out by Oken and the Physiophilosophical observers.

In the same range of intellects we should reckon Linnæus and Humboldt, and should have reckoned Goethe, had he given himself to science.

We do not assume to say where in the category of fully equipped intelligences Mr. Agassiz belongs. But if the union of the most extraordinary observing powers with an almost poetic perception of analogies, with a wide compass of thought, the classifying instinct and habit, large knowledge of books, and personal intimacy with the leaders in various departments of knowledge, and with this the upward-looking aspect of mind and heart, which is the crowning gift of all,—if the union of these qualities can give to the man of science a claim to the nobler name of wisdom, it is not flattery, but justice, to award this distinction to Mr. Agassiz.

To him, then, we listen, when, after having sounded every note in the wide gamut of Nature, after reading the story of life as it stands written in the long series of records reaching from Cambrian fossils to ovarian germs, after tracing the divine principle of order from the star-like flower at his feet to the flower-like circle of planets which spreads its fiery corolla, in obedience to the same simple law that disposes the leaves of the growing plant,—as our eminent mathematician tells us,—he relates in simple and reverential accents the highest truths he has learned in traversing God's mighty universe. For him, and such as him,—for us, too, if we read wisely,—the toiling slaves of science, often working with little consciousness of the full proportions of the edifice they are helping to con-

struct, have spent their busy lives. All knowledge asserts its true dignity when once brought into relation with the grand end of knowledge,—a wider and deeper view of the significance of conscious and unconscious created being, and the character of its Creator.

We shall close this article with some remarks upon the great doctrines that dominate all the manifold subordinate thoughts which fill these crowded pages. The plan of creation, Mr. Agassiz maintains, "has not grown out of the necessary action of physical laws, but was the free conception of the Almighty Intellect, matured in his thought before it was manifested in tangible, external forms." Before Mr. Agassiz, before Linnæus, before Aristotle, before Plato, Timæus the Locrian spake;—the original, together with the version we cite, is given with the Plato of Ficinus:—"Duas esse rerum omnium causas: mentem quidem, earum quæ ratione quadam nascuntur, et necessitatem, earum quæ existunt vi quadam, secundum corporum potentias et facultates. Harum rerum, id est, Naturæ bonorum, optimum esse quoddam rerum optimarum principium, et Deum vocari. Esse præterea in hac Naturæ universitate quiddam quod maneat et intelligibile sit, rerum genitarum, quæ quidem in perpetuo quoddam mutationum fluxu versantur, exemplar, Ideam dici et mente comprehendendi. Permanet igitur mundus constanter talis qualis est creatus a Deo. proponente sibi non exemplaria quædam manuum opificio edita, sed illam Ideam intelligibilemque essentiam."—So taught the half-inspired pagan philosopher whom Plato took as his guide in his contemplations of Nature.

We trace the thought again in Dante, amidst the various fragments of ancient wisdom which he has embodied in the "Divina Commedia":—

Ciò che non muore e ciò che può morire
Non è se non splendor di quella idea
Che partorisce, amando, il nostro Sire.

Paradiso, XIII. 52-54.

Two thousand years after the old Greek had written, the Christian philos-

opher, Sir Thomas Browne, repeats the same doctrine in a new phraseology:—"Before Abraham was, I am, is the saying of Christ; yet it is true in some sense, if I say it of myself; for I was not only before myself, but Adam, that is, in the idea of God, and the decree of that Synod held from all eternity. And in this sense, I say, the World was before the Creation, and at an end before it had a beginning; and thus was I dead before I was alive; though my grave be *England*, my dying place was *Paradise*; and Eve miscarried of me before she conceived of Cain."

The slender reed through which Philosophy breathed her first musical whisperings is laid by, and the sacred lyre of Theology is silent or little heeded. But the mighty organ of Modern Science with its hundred stops, each answering to some voice of Nature, takes up the pausing strain, and as we listen we recognize through all its mingling harmonies the simple, sublime, eternal melody that came from the lips of Timæus the Locrian! The same doctrine reappears in various forms: in the popular works of Derham and Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises; in the learned and thoughtful pages of Burdach, and in the mystical rhapsodies of Oken. But never, we believe, was it before enforced and illustrated by so imperial a survey of the whole domain of Natural Science as in the volumes before us.

We are not disposed to discuss at any length the opinion maintained by Mr. Agassiz, that life has not grown out of the necessary action of the physical laws. If we accept the customary definitions of the physical laws, we accede most cordially to his proposition. As opposed to the fancies of Epicurus and his poet, Lucretius, or to modern atheistic doctrines of similar character, we have no qualification or condition to suggest which might change its force or significance. When we remember that the genius of such a man as Laplace shared the farthest flight of star-eyed science only to "waft us back the tidings of despair," we

are thankful that so profound a student of Nature as Mr. Agassiz has tracked the warm foot-prints of Divinity throughout all the vestiges of creation.

There is danger, however, that, in accepting this doctrine as a truth, we may be led into an inexact conception of the so-called physical laws, unless we closely examine the sense in which we use the expression. The forces which act according to these laws, and the various forms of the so-called *matter*, or concrete forces, are often spoken of as if they were blind agencies and existences, acting by an inherent fate-like power of their own. But if everything outside of our consciousness resolves itself, in the last analysis, into force, or something capable of producing change, and if force existing by the will of an omniscient and omnipresent Being, to whom time has no absolute significance, is simply God himself in action, then we shall find it impossible to limit the causal agency of the physical forces. All we can say is, that commonly they appear to move in certain rectilinear paths, in which they manifest a degree of uniformity and precision so amazing that we are lost in the infinite intelligence they display,—unless we become perfectly stupid to it, and think, as in the old fable, there is no music in it because we are made deaf by its continued harmony. No single leaf ever made a mistake in falling, though in so doing it solved more problems than were ever held in all the libraries that have changed or are changing into dust or ashes.

We are willing to accept the belief of Mr. Agassiz, "that matter does not exist as such, but is everywhere and always a specific thing, as are all finite beings." But we must extend the same idea to the physical forces, and believe them to be

specific agencies, and their acts specific acts,—in other words, each one of them a Divine manifestation. Theology is close upon us in these speculations. "Perhaps," says Mr. Robertson, in the volume of admirable sermons just republished, "even the Eternal himself is more closely bound to his works than our philosophical systems have conceived. Perhaps matter is only a mode of thought." Looking, then, at our recognized forms of matter and physical force as expressions of a self-limiting omnipotence, we concede that the uniform lines of action in which human observation has hitherto traced them do not, and, so far as we can see, cannot, shape the curves of the simplest organism.

It is time for us to close these volumes, to which we cannot even hope to have done justice, and leave them to those graver tribunals that will in due season award their well-weighed decisions. We have taken the Master's hand, and followed Nature through all her paths of life. We have trod with him the shores of old oceans that roll no more, and traced the Providence that orders the creation of to-day engraved in every stony feature of their obsolete organisms. We have broken into that mysterious chamber, the chosen studio of the Infinite Artist, where, beneath its marble or crystalline dome, he fashions the embryo from its formless fluids. And as we turn reluctantly away, the accents we have once already heard linger with us: "In one word, all these facts in their natural connection proclaim aloud the One God, whom man may know, adore, and love; and Natural History must, in good time, become the analysis of the thoughts of the Creator of the Universe, as manifested in the animal and vegetable kingdoms."

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.

I.

THE weather leech of the topsail shivers,
 The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken,
 The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
 And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

II.

Open one point on the weather bow
 Is the light-house tall on Fire Island head ;
 There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
 And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

III.

I stand at the wheel and with eager eye
 To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
 Till the muttered order of " FULL AND BY !"
 Is suddenly changed to " FULL FOR STAYS ! "

IV.

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
 As her broadside fair to the blast she lays ;
 And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
 As the pilot calls, " STAND BY FOR STAYS ! "

V.

It is silence all, as each in his place,
 With the gathered coils in his hardened hands,
 By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
 Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

VI.

And the light on Fire Island head draws near,
 As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
 From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
 With the welcome call of " READY ! ABOUT ! "

VII.

No time to spare ! It is touch and go,
 And the captain growls, " DOWN HELM ! HARD DOWN ! "
 As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
 While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

VIII.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
 As we meet the shock of the plunging sea ;
 And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
 As I answer, " AYE, AYE, SIR ! HA-A-R-D A-LEE ! "

IX.

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
 The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
 The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
 And the headland white we have left behind.

X.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse
 And belly and tug at the groaning cleats,
 The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps,
 And thunders the order, "TACKS AND SHEETS!"

XI.

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
 Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
 The sails are aback from clew to clew,
 And now is the moment for "MAINSAIL, HAUL!"

XII.

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy
 By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
 She holds her way, and I look with joy
 For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

XIII.

"LET GO AND HAUL!" 'Tis the last command,
 And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
 Astern and to leeward lies the land,
 With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

XIV.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
 I steady the helm for the open sea;
 The first mate clamors, "BELAY THERE, ALL!"
 And the captain's breath once more comes free.

XV.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
 Little care I how the gusts may blow,
 In my fo'castle-bunk in a jacket dry,—
 Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

MAMOUL.

THROUGH THE COSSITOLLAH KALEIDOSCOPE.

UNDER my window, in the street called Cossitollah, flows all the motliness of a Calcutta thoroughfare in two counter-setting currents ;—one Chowringee-ward, in the direction of Nabob magnificence and grace ; the other toward the Cooly squalor and deformity of the Radda Bazaar ;—and as, in the glare of the early forenoon sun, the shadows of the hither or thither passing throngs fall straight across the way, from the Parsee's *go-down*, over against me, to the gate of the *pucca* house wherein my look-out is, I watch with interest the frequent eddies occasioned by the clear-steerings of caste,—Brahmin, Warrior, and Merchant keeping severally to the Parsee side, so that the foul shadow of Soodra or Pariah may not pollute their sacred persons. It is as though my window were a tower of Allahabad, and below me, in Cossitollah, were the shy meeting of the waters. Thus, looking up or down, I mark how the limpid Jumna of high caste holds its way in a common bed, but never mingling with the turbid Ganges of an unclean rabble.

Reader, should you ever "do" the City of Palaces, permit me to command with especial emphasis to your consideration this same Cossitollah, as a representative street, wherein the European and Asiatic elements of the Calcutta panorama are mingled in the most picturesque proportions ; for Cossitollah is the link that most directly joins the pitiful be-nightedness of the Black Town to the imposing splendors of Kumpnee Bahadur,—the short, but stubborn chain of responsibility, as it were, whereby the ball of helpless and infatuated stock-and-stone-worship is fastened to the leg of British enlightenment and accountability.

From the Midaun, or Parade Ground, with its long-drawn arrays of Sepoy chivalry, its grand reviews before the *Burra*

Lard Sahib, (as in domestic Bengalee we designate the Governor-General,) its solemn sham battles, and its welkin-rending regimental bands, by whose brass and sheepskin God saves the Queen twice a day ; from Government House, with its historic pride, pomp, and circumstance, and its red tape, its aides-de-camp, and its adjutant-birds, its stirring associations, and its stupid architecture ; from the pensioned aristocracy of Chowringhee the Magnificent ; from the carnival concourse of the Esplanade, with its kaleidoscopic surprises ; from the grim patronage of Fort William, with its in-every-department-well-regulated fee-faw-fum ; in fine, from Clive, and Hastings, and Wellington, and Gough, and Hardinge, and Napier, and Bentinck, and Ellenborough, and Dalhousie, and all the John Company that has come of them ; from the tremendous and overwhelming *SAHIB*, to that most profoundly abject of human objects, the Hindoo *PARIAH*, (who approaches thee, O Awful Being ! O Benign Protector of the Poor ! O Writer in the Salt-and-Opium Office ! on his hands and knees, and with a wisp of grass in his mouth, to denote that he is thy beast,)—from all those to this, the shortest cut is through Cossitollah.

And so, in the current of its passengers, partaking the characteristics of its contrasted extremities, fantastically blending the purple and fine linen of Chowringhee with the breech-cloths of the Black Town, Cossitollah is, as I have said, preëminently the type street of Calcutta. Other localities have their peculiar throngs, and certain classes and castes are proper to certain thoroughfares ;—Sepoys and dogboys to the Midaun ; *circars* or clerks, and *chowkeydars* or private police, to Tank Square ; a world of pampered women, fat civil servants, coachmen, *ayahs* or nurses, *durwans* or doorkeepers, *cha-*

prasseys or messengers, *kitmudgars* or waiters, to Garden Reach; palanquin-bearers, the smaller fry of *banyans* or shopkeepers, and *dandees* or boatmen, to the Ghauts; together with no end of coolies, and *bheestees* or water-carriers, horse-dealers, and *syces* or grooms, to Durumtollah; sailors, British and American, Malay and Lascar, to Flag Street, the quarter of punch-houses;—but in Cossitollah all castes and vocations are met, whether their talk be of gold mohurs or cowries; here the Sahib gives the horrid leper a wide berth, and the Baboo walks carefully round the shadow of Mehtur, the sweeper. Therefore, reader, Cossitollah is by all means the street for you to draw profound conclusions from.

Come, let us sit in the window and observe; it is but forty puffs of a No. 3 cheroot, in a lazy palanquin, from one end of Cossitollah to the other; and from our window, though not exactly midway, but nearer the Bazaar, we can see from Flag Street wellnigh to the Midaun.

What is this? A close *palkee*, with a passenger; the bearers, with elbows sharply crooked, and calves all varicose, trotting to a monotonous, jerking ditty, which the *sirdar*, or leader, is impudently improvising, to the refrain of *Putterum*, ("Easy now!") at the expense of their fare's *amour-propre*.

"Out of the way there!
Putterum.

This is a Rajah!
Putterum.

Very small Rajah!
Putterum.

Sixpenny Rajah!
Putterum.

Holes in his elbows!
Putterum.

Capitan Slipshod!
Putterum.

Son of a sea-cook!
Putterum.

Hush! he will beat us!
Putterum.

Hush! he will kick us!
Putterum.

Kick us and curse us!
Putterum.

Not he, the greenhorn!

Putterum.

Don't understand us!

Putterum.

Don't know the lingo!

Putterum.

Let's shake the palkee!

Putterum.

Rattle the pig's bones!

Putterum.

Set down the palkee!

Putterum.

Call him a great lord!

Putterum.

Ask him for buksheesh!

Putterum."

And the four consummate knaves do set down the palkee, and shift the pads on their shoulders; while the sirdar slips round to the sliding-door, and timidly intruding his sweaty phiz, at an opening sufficiently narrow to guard his nose against assault from within, but wide enough to give us a glimpse, through an out-bursting cloud of cheroot-smoke, of a pair of stout legs encased in white duck, with the neatest of light pumps at the end of them, says:—

"*Buksheesh do, Sahib! buksheesh do!*
O favorite slave of the Lord! O tender shepherd of the poor! O sublime and beautiful Being, upon whose turban Prosperity dances and Peace makes her bed! Whose mother is twin-sister to the Sacred Cow, and whose grandmother is the Lotos of Seven Virtues! *O Khodabund! buksheesh do!* Bestow upon thy abject and self-despising slave wherewithal to commemorate the golden hour when, by a blessed dispensation, he was permitted to lay his trembling forehead against thy victorious feet!"

"*Jou-jehannum, toom sooa!*—Go to Gehenna, you pig! What are you bothering about, with your 'boxes,' 'boxes,' nothing but 'boxes'? Insatiable brutes! *Jou!* I tell you,—*jeldie jou!* or by Door-ga, the goddess of awful rows, I'll smash the palkee and outrage all your religious prejudices! *Jou!*"

Evidently our varicose friends imagine they have caught a Tartar, and that the white ducks are not so recent an importation as they at first supposed; for

now they catch up the pole of the palkee nimbly, and *jou jeldie* (that is, trot up smartly) to quite another song.

"*Jeldie jou, jeldie!*
Putterum.
 Carry him softly!
Putterum.
 Swiftly and smoothly!
Putterum.
 He is a Rajah!
Putterum.
 Rich little Rajah!
Putterum.
 Fierce little Rajah!
Putterum.
 See how his eyes flash!
Putterum.
 Hear how his voice roars!
Putterum.
 He is a Tippoo!
Putterum.
 Capitan Tippoo!
Putterum.
 Tremble before him!
Putterum.
 Serve him and please him!
Putterum.
 Please him and serve him!
Putterum.
 He will reward us!
Putterum.
 He will protect us!
Putterum.
 He will enrich us!
Putterum.
 Charity Lard Sa'b!
Putterum.
 Out of the way there!
Putterum.
 Way for the great...
Putterum.
 Rajah of ten crores!
Putterum.
Ten crores!...
Putterum.
 Rajah.....
Put....
Lard.....
Putterum.
Sa'b!
rum.

And so they have turned down Flag Street.

But what now? Here is something more imposing,—a chariot-and-four,—four spanking Arabs in gold-mounted trappings,—a fat and elaborate coach-

man, very solemn,—two tall *hurkarus*, or avant-couriers, supporting the box, one on either side, with studied symmetry, like Siva and Vishnu upholding the throne of Brahma,—four *syces* running at the horses' heads, each with his *chowree*, or fly-flapper, made from the tail of the Thibet cow,—a fifth before, to clear the way,—a basket of *Simpkin*, which is as though one should say Champagne, behind,—and our own *banyan*, our man of contracts and ready lacs, that shrewd broker and substantial banker, the Baboo Kalidas Ramaya Mullick, on the back seat.

"*Hi! Chattah-wallah! Bheestee!—Hi!* hi!—You chap with the umbrella, you fellow with the water, clear the way! This Baboo comes, this Baboo rides,—he stops not, he stays not,—he is rich, he is honored. Shall a pig impede him? Shall a pig delay him? Jump, *sooa*, jump!"

And thus, amid much vociferation, and unceremonious dispersing of the common herd, who dodge with practised agility right and left, the fat and elaborate coachman pulls up the spanking Arabs at our *godown* gate, and the Baboo alights with the air of a gentleman of thirty lacs, to the manner born; to him all this outcry is but *Mamoul*,—usage, custom,—and *Mamoul* is to him as air.

As the Baboo steps through the wide-swinging gate and enters the place that owns him master, let us mark his reception. The *durwan* first,—our grenadier doorkeeper, the man of proud port and commanding presence, to whom that portal is a post of honor,—our Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, in one, of courage, strength, and address enlisted with fidelity. The loyalty of Ramee Durwan is threefold, in this order: first, to his caste, next, to his beard, and then to his post; only for the two first would he abandon the last; his life he holds of less account than either.

As the Baboo passes, Ramee Durwan, you think, will be ready with profound and obsequious salaam. Not so; he

draws himself up to the very last of his extraordinary inches, and touches his forehead lightly with the fingers of his right hand, only slightly inclining his head,—a not more than affable salute,—almost with a quality of concession,—gracious as well as graceful; he would do as much for any puppy of a cadet who might drop in on the Sahib. On the other hand, lowly louteth the Baboo, with eyes downcast and palm applied reverentially to his sleek forehead.

How now? This Baboo is a banyan of solid substance, and the Mullicks all are citizens of credit and renown; while Ramee Durwan gets five rupees a month, and makes his bed at the gate. Last year, they say, when little Dwarkanath Mullick, the Baboo's adopted son, nine years old, was married to the tender child Vinda, old Lulla Seal's darling, on her fifth birthday, the Baboo Kalidas Ramaya Mullick made the occasion famous by liberating fifty prisoners-for-debt, of the Soodra sort, with as many flourishes of his illustrious signature. Ramee Durwan has not a change of turbans.

And now the Baboo passes into the godown, and receives from a score of servile *circars*, glibbest of clerks, their several reports of the day's business. Presently, from his low desk, in the lowliest corner, uprises, and comes forward quietly, Mutty Loll Roy, the head circar,—venerable, placid, pensive, every way interesting; but he is only the Baboo's head circar, an humble accountant, on fifteen rupees a month. Do you perceive that fact in the style of his salutation? Hardly; for the Baboo piously raises his joined hands high above his head, and, louting lower than before, murmurs the Orthodox salutation, *Namaskarum!* Yet the Baboo contributed two thousand rupees in fireworks to the last Doorga Pooja, and sent a hundred goats to the altar; while only with many and trying shifts of saving could Mutty Loll afford gold leaf for one image, besides two tomtoms and a horn to march before it in procession. But behold the

lordly beneficence in Mutty Loll's attitude and gesture, as with outstretched hands, palms upward, he greets the Baboo condescendingly with a gift of goodwill!

“*Idhur ano, Sirdar, idhur ano!*—Come hither, Karlee, my gentle bearer, thou of the good heart and gray moustache! Come hither, and enlighten this Sahib's ignorance; tell him why the Durwan is disdainful, as toward the Baboo, and the Circar solemn.”

“*Han, Sahib!* That Durwan *Ksatriye*, Soldier caste, Rider caste,—feest-i-rat-i-man (first-rate man); that Durwan have got Rajpoot blood, ver-iproud, all same Sahib. Baboo, Merchant caste,—ver-igood caste, plenty rich, but not so proud Durwan caste; Baboo not have Rajpoot blood, not have i-sharp i-sword, not have musiket. Durwan arm all same tiger; Durwan beard all same lion; Durwan plenty i-strong, plenty proud.

“That Circar,—ah! that Mutty Loll, too, high caste; that Circar Brahmin,—Koolen Brahmin,—all same *Swamy* (god); that Circar foot all same Baboo head; that Circar shoe all same Baboo turban. 'Spose Baboo not make that Circar *bhote-bhote salaam*, that Circar say curse, that Circar ispeak *jou-jehannum* (go to hell). Master und-stand i-me? I ispeak Master so Master know?”

“Very clear, Karlee,—and wholesome expounding. But here comes the Baboo to speak for himself.—Good-day, Baboo! Whither so fast with the spanking Arabs and the Simpkin?—to the garden-house?”

“To the garden-house, Sahib; and the Simpkin is for two young English friends of mine, who will do the garden-house the honor to make it their own for a day or two.”

“Take care, Baboo! take care! I have my doubts as to the Simpkin. They do say the orthodoxy of ‘Young Bengal’ men is none the better for beef-steaks and Heidseck; such diet does not become the son of a strict and straight-going heathen. Well may the Brahmins

groan for the glaring scandals of the new lights; you'll be marrying widows next, and dining at clubs with fast ensigns."

"Sahib, Caste is God, and Mamoul is his prophet. The church of the Chur-ruck post and the orgies of Hooly are in no danger from beef or Simpkin so long as steak or bottle costs a man his inheritance; and we of Young Bengal know too well how hard are the ways of the Pariah to try them for fun. Caste is God, and Mamoul is his prophet. The 'glad tidings of great joy' your missionaries bring fall upon ears stopped with family pride and the family jewels: you know that appropriate old saw in our proverbial philosophy, 'What is the news of the day to a frog in a well?'—*Salaam, Sahib!* I have but a few minutes to spare, and the supercargo is waiting with the indigo samples."

Presently, as the Cossitollah panorama flows on beneath our window, with all its bizarreness from the bazaars,—its box-wallahs, and its pawn-makers, its peddlers of toys, its money-changers and shopmen, its basket-makers and mat-weavers and chattah-menders, its perambulating cobblers and tailors, its jugglers, gymnasts, and match-girls,—its fellows who feed on glass bottles for the astonishment and delectation of the Sahibs, or who, if you have such a thing as a sheep about you, will undertake to slaughter and skin it with their teeth and devour it on the spot,—its conjure-wallahs, who, for a few pice, will run sharp foils through each other's bodies without for a moment disturbing either health or cheerfulness, or will make mangoes grow under table-cloths, "all fair and proper," while Master waits,—as the Brahmin still dodges the shadow of the Soodra, and the Soodra spits upon the footprint of the Pariah, the Baboo returns to his chariot; the fat and solemn coachman gathers up the reins, the hurkarus assume their symmetrical attitudes on the box, the syces bawl, and the soosas jump.

Just now a *palkee-gharree*, cheapest of

one-horse vehicles, with but one half-naked syce running at the pony's head, and never a footman near, passes the spanking Arabs; the plain turban of a respectable accountant in the Honorable Company's coal office at Garden Reach shows between the Venetian slats of the little window, and lo! our fine Baboo steps out of his slippers, and standing barefoot in the common dust of Cossitollah,—dust that has been churned by all the pigs'-feet that ply that promiscuous thoroughfare,—humbly touches first the vulgar ground and then his elegant turban, murmuring a pious *Namaskarum*; for the respectable accountant in the Honorable Company's coal office is, like Mutty Loll, a Kooleen Brahmin,—only a little more so. Caste is God, and Mamoul is his prophet!

At the gate-lodge of the Baboo's garden-house on the Durumtollah Road, a gray and withered hag, all crippled and leprosied, sits *durhna*.

What may that be?

Be patient; you shall know.

When the Baboo was as yet a youth, his uncle Rajinda, the pride of the Mullicks, died of cholera, and the administration of the estate devolved upon our free-thinking Kalidas. Of course there were mortgages to foreclose, and delinquent debtors to stir up. A certain small shopkeeper of the China Bazaar was responsible to the concern for a few thousand rupees, wherewith he had been accommodated by Uncle Rajinda as a basis for certain operations in seersuckers and castor-oil, that had yielded no returns. So our Baboo, in a curt *chit*, (that is, note, or *sheet* of paper, as near as a Bengalee can come to the word,) bade the small speculator of China Bazaar come down forthwith with the rupees.

But, behold you now, "he had paid," he said. "By the Holy Ganges and the Blessed Cow! by the turban of his father and the veil of his mother! restitution had been made long ago," the old man said; "and the soul of Uncle Rajinda, the pride of the Mullicks, had no reason to

be disquieted for the rupees, though the seersuckers had been but vanity, and the castor-oil vexation of spirit."

"Produce the documents," said the Baboo, with a business-like impossibility that in Wall Street would have made him a great bear;—"where are the receipts?"

"My Lord, I know not. Prostrating my unworthy turban beneath the lovely lilies of your feet, I swear to my *gureeb purwar*, the destitute-and-humble-protecting lord, by the Holy Water and the Blessed Cow, by the beard of my father and the veil of my mother, that I settled the little account long ago!"

That unhappy speculator in seersuckers and castor-oil died in prison, and a *gooroo* (that is, a spiritual teacher) feed by the Baboo, desolated his last hour with the assurance that he should transmigrate into the bodies of seven generations of *gharree*-horses, and drag *feringhee* sailors-men, in a state of beer, from the ghauts to the punch-houses, all his miserable lives.

Now whether or not the unlucky little speculator had in good faith discharged the debt will, in all the probabilities of human rights and wrongs, never appear this side of the last trump; for the Holy Water and the Sacred Cow, his father's beard and his mother's veil, were not good in law, the documents not forthcoming.

But it is certain that his widow had faith in his integrity; for at once, with all her sorrows on her head, she sallied forth in quest of justice; and from Brahmin post to Sahib pillar she went crying, "See me righted! Against this hard and arrogant Baboo let my wrongs be redressed, or fear the evil eye of Dookhee the Sorrowful, of Haranu the Lost!"

But utterly in vain; for the clamor of the Hindoo widow, however bitterly aggrieved, is but a nuisance, and her accusation insolence. So in her pitiful out-casting, in all the forlorn loathsomeness of leprosy, and the shunned squalor of a cripple, she sat down at the Baboo's gate, to wait for justice till the gods should be-

stow it,—till Siva, the Avenger, should behold her, and ask, "Who has done this?"

And who shall challenge her? Who shall bid her move on? Mamoul has crowned her Queen of Tears, and her sublime patience and appealing have made a throne of the wayside stone on which she sits; there is no power so audacious that it would give the word to depose her; her matted gray locks and her furrowed cheeks, her sunken eyes and her hungry lips, are her "sacred ashes" of the high caste of Sorrow.

The Brahmin averts his face as he passes, and mutters, "She is as the flower which is out of reach,—she is dedicated to God." That insolent official, the Baboo's pampered durwan, sees in her only Mamoul; he would as soon think of shaving himself as of driving her away. So, as the Baboo passes in or out through the great gate, the solemn coachman whips up the spanking Arabs, and the syces bawl louder than ever, and Kalidas Ramaya Mullick turns away his eyes. But for all that, the durhna woman heaps dust upon her head, which he sees, and mutters a weird warning, which he hears; and though the lawn is wide, and the banian topes are leafy, and a gilded temple, the family shrine, stands between, and the marble veranda is spacious, and the state apartments are remote, they do say the shadow of the durhna woman falls on the iced Simpkin and the steaks, in spite of Young Bengal.

*Mootrib i koosh nuvù bigo,
Tazu bu tazu, nou bu nou !
Baduè dil kooshà bidoh,
-Tazu bu tazu, nou bu nou !
Koosh biu sheen bu kilwuté
Chung nuwaz-a sa-uté,
Bosu sitan bu kam uz o,
Tazu bu tazu, nou bu nou !*

"Songster sweet, begin the lay,
Ever sweet and ever gay!
Bring the joy-inspiring wine,
Ever fresh and ever fine!
With a heart-alluring lass
Gayly let the moments pass,
Kisses stealing while you may,
Ever fresh and ever gay!"

Now surely she who thus sings should be beautiful, after the Hindoo type;—that is, she should have the complexion of chocolate and cream; “her face should be as the full moon, her nose smooth as a flute; she should have eyes like unto lotoses, and a neck like a pigeon’s; her voice should be soft as the cuckoo’s, and her step as the gait of a young elephant of pure blood.” Let us see.

Alas, no! She entertains a set of lazy bearers, smoking the bubble-bubble around a palanquin as they wait for a fare; and her buksheesh may be a cowry or two. By no means is she of the *nautch*-maidens of Lucknow, who were wont to lighten the hours of debauched majesty between the tiger-fights and the games of leap-frog; by no means is she ringed as to her fingers or belled as to her toes; and though she carries her music wherever she goes, she also carries a shiny brown baby, slung in a canvas tray between her shoulders.

No excessively voluminous folds of gold-embroidered drapery encumber her supple limbs; but her skirts are of the scantiest, (what Miss Flora MacFlimsey would call *skimped*,) and pitifully mean as to quality. By no means have the imperial looms of Benares contributed to her professional costume a veil of wondrous fineness and a Nabob’s price; but a narrow red strip of some poor cotton stuff crosses her bosom like a scarf, and leaves exposed too much of the ruins of once daintier beauties. A string of glass beads, black and red alternate, are all her jewels,—save one silver bodkin, all forlorn, in her hair, and a ring of thin gold wire piercing the right nostril, and, with an effect completely deforming, encircling the lips. Her teeth and nails are deeply stained, and the darkness of her eyes is enhanced by artificial shadows.

And so, while that baby-Tantalus, catching glimpses, over the unveiled shoulder, of the Micawberian fount he cannot reach, stretches his little brown arms, bites, kicks, and squalls,—while a small female apprentice, by way of

chorus, in costume and gesture absurdly caricaturing her *prima donna*, (a sort of Cossitollah marchioness, indeed, for some Dick Swiveller of the Sahibs,) shuffles rheumatically with her feet, or impotently dislocates her slender arms, or pounds insanely on a cracked tomtom, or jangles her clumsy cymbals, while the squatting bearers cry, “*Wah wah!*” and clap their sweaty hands,—our poor old glee-maiden of Cossitollah strums her two-stringed guitar, letting the baby slide, and creaks corkscrewishly her *Chota, chota natchelee* :—

*Badi subà choo boog zuree,
Bur suri kôë an parree,
Qussué Hafiz ush bigd,
Tazu bu tazu, nou bu nou !*

“Zephyrs, while you gently move
By the mansion of my love,
Softly Hafiz’ strains repeat,
Ever new and ever sweet!”

Heaven save the key!

“*Ka munkta*, Bearer?—What is it,
my gentle Karlee?”

“*Chittee, Sahib!*—chittee for Master.”
“Note, hey? from whom? let us see!”

Pink paper,—scented with sandal-wood, pah!—embossed, too, with cornucopias in the corners,—seal motto, *Qui hi?* (“Who waits?”)—denoting that the bearer is to bring an answer. Now for the inside:—

“DEVOTED AND RESPECTFUL SIR:—

“Insured of your pitiful conduct, your obsequious suppliant, an eleemosynary lady of decrepit widowhood, throws herself at your Excellency’s mercy feet with two imbecile childrens of various denominations. For our Heavenly Father’s sake, if not inconvenient,—which we have been beneficially bereaved of other paternal description,—we humbly present our implorations to your munificent Excellency, if any small change, to bestow the same, which it will be eternally acceptable to said eleemosynary widow of late Colonel with distinguished medal in Honorable Service, deceased of cholera, which it was sudden attacks, and as pretty near destitute. Therefore, hoping

your munificent and respectable Excellency will not order, being scornful, your pitiful Excellency's durwan to disperse us ; but five rupees, which nothing to Excellency's regards, and our tenacious gratitude never forget ; but kissing Excellency's hands on indifferent occasions, and throwing at mercy feet with two imbecile offsprings of different denominations, I shall ever pray, &c.

"*Mrs. DIANA, THEodosia, COMFORT, GREEN.*

"P. S. If not five rupees, two rupees five annas, in name of Excellency's exalted mother, if quite convenient."

There now ! for an imposing structure in the florid style of half-caste begging-letters, Mrs. Diana Theodosia Comfort Green flatters herself that is hard to beat.

"*Qui hi ?*"—Karlee, who is at the gate ?"

"*Mem Sahib!* one chee-chee woman wanch look see Master, ispeakee Master buksheesh give ; *paunch butcha* have got."

"*Paunch butcha !*—five children ! why, Karlee, there are but two here. But remembering, I suppose, that my Excellency has but two 'mercy feet,' and with an eye to symmetry in the arrangement of the grand tableau of which she proposes to make me the central figure, she has made it two 'imbecile offsprings' for the looks of the thing. Do you know her, Karlee ?"

"*Han, Sahib !* too much quentence have got that chee-chee woman ; that chee-chee woman all same dam iscamp ; paunch butcha not have got,—one butcha not have got. Master not give buksheesh ; no good that woman, Karlee think."

"Very well, old man ; send her away ; tell the durwan to disperse Mrs. Diana Theodosia Comfort Green ; but let him not insult her decrepit widowhood, nor alarm her imbecile offsprings of various denominations. For the 'Eurasian' is a great institution, without which polkas at Coolee Bazaar were not, nor pic-nics *dansantes* at Chandernagore."

But now to tiffin. I smell a smell of curried prawns, and the first mangoes of the season are fragrant. Buxsoo, the *khansaman*, has cooled the *isherry-shrob*, as he calls the "green seal," and the *kitmudgars* are crying, "*Tiffin, Sahib !*" The Mamoul of meal-time knows no caste or country.

*Bur zi hyat ky kooree !
Gur nu moodam, mi kooree !
Badu bi koor bu yadi o,
Tazu bu tazu, nou bu nou !*

"Gentle boy, whose silver feet
Nimbly move to cadence sweet,
Fill us quick the generous wine,
Ever fresh and ever fine!"

BOOKS.

It is easy to accuse books, and bad ones are easily found, and the best are but records, and not the things recorded ; and certainly there is dilettantism enough, and books that are merely neutral and do nothing for us. In Plato's "Gorgias," Socrates says, "The shipmaster walks in a modest garb near the sea, after bringing his passengers from *Aegina* or from Pontus, not thinking he has done anything extraordinary, and

certainly knowing that his passengers are the same, and in no respect better than when he took them on board." So is it with books, for the most part ; they work no redemption in us. The bookseller might certainly know that his customers are in no respect better for the purchase and consumption of his wares. The volume is dear at a dollar, and, after reading to weariness the lettered backs, we leave the shop with a sigh, and learn, as

I did, without surprise, of a surly bank-director, that in bank parlors they estimate all stocks of this kind as rubbish.

But it is not less true that there are books which are of that importance in a man's private experience, as to verify for him the fables of Cornelius Agrippa, of Michael Scott, or of the old Orpheus of Thrace; books which take rank in our life with parents and lovers and passionate experiences, so medicinal, so stringent, so revolutionary, so authoritative; books which are the work and the proof of faculties so comprehensive, so nearly equal to the world which they paint, that, though one shuts them with meander ones, he feels his exclusion from them to accuse his way of living.

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

We owe to books those general benefits which come from high intellectual action. Thus, I think, we often owe to them the perception of immortality. They impart sympathetic activity to the moral power. Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us who will not let us sleep. Then, they address the imagination; only poetry inspires poetry. They become the organic culture of the time. College education is the reading of certain books which the common sense of all scholars agrees will represent the science already accumulated. If you know that,—for instance, in geometry, if you have read Euclid and Laplace,—your opinion has some value; if you do not know these,

you are not entitled to give any opinion on the subject. Whenever any skeptic or bigot claims to be heard on the questions of intellect and morals, we ask if he is familiar with the books of Plato, where all his pert objections have once for all been disposed of. If not, he has no right to our time. Let him go and find himself answered there.

Meantime, the colleges, whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish no professor of books; and, I think, no chair is so much wanted. In a library we are surrounded by many hundreds of dear friends, but they are imprisoned by an enchanter in these paper and leathern boxes; and though they know us, and have been waiting two, ten, or twenty centuries for us,—some of them,—and are eager to give us a sign, and unbosom themselves, it is the law of their limbo that they must not speak until spoken to; and as the enchanter has dressed them like battalions of infantry in coat and jacket of one cut, by the thousand and ten thousand, your chance of hitting on the right one is to be computed by the arithmetical rule of Permutation and Combination,—not a choice out of three caskets, but out of half a million caskets, all alike. But it happens in our experience, that in this lottery there are at least fifty or a hundred blanks to a prize. It seems, then, as if some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon a few true ones which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans, into the heart of sacred cities, into palaces and temples. This would be best done by those great masters of books who from time to time appear,—the Fabricii, the Seldens, Magliabecchis, Scaligers, Mirandolas, Bayles, Johnsons, whose eyes sweep the whole horizon of learning. But private readers, reading purely for love of the book, would serve us by leaving each the shortest note of what he found.

There are books, and it is practicable to read them, because they are so few. We look over with a sigh the monumental libraries of Paris, of the Vatican, and the British Museum. In the Imperial Library at Paris, it is commonly said, there are six hundred thousand volumes, and nearly as many manuscripts; and perhaps the number of extant printed books may be as many as these numbers united, or exceeding a million. It is easy to count the number of pages which a diligent man can read in a day, and the number of years which human life in favorable circumstances allows to reading; and to demonstrate, that, though he should read from dawn till dark, for sixty years, he must die in the first alcoves. But nothing can be more deceptive than this arithmetic, where none but a natural method is really pertinent. I visit occasionally the Cambridge Library, and I can seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of it all is already within the four walls of my study at home. The inspection of the catalogue brings me continually back to the few standard writers who are on every private shelf; and to these it can afford only the most slight and casual additions. The crowds and centuries of books are only commentary and elucidation, echoes and weakeners of these few great voices of Time.

The best rule of reading will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. It holds each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of a desultory miscellany. Let him read what is proper to him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. As whole nations have derived their culture from a single book,—as the Bible has been the literature as well as the religion of large portions of Europe,—as Hafiz was the eminent genius of the Persians, Confucius of the Chinese, Cervantes of the Spaniards; so, perhaps, the human mind would be a gainer, if all the secondary writers were lost,—say, in England, all but Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon, through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds. With

this pilot of his own genius, let the student read one, or let him read many, he will read advantageously. Dr. Johnson said, "Whilst you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another boy has read both: read anything five hours a day, and you will soon be learned."

Nature is much our friend in this matter. Nature is always clarifying her water and her wine. No filtration can be so perfect. She does the same thing by books as by her gases and plants. There is always a selection in writers, and then a selection from the selection. In the first place, all books that get fairly into the vital air of the world were written by the successful class, by the affirming and advancing class, who utter what tens of thousands feel, though they cannot say. There has already been a scrutiny and choice from many hundreds of young pens, before the pamphlet or political chapter which you read in a fugitive journal comes to your eye. All these are young adventurers, who produce their performance to the wise ear of Time, who sits and weighs, and ten years hence out of a million of pages reprints one. Again it is judged, it is winnowed by all the winds of opinion, and what terrific selection has not passed on it, before it can be reprinted after twenty years, and reprinted after a century!—it is as if Minos and Rhadamanthus had indorsed the writing. 'Tis therefore an economy of time to read old and famed books. Nothing can be preserved which is not good; and I know beforehand that Pindar, Martial, Terence, Galen, Kepler, Galileo, Bacon, Erasmus, More, will be superior to the average intellect. In contemporaries, it is not so easy to distinguish betwixt notoriety and fame.

Be sure, then, to read no mean books. Shun the spawn of the press on the gossip of the hour. Do not read what you shall learn without asking, in the street and the train. Dr. Johnson said, "he always went into stately shops"; and good travellers stop at the best hotels; for, though they cost more, they do not

cost much more, and there is the good company and the best information. In like manner, the scholar knows that the famed books contain, first and last, the best thoughts and facts. Now and then, by rarest luck, in some foolish Grub Street is the gem we want. But in the best circles is the best information. If you should transfer the amount of your reading day by day in the newspaper to the standard authors,—but who dare speak of such a thing?

The three practical rules, then, which I have to offer, are, 1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakspere's phrase,

"No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect."

Montaigne says, "Books are a languid pleasure"; but I find certain books vital and spermatic, not leaving the reader what he was; he shuts the book a richer man. I would never willingly read any others than such. And I will venture, at the risk of inditing a list of old primers and grammars, to count the few books which a superficial reader must thankfully use.

Of the old Greek books, I think there are five which we cannot spare:—1. Homer, who, in spite of Pope, and all the learned uproar of centuries, has really the true fire, and is good for simple minds, is the true and adequate germ of Greece, and occupies that place as history, which nothing can supply. It holds through all literature, that our best history is still poetry. It is so in Hebrew, in Sanscrit, and in Greek. English history is best known through Shakspere; how much through Merlin, Robin Hood, and the Scottish ballads! the German, through the Nibelungen Lied; the Spanish, through the Cid. Of Homer, George Chapman's is the heroic translation, though the most literal prose version is the best of all.—2. Herodotus, whose history contains inestimable anecdotes, which brought it with the learned into a sort of disesteem; but in these days,

when it is found that what is most memorable of history is a few anecdotes, and that we need not be alarmed, though we should find it not dull, it is regaining credit.—3. Æschylus, the grandest of the three tragedians, who has given us under a thin veil the first plantation of Europe. The "Prometheus" is a poem of the like dignity and scope as the book of Job, or the Norse "Edda."—4. Of Plato I hesitate to speak, lest there should be no end. You find in him that which you have already found in Homer, now ripened to thought,—the poet converted to a philosopher, with loftier strains of musical wisdom than Homer reached, as if Homer were the youth, and Plato the finished man; yet with no less security of bold and perfect song, when he cares to use it, and with some harpstrings fetched from a higher heaven. He contains the future, as he came out of the past. In Plato, you explore modern Europe in its causes and seed,—all that in thought, which the history of Europe embodies or has yet to embody. The well-informed man finds himself anticipated. Plato is up with him, too. Nothing has escaped him. Every new crop in the fertile harvest of reform, every fresh suggestion of modern humanity is there. If the student wish to see both sides, and justice done to the man of the world, pitiless exposure of pedants, and the supremacy of truth and the religious sentiment, he shall be contented also. Why should not young men be educated on this book? It would suffice for the tuition of the race,—to test their understanding, and to express their reason. Here is that which is so attractive to all men,—the literature of aristocracy shall I call it?—the picture of the best persons, sentiments, and manners, by the first master, in the best times,—portraits of Pericles, Alcibiades, Crito, Prodicus, Protagoras, Anaxagoras, and Socrates, with the lovely background of the Athenian and suburban landscape. Or who can overestimate the images with which he has enriched the minds of men, and which pass like bullion in the currency of all nations? Read the "Phædo," the

"Protagoras," the "Phædrus," the "Timæus," the "Republic," and the "Apology of Socrates."—5. Plutarch cannot be spared from the smallest library; first, because he is so readable, which is much; then, that he is medicinal and invigorating. The Lives of Cimon, Lycurgus, Alexander, Demosthenes, Phocion, Marcellus, and the rest, are what history has of best. But this book has taken care of itself, and the opinion of the world is expressed in the innumerable cheap editions, which make it as accessible as a newspaper. But Plutarch's "Morals" is less known, and seldom reprinted. Yet such a reader as I am writing to can as ill spare it as the "Lives." He will read in it the essays "On the Daemon of Socrates," "On Isis and Osiris," "On Progress in Virtue," "On Garrulity," "On Love," and thank anew the art of printing, and the cheerful domain of ancient thinking. Plutarch charms by the facility of his associations; so that it signifies little where you open his book, you find yourself at the Olympian tables. His memory is like the Isthmian Games, where all that was excellent in Greece was assembled, and you are stimulated and recruited by lyric verses, by philosophic sentiments, by the forms and behavior of heroes, by the worship of the gods, and by the passing of fillets, parsley and laurel wreaths, chariots, armor, sacred cups, and utensils of sacrifice. An estimable trilogy of ancient social pictures are the three "Banquets" respectively of Plato, Xenophon, and Plutarch. Plutarch's has the least claim to historical accuracy; but the meeting of the Seven Wise Masters is a charming portraiture of ancient manners and discourse, and is as clear as the voice of a fife, and entertaining as a French novel. Xenophon's delineation of Athenian manners is an accessory to Plato, and supplies traits of Socrates; whilst Plato's has merits of every kind,—being a repertory of the wisdom of the ancients on the subject of love,—a picture of a feast of wits, not less descriptive than Aristophanes,—and,

lastly, containing that ironical eulogy of Socrates which is the source from which all the portraits of that head current in Europe have been drawn.

Of course, a certain outline should be obtained of Greek history, in which the important moments and persons can be rightly set down; but the shortest is the best, and, if one lacks stomach for Mr. Grote's voluminous annals, the old slight and popular summary of Goldsmith or Gillies will serve. The valuable part is the age of Pericles, and the next generation. And here we must read the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, and what more of that master we gain appetite for, to learn our way in the streets of Athens, and to know the tyranny of Aristophanes, requiring more genius and sometimes not less cruelty than belonged to the official commanders. Aristophanes is now very accessible, with much valuable commentary, through the labors of Mitchell and Cartwright. An excellent popular book is J. A. St. John's "Ancient Greece"; the "Life and Letters" of Niebuhr, even more than his Lectures, furnish leading views; and Winckelmann, a Greek born out of due time, has become essential to an intimate knowledge of the Attic genius. The secret of the recent histories in German and in English is the discovery, owed first to Wolff, and later to Boeckh, that the sincere Greek history of that period must be drawn from Demosthenes, specially from the business orations, and from the comic poets.

If we come down a little by natural steps from the master to the disciples, we have, six or seven centuries later, the Platonists,—who also cannot be skipped,—Plotinus, Porphyry, Proclus, Synesius, Jamblichus. Of Jamblichus the Emperor Julian said, "that he was posterior to Plato in time, not in genius." Of Plotinus, we have eulogies by Porphyry and Longinus, and the favor of the Emperor Gallienus,—indicating the respect he inspired among his contemporaries. If any one who had read with interest the "Isis and Osiris" of Plutarch should

then read a chapter called "Providence," by Synesius, translated into English by Thomas Taylor, he will find it one of the majestic remains of literature, and, like one walking in the noblest of temples, will conceive new gratitude to his fellow-men, and a new estimate of their nobility. The imaginative scholar will find few stimulants to his brain like these writers. He has entered the Elysian Fields; and the grand and pleasing figures of gods and daemons and dæmoniacal men, of the "azonic" and the "aquatic gods," daemons with fulgid eyes, and all the rest of the Platonic rhetoric, exalted a little under the African sun, sail before his eyes. The acolyte has mounted the tripod over the cave at Delphi; his heart dances, his sight is quickened. These guides speak of the gods with such depth and with such pictorial details, as if they had been bodily present at the Olympian feasts. The reader of these books makes new acquaintance with his own mind; new regions of thought are opened. Jamblichus's "Life of Pythagoras" works more directly on the will than the others; since Pythagoras was eminently a practical person, the founder of a school of ascetics and socialists, a planter of colonies, and nowise a man of abstract studies alone.

The respectable and sometimes excellent translations of Bohn's Library have done for literature what railroads have done for internal intercourse. I do not hesitate to read all the books I have named, and all good books, in translations. What is really best in any book is translatable,—any real insight or broad human sentiment. Nay, I observe, that, in our Bible, and other books of lofty moral tone, it seems easy and inevitable to render the rhythm and music of the original into phrases of equal melody. The Italians have a fling at translators, *i traditori traduttori*, but I thank them. I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book in the original, which I can procure in a good version. I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech,

the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River, when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue.

For history, there is great choice of ways to bring the student through early Rome. If he can read Livy, he has a good book; but one of the short English compends, some Goldsmith or Ferguson, should be used, that will place in the cycle the bright stars of Plutarch. The poet Horace is the eye of the Augustan age; Tacitus, the wisest of historians; and Martial will give him Roman manners, and some very bad ones, in the early days of the Empire: but Martial must be read, if read at all, in his own tongue. These will bring him to Gibbon, who will take him in charge, and convey him with abundant entertainment down—with notice of all remarkable objects on the way—through fourteen hundred years of time. He cannot spare Gibbon, with his vast reading, with such wit and continuity of mind, that, though never profound, his book is one of the conveniences of civilization, like the proposed railroad from New York to the Pacific,—and, I think, will be sure to send the reader to his "Memoirs of Himself," and the "Extracts from my Journal," and "Abstracts of my Readings," which will spur the laziest scholar to emulation of his prodigious performance.

Now having our idler safe down as far as the fall of Constantinople in 1453, he is in very good courses; for here are trusty hands waiting for him. The cardinal facts of European history are soon learned. There is Dante's poem, to open the Italian Republics of the Middle Age; Dante's "Vita Nuova," to explain Dante and Beatrice; and Boccaccio's "Life of Dante,"—a great man to describe a greater. To help us, perhaps a volume or two of M. Sismondi's "Italian Republics" will be as good as the entire sixteen. When we come to Michel An-

gelo, his Sonnets and Letters must be read, with his Life by Vasari, or, in our day, by Mr. Dupper. For the Church, and the Feudal Institution, Mr. Hallam's "Middle Ages" will furnish, if superficial, yet readable and conceivable outlines.

The "Life of the Emperor Charles V," by the useful Robertson, is still the key of the following age. Ximenes, Columbus, Loyola, Luther, Erasmus, Melanchthon, Francis I., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Henry IV. of France, are his contemporaries. It is a time of seeds and expansions, whereof our recent civilization is the fruit.

If now the relations of England to European affairs bring him to British ground, he is arrived at the very moment when modern history takes new proportions. He can look back for the legends and mythology to the "Younger Edda" and the "Heimskringla" of Snorro Sturleson, to Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," to Ellis's "Metrical Romances," to Asser's "Life of Alfred," and Venerable Bede, and to the researches of Sharon Turner and Palgrave. Hume will serve him for an intelligent guide, and in the Elizabethan era he is at the richest period of the English mind, with the chief men of action and of thought which that nation has produced, and with a pregnant future before him. Here he has Shakspeare, Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, Bacon, Chapman, Jonson, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, Herbert, Donne, Herrick; and Milton, Marvell, and Dryden, not long after.

In reading history, he is to prefer the history of individuals. He will not repent the time he gives to Bacon,—not if he read the "Advancement of Learning," the "Essays," the "Novum Organon," the "History of Henry VII.," and then all the "Letters," (especially those to the Earl of Devonshire, explaining the Essex business,) and all but his "Apophthegms."

The task is aided by the strong mutual light which these men shed on each other. Thus, the Works of Ben Jonson

are a sort of hoop to bind all these fine persons together, and to the land to which they belong. He has written verses to or on all his notable contemporaries; and what with so many occasional poems, and the portrait sketches in his "Discoveries," and the gossiping record of his opinions in his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, has really illustrated the England of his time, if not to the same extent, yet much in the same way, as Walter Scott has celebrated the persons and places of Scotland. Walton, Chapman, Herrick, and Sir Henry Wotton write also to the times.

Among the best books are certain *Autobiographies*: as, St. Augustine's Confessions; Benvenuto Cellini's Life; Montaigne's Essays; Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Memoirs; Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz; Rousseau's Confessions; Linnaeus's Diary; Gibbon's, Hume's, Franklin's, Burns's, Alfieri's, Goethe's, and Haydon's Autobiographies.

Another class of books closely allied to these, and of like interest, are those which may be called *Table-Talks*; of which the best are Saadi's Gulistan; Luther's Table-Talk; Aubrey's Lives; Spence's Anecdotes; Selden's Table-Talk; Boswell's Life of Johnson; Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe; Coleridge's Table-Talk; and Hazlitt's Life of Northcote.

There is a class whose value I should designate as *favorites*; such as Froissart's Chronicles; Southeys Chronicle of the Cid; Cervantes; Sully's Memoirs; Rabelais; Montaigne; Izaak Walton; Evelyn; Sir Thomas Browne; Aubrey; Sterne; Horace Walpole; Lord Clarendon; Doctor Johnson; Burke, shedding floods of light on his times; Lamb; Landor; and De Quincey;—a list, of course, that may easily be swelled, as dependent on individual caprice. Many men are as tender and irritable as lovers in reference to these predilections. Indeed, a man's library is a sort of harem, and I observe that tender readers have a great pudency in showing their books to a stranger.

The annals of bibliography afford many

examples of the delirious extent to which book-fancying can go, when the legitimate delight in a book is transferred to a rare edition or to a manuscript. This mania reached its height about the beginning of the present century. For an autograph of Shakspeare one hundred and fifty-five guineas were given. In May, 1812, the library of the Duke of Roxburgh was sold. The sale lasted forty-two days,—we abridge the story from Dibdin,—and among the many curiosities was a copy of Boccaccio published by Valdarfer, at Venice, in 1471; the only perfect copy of this edition. Among the distinguished company which attended the sale were the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, and the Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford. The bid stood at five hundred guineas. "A thousand guineas," said Earl Spencer: "And ten," added the Marquis. You might hear a pin drop. All eyes were bent on the bidders. Now they talked apart, now ate a biscuit, now made a bet, but without the least thought of yielding one to the other. "Two thousand pounds," said the Marquis. The Earl Spencer bethought him like a prudent general of useless bloodshed and waste of powder, and had paused a quarter of a minute, when Lord Althorp with long steps came to his side, as if to bring his father a fresh lance to renew the fight. Father and son whispered together, and Earl Spencer exclaimed, "Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds!" An electric shock went through the assembly. "And ten," quietly added the Marquis. There ended the strife. Ere Evans let the hammer fall, he paused; the ivory instrument swept the air; the spectators stood dumb, when the hammer fell. The stroke of its fall sounded on the farthest shores of Italy. The tap of that hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, Milan, and Venice. Boccaccio stirred in his sleep of five hundred years, and M. Van Praet groped in vain amidst the royal alcoves in Paris, to detect a copy of the famed Valdarfer Boccaccio.

Another class I distinguish by the term *Vocabularies*. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is a book of great learning. To read it is like reading in a dictionary. 'Tis an inventory to remind us how many classes and species of facts exist, and, in observing into what strange and multiplex by-ways learning has strayed, to infer our opulence. Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read. There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion,—the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature, and cartilage. Out of a hundred examples, Cornelius Agrippa "On the Vanity of Arts and Sciences" is a specimen of that scribulousness which grew to be the habit of the gluttonous readers of his time. Like the modern Germans, they read a literature, whilst other mortals read a few books. They read voraciously, and must disburden themselves; so they take any general topic, as, Melancholy, or Praise of Science, or Praise of Folly, and write and quote without method or end. Now and then out of that affluence of their learning comes a fine sentence from Theophrastus, or Seneca, or Boëthius, but no high method, no inspiring efflux. But one cannot afford to read for a few sentences; they are good only as strings of suggestive words.

There is another class more needful to the present age, because the currents of custom run now in another direction, and leave us dry on this side;—I mean the *Imaginative*. A right metaphysics should do justice to the coördinate powers of Imagination, Insight, Understanding, and Will. Poetry, with its aids of Mythology and Romance, must be well allowed for an imaginative creature. Men are ever lapsing into a beggarly habit, wherein everything that is not ciphering, that is, which does not serve the tyrannical animal, is hustled out of sight. Our orators and writers are of the same poverty, and, in this rag-fair, neither the Imagination, the great awakening power, nor the Morals, creative of genius and of

men, are addressed. But though orator and poet are of this hunger party, the capacities remain. We must have symbols. The child asks you for a story, and is thankful for the poorest. It is not poor to him, but radiant with meaning. The man asks for a novel,—that is, asks leave, for a few hours, to be a poet, and to paint things as they ought to be. The youth asks for a poem. The very dunces wish to go to the theatre. What private heavens can we not open, by yielding to all the suggestion of rich music! We must have idolatries, mythologies, some swing and verge for the creative power lying coiled and cramped here, driving ardent natures to insanity and crime, if it do not find vent. Without the great and beautiful arts which speak to the sense of beauty, a man seems to me a poor, naked, shivering creature. These are his becoming draperies, which warm and adorn him. Whilst the prudential and economical tone of society starves the imagination, affronted Nature gets such indemnity as she may. The novel is that allowance and frolic the imagination finds. Everything else pins it down, and men flee for redress to Byron, Scott, Disraeli, Dumas, Sand, Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, and Reade. Their education is neglected; but the circulating library and the theatre, as well as the trout-fishing, the Notch Mountains, the Adirondac country, the tour to Mont Blanc, to the White Hills, and the Ghauts, make such amends as they can.

The imagination infuses a certain volatility and intoxication. It has a flute which sets the atoms of our frame in a dance, like planets, and, once so liberated, the whole man reeling drunk to the music, they never quite subside to their old stony state. But what is the Imagination? Only an arm or weapon of the interior energy; only the precursor of the Reason. And books that treat the old pedantries of the world, our times, places, professions, customs, opinions, histories, with a certain freedom, and distribute things, not after the usages of

America and Europe, but after the laws of right reason, and with as daring a freedom as we use in dreams, put us on our feet again, enable us to form an original judgment of our duties, and suggest new thoughts for to-morrow.

“*Lucrezia Floriani*,” “*Le Péché de M. Antoine*,” “*Jeanne*,” of George Sand, are great steps from the novel of one termination, which we all read twenty years ago. Yet how far off from life and manners and motives the novel still is! Life lies about us dumb; the day, as we know it, has not yet found a tongue. These stories are to the plots of real life what the figures in “*La Belle Assemblée*,” which represent the fashion of the month, are to portraits. But the novel will find the way to our interiors one day, and will not always be the novel of costume merely. I do not think them inoperative now. So much novel-reading cannot leave the young men and maidens untouched; and doubtless it gives some ideal dignity to the day. The young study noble behavior; and as the player in “*Consuelo*” insists that he and his colleagues on the boards have taught princes the fine etiquette and strokes of grace and dignity which they practise with so much effect in their villas and among their dependents, so I often see traces of the Scotch or the French novel in the courtesy and brilliancy of young midshipmen, collegians, and clerks. Indeed, when one observes how ill and ugly people make their loves and quarrels, 'tis pity they should not read novels a little more, to import the fine generosities, and the clear, firm conduct, which are as becoming in the unions and separations which love effects under shingle roofs as in palaces and among illustrious personages.

In novels the most serious questions are really beginning to be discussed. What made the popularity of “*Jane Eyre*,” but that a central question was answered in some sort? The question there answered in regard to a vicious marriage will always be treated according to the habit of the party. A person

of commanding individualism will answer it as Rochester does,—as Cleopatra, as Milton, as George Sand do,—magnifying the exception into a rule, dwarfing the world into an exception. A person of less courage, that is, of less constitution, will answer as the heroine does,—giving way to fate, to conventionalism, to the actual state and doings of men and women.

For the most part, our novel-reading is a passion for results. We admire parks, and high-born beauties, and the homage of drawing-rooms, and parliaments. They make us skeptical, by giving prominence to wealth and social position.

I remember when some peering eyes of boys discovered that the oranges hanging on the boughs of an orange-tree in a gay piazza were tied to the twigs by thread. I fear 'tis so with the novelist's prosperities. Nature has a magic by which she fits the man to his fortunes, by making them the fruit of his character. But the novelist plucks this event here, and that fortune there, and ties them rashly to his figures, to tickle the fancy of his readers with a cloying success, or scare them with shocks of tragedy. And so, on the whole, 'tis a juggling. We are cheated into laughter or wonder by feats which only oddly combine acts that we do every day. There is no new element, no power, no furtherance. 'Tis only confectionery, not the raising of new corn. Great is the poverty of their inventions. *She was beautiful, and he fell in love.* Money, and killing, and the Wandering Jew, and persuading the lover that his mistress is betrothed to another,—these are the mainsprings; new names, but no new qualities in the men and women. Hence the vain endeavor to keep any bit of this fairy gold, which has rolled like a brook through our hands. A thousand thoughts awoke; great rainbows seemed to span the sky; a morning among the mountains;—but we close the book, and not a ray remains in the memory of evening. But this passion for romance, and this disappointment, show how much we need real elevations and pure poetry; that

which shall show us, in morning and night, in stars and mountains, and in all the plight and circumstance of men, the analogons of our own thoughts, and a like impression made by a just book and by the face of Nature.

If our times are sterile in genius, we must cheer us with books of rich and believing men who had atmosphere and amplitude about them. Every good fable, every mythology, every biography out of a religious age, every passage of love, and even philosophy and science, when they proceed from an intellectual integrity, and are not detached and critical, have the imaginative element. The Greek fables, the Persian history, (Firdousi,) the "Younger Edda" of the Scandinavians, the "Chronicle of the Cid," the poem of Dante, the Sonnets of Michel Angelo, the English drama of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ford, and even the prose of Bacon and Milton,—in our time, the ode of Wordsworth, and the poems and the prose of Goethe, have this richness, and leave room for hope and for generous attempts.

There is no room left,—and yet I might as well not have begun as to leave out a class of books which are the best: I mean the Bibles of the world, or the sacred books of each nation, which express for each the supreme result of their experience. After the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, which constitute the sacred books of Christendom, these are, the Desatir of the Persians, and the Zoroastrian Oracles; the Vedas and Laws of Menu; the Upanishads, the Vishnu Purana, the Bhagvat Geeta, of the Hindoos; the books of the Buddhists; the "Chinese Classic," of four books, containing the wisdom of Confucius and Mencius. Also such other books as have acquired a semi-canonical authority in the world, as expressing the highest sentiment and hope of nations. Such are the "Hermes Trismegistus," pretending to be Egyptian remains; the "Sentences" of Epictetus; of Marcus Antoninus; the "Vishnu Sarma" of the Hindoos; the "Gulistan" of Saadi; the "Imitation of Christ," of

Thomas à Kempis; and the "Thoughts" of Pascal.

All these books are the majestic expressions of the universal conscience, and are more to our daily purpose than this year's almanac or this day's newspaper. But they are for the closet, and to be read on the bended knee. Their communications are not to be given or taken with the lips and the end of the tongue, but out of the glow of the cheek, and with the throbbing heart. Friendship should give and take, solitude and time brood and ripen, heroes absorb and enact them. They are not to be held by letters printed on a page, but are living characters translatable into every tongue and form of life. I read them on lichens and bark; I watch them on waves on the beach; they fly in birds, they creep in worms; I detect them in laughter and blushes and eye-sparkles of men and women. These are Scriptures which the missionary might well carry over prairie, desert, and ocean, to Siberia, Japan, Timbuctoo. Yet he will find that the spirit which is in them journeys faster than he, and greets him on his arrival,—was there already long before him. The missionary must be carried by it, and find it there, or he goes in vain. Is there any geography in these things? We call them Asiatic, we call them primeval; but perhaps that is only optical; for Nature is always equal to herself, and there are as good pairs of eyes and ears now in the planet as ever were. Only these ejaculations of the soul are uttered one or a few at a time, at long intervals, and it takes millenniums to make a Bible.

These are a few of the books which the old and the later times have yielded us, which will reward the time spent on them. In comparing the number of good books with the shortness of life, many might well be read by proxy, if we had good proxies; and it would be well for sincere young men to borrow a hint from the French Institute and the British Association, and, as they divide the whole body into sections, each of which sit upon and report of certain matters confided to them, so let each scholar associate himself to such persons as he can rely on, in a literary club, in which each shall undertake a single work or series for which he is qualified. For example, how attractive is the whole literature of the "Roman de la Rose," the "Fabliaux," and the *gai science* of the French Troubadours! Yet who in Boston has time for that? But one of our company shall undertake it, shall study and master it, and shall report on it, as under oath; shall give us the sincere result, as it lies in his mind, adding nothing, keeping nothing back. Another member, meantime, shall as honestly search, sift, and as truly report on British mythology, the Round Table, the histories of Brut, Merlin, and Welsh poetry; a third, on the Saxon Chronicles, Robert of Gloucester, and William of Malmesbury; a fourth, on Mysteries, Early Drama, "Gesta Romanorum," Collier, and Dyce, and the Camden Society. Each shall give us his grains of gold, after the washing; and every other shall then decide whether this is a book indispensable to him also.

THE DIAMOND LENS.

I.

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG.

FROM a very early period of my life the entire bent of my inclinations had been towards microscopic investigations. When I was not more than ten years old, a distant relative of our family, hoping to astonish my inexperience, constructed a simple microscope for me, by drilling in a disk of copper a small hole, in which a drop of pure water was sustained by capillary attraction. This very primitive apparatus, magnifying some fifty diameters, presented, it is true, only indistinct and imperfect forms, but still sufficiently wonderful to work up my imagination to a preternatural state of excitement.

Seeing me so interested in this rude instrument, my cousin explained to me all that he knew about the principles of the microscope, related to me a few of the wonders which had been accomplished through its agency, and ended by promising to send me one regularly constructed, immediately on his return to the city. I counted the days, the hours, the minutes, that intervened between that promise and his departure.

Meantime I was not idle. Every transparent substance that bore the remotest semblance to a lens I eagerly seized upon and employed in vain attempts to realize that instrument, the theory of whose construction I as yet only vaguely comprehended. All panes of glass containing those oblate spheroidal knots familiarly known as "bull's eyes" were ruthlessly destroyed, in the hope of obtaining lenses of marvellous power. I even went so far as to extract the crystalline humor from the eyes of fishes and animals, and endeavored to press it into the microscopic service. I plead guilty to having stolen the glasses from my Aunt Agatha's spectacles, with a dim idea of grinding them into lenses of wondrous

magnifying properties,—in which attempt it is scarcely necessary to say that I totally failed.

At last the promised instrument came. It was of that order known as Field's simple microscope, and had cost perhaps about fifteen dollars. As far as educational purposes went, a better apparatus could not have been selected. Accompanying it was a small treatise on the microscope,—its history, uses, and discoveries. I comprehended then for the first time the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The dull veil of ordinary existence that hung across the world seemed suddenly to roll away, and to lay bare a land of enchantments. I felt towards my companions as the seer might feel towards the ordinary masses of men. I held conversations with Nature in a tongue which they could not understand. I was in daily communication with living wonders, such as they never imagined in their wildest visions. I penetrated beyond the external portal of things, and roamed through the sanctuaries. Where they beheld only a drop of rain slowly rolling down the window-glass, I saw a universe of beings animated with all the passions common to physical life, and convulsing their minute sphere with struggles as fierce and protracted as those of men. In the common spots of mould, which my mother, good housekeeper that she was, fiercely scooped away from her jam pots, there abode for me, under the name of mildew, enchanted gardens, filled with dells and avenues of the densest foliage and most astonishing verdure, while from the fantastic boughs of these microscopic forests hung strange fruits glittering with green and silver and gold.

It was no scientific thirst that at this time filled my mind. It was the pure enjoyment of a poet to whom a world of wonders has been disclosed. I talked of my solitary pleasures to none. Alone with my microscope, I dimmed my sight,

day after day and night after night poring over the marvels which it unfolded to me. I was like one who, having discovered the ancient Eden still existing in all its primitive glory, should resolve to enjoy it in solitude, and never betray to mortal the secret of its locality. The rod of my life was bent at this moment. I destined myself to be a microscopist.

Of course, like every novice, I fancied myself a discoverer. I was ignorant at the time of the thousands of acute intellects engaged in the same pursuit as myself, and with the advantages of instruments a thousand times more powerful than mine. The names of Leeuwenhoek, Williamson, Spencer, Ehrenberg, Schultz, Dujardin, Schact, and Schleiden were then entirely unknown to me, or if known, I was ignorant of their patient and wonderful researches. In every fresh specimen of Cryptogamia which I placed beneath my instrument I believed that I discovered wonders of which the world was as yet ignorant. I remember well the thrill of delight and admiration that shot through me the first time that I discovered the common wheel animalcule (*Rotifera vulgaris*) expanding and contracting its flexible spokes, and seemingly rotating through the water. Alas! as I grew older, and obtained some works treating of my favorite study, I found that I was only on the threshold of a science to the investigation of which some of the greatest men of the age were devoting their lives and intellects.

As I grew up, my parents, who saw but little likelihood of anything practical resulting from the examination of bits of moss and drops of water through a brass tube and a piece of glass, were anxious that I should choose a profession. It was their desire that I should enter the counting-house of my uncle, Ethan Blake, a prosperous merchant, who carried on business in New York. This suggestion I decisively combated. I had no taste for trade; I should only make a failure; in short, I refused to become a merchant.

But it was necessary for me to select some pursuit. My parents were staid New England people, who insisted on the necessity of labor; and therefore, although, thanks to the bequest of my poor Aunt Agatha, I should, on coming of age, inherit a small fortune sufficient to place me above want, it was decided, that, instead of waiting for this, I should act the nobler part, and employ the intervening years in rendering myself independent.

After much cogitation I complied with the wishes of my family, and selected a profession. I determined to study medicine at the New York Academy. This disposition of my future suited me. A removal from my relatives would enable me to dispose of my time as I pleased, without fear of detection. As long as I paid my Academy fees, I might shirk attending the lectures, if I chose; and as I never had the remotest intention of standing an examination, there was no danger of my being "plucked." Besides, a metropolis was the place for me. There I could obtain excellent instruments, the newest publications, intimacy with men of pursuits kindred to my own,—in short, all things necessary to insure a profitable devotion of my life to my beloved science. I had an abundance of money, few desires that were not bounded by my illuminating mirror on one side and my object-glass on the other; what, therefore, was to prevent my becoming an illustrious investigator of the veiled worlds? It was with the most buoyant hopes that I left my New England home and established myself in New York.

II.

THE LONGING OF A MAN OF SCIENCE.

MY first step, of course, was to find suitable apartments. These I obtained, after a couple of days' search, in Fourth Avenue; a very pretty second-floor unfurnished, containing sitting-room, bedroom, and a smaller apartment which I

intended to fit up as a laboratory. I furnished my lodgings simply, but rather elegantly, and then devoted all my energies to the adornment of the temple of my worship. I visited Pike, the celebrated optician, and passed in review his splendid collection of microscopes,—Field's Compound, Higham's, Spencer's, Nachet's Binocular, (that founded on the principles of the stereoscope,) and at length fixed upon that form known as Spencer's Trunnion Microscope, as combining the greatest number of improvements with an almost perfect freedom from tremor. Along with this I purchased every possible accessory,—draw-tubes, micrometers, a *camera-lucida*, lever-stage, achromatic condensers, white cloud illuminators, prisms, parabolic condensers, polarizing apparatus, forceps, aquatic boxes, fishing-tubes, with a host of other articles, all of which would have been useful in the hands of an experienced microscopist, but, as I afterwards discovered, were not of the slightest present value to me. It takes years of practice to know how to use a complicated microscope. The optician looked suspiciously at me as I made these wholesale purchases. He evidently was uncertain whether to set me down as some scientific celebrity or a madman. I think he inclined to the latter belief. I suppose I was mad. Every great genius is mad upon the subject in which he is greatest. The unsuccessful madman is disgraced, and called a lunatic.

Mad or not, I set myself to work with a zeal which few scientific students have ever equalled. I had everything to learn relative to the delicate study upon which I had embarked,—a study involving the most earnest patience, the most rigid analytic powers, the steadiest hand, the most untiring eye, the most refined and subtle manipulation.

For a long time half my apparatus lay inactively on the shelves of my laboratory, which was now most amply furnished with every possible contrivance for facilitating my investigations. The fact was that I did not know how to use some of my

scientific accessories,—never having been taught microscopics,—and those whose use I understood theoretically were of little avail, until by practice I could attain the necessary delicacy of handling. Still, such was the fury of my ambition, such the untiring perseverance of my experiments, that, difficult of credit as it may be, in the course of one year I became theoretically and practically an accomplished microscopist.

During this period of my labors, in which I submitted specimens of every substance that came under my observation to the action of my lenses, I became a discoverer,—in a small way, it is true, for I was very young, but still a discoverer. It was I who destroyed Ehrenberg's theory that the *Volvox globator* was an animal, and proved that his "monads" with stomachs and eyes were merely phases of the formation of a vegetable cell, and were, when they reached their mature state, incapable of the act of conjugation, or any true generative act, without which no organism rising to any stage of life higher than vegetable can be said to be complete. It was I who resolved the singular problem of rotation in the cells and hairs of plants into ciliary attraction, in spite of the assertions of Mr. Wenham and others, that my explanation was the result of an optical illusion.

But notwithstanding these discoveries, laboriously and painfully made as they were, I felt horribly dissatisfied. At every step I found myself stopped by the imperfections of my instruments. Like all active microscopists, I gave my imagination full play. Indeed, it is a common complaint against many such, that they supply the defects of their instruments with the creations of their brains. I imagined depths beyond depths in Nature which the limited power of my lenses prohibited me from exploring. I lay awake at night constructing imaginary microscopes of immeasurable power, with which I seemed to pierce through all the envelopes of matter down to its original atom. How I cursed those imperfect mediums which necessity through ignorance compelled

me to use! How I longed to discover the secret of some perfect lens whose magnifying power should be limited only by the resolvability of the object, and which at the same time should be free from spherical and chromatic aberrations, in short from all the obstacles over which the poor microscopist finds himself continually stumbling! I felt convinced that the simple microscope, composed of a single lens of such vast yet perfect power, was possible of construction. To attempt to bring the compound microscope up to such a pitch would have been commencing at the wrong end; this latter being simply a partially successful endeavor to remedy those very defects of the simple instrument, which, if conquered, would leave nothing to be desired.

It was in this mood of mind that I became a constructive microscopist. After another year passed in this new pursuit, experimenting on every imaginable substance,—glass, gems, flints, crystals, artificial crystals formed of the alloy of various vitreous materials,—in short, having constructed as many varieties of lenses as Argus had eyes, I found myself precisely where I started, with nothing gained save an extensive knowledge of glass-making. I was almost dead with despair. My parents were surprised at my apparent want of progress in my medical studies, (I had not attended one lecture since my arrival in the city,) and the expenses of my mad pursuit had been so great as to embarrass me very seriously.

I was in this frame of mind one day, experimenting in my laboratory on a small diamond,—that stone, from its great refracting power, having always occupied my attention more than any other,—when a young Frenchman, who lived on the floor above me, and who was in the habit of occasionally visiting me, entered the room.

I think that Jules Simon was a Jew. He had many traits of the Hebrew character: a love of jewelry, of dress, and of good living. There was something mysterious about him. He always had

something to sell, and yet went into excellent society. When I say sell, I should perhaps have said peddle; for his operations were generally confined to the disposal of single articles,—a picture, for instance, or a rare carving in ivory, or a pair of duelling-pistols, or the dress of a Mexican *caballero*. When I was first furnishing my rooms, he paid me a visit, which ended in my purchasing an antique silver lamp, which he assured me was a Cellini,—it was handsome enough even for that,—and some other knick-knacks for my sitting-room. Why Simon should pursue this petty trade I never could imagine. He apparently had plenty of money, and had the *entrée* of the best houses in the city,—taking care, however, I suppose, to drive no bargains within the enchanted circle of the Upper Ten. I came at length to the conclusion that this peddling was but a mask to cover some greater object, and even went so far as to believe my young acquaintance to be implicated in the slave-trade. That, however, was none of my affair.

On the present occasion, Simon entered my room in a state of considerable excitement.

"Ah! mon ami!" he cried, before I could even offer him the ordinary salutation, "it has occurred to me to be the witness of the most astonishing things in the world. I promenade myself to the house of Madame —— How does the little animal—*le renard*—name himself in the Latin?"

"Vulpes," I answered.

"Ah! yes,—Vulpes. I promenade myself to the house of Madame Vulpes."

"The spirit medium?"

"Yes, the great medium. Great Heavens! what a woman! I write on a slip of paper many of questions concerning affairs the most secret,—affairs that conceal themselves in the abysses of my heart the most profound; and behold! by example! what occurs? This devil of a woman makes me replies the most truthful to all of them. She talks to me of things that I do not love to talk of to

myself. What am I to think? I am fixed to the earth!"

"Am I to understand you, M. Simon, that this Mrs. Vulpes replied to questions secretly written by you, which questions related to events known only to yourself?"

"Ah! more than that, more than that," he answered, with an air of some alarm. "She related to me things——But," he added, after a pause, and suddenly changing his manner, "why occupy ourselves with these follies? It was all the Biology, without doubt. It goes without saying that it has not my credence.—But why are we here, *mon ami*? It has occurred to me to discover the most beautiful thing as you can imagine,—a vase with green lizards on it, composed by the great Bernard Palissy. It is in my apartment; let us mount. I go to show it to you."

I followed Simon mechanically; but my thoughts were far from Palissy and his enamelled ware, although I, like him, was seeking in the dark after a great discovery. This casual mention of the spiritualist, Madame Vulpes, set me on a new track. What if this spiritualism should be really a great fact? What if, through communication with subtler organisms than my own, I could reach at a single bound the goal, which perhaps a life of agonizing mental toil would never enable me to attain?

While purchasing the Palissy vase from my friend Simon, I was mentally arranging a visit to Madame Vulpes.

III.

THE SPIRIT OF LEEUWENHOEK.

Two evenings after this, thanks to an arrangement by letter and the promise of an ample fee, I found Madame Vulpes awaiting me at her residence alone. She was a coarse-featured woman, with a keen and rather cruel dark eye, and an exceedingly sensual expression about her mouth and under jaw. She received me in perfect silence, in an apartment on

the ground floor, very sparingly furnished. In the centre of the room, close to where Mrs. Vulpes sat, there was a common round mahogany table. If I had come for the purpose of sweeping her chimney, the woman could not have looked more indifferent to my appearance. There was no attempt to inspire the visitor with any awe. Everything bore a simple and practical aspect. This intercourse with the spiritual world was evidently as familiar an occupation with Mrs. Vulpes as eating her dinner or riding in an omnibus.

"You come for a communication, Mr. Linley?" said the medium, in a dry, business-like tone of voice.

"By appointment,—yes."

"What sort of communication do you want?—a written one?"

"Yes,—I wish for a written one."

"From any particular spirit?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever known this spirit on this earth?"

"Never. He died long before I was born. I wish merely to obtain from him some information which he ought to be able to give better than any other."

"Will you seat yourself at the table, Mr. Linley," said the medium, "and place your hands upon it?"

I obeyed,—Mrs. Vulpes being seated opposite me, with her hands also on the table. We remained thus for about a minute and a half, when a violent succession of raps came on the table, on the back of my chair, on the floor immediately under my feet, and even on the window-panes. Mrs. Vulpes smiled composedly.

"They are very strong to-night," she remarked. "You are fortunate." She then continued, "Will the spirits communicate with this gentleman?"

Vigorous affirmative.

"Will the particular spirit he desires to speak with communicate?"

A very confused rattling followed this question.

"I know what they mean," said Mrs. Vulpes, addressing herself to me; "they

wish you to write down the name of the particular spirit that you desire to converse with. Is that so?" she added, speaking to her invisible guests.

That it was so was evident from the numerous affirmatory responses. While this was going on, I tore a slip from my pocket-book, and scribbled a name under the table.

"Will this spirit communicate in writing with this gentleman?" asked the medium once more.

After a moment's pause her hand seemed to be seized with a violent tremor, shaking so forcibly that the table vibrated. She said that a spirit had seized her hand and would write. I handed her some sheets of paper that were on the table, and a pencil. The latter she held loosely in her hand, which presently began to move over the paper with a singular and seemingly involuntary motion. After a few moments had elapsed she handed me the paper, on which I found written, in a large, uncultivated hand, the words, "He is not here, but has been sent for." A pause of a minute or so now ensued, during which Mrs. Vulpes remained perfectly silent, but the raps continued at regular intervals. When the short period I mention had elapsed, the hand of the medium was again seized with its convulsive tremor, and she wrote, under this strange influence, a few words on the paper, which she handed to me. They were as follows:—

"I am here. Question me.

"LEEUWENHOEK."

I was astounded. The name was identical with that I had written beneath the table, and carefully kept concealed. Neither was it at all probable that an uncultivated woman like Mrs. Vulpes should know even the name of the great father of microscopics. It may have been Biology; but this theory was soon doomed to be destroyed. I wrote on my slip—still concealing it from Mrs. Vulpes—a series of questions, which, to avoid tediousness, I shall place with the responses in the order in which they occurred.

I.—Can the microscope be brought to perfection?

SPIRIT.—Yes.

I.—Am I destined to accomplish this great task?

SPIRIT.—You are.

I.—I wish to know how to proceed to attain this end. For the love which you bear to science, help me!

SPIRIT.—A diamond of one hundred and forty carats, submitted to electromagnetic currents for a long period, will experience a rearrangement of its atoms *inter se*, and from that stone you will form the universal lens.

I.—Will great discoveries result from the use of such a lens?

SPIRIT.—So great, that all that has gone before is as nothing.

I.—But the refractive power of the diamond is so immense, that the image will be formed within the lens. How is that difficulty to be surmounted?

SPIRIT.—Pierce the lens through its axis, and the difficulty is obviated. The image will be formed in the pierced space, which will itself serve as a tube to look through. Now I am called. Good night!

I cannot at all describe the effect that these extraordinary communications had upon me. I felt completely bewildered. No biological theory could account for the *discovery* of the lens. The medium might, by means of biological *rappo*rt with my mind, have gone so far as to read my questions, and reply to them coherently. But Biology could not enable her to discover that magnetic currents would so alter the crystals of the diamond as to remedy its previous defects, and admit of its being polished into a perfect lens. Some such theory may have passed through my head, it is true; but if so, I had forgotten it. In my excited condition of mind there was no course left but to become a convert, and it was in a state of the most painful nervous exaltation that I left the medium's house that evening. She accompanied me to the door, hoping that I was satisfied. The raps followed us as we went through the hall, sound-

ing on the balusters, the flooring, and even the lintels of the door. I hastily expressed my satisfaction, and escaped hurriedly into the cool night air. I walked home with but one thought possessing me, —how to obtain a diamond of the immense size required. My entire means multiplied a hundred times over would have been inadequate to its purchase. Besides, such stones are rare, and become historical. I could find such only in the regalia of Eastern or European monarchs.

IV.

THE EYE OF MORNING.

THERE was a light in Simon's room as I entered my house. A vague impulse urged me to visit him. As I opened the door of his sitting-room unannounced, he was bending, with his back toward me, over a carcel lamp, apparently engaged in minutely examining some object which he held in his hands. As I entered, he started suddenly, thrust his hand into his breast pocket, and turned to me with a face crimson with confusion.

"What!" I cried, "poring over the miniature of some fair lady? Well, don't blush so much; I won't ask to see it."

Simon laughed awkwardly enough, but made none of the negative protestations usual on such occasions. He asked me to take a seat.

"Simon," said I, "I have just come from Madame Vulpes."

This time Simon turned as white as a sheet, and seemed stupefied, as if a sudden electric shock had smitten him. He babbled some incoherent words, and went hastily to a small closet where he usually kept his liquors. Although astonished at his emotion, I was too preoccupied with my own idea to pay much attention to anything else.

"You say truly when you call Madame Vulpes a devil of a woman," I continued. "Simon, she told me wonderful things tonight, or rather was the means of telling

me wonderful things. Ah! if I could only get a diamond that weighed one hundred and forty carats!"

Scarcely had the sigh with which I uttered this desire died upon my lips, when Simon, with the aspect of a wild beast, glared at me savagely, and rushing to the mantel-piece, where some foreign weapons hung on the wall, caught up a Malay creese, and brandished it furiously before him.

"No!" he cried in French, into which he always broke when excited. "No! you shall not have it! You are perfidious! You have consulted with that demon, and desire my treasure! But I will die first! Me! I am brave! You cannot make me fear!"

All this, uttered in a loud voice trembling with excitement, astounded me. I saw at a glance that I had accidentally trodden upon the edges of Simon's secret, whatever it was. It was necessary to reassure him.

"My dear Simon," I said, "I am entirely at a loss to know what you mean. I went to Madame Vulpes to consult with her on a scientific problem, to the solution of which I discovered that a diamond of the size I just mentioned was necessary. You were never alluded to during the evening, nor, so far as I was concerned, even thought of. What can be the meaning of this outburst? If you happen to have a set of valuable diamonds in your possession, you need fear nothing from me. The diamond which I require you could not possess; or if you did possess it, you would not be living here."

Something in my tone must have completely reassured him; for his expression immediately changed to a sort of constrained merriment, combined, however, with a certain suspicious attention to my movements. He laughed, and said that I must bear with him; that he was at certain moments subject to a species of vertigo, which betrayed itself in incoherent speeches, and that the attacks passed off as rapidly as they came. He put his weapon aside while making this explana-

tion, and endeavored, with some success, to assume a more cheerful air.

All this did not impose on me in the least. I was too much accustomed to analytical labors to be baffled by so flimsy a veil. I determined to probe the mystery to the bottom.

"Simon," I said, gayly, "let us forget all this over a bottle of Burgundy. I have a case of Lausseure's *Clos Vougeot* down-stairs, fragrant with the odors and ruddy with the sunlight of the Côte d'Or. Let us have up a couple of bottles. What say you?"

"With all my heart," answered Simon, smilingly.

I produced the wine and we seated ourselves to drink. It was of a famous vintage, that of 1848, a year when war and wine threw together,—and its pure, but powerful juice seemed to impart renewed vitality to the system. By the time we had half finished the second bottle, Simon's head, which I knew was a weak one, had begun to yield, while I remained calm as ever, only that every draught seemed to send a flush of vigor through my limbs. Simon's utterance became more and more indistinct. He took to singing French *chansons* of a not very moral tendency. I rose suddenly from the table just at the conclusion of one of those incoherent verses, and fixing my eyes on him with a quiet smile, said:

"Simon, I have deceived you. I learned your secret this evening. You may as well be frank with me. Mrs. Vulpes, or rather, one of her spirits, told me all."

He started with horror. His intoxication seemed for the moment to fade away, and he made a movement towards the weapon that he had a short time before laid down. I stopped him with my hand.

"Monster!" he cried, passionately, "I am ruined! What shall I do? You shall never have it! I swear by my mother!"

"I don't want it," I said; "rest secure, but be frank with me. Tell me all about it."

The drunkenness began to return. He protested with maudlin earnestness that I was entirely mistaken,—that I was intoxicated; then asked me to swear eternal secrecy, and promised to disclose the mystery to me. I pledged myself, of course, to all. With an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, he drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! How the mild lamp-light was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose-diamond that glittered in the ease! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder, and—must I confess it?—with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but, instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up, and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly,—so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents,—and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are conveyed away safely. He added, that, in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond by the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morning."

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light, ever imagined or described, seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of Destiny seemed in it. On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek

communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken,—to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew, in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man, Simon, was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws; why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach. There stood upon the mantel-piece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him, that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon, if levelled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then

with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air-bubble, sent up by a diver, when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantaneously.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside*. How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window; that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows also should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vice, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vice, through the keyhole, from the outside, and so lock the door. Previously, however, to doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass,—having first removed from it all traces of wine,—cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the

room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a *post-mortem* examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself, but, after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger. These arrangements made, I walked out, leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vice, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning,—the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door,—peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clue to his death, beyond that of suicide, could be obtained. Curiously enough, he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week, that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that "he was tired of life." His landlord affirmed, that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that "he would not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded,—the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

V.

ANIMULA.

THE three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to

my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates,—a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in lustre every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surfaces of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination,—a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens, and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hairs' breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued, but as the lens approached the object, a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace

of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly, that, by the wondrous power of my lens, I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of Infusoria and Protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped, at least, to discover some new form of animal life,—perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted,—but still, some living organism. I find my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singu-

lar arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the Form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say "human," I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity,—but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that enclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow-curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful Naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear, unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like lis-

tening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This, indeed, was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly,—alas! As my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees—as I must call them—unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of *Animula*. The sylph took it in her delicate hand, and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her, as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a

moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover, or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,—but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true, that, thanks to the marvellous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures, that live and struggle and die, in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together,—to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger, who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention, of

which human intellect was capable, could break down the barriers that Nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and, even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and, flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

VI.

THE SPILLING OF THE CUP.

I AROSE the next morning almost at daybreak, and rushed to my microscope. I trembled as I sought the luminous world in miniature that contained my all. *Animula* was there. I had left the gas-lamp, surrounded by its moderators, burning, when I went to bed the night before. I found the sylph bathing, as it were, with an expression of pleasure animating her features, in the brilliant light which surrounded her. She tossed her lustrous golden hair over her shoulders with innocent coquetry. She lay at full length in the transparent medium, in which she supported herself with ease, and gambolled with the enchanting grace that the Nymph Salmacis might have exhibited when she sought to conquer the modest Hermaphroditus. I tried an experiment to satisfy myself if her powers of reflection were developed. I lessened the lamp-light considerably. By the dim light that remained, I could see an expression of pain flit across her face. She looked upward suddenly, and her brows contracted. I flooded the stage of the microscope again with a full stream of light, and her whole expression changed. She sprang forward like some substance deprived of all weight. Her eyes sparkled, and her lips moved. Ah! if science had only the means of conducting and reduplicating sounds, as it does the rays of light, what carols of happiness would then have entranced my ears! what jubilant hymns to Adonais would have thrilled the illumined air!

I now comprehended how it was that the Count de Gabalis peopled his mystic world with sylphs,—beautiful beings whose breath of life was lambent fire, and who sported forever in regions of purest ether and purest light. The Rosicrucian had anticipated the wonder that I had practically realized.

How long this worship of my strange divinity went on thus I scarcely know. I lost all note of time. All day from early dawn, and far into the night, I was to be found peering through that wonderful lens. I saw no one, went nowhere, and scarce allowed myself sufficient time for my meals. My whole life was absorbed in contemplation as rapt as that of any of the Romish saints. Every hour that I gazed upon the divine form strengthened my passion,—a passion that was always overshadowed by the maddening conviction, that, although I could gaze on her at will, she never, never could behold me!

At length I grew so pale and emaciated, from want of rest, and continual brooding over my insane love and its cruel conditions, that I determined to make some effort to wean myself from it. "Come," I said, "this is at best but a fantasy. Your imagination has bestowed on *Animula* charms which in reality she does not possess. Seclusion from female society has produced this morbid condition of mind. Compare her with the beautiful women of your own world, and this false enchantment will vanish."

I looked over the newspapers by chance. There I beheld the advertisement of a celebrated *danseuse* who appeared nightly at Niblo's. The Signorina Caradolce had the reputation of being the most beautiful as well as the most graceful woman in the world. I instantly dressed and went to the theatre.

The curtain drew up. The usual semi-circle of fairies in white muslin were standing on the right toe around the enamelled flower-bank, of green canvas, on which the belated prince was sleeping. Suddenly a flute is heard. The fairies start. The trees open, the fairies all

stand on the left toe, and the queen enters. It was the Signorina. She bounded forward amid thunders of applause, and lighting on one foot remained poised in air. Heavens! was this the great enchantress that had drawn monarchs at her chariot-wheels? Those heavy muscular limbs, those thick ankles, those cavernous eyes, that stereotyped smile, those crudely painted cheeks! Where were the vermeil blooms, the liquid expressive eyes, the harmonious limbs of Animula?

The Signorina danced. What gross, discordant movements! The play of her limbs was all false and artificial. Her bounds were painful athletic efforts; her poses were angular and distressed the eye. I could bear it no longer; with an exclamation of disgust that drew every eye upon me, I rose from my seat in the very middle of the Signorina's *pas-de-fascination*, and abruptly quitted the house.

I hastened home to feast my eyes once more on the lovely form of my sylph. I felt that henceforth to combat this passion would be impossible. I applied my eye to the lens. Animula was there,—but what could have happened? Some terrible change seemed to have taken place during my absence. Some secret grief seemed to cloud the lovely features of her I gazed upon. Her face had grown thin and haggard; her limbs trailed heavily; the wondrous lustre of her golden hair had faded. She was ill!—ill, and I could not assist her! I believe at that moment I would have gladly forfeited all claims to my human birthright, if I could only have been dwarfed to the size of an animalcule, and permitted to console her from whom fate had forever divided me.

I racked my brain for the solution of this mystery. What was it that afflicted the sylph? She seemed to suffer intense pain. Her features contracted, and she even writhed, as if with some internal agony. The wondrous forests appeared also to have lost half their beauty. Their hues were dim and in some places faded away altogether. I watched Ani-

mula for hours with a breaking heart, and she seemed absolutely to wither away under my very eye. Suddenly I remembered that I had not looked at the water-drop for several days. In fact, I hated to see it; for it reminded me of the natural barrier between Animula and myself. I hurriedly looked down on the stage of the microscope. The slide was still there,—but, great heavens! the water-drop had vanished! The awful truth burst upon me; it had evaporated, until it had become so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye; I had been gazing on its last atom, the one that contained Animula,—and she was dying!

I rushed again to the front of the lens, and looked through. Alas! the last agony had seized her. The rainbow-hued forests had all melted away, and Animula lay struggling feebly in what seemed to be a spot of dim light. Ah! the sight was horrible: the limbs once so round and lovely shrivelling up into nothings; the eyes—those eyes that shone like heaven—being quenched into black dust; the lustrous golden hair now lank and discolored. The last throes came. I beheld that final struggle of the blackening form—and I fainted.

When I awoke out of a trance of many hours, I found myself lying amid the wreck of my instrument, myself as shattered in mind and body as it. I crawled feebly to my bed, from which I did not rise for months.

They say now that I am mad; but they are mistaken. I am poor, for I have neither the heart nor the will to work; all my money is spent, and I live on charity. Young men's associations that love a joke invite me to lecture on Optics before them, for which they pay me, and laugh at me while I lecture. "Linley, the mad microscopist," is the name I go by. I suppose that I talk incoherently while I lecture. Who could talk sense when his brain is haunted by such ghastly memories, while ever and anon among the shapes of death I behold the radiant form of my lost Animula!

THE SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL.

AMID the aisle, apart, there stood
 A mourner like the rest;
 And while the solemn rites were said,
 He fashioned into verse his mood,
 That would not be repressed.

Why did they bring him home,
 Bright jewel set in lead?
 Oh, bear the sculptor back to Rome,
 And lay him with the mighty dead,—
 With Adonais, and the rest
 Of all the young and good and fair,
 That drew the milk of English breast,
 And their last sigh in Latian air!

Lay him with Raphael, unto whom
 Was granted Rome's most lasting tomb;
 For many a lustre, many an æon,
 He might sleep well in the Panthèon,
 Deep in the sacred city's womb,
 The smoke and splendor and the stir of Rome.

Lay him 'neath Diocletian's dome,
 Blessed Saint Mary of the Angels,
 Near to that house in which he dwelt,—
 House that to many seemed a home,
 So much with him they loved and felt.
 We were his guests a hundred times;
 We loved him for his genial ways;
 He gave me credit for my rhymes,
 And made me blush with praise.

Ah! there be many histories
 That no historian writes,
 And friendship hath its mysteries
 And consecrated nights;
 Amid the busy days of pain,
 Wear of hand, and tear of brain,
 Weary midnight, weary morn,
 Years of struggle paid with scorn;—
 Yet oft amid all this despair,
 Long rambles in the Autumn days
 O'er Appian or Flaminian Ways,
 Bright moments snatched from care,

When loose as buffaloes on the wild Campagna
 We roved and dined on crust and curds,
 Olives, thin wine, and thinner birds,
 And woke the echoes of divine Romagna ;
 And then returning late,
 After long knocking at the Lateran gate,
 Suppers and nights of gods ; and then
 Mornings that made us new-born men ;
 Rare nights at the Minerva tavern,
 With Orvieto from the Cardinal's cavern ;
 Free nights, but fearless and without reproof,—
 For Bayard's word ruled Beppo's roof.

O Rome ! what memories awake,
 When Crawford's name is said,
 Of days and friends for whose dear sake
 That path of Hades unto me
 Will have no more of dread
 Than his own Orpheus felt, seeking Eurydice !
 O Crawford ! husband, father, brother
 Are in that name, that little word !
 Let me no more my sorrow smother ;
 Grief stirs me, and I must be stirred.

O Death, thou teacher true and rough !
 Full oft I fear that we have erred,
 And have not loved enough ;
 But oh, ye friends, this side of Acheron,
 Who cling to me to-day,
 I shall not know my love till ye are gone
 And I am gray !
 Fair women with your loving eyes,
 Old men that once my footsteps led,
 Sweet children,—much as all I prize,
 Until the sacred dust of death be shed
 Upon each dear and venerable head,
 I cannot love you as I love the dead !

But now, the natural man being sown,
 We can more lucidly behold
 The spiritual one ;
 For we, till time shall end,
 Full visibly shall see our friend
 In all his hand did mould,—
 That worn and patient hand that lies so cold !

When on some blessed studious day
 To my loved Library I wend my way,
 Amid the forms that give the Gallery grace
 His thought in that pale poet I shall trace,—
 Keen Orpheus with his eyes
 Fixed deep in ruddy hell,

Seeking amid those lurid skies
 The wife he loved so well,—
 And feel that still therein I see
 All that was in my Master's thought,
 And, in that constant hand wherewith he wrought,
 The eternal type of constancy.
 Thou marble husband ! might there be
 More of flesh and blood like thee !

Or if, in Music's festive hall,
 I come to cheat me of my care,
 Amid the swell, the dying fall,
 His genius greets me there.
 O man of bronze ! thy solemn air—
 Best soother of a troubled brain—
 Floods me with memories, and again
 As thou stand'st visibly to men,
 Beloved musician ! so once more
 Crawford comes back that did thy form restore.

* * * *

Well,—*requiescat!* let him pass !
 Good mourners, go your several ways !
 He needs no further rite, nor mass,
 Nor eulogy, who best could praise
 Himself in marble and in brass ;
 Yet his best monument did raise,
 Not in those perishable things
 That men eternal deem,—
 The pride of palaces and kings,—
 But in such works as must avail him there,
 With Him who, from the extreme
 Love that was in his breast,
 Said, “ Come, all ye that heavy burdens bear,
 And I will give you rest ! ”

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

As a mere literary production, the Message of Mr. Buchanan is so superior to any of the Messages of his immediate predecessor, that the reader naturally expects to find in it a corresponding superiority of sentiment and aim. When we meet a man who is well-dressed, and whose external demeanor is that of a gentleman, we are prone to infer that he is also a man of upright principles and honorable feelings. But we are very often mistaken in this inference; the nice garment proves to be little better than a nice disguise; and the robe of respectability may cover the heart of a very scurvy fellow.

Mr. Buchanan's sentences run smoothly enough; they are for the most part grammatical; the tone throughout is sedate, if not dignified; and the general spirit unambitious and moderate. But the doctrine, in our estimation, is, on the most essential point, atrocious, and the objects which are sought to be compassed are unworthy of the man, the office, the country, and the age. We refer, of course, to what is said of the one vital question with us now,—the question of Slavery in Kansas; but before proceeding to a discussion of that, let us say a word or two of other parts of this important document.

The President introduces, as the first of his topics, the prevailing money pressure, which he treats at considerable length, with some degree of truth, but without originality or comprehensiveness of view. He professes to inquire into the causes of the unfortunate disasters of trade, and into the remedies which may be devised against their recurrence; but on neither head is he remarkably profound or instructive. It is merely reiterating the commonplaces of the newspapers, to talk about "the excessive loans

and issues of the banks," and to ring changes of phraseology on the vices of speculation, over-trading, and stock-jobbing. All the world is as familiar with all that as the President can be, and scarcely needed a reminder on either score; what we wanted of the head of the nation,—what a real statesman, who understood his subject, would have given us,—that is, if he had pretended to go at all beyond the simple statement of the fact of commercial revulsion, into a discussion of it,—was a comprehensive and philosophic analysis of all the causes of the phenomenon, a calm and careful review of all its circumstances, and a rigid deduction of broad general principles from an adequate study of the entire case. But this the President has not furnished. In connecting our commercial derangements with the disorders of the banking system he has unquestionably struck upon a great and fundamental truth; but it is merely a single truth, and he strikes it in rather a vague and random way. In considering these reverses, there are many things to be taken into account besides the constitution and customs, whether good or bad, of our American banks,—many things which do not even confine themselves to this continent, but are spread over the greater part of the civilized world.

Mr. Buchanan is still lamer in his suggestion of remedies than he is in his inquiry after causes. The Federal Government, he thinks, can do little or nothing in the premises,—a fatal admission at the outset,—and we are coolly turned over to the most unsubstantial and impracticable of all reliances, "the wisdom and patriotism of the State legislatures"! Why cannot the Federal Government do anything in the premises? The President tells us that the Constitution has

conferred upon Congress the exclusive right "to coin money *and regulate the value thereof*," and that it has prohibited the States from "issuing bills of credit,"—which phrase, if it mean anything, means making paper-money; and the inference would seem to be inevitable that Congress has a sovereign authority and power over the whole matter. It may, moreover, touch the circulation of bills, by means of its indisputable right to lay a stamp-tax upon paper; and Mr. Gallatin long ago recommended the exercise of this power, as an effectual method of restraining the emission of small notes. Upon what principle, then, can the President assert so dictatorially as he does, that the Federal Government is concluded from action? If the excesses of the State Banks are so enormous as he represents, and so perpetually and so widely disastrous, why should it not interpose to avert the fearful evil? Why refer us for relief to the proceedings of thirty-one different legislative bodies, no three of which, probably, would agree upon any coherent system? We do not ourselves say that Congress ought to interfere and undertake by main force to regulate the currency, because we hold to other and, as we think, better methods of arriving at a sound and stable currency; but from the stand-point of the President, and with his views of the efficiency of legislative restrictions upon banks, we do not see how he could consistently avoid recommending the instant action of Congress. On the heel of his grandiloquent description of the evils of redundant paper money,—evils which are felt all over the country,—it is a lamentably impotent conclusion to say, "After all, we can't do much to help it! Yes, let us confide piously in 'the wisdom and patriotism of the State legislatures,'"—which are almost the last places in the world, as things go, where we should look for either quality.

Not being able to do anything himself, however, what does he urge upon the wise and patriotic State legislatures? Why, a series of flimsy restrictions, which

would have about as much effect in preventing the tremendous abuses of banking which he himself depicts, as a bit of filigree iron-work would have in restraining the expansion of steam. Restrictions! restrictions! *toujours* restrictions!—as if that method of correcting the evil had not been utterly exploded by nearly two centuries of experience! Mr. Buchanan calls himself a Democrat; he is loud in his protestations of respect for the sagacity, the good-sense, and the virtue of the people; his political school takes for its motto the well-known adage, "That government is best which governs least"; his party, if he does not, purports to be a great advocate of the emancipation of trade from all the old-fashioned restraints which take the names of protections, tariffs, bounties, etc. etc.; and we wonder how it is, that, in his presumed excursions over the entire domain of free-trade, he should have got no inkling of a thought as to the benefits of free-trade in banking. We wonder that so great a subject could be dismissed with the suggestion of a few petty restraints.

"If the State legislatures," remarks the President, summing up his entire thought, "afford us a real specie basis for our circulation, by increasing the denomination of bank-notes, first to twenty, and afterwards to fifty dollars; if they will require that the banks shall at all times keep on hand at least one dollar of gold and silver for every three dollars of their circulation and deposits; and if they will provide, by a self-executing enactment, which nothing can arrest, that the moment they suspend they shall go into liquidation; I believe that such provisions, with a weekly publication by each bank of a statement of its condition, would go far to secure us against future suspensions of specie payments."

Singular blindness! Mr. Buchanan lived for several years, as American ambassador, in England. It is to be presumed that while there he used his eyes, and possibly his brains. He must have noticed occasionally, at least, in his walks

through "the city," the immense marble structure in Threadneedle Street, known as the Bank of England. It is certain that he has read the history of that bank, inasmuch as it is twice or thrice alluded to in his Message; he cannot be ignorant, therefore, that the "circulation" of England has essentially "a specie basis"; that no bank-notes are issued there for less than the amount of twenty-five dollars; that the banks at all times keep on hand "one dollar of gold for every three dollars of their circulation and deposits"; and that the laws of bankruptcy are alike rigid in regard to institutions and individuals. These are precisely the provisions which he commends to the adoption of wise and patriotic State legislatures as an admirable corrective for suspensions; yet he forgets to explain to us how it happens that the Bank of England, to which they are all applied, has virtually suspended payment six times in the course of its existence, having been saved from open dishonor only by the timely assistance of the government,—while the trade of England, in spite of the staid and conservative habits of the people, is quite as liable to those terrific tarantula-dances, called revulsions, as our own. Before urging his "restraints," the President ought to have inquired a little into the history of such restraints; and he would then have saved himself from the absurdity of patronizing remedies which an actual trial had proved ludicrously inapt and ineffectacious.

With regard to the second topic of the Message,—our foreign relations,—it may be said that the positions assumed are frank, manly, and explicit; unless we have reason to suspect, in the slightly belligerent attitude towards Spain, a return, on the part of the President, to one of his old and unlawful loves,—the acquisition of Cuba. In that case, we should deplore his language, and be inclined to doubt also the sincerity of his just denunciations of Walker's infamous schemes of piracy and brigandage. Until events, however, have developed the signs of a sinister policy of this sort, we

must bestow an earnest plaudit upon his decided rebuke of the filibusters, coupling that praise with a wish that the "vigilance" of his subordinates may hereafter prove of a more wide-awake and energetic kind than has yet been manifested.

But for the terms in which the President has disposed of his third topic,—the Kansas difficulty,—we can scarcely characterize their disingenuousness and meanness. We have already spoken of the object of this part of the document as atrocious,—and we repeat the word, as the most befitting that could be used. That object is nothing less than an attempt to cover the enormous frauds which have marked the proceedings of the Pro-Slavery agents in Kansas, from their initiation, with a varnish of smooth and plausible pretexts. Adroitly taking up the question at the point which it had reached when his own administration began, he leaves out of view all the antecedent crimes, treacheries, and tricks by which the people of the Territory had been led into civil war, and thus assumes that the late Lecompton Convention was a legitimate Convention, and that the Constitution framed by it (or said to have been framed by it,—for there is no official report of the instrument as yet) was framed in pursuance of proper authority or law. He does not tell us that the Territorial legislature which called this Convention was a usurping legislature, brought together, as the Congressional records show, by an invading horde from a neighboring State; he does not tell us, that, even if it had, been a properly constituted body in itself, it had no right to call a Convention for the purpose of superseding the Territorial organization; he does not tell us that the Convention, as assembled, represented but one-tenth of the legal voters of the Territory; nor does he seem to regard the fact, that the other nine-tenths of the people were virtually disfranchised by that Convention, so far as their right to determine the provisions of their organic law is concerned, as at all a vital and

important fact. By a miserable juggle, worthy of the frequenters of the gambling-house or the race-course, the people of Kansas have been nominally allowed to decide the question of Slavery, and that permission, according to Mr. Buchanan, fulfils and completes all that he ever meant, or his associates ever meant, by the promise of popular sovereignty!

Now this may be all that the President and his party ever meant by that phrase, but it is not all that their words expressed or the country expected. In the course of the last three or four years, and by a series of high-handed measures, the established principles of the Federal Government, in regard to its management of the Territories,—principles sanctioned by every administration from Washington's down to Fillmore's,—have been overruled for the sake of a new doctrine, which goes by the name of Popular Sovereignty. The most sacred and binding compacts of former years were annulled to make way for it; and the judicial department of the government was violently hauled from its sacred retreat, into the political arena, to give a gratuitous *coup-de-grace* to the old opinions and the apparent sanction of law to the new dogma, so that Popular Sovereignty might reign triumphant in the Territories. At the convention of the party which nominated Mr. Buchanan as a candidate for his present office,—“a celebrated occasion,” as he calls it,—the members affirmed in the most emphatic manner the right of the people of all the Territories, including Kansas, to form their own Constitutions as they pleased, under the single condition that it should be republican. Mr. Buchanan reiterated that assertion in his inaugural address, and in subsequent communications. When he appointed Mr. Robert J. Walker Governor of the Territory, he instructed him to assure the people that they should be guaranteed against all “fraud or violence” when they should be called upon “to vote for or against the Constitution which would

be submitted to them,” so that there might be “a fair expression of the popular will.” Nothing, in short, could have been clearer, more direct, more frequently repeated, than the asseverations of the “Democratic Party,” made through its official representatives, its newspapers, and its orators,—to the effect, that its only object, in its Kansas policy, was to secure “the great principle of Popular Sovereignty.” On the strength of these assurances alone, it was enabled to achieve its hard-won victory in the last Presidential campaign. Mr. Buchanan owes his position to them, as is repeatedly admitted by Mr. Douglas in his speech of December 9th last,—and the whole nation, having discussed and battled and voted on the principle, acquiesced, as it is accustomed to do after an election, in the ascendancy of the victors. It prepared itself to see the application of the principle which had been announced and defended as so important and wise.

Under these pledges and promises, what has been the performance? A Convention, for which, inasmuch as it was illegally called by an illegal body, a large proportion of the citizens of Kansas refused to vote, frames a Constitution, in the interest and according to the convictions of the slenderest minority of the people; it incorporates in that Constitution a recognition of old Territorial laws to the last degree offensive to the majority of the people; it incorporates in it a clause establishing slavery in perpetuity; it connects with it a Schedule perpetuating the existing slavery, whatever it may be, against all future remedy which has not the sanction of the slave-master; and then, by a miserable chicane, it submits the Constitution to a vote of the people, but it submits it under such terms, that the people, if they vote at all, must vote *for* it, whether they like it or not, while the only part in which they can exercise any choice is the *clause* which relates to future slavery. The other parts, especially the Schedule, which recognizes the existing slavery, and that almost irreme-

dably, the people are not allowed to pronounce upon. They are not allowed to pronounce upon the thousand-and-one details of the State organization; they are fobbed off with a transparent cheat of "heads I win,—tails you lose";—and the whole game is denominated, Popular Sovereignty.

What is worse, the President of the United States argues that this would be a fair settlement of the question, and that in the exercise of such a choice, the glorious doctrine of Popular Sovereignty is amply applied and vindicated. He admits that "the correct principle," as in the case of Minnesota, is to refer the Constitution "to the approval and ratification of the people"; he admits that the only mode in which the will of the people can be "authentically ascertained is by a direct vote"; he admits that the "friends and supporters of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, when struggling to sustain its provisions before the great tribunal of the American people," "everywhere, throughout the Union, publicly pledged their faith and honor" to submit the question of their domestic institutions "to the decision of the *bonâ-fide* people of Kansas, without any qualification or restriction whatever"; but then,—and here is the subterfuge,—"domestic institutions" means only the single institution of slavery; and the Convention, in consenting to yield *that* (and this only in appearance) to the arbitrament of the people, has fully satisfied all the demands of the principle of Popular Sovereignty! Their other questions are all "political"; the questions as to the organization of their executive, legislative, and judicial departments, as to their elective franchise, their distribution of districts, their banks, their rates and modes of taxation, etc., etc., are not domestic questions, but political; and provided the people are suffered to vote on the future (not the existing) condition of slaves, faith has been sufficiently kept. Popular Sovereignty means "pertaining to negroes," —not the negroes already in the Territory, but those who may be hereafter in-

roduced; for the monopoly of that branch of trade and merchandise, which is already established, and the future growth and increase of it, must not be interfered with, even by Popular Sovereignty, because that would be "an act of gross injustice." In other words, Popular Sovereignty is merely designed to cover the right of the people to vote on a single question, specially presented by an illegal body, under electoral arrangements made by its new officers,—which officers not only receive, but count the votes, and make the returns,—while all the rest is merely unimportant and trivial. It is just the sort of sovereignty for which Louis Napoleon provided when he wished to procure a popular sanction for the numberless atrocities of the *coup-d'état* of the 2d December.

An old authority tells us that "it is hard to kick against the pricks"; and the President appears to have experienced the difficulty, in kicking against the pricks of his conscience. He had committed himself to a principle which he is now compelled by the policy of his Southern masters to evade, and is painfully embarrassed as to how he shall hide his tracks. He knows, as all the world knows, that this jugglery in Kansas has been performed for no other purpose than to secure a foothold for Slavery there, against the demonstrated opinion of nine-tenths of the people; he knows, as all the world knows, that if the Convention had had the least desire to arrive at a fair expression of the popular will, on the question of Slavery or any other question, it was easy to make a candid and honorable submission of it to an election to be held honestly under the recognized officers of the Territory; but he knows, also, that under such circumstances the case would have been carried overwhelmingly against the "domestic institution," and thus have rebuked, with all the emphasis that an outraged community could give to the expression of its will, the nefarious conduct which "the party" has pursued from the beginning,—and this was a summation not to be wished. He there-

fore wriggles and shuffles, with an absurd and transparent inconsistency, to defeat the popular will, and yet mouth it bravely about "the great principle of Popular Sovereignty."

The President thinks that it is time that these troubles in Kansas were at an end, and we cordially agree with him in the sentiment; but he needs scarcely to be reminded that they never will be at an end, until the wicked schemes, which

have been so long persisted in, to override the convictions and hopes and interests of a large majority of the Kansas settlers, are utterly abandoned by those who are in power.

Of the remaining and mostly routine topics of the Message we have no occasion to speak; and we only regret that the deficiencies of the most important parts are so glaring as to oblige us to treat them with undisguised severity.

THE WEDDING VEIL.

DEAR ANNA, when I brought her veil,
Her white veil, on her wedding-night,
Threw o'er my thin brown hair its folds,
And, laughing, turned me to the light.

" See, Bessie, see ! you wear for once
The bridal veil, forsown for years!"
She saw my face,—her laugh was hushed,
Her happy eyes were filled with tears.

With kindly haste and trembling hand
She drew away the gauzy mist;
" Forgive, dear heart!"—her sweet voice said;
Her loving lips my forehead kissed.

We passed from out the searching light;
The summer night was calm and fair:
I did not see her pitying eyes,
I felt her soft hand smooth my hair.

Her tender love unlocked my heart;
'Mid falling tears, at last I said,
" Forsworn indeed to me that veil,
Because I only love the dead!"

She stood one moment statue-still,
And, musing, spake in under-tone,
" The living love may colder grow;
The dead is safe with God alone!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By ARTHUR HELPS. Vols. I. and II. London, 1855. Vol. III. London, 1857.

THIS work has a double claim to attention in America;—first, on account of its great intrinsic merit as a narrative of the beginnings of the European settlement of this continent; secondly, as containing a thorough and exceedingly able account of the planting of Slavery in America, and the origin of that system which has been and is the great blight of the civilization of the New World.

Mr. Helps is endowed in large measure with the qualities of an historian of the highest order. A clear and comprehensive vision, a wide knowledge and careful study of human nature, free and generous sympathies are united in him with a penetrative imagination which vivifies the life of past times, with a reverence for truth which excludes prejudice and prepossession, and with a profoundly religious spirit. The tone of his thought is manly and vigorous, and his style, with the beauty of which the readers of his essays have long been familiar, is marked by quiet grace and unpretending strength. There are many passages in these volumes of wise reflection and of pleasant humor. In the drawing of character and in the narration of events Mr. Helps is equally happy. The pages of his book are full of life-like portraits of the great soldiers and great priests of the time, and of animated pictures of the scenes in which they were engaged.

Mr. Helps has investigated his subject with zeal, industry, and patience. He has sought out the original authorities, has brought to light many important facts, has redeemed some great memories from unjust oblivion, and has presented a new view of several of the chief features of the history. In a graceful advertisement to the third volume he says, “The reader will observe that there is scarcely any allusion in this work to the kindred works of modern writers on the same subject.

This is not from any want of respect for the able historians who have written upon the discovery or the conquest of America. I felt, however, from the first, that my object in investigating this portion of history was different from theirs; and I wished to keep my mind clear from the influence which these eminent persons might have exercised upon it.”

A considerable space in these volumes is devoted to an investigation of the character and condition of the native races of the continent at the period of the Spanish Conquest. This subject is treated with peculiar skill and learning, and with unusual power of sympathetic analysis and appreciation of remote and obscure developments of society. Another portion of the history, which his plan has led Mr. Helps to treat at length and with exhaustive thoroughness, is the early relations between the conquerors and the conquered, embracing the method of settlement of the different countries, the whole disastrous system of *ripartimientos* and *encomiendas*, which, in its full development, led to the destruction of the native population of Hispaniola, and to the introduction of negroes into this and the other West India islands to supply the demand for laborers.

Another most interesting portion of his subject, and one which has never till now been fairly exhibited, relates to the labors of the Dominican and Franciscan monks, and their admirable and unwearied efforts to counteract and to remedy some of the bitterest evils of the conquest. Theirs were the first protests that were raised against slavery in America, and their ranks afforded the first martyrs in the cause of the Indian and the Negro. Las Casas has found an eloquent and just biographer, and Mr. Helps has the satisfaction of having securely placed his name among the few that deserve the lasting honor and remembrance of the world. The narrative of Las Casas’s life is one of strong dramatic interest. His life was a varied and remarkable one, even for those times of striking contrasts and varieties in the fortunes of men; and in Mr. Helps’s pages one sees the man himself, with his

simplicity and elevation of purpose, his honesty of motive, his energy, his impetuosity, his courage, and his faith.

The three volumes already published embrace the progress of Spanish conquest from the first discoveries of Columbus to Pizarro's incursion into Peru. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Helps may continue his work, at least to the period when the Spanish conquest and colonization were met and limited by the conquest and the colonization of the other European nations. Its importance, as a wise, thoughtful, unpolemic investigation of the origin and the results of Slavery, is hardly to be overestimated. The space allowed to a critical notice does not permit us to render it full justice. We can do little more than recommend it warmly to the readers of history and to the students of the most difficult and the darkest social problem of the age.

Handbook of Railroad Construction, for the Use of American Engineers. Containing the Necessary Rules, Tables, and Formulae for the Location, Construction, Equipment, and Management of Railroads, as built in the United States. With 158 Illustrations. By GEORGE L. VOSE, Civil Engineer. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 480.

ALL who trust their persons to railroad cars, or their estates to railroad stocks, will welcome every effort to enlighten that irresponsible body of railroad builders and managers in whose wits we put our faith.

The work which we here notice is intended for uneducated American engineers, of whom there are unfortunately too many. The rapidity with which our railroads have been built, and the experimental character of this new branch of engineering, have obliged us to resort to such native ability and mother wit as our people could afford. The great body of our railroad engineers have had no training but the experience they have blundered through; and even our railroad financiers are men more distinguished for courage and energy than for experimental skill. Mr. Vose's book will doubtless be of great service in remedying these evils, by bringing within the reach of every intelligent man a valuable and very carefully prepared summary of such rules, formulas,

and statistics as our railroad experiences have furnished and proved.

Railroad engineering and management have united almost every branch of mechanical and financial science, and have developed several new and peculiar arts; so that the successful construction, equipment, and management of a railroad require a rare combination of accomplishments. Managers hitherto have been too little acquainted with their business to settle many questions of economy, but they are now beginning to look upon their enterprises with cooler judgments.

The "Handbook" discusses several questions of economy, but seeks, especially in its rules and formulas, to avoid those risks by which economy has often been turned into the most ruinous extravagance. On the question of fuel, our author advocates the use of coke as the most economical and convenient, and every way preferable where it can be readily obtained. He also urges, on economical grounds, a more moderate rate of speed in railroad travel; thus showing that we may save our forests, our lives, and a considerable expense all at the same time.

The style is clear, and, for a work not professing to be a complete treatise, but only a manual of useful facts, the arrangement is admirable. The book is thoroughly practical, and touches upon such matters, and for the most part upon such matters only, as are likely to be of service to the practical man; yet it is quite elementary in its character, and free from unnecessary technicalities.

The book has, however, one great fault. It is full of errata. No carefully prepared table of corrections can make amends for such a fault in a book in which typographical correctness is of the greatest importance. To insert in their places with a pen more than two hundred published corrections is a labor which no reader would willingly undertake. We hope, therefore, that a new and correct edition will soon be published.

The Life of Handel. By VICTOR SCHOELCHER. Reprinted from the London Edition. New York: Mason, Brothers.

It is a remarkable fact, and one not very creditable to the musical public of England, that the works of Mainwaring, Haw-

kins, Burney, and Coxe should remain for almost an entire century after the death of Handel our main sources of information concerning his career, and that the first attempt to write a complete biography of that great composer, correcting the errors, reconciling the contradictions, and supplying the deficiencies of those authors, should be from the pen of a French exile. And yet during all this time materials have been accumulating, the fame of the composer has been extending, the demand for such a work increasing, and the number of intelligent and elegant English writers upon music growing greater.

M. Schoelcher's work, though perhaps the most valuable contribution to musical historical literature which has for many years appeared from the English press, leaves much to be desired. Excepting a correction of the chronology of Handel's visit to Italy, very little, if anything, of importance is added to what we already possessed in regard to the early history of the composer. We look in vain for the means of tracing the development of his genius. The impression left upon the mind of the reader is, that his powers showed themselves suddenly in full splendor, and that at a single bound he placed himself at the head of the dramatic composers of his age. This was not true of Hasse, Mozart, Gluck, Cherubini, Weber, in dramatic composition; nor of Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, in other branches of the musical art. However great a man's genius may be, he must live and learn. To attain the highest excellence, long continued study is necessary; and Handel, as we believe, was no exception to the general law.

The list of works consulted by M. Schoelcher, prefixed to the biography, shows that he has by no means exhausted the German authorities which may be profitably used in writing upon the early history of Handel: indeed, the author, though of German descent, is unacquainted with the German language. We can learn from them the state of dramatic music at that time in Berlin, Leipsic, Brunswick, Hanover, Köthen; we can form from them some correct idea of the powers of Keiser, Steffani, Graupner, Schieferdecker, Telemann, Grünwald, and others, then in possession of the lyric stage; we can thus estimate the influences which led Handel

from the path that Bach so successfully followed, into that which he pursued with equal success; and though the amount of matter relating to him personally be small, much that throws light upon his early life still remains inaccessible to the English reader.

The biography of a great creative artist must in great measure consist of a history of his works; and the great value of the book before us arises from the searching examination to which M. Schoelcher has subjected the several collections of Handel's manuscripts which are preserved in England, one of which, in some respects the most valuable, has fallen into his own possession. This examination, for the first time made, together with the first careful and thorough search for whatever might afford a ray of light in the various periodicals of Handel's time, has enabled the author to correct innumerable errors in previous writers, and trace step by step the rapid succession of opera, anthem, serenata, and oratorio, which filled the years of the composer's manhood. For the general reader, perhaps, M. Schoelcher has been drawn too far into detail, and some passages of his work might have been better reserved for his "Catalogue of Handel's Works"; but these details are of the highest value to the student of musical literature, and, indeed, form for him the principal charm of the work. The importance of the author's labors can be duly appreciated only by those who have had occasion to study somewhat extensively the musical history of the last century. For them the results of those labors as here presented are invaluable.

Sermons of the REV. C. H. SPURGEON, of London. Third Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

THERE can be no doubt of the merit of these sermons, considered as examples of method and embodiments of character. Whatever elements of Christianity may be left unexpressed in them, it is certain that Mr. Spurgeon has succeeded in expressing himself. His discourses at least give us Christianity as he understands, feels, and lives it. They should be studied by all clergymen who desire to master the secret of influencing masses of men. They will afford valuable hints in respect to

method, even when their spirit, tone, and teaching present no proper model for imitation. Mr. Spurgeon, we suppose, would be classed among Calvinists, but he is not merely that. Without any force, depth, amplitude, or originality of thought, he has considerable force and originality of nature. He detaches from their relations certain doctrines of Calvinism which especially interest him, and so emphasizes and intensifies them, so blends them with his personal being and experience, that the impression he stamps upon the mind is rather of Spurgeonism than Calvinism. He gives vivid reality to his doctrines, because they are incorporated with his nature,—and not merely with his spiritual, but with his animal nature. He is thoroughly in earnest from the fact that he preaches himself. His converts, therefore, are likely to mistake being Spurgeonized for being Christianized; for the Christianity he preaches is not so much vital Christianity as it is Christianity passed through the vitalities of his own nature, and essentially modified and lowered in the process. To understand, then, the kind of influence he exerts, we have simply to inquire, What kind of man is Mr. Spurgeon?

The answer to this question is given on every page of his sermons. He has no reserves, but lets his character transpire in every sentence. He is a bold, eager, earnest, devout, passionate, well-intentioned man, with considerable experience in the sphere of the religious emotions, full of sympathy with rough natures, full of mother wit and practical sagacity, but, as a theologian, coarse, ignorant, narrow-minded, and strikingly deficient in fine spiritual perceptions. These qualities inhere in a nature of singular vigor, intensity, and directness, that sends out words like bullets. Warmth of feeling combined with narrowness of mind makes him a bigot; but his bigotry is not the sour assertion of an opinion, but the racy utterance of a nature. He believes in Spurgeonism so thoroughly and so simply that toleration is out of the question, and doctrines opposed to his own he refers, with instantaneous and ingenuous dogmatism, to folly or wickedness. "I think," he says, in one of his sermons, "I have none here so profoundly stupid as to be Puseyites. I can scarcely believe that I have been the means of attracting one person here so

utterly devoid of one remnant of brain as to believe the doctrine of baptismal regeneration." The doctrine, indeed, is so nonsensical to him, that, after some caricatures of it, he asserts that it would discredit Scripture with all sensible men, if it were taught in Scripture. God himself could not make Mr. Spurgeon believe it; and doubtless there are many High Churchmen who would retort, that nothing short of a miracle could make them assent to some of the dogmas of their assailant. Indeed, the incapacity of our preacher to discern, or mentally to reproduce, a religious character differing in creed from his own, makes him the most amusingly intolerant of Popes, not because he is malignant, but because he is Spurgeon. If he had learning or largeness of mind, he would probably lose the greater portion of his power. He gets his hearers into a corner, limits the range of their vision to the doctrine he is expounding, refuses to listen to any excuses or palliations, and then screams out to them, "Believe or be damned!" In his own mind he is sure they will be damned, if they do not believe. So far as regards his influence over those minds whose religious emotions are strong, but whose religious principles are weak, every limitation of his mind is an increase of his force.

This theological narrowness is unaccompanied with theological rancor. A rough but genuine benevolence is at the heart of Mr. Spurgeon's system. He wishes his opponents to be converted, not condemned. He very properly feels, that, with his ideas of the Divine Government, he would be the basest of criminals, if he spared himself, or spared either entreaty or denunciation, in the great work of saving souls. He throws himself with such passionate earnestness into his business, that his sermons boil over with the excitement of his feelings. Indeed, it is difficult to say whether our impressions of him, derived from the written page, come to us more from the eye than the ear. His very style foams, rages, prays, entreats, adjures, weeps, screams, warns, and execrates. His words are words that everybody understands,—bold, blunt, homely, quaint, level to his nature, all alive with passion, and directed with the single purpose of carrying the fortresses of sin by assault. The reader who contrives to preserve his

calmness amid this storm of words cannot but be vexed that rhetoric so efficient should frequently be combined with notions so narrow, with bigotry so besotted, with religious principles so materialized; that the man who is loudly proclaimed as the greatest living orator of the pulpit should have so little of that Christian spirit which refines when it inflames, which exalts, enlarges, and purifies the natures it moves. For Mr. Spurgeon is, after all, little more than a theological stump-orator, a Protestant Dominican, easy of comprehension because he leaves out the higher elements of his themes, and not hesitating to vulgarize Christianity, if he may thereby extend it among the vulgar. It has been attempted to justify him by the examples of Luther and Bunyan, to neither of whom does he bear more than the most superficial resemblance. He is, to be sure, as natural as Luther, but then his nature happens to be a puny nature as compared with that of the great Reformer; and, not to insist on specific differences, it is certain that Luther, if alive, would have the same objection to Mr. Spurgeon's bringing down the doctrines of Christianity to the supposed mental condition of his hearers, as he had to the Romanists of his day, who corrupted religion in order that the public "might be more generally accommodated." Bunyan's phrasology is homely, but Bunyan's celestializing imagination kept his "familiar grasp of things divine" from being an irreverent pawing of things divine. Mr. Spurgeon's nature works on a low level of influence. Deficient in imagination, and with a mind coarse and unspiritualized, though religiously impressed, he animalizes his creed in attempting to give it sensuous reality and impressiveness. If it be said that by this process he feels his way into hearts which could not be affected by more spiritual means, the answer is, that the multitude who listened to the Sermon on the Mount were not of a more elevated cast of mind than the multitude who listened to Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on "Regeneration." But the truth is, that Mr. Spurgeon's preaching is liked, not simply because it rouses sinners to repentance, but because it gives sinners a certain enjoyment. It is racy, original, exciting, and comes directly from the character of the preacher. It is relished, as Mr. Spurgeon tells us in his Pre-

face, by "princes of every nation and nobles of every rank," as well as by humbler people. But we doubt whether Christianity should be vulgarized to give jaded nobles a new "sensation," or in order to be made a fit "gospel for the poor."

Roumania: the Border Land of the Christian and the Turk. Comprising Adventures of Travel in Eastern Europe and Western Asia. By JAMES O. NOYES, M. D. Surgeon in the Ottoman Army. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway. 1857.

DR. JAMES OSCAR NOYES, the author of this book, is an American all over. He has the rapidity and eagerness of mind that the champagny atmosphere of our northern hills gives to those who are stout enough not to be wilted by our hot summers. For briskness, thriftiness, energy, and alacrity, it is hard to find his match. He has made a book of travels, and will make a hundred, unless somebody finds him a place at home where he will have an indefinite number of labors-of-Hercules to keep him busy,—or unless some African prince cuts his head off, or he happens to call upon the Battas about their Thanksgiving-time.

Here he has been streaming through Eastern Europe and Western Asia, so hilarious and good-tempered all the time, so intensely wide-awake, so perfectly at home everywhere, so quick at making friends, so perfectly convinced that the world was made for American travellers, and so apt at proving it by his own example, that his friends who missed him for a while not only were not astonished to find that he had been a Surgeon in the Ottoman Army, during this brief interval, but only wondered he had not been Grand Vizier.

In this instance the book is the man, if we may so far change Monsieur de Buffon's saying. It is full of fresh observations and lively descriptions,—perhaps a little too overladen and oversprigged with prose and verse quotations,—but as lively as a golden carp just landed. It describes scenes not familiar to most readers, tells stories they have never heard, introduces them to new costumes and faces, and helps itself by the aid of pictures to make its vivacious narrative real. We are much pleased to learn that the work has met

with a very good reception; for we consider it as the card of introduction of a gentleman whom the American people will

very probably know pretty well before he has done with them, and be the better for the acquaintance.

Dante's Hell. Cantos I. to X. A Literal Metrical Translation. By J. C. PEABODY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1857.

A MAN must be either conscious of poetic gifts and possessed of real learning, or very presumptuous and ignorant, who undertakes at the present day a *new* translation of Dante. Mr. J. C. Peabody might claim exemption from this *dictum*, on the ground that his translation is not a *new* one; but he himself does not put in this plea, and we cannot grant to him the possession of poetic power, or declare that he is not, ignorant and presumptuous. He says in his Preface, with a modesty, the worth of which will soon become apparent, "The present is on a different plan from all other translations, and must be judged accordingly. While I disclaim all intention of disputing the palm as a poet or

scholar with the least of those who have walked with Dante before me, yet, by such labor and plodding as their genius would not allow them to descend to, have I made a more literal, and perhaps, therefore, a better translation than they all." Mr. J. C. Peabody is right in supposing that none of the previous translations of Dante could descend to *such* labor and plodding as his. In 1849, Dr. Carlyle published his literal prose translation of the "Inferno." It was in many respects admirably done, and it has afforded great assistance to the students of the poet in their first progress. Mr. Peabody does not acknowledge any obligations to it, or refer to it in any way. Let us, however, compare a passage or two of the two versions. We open at line 78 of the First Canto. We do not divide Mr. Peabody's into the lines of verse.

CARLYLE.

"Art thou, then, that Virgil and that fountain which pours abroad so rich a stream of speech? I answered him with bashful front. O glory and light of other poets! May the long zeal avail me and the great love which made me search thy volume. Thou art my master and my author."

Opening again at random, we take the Eighth Canto.

CARLYLE.

"I say, continuing, that long before we reached the foot of the high tower our eyes went upward to the summit, because of two flamelets that we saw put there; and another from far gave signal back,—so far that the eye could scarcely catch it. And I, turning to the Sea of all knowledge, said: What says this? and what replies yon other light? And who are they that made it?"

We open again in Cantos Nine and Ten, and find a like resemblance between Dr. Carlyle's prose and Mr. Peabody's metre; but we have perhaps quoted enough to enable our readers to form a just idea of the latter person's "labor and plodding." It is not, however, in the text alone that the resemblance exists. J. C. Peabody's

PEABODY.

"Art thou that Virgil and that fountain, then, which pours abroad so rich a stream of speech? With bashful forehead him I gave reply. O light and glory of the other bards! May the long zeal and the great love avail me that hath caused me thy volume to explore. Thou art my master, thou my author art."

PEABODY.

"I say, continuing, that long before unto the foot of that high tower we came, our eyes unto its summit upward went, cause of two flamelets that we saw there placed; while signal back another gave from far; so far the eye a glimpse could hardly catch. Then I to the Sea of all wisdom turned, and said: What sayeth this and what replies that other fire? And who are they that made it?"

notes bear a striking conformity to Dr. Carlyle's. There are fourteen notes to the Second Canto in Mr. Peabody's book,—all taken, with more or less unimportant alteration and addition, from Dr. Carlyle, without acknowledgment. Of the twelve notes to Canto Eight, nine are, with little change, from Dr. Carlyle. We have com-

pared no farther; *ex uno omnes*. Now and then Mr. Peabody gives us a note of his own. In the First Canto, for instance, he explains the allegorical greyhound as "A looked for reformer. 'The Coming Man.'" The appropriateness and elegance of which commentary will be manifest to all readers familiar with the allusion. In the Fourth Canto, where Virgil speaks of the condition of the souls in limbo, our professed translator says: "Dante says this in bitter irony. He ill brooks the narrow bigotry of the Church," etc. etc., showing an utter ignorance of Dante's real adherence to the doctrine of the Church. He has here read Dr. Carlyle's note with less attention than usual; for a quotation contained in it from the "*De Monarchia*" would have set him right. The quotation is, however, in Latin, and though Mr. Peabody has transferred many quotations from the "*Aeneid*" (through Dr. Carlyle) to his own notes, they are often so printed as not to impress one with a strong sense of his familiarity with the Latin language. We give one instance for the sake of illustration. On page 40 appear the following lines:—

Terribili squarlore Charon cui plurima mento
Canities inculta jucet; staut lumina flamina.

Nor is he happier in his quotations from Italian, or in his other displays of learning. Having occasion to quote one of Dante's most familiar lines, he gives it in this way:—

Lasciate ogni speranzi, voi ch'entrate.

Anacreon is with him "Anachreon"; Vallombrosa is "Vallambroso"; Aristotelian is "Aristotleian." Five times (all the instances in which the name occurs) the Ghibelline appears as the "Ghibelines"; and Montaperti is transformed into "Montapesti."

Nor is J. C. Peabody's poetic capacity superior to his honesty or his learning; witness such lines as these:—

"My parents natives of Lombardy were."
"They'll come to blood and then the savage
party."

"Like as at Palo near the Quarnaro."
"I am not Æneas; I am not Paul."

We have exhibited sufficiently the merits of what its author declares to be "per-

haps a better translation" than any other. He says that "the whole Divine Comedy of which these ten cantos are a specimen will appear in due time." If the specimen be a fair one, the translation of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise" will not appear until after the publication of Dr. Carlyle's prose version, for which we may yet have to wait some time.

We are confident that so honorable a publishing house as that of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields must have been unaware of the character of a book so full of false pretences, when they allowed their name to be put on the title-page. But to make up for even unconscious participation in such a literary imposition, we trust that they will soon put to press the remainder of Dr. Parsons's excellent translation of Dante's poem, a specimen of which appeared so long since, bearing their imprint.

City Poems. By ALEXANDER SMITH,
Author of "A Life Drama, and other
Poems." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ON the first appearance of Alexander Smith, criticism became light-headed, and fairly exhausted its whole vocabulary of panegyric in giving him welcome. "There is not a page in this volume on which we cannot find some novel image, some *Shakespearian felicity* of expression, or some striking simile," said the critic of the "Westminster Review." "Having read these extracts," said another exponent of public opinion, "turn to any poet you will, and compare the texture of the composition,—it is a severe test, but you will find that Alexander Smith bears it well." It was observable, however, that all this praise was lavished on what were styled "beauties." Passages and single lines, bricks from the edifice, were extravagantly eulogized; but on turning to the poems, it was found that the poetical lines and passages were not parts of a whole, that the bricks formed no edifice at all. There were no indications of creative genius, no shaping or constructive power, no substance and fibre of individuality, no signs of a great poetical nature, but a splendid anarchy of sensations and faculties. The separate beauties, as the author had heaped and huddled them together, presented a total result of defor-

mity. It was also found, that, striking as some of the images, metaphors, and similes were, they gave little poetic satisfaction or delight. A certain thinness of sentiment, poverty of idea, and shallowness of experience, were not hidden from view, to one who looked sharply through the gorgeous wrappings of words. A small, but sensitive and facile nature, capable of fully expressing itself by the grace of a singularly fluent fancy, with an appetite for beauty rather than a passion for it, with no essential imagination and opulence of soul,—this was the mortifying result to which we were conducted by analysis. Still, it was asserted that the luxuriance of the young poet's mind promised much; let a few years pass, and Tennyson and Browning and Elizabeth Barrett would be at his feet. A few years have passed, and here is his second volume. It has less richness of fancy than the first, but its merits and demerits are the same. The man has not yet grown into a poet,—has not yet learned that the foliage, flowers, and fruits of the mind should be connected with primal roots in its individual being. These are still tied on, in his old manner, to a succession of thoughts and emotions, which have themselves little vital connection with each other. The "hey-day in his blood," which gave an appearance of exulting and abounding life to his first poems, has somewhat subsided now, and the effect is, that "The City Poems," as a whole, are leaner in spirit, and more morbid and despondent in tone, than the "Life Drama." Yet there is still so much that is superficially striking in the volume, such a waste of imagery and emotion, and so many occasional lines and epithets of real power and beauty, that we close the volume with some vexation and pain at our inability to award it the praise which many readers will think it deserves.

FOREIGN.

Der Reichspostreiter in Ludwigsburg, Novelle auf geschichtlichem Hintergrunde. Von ROBERT HELLER. 1858.

A VERY interesting novel indeed, sketching life at the little court of the Duke of Wurtemberg at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the overthrow of the government of a famous mistress of the Duke, the Countess Würben. The main points of interest in the story are historical, and the tissue of fiction interwoven with these is remarkably well arranged. Herr Heller belongs to the school of German novelists who, like Hermann Kurz, and others of minor mark, make a copious and comprehensive use of historical facts in Art. Their object and aim seem to be rather to illustrate and embody the historical facts in the flesh and blood of tangible reality, than merely to amuse by transforming history into a material for poetical entertainment. With all that, the abovenamed little volume is amply worth reading.

Une Eté dans le Sahara, par EUGENE FRO-MENTIN. Paris. 1857.

A PAINTER describes here a summer journey through the Desert of Sahara, as far south from Algiers as El Aghouat, in the year 1853. There is not much that is new in this book, considering the many later and far more comprehensive and extensive illustrations of life in the Great Desert, since published by Bayard Taylor, Barth, and others; but it is a very interesting picture of this life, as seen and drawn by a painter. His descriptions contain many landscape and *genre* pictures, by means of which a vivid idea of the scenery and life are conveyed to the imagination of the reader.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. I.—FEBRUARY, 1858.—NO. IV.

THE GREAT FAILURE.

THE *crucial* fact, in this epoch of commercial catastrophes, is not the stoppage of Smith, Jones, and Robinson,—nor the suspension of specie payments by a greater or less number of banks,—but the paralysis of the trade of the civilized globe. We have had presented to us, within the last quarter, the remarkable, though by no means novel, spectacle of a sudden overthrow of business,—in the United States, in England, in France, and over the greater part of the Continent.

At a period of profound and almost universal peace,—when there had been no marked deficit in the productiveness of industry,—when there had been no extraordinary dissipation of its results by waste and extravagance,—when no pestilence or famine or dark rumor of civil revolution had benumbed its energies,—when the needs for its enterprise were seemingly as active and stimulating as ever,—all its habitual functions are arrested, and shocks of disaster run along the ground from Chicago to Constantinople, toppling down innumerable well-built structures, like the shock of some gigantic earthquake.

Everybody is of course struck by these phenomena, and everybody has his own

way of accounting for them; it will not, therefore, appear presumptuous in us to offer a word on the common theme. Let it be premised, however, that we do not undertake a scientific solution of the problem, but only a suggestion or two as to what the problem itself really is. In a difficult or complicated case, a great deal is often accomplished when the terms of it are clearly stated.

It is not enough, in considering the effects before us, to say that they are the results of a panic. No doubt there has been a panic, a contagious consternation, spreading itself over the commercial world, and strewing the earth with innumerable wrecks of fortune; but that accounts for nothing, and simply describes a symptom. What is the cause of the panic itself? These daring Yankees, who are in the habit of braving the wildest tempests on every sea, these sturdy English, who march into the mouths of devouring cannon without a throb, these gallant Frenchmen, who laugh as they scale the Malakoff in the midst of belching fires, are not the men to run like sheep before an imaginary terror. When a whole nation of such drop their arms and scatter panic-stricken, there must be something behind the panic; there

must be something formidable in it, some real and present danger threatening a very positive evil, and not a mere sympathetic and groundless alarm.

Neither do we conceive it as sufficiently expressing or explaining the whole facts of the case, to say that the currency has been deranged. There has been unquestionably a great derangement of the currency; but this may have been an effect rather than a cause of the more general disturbance; or, again, it may have been only one cause out of many causes. In an article in the first number of this magazine, the financial fluctuations in this country are ascribed to the alternate inflation and collapse of our factitious paper-money. Adopting the prevalent theory, that the universal use of specie in the regulation of the international trade of the world determines for each nation the amount of its metallic treasure, it was there argued that any redundant local circulation of paper must raise the level of local prices above the legitimate specie level, and so induce an excess of imports over exports; which imports can be paid for only in specie,—the very basis of the inordinate local circulation. Of course, then, there is a rapid contraction in the issue of notes, and an inevitable and wide-spread rupture of the usual relations of trade. But although this view is true in principle, and particularly true in its application to the United States, where trade floats almost exclusively upon a paper ocean, it is yet an elementary and local view;—local, as not comprising the state of facts in England and France; and elementary, inasmuch as it omits all reference to the possibility of a great fluctuation of prices being produced by other means than an excess or deficiency of money.* In France, as we know, the currency is almost entirely metallic, while in England it is metallic so far as the lesser exchanges of commerce are concerned; there is an obvious impropriety,

therefore, in extending to the financial difficulties of those nations a theory founded upon a peculiarity in the position of our own.

If, however, it be alleged that the disturbances there are only a reaction from the disturbances here, we must say that that point is not clear, and Brother Jonathan may be exaggerating his commercial importance. The ties of all the maritime nations are growing more and more intimate every year, and the trouble of one is getting to be more and more the trouble of the others in consequence; but as yet any unsettled balance of American trade, compared with the whole trade of those nations, is but as the drop in the bucket. John Bull, with a productive industry of five thousand millions of dollars a year, and Johnny Crapaud, with an industry only less, are not both to be thrown flat on their backs by the failure of a few millions of money remittances from Jonathan. The houses immediately engaged in the American trade will suffer, and others again immediately dependent upon them; but the disturbing shock, as it spreads through the widening circle of the national trade, will very soon be dissipated and lost in its immensity. That is, it will be lost, if trade there is itself sound, and not tottering under the same or similar conditions of weakness which produced the original default in this country; in which event, we submit, our troubles are to be considered as the mere accidental occasion of the more general downfall,—while the real cause is to be sought in the internal state of the foreign nations. Accordingly, let any one read the late exposures of the methods in which business is transacted among the Glasgow banks, the London discount-houses, and the speculators of the French Bourse, and he will see at a glance that we Americans have no right to assume and ought not to be charged with the entire responsibility of this stupendous syncope. Our bankruptcy has aggravated, as our restoration will relieve the general effects; but the vicious currency

* A failure of one half the cotton or wheat crop, we suspect, would play a considerable part among "the prices," whatever the state of the note circulation.

on this side the water, whatever domestic sins it may have to answer for, cannot properly be made the scapegoat for the offences of the other side of the water. The disasters abroad have occurred under conditions of currency differing in many respects from our own, and we believe that if there had been no troubles in America, there would still have been considerable troubles in England and France, as, indeed, the financial writers of both these countries long ago predicted from the local signs.

The same train of remark may be applied to those who impute the existing embarrassments to our want of a protective tariff; for, granting that to be an adequate explanation of our own difficulties, it is not therefore an adequate explanation of those in Europe. The external characteristics of the phenomena before us are everywhere pretty much the same, namely,—a prosperous trade gradually slackening, an increasing demand for money, depreciation and sacrifice of securities, numerous failures, disappearance of gold, panic, and the complete stagnation of every branch of labor; and it should seem that the cause or causes to be assigned for them ought also to be everywhere pretty much the same. At any rate, no local cause is in itself to be regarded as sufficient, unless it can be shown that such local cause has a universal operation. But who will undertake to contend that the absence of a protective system here is enough to prostrate both Great Britain and France,—the nations which the same theory supposes to have been chiefly benefited by such deficiency? The scheme of free trade is often denounced by its opponents as British free trade; but we respectfully suggest that if its operations lead to so serious a destruction of British interests as is now alleged, the phrase is at least a misnomer. No! as the characteristics of the crisis are common to the United States, England, and France, so the causes of that crisis are to be sought in

something which is also common to the United States, England, and France.

Now the one thing common to all these nations, and to all commercial nations, is the universal use of Credit, in the transactions of business. We conceive, therefore, that the existing condition of things may be most correctly and comprehensively described as a suspension of credit, and the consequent pressure for payment of immense masses of outstanding debt. This, we say, is the central fact, common to all the nations; and the solution of it, as a problem, is to be sought in some vice or disturbing element common to the general system, and not in any local incident or cause.

Credit has gained so enormous an extension within the last two centuries, that it may almost be pronounced the distinctive feature of modern times. It existed, undoubtedly, in ancient days,—for its correlative, Debt, existed; and we know, that, among the Jews, Moses enacted a sponging law, which was to be carried into effect every fifty years; that Solon, among the Greeks, began his administration with the *Seisachtheia*, or relief-laws, designed to rescue the poor borrowers from their overbearing creditors; and that the usurers were a numerous class at Rome, where also the Patriarchal houses were immense debtor-prisons. But in ancient times, when the chief source of wealth (aside from conquest and confiscation by the State) was the labor of slaves, and the principal exchanges were effected either by direct barter or the coined metals, the system of credit could not have been very complicated or general. As for the lending of money on interest, it appears to have been looked at askance by most of the ancients; and the prejudice against it continued, under the fostering care of the Church, far down into the Middle Ages. With the emancipation of the towns, however, with the splendid development of the Italian republics, with the noble commercial triumphs of the cities of the Hansa, credit was recovered from the hands of the Jews, and began a

career of rapid and beneficent expansion. It was in an especial manner promoted by the magnificent prospects unfolded to colonial and mining enterprise in the discovery of the New World, by the stimulus and the facilities afforded to industrial skill by the researches of natural science, and by the emancipation won for all the activities of the human mind through the free principles of the Reformation. Thus, by degrees, credit came to intervene in nearly every operation of commerce and of social exchange,—from the small daily dealings of the mechanic at the shop, to the larger wholesale transactions of merchant with merchant, and to the prodigious expenditures and debts of imperial governments. Credit by note of hand, credit by book account, credit by mortgages and hypothecations, credit by bills of exchange, credit by certificates of stock, credit by bank-notes and post-notes, credit by exchequer and treasury drafts, credit, in short, in a thousand ways, enters into trade, filling up all its channels, turning all its wheels, freighting all its ships, coming down from the past, pervading the present, hovering over the future, reaching every nook and affecting every man and woman in the civilized world.

Such is the extent of credit; but let it be remarked in connection, that, in all these innumerable and multifarious forms of it, in all the stupendous interchanges of Mine and Thine, the ultimate reference is to one sole standard of value, which is the value of the precious metals. The civilized world has adopted these as the universal solvent of its vast masses of obligation. It is assumed that some standard is indispensable; it is asserted to be the imperative duty of governments, if they would not make their exactions of taxes arbitrary, unequal, and oppressive,—if they would render the dealings of individuals mutual and just,—if they would preserve the property and labor of their subjects from the merciless caprices of the powerful, and keep society from reverting to a more or less barbarous state,—to sup-

ply a fixed and equitable money-measure; and the majority of the governments have selected gold and silver as the best. As seemingly less changeable in quantity and value than anything else, as imperishable, as portable, as divisible, as both convenient and safe, the precious metals challenge superiority over every other product; and accordingly every contract and every debt is resolvable into gold and silver. From this fact, the reader will see at once the prodigious significance of those materials in the economy of trade, and the prime necessity that they should be not only uniform in value, but so equally distributed that they may be easily attainable when needed. Every change in their value is a virtual change in the value of the vast variety of obligations which are measured and liquidated by them; and every apprehension of their scarcity or disappearance, by whatever cause excited, is an apprehension of embarrassment on the part of all those who have debts to pay or to receive.

But it happens that this standard is not an accurate standard. It does not stand, while other things alone move, but moves itself; its value is changeable,—fluctuating from time to time according to the relation of supply and demand, and from place to place according to the perturbations of the trade of the world. Moreover, its very preëminence of function—the universality and the durability of its worth—renders it peculiarly sensitive to accidental influences, or to influences outside of the usual workings of trade. A great war or revolution occurring anywhere, the loss by tempests or frosts of an important staple, such as wheat or cotton, the fall and reaction consequent upon some great speculative excitement, are all likely to produce enormous drains or sequestrations of this valuable material. When the revolt of 1848 broke out in Italy, every particle of specie disappeared as effectually as if it had been thrown into the Adriatic or the mouth of Vesuvius; when the corn crop failed in England

in 1846, the Bank of England lost ten millions of dollars in gold in less than nine days, and the country five times that in about a month; and in our own late experiences, with three hundred millions of gold among the people, we have seen it so put away, that no charm or bait could allure it from its hiding-places.

Need we go any farther, then, than these simple truths, to lay our finger on the primal fact which underlies all financial embarrassments and panics? The mass of the transactions in commerce rests upon credit; the solvent of that credit is gold; and gold has not only a sliding scale of value, but is apt to disappear when most wanted. While business is moving on in the ordinary way, it is more than ample for every purpose; but the moment any event arises, such as a rapidly falling market, inducing hurried sales, or a drain of specie, disturbing the general confidence, everybody gets apprehensive, everybody calls upon everybody for payment, and everybody puts everybody off,—till a feeling of *sauve qui peut* becomes universal.

If there were no currency anywhere but a metallic currency, this liability to sudden revulsions would still hang over trade, provided credit and paper tokens of credit continued to be the media of exchanges; and the instinctive or experimental perception of this truth, combined with other motives, is what has led men to their various attempts to provide a money substitute for gold and silver. Lycurgus, in Sparta, found it, as he supposed, in stamped leather; but modern wisdom has preferred paper. The degree of success attained by Lycurgus we do not know; but of the success of the moderns we do know, by some one hundred and fifty years of recurring disaster. There are some steeds that cannot be ridden; they are so fractious and intractable, that, put whom you will upon their back, he is thrown, and invent what snaffle or breaking-bit you may, they will not be held to an equable or moderate pace. And of this sort,

judging by the past attempts, is Paper Money. All the ingenuity and efforts of the most skilful trainers of the Old World, and of the most cunning jockeys of the New, have been tasked in vain to devise an effective discipline and curb for this impatient colt. Paper Money either refuses to be ridden, and runs rampant away, or, if any one succeed in mounting him for a time, he performs a journey like that which Don Quixote took on the back of the famous Cavalino, or Winged Horse. In imagination he ascended to the enchanted regions,—but in reality he was only dragged through alternate gusts of fire and of cold winds, to find the horse himself, in the end, a mere depository of squibs and crackers.

Paper money has been issued, for the most part, on the one or the other of two conditions, namely: as irredeemable, when it has been made to rest on the vague obligation of some government to pay it some time or other in property; or as convertible into gold and silver on demand. But under both conditions it seems to have been impossible to preserve it from excess and consequent depreciation. Nothing would appear to be safer and sounder, on the face of it, than a money-obligation backed by all the responsibility and property of a government; and yet we do not recall a single instance in which an irredeemable government-money has been issued, where it did not sooner or later swamp the government beyond all hope of its redemption. No virtue of statesmanship is proof against the temptation of creating money at will. Even where there has been a nominal convertibility on demand of the bills of government banks, they have worked badly in practice. In 1657, for instance, the monarch of Sweden established the Bank of Stockholm; yet in a little while its issues amounted to forty-eight millions of roubles, and their depreciation to ninety-six per cent. In 1736, Denmark created the Bank of Copenhagen; but within nine years from its foundation it suspended redemptions altogether, and its notes were depreciated

forty-six per cent. We need not refer to the extraordinary issues of French *assignats*, or of American continental money,—nor to the deluges of paper which have fallen upon Russia and Austria. During all these experiments, the sufferings of the people, according to the different historians, were absolutely appalling. One of these experiments of paper money, however, begun under the most promising auspices, and on a professed basis of convertibility, was yet so stupendous and awful in its effects, that it has taken its place as a Pharos in History, and is never to be forgotten. We refer, of course, to the banking prodigalities of the Regency of France, undertaken in connection with the scheme known as Law's Mississippi Bubble,—although the Bank and the Bubble were not essentially connected. We presume that our readers are acquainted with the incidents, because all the modern historians have described them, and because the more philosophical impute to them an active agency in the origination of that moral corruption and lack of political principle which hastened the advent of the great Revolution. Louis XIV. having left behind him, as the price of his glory, a debt of about a thousand millions of dollars, the French ministry, with a view to reduce it, ordered a recoinage of the louis-d'or. An edict was promulgated, calling in the coin at sixteen livres, to be issued again at twenty; but Law, an acute and enterprising Scotchman, suggested that the end might be more happily accomplished by a project for a bank, which he carried in his pocket. He proposed to buy up the old coin at a higher rate than the mint allowed, and to pay for it in bank-notes. This project was so successful that the Regent took it into his own hands, and then began an issue of bills which literally intoxicated the whole of France. No scenes of stock-jobbing, of gambling, of frenzied speculation, of reckless excitement and licentiousness ever surpassed the scenes daily enacted in the Rue Quincampoix; and when the bubble

burst, the distress was universal, heart-rending, and frightful. With millions in their pockets, says a contemporary memoir, many did not know where to get a dinner; complaints and imprecations resounded on every side; some, utterly ruined, killed themselves in despair; and mysterious rumors of popular risings spread throughout Paris the terror of another expected St. Bartholomew.

In this case the phenomena were the more striking because they were gathered within a short compass of time, and took place among a people proverbial for the versatility and extravagance of their impressions. The French are an excitable race, who carry whatever they do or suffer to the last extreme of theatrical effect; and for that reason it might be supposed that the tremendous revulsions we have alluded to were owing in part to national temperament. But similar effects have been wrought, by similar causes, among the slower and cooler English, with whom commercial disturbances have been as numerous and as disastrous as among the French, only that they have been distributed over wider spaces of time, and controlled by the more sluggish and conservative habits of the nation. Some twenty years before Law made his approaches to the French Regent, another Scotchman, William Patterson, had got the ear of Macaulay's hero, William, and of his ministers, and laid the foundations of the great Bank of England. It was chartered in 1694, on advances made to the government; and gradually, under its auspices, the vast system of English banking, which gives tone to that of the world, grew up. Let us see with what results; they may be expressed in a few words: every ten or fifteen years, a terrific commercial overturn, with intermediate epochs of speculation, panic, and bankruptcy.

We cannot here go into a history of this bank, nor of the various causes of its reverses; but we select from a brief chronological table, in its own words, some of the principal events, which are

also the events of British trade and finance.

1694. The Bank went into operation.

1696. Bank suspended specie payments. Panic and failures.

1707. Threatened invasion of the Pretender. Run upon the Bank,—panic. Government helped it through, by guaranteeing its bills at six per cent.

1714. The Pretender proclaimed in Scotland. Run upon the Bank,—panic.

1718-20. Time of the South-Sea Bubble. Reaction,—demand for money,—Bank of England nearly swept away,—trade suspended,—nation involved in suffering.

1744. Charles Edward sails for Scotland, and marches upon Derby. Panic. Run upon the Bank,—is obliged to pay in sixpences, and to block its doors, in order to gain time.

1772. Extensive failures and a monetary panic. The Bank maintains the convertibility of its notes for several years, at an annual expense of £850,000.

1793. War with France,—drain of gold,—Bank contracts,—panic,—failures throughout the country,—universal hoarding,—one hundred country banks stop,—notes as low as five pounds first issued,—general fall of prices.

1796. An Order in Council suspends specie payment by the Bank.

1799. Numerous failures,—chiefly on the Continent. The pressure in England relieved by an issue of Exchequer bills.

1807-9. Great speculations in flax, hemp, silk, wool, etc.

1810. Recoil of speculation,—extensive failures, and great demand for money.

1811. Parliament adopts a resolution declaring a one-pound note and a shilling legal tender for a guinea.

1814-16. Heavy losses and bankruptcies,—failure of two hundred and forty country banks,—the distress and suffering of the people compared to that in France after the bursting of the Mississippi Scheme.

1819. Law passed for the resumption

of specie payments in 1823,—after a suspension of twenty-seven years.

1822. Great commercial depression throughout Europe,—agricultural distress,—famine in Ireland.

1824. Speculations in scrips and shares of foreign loans and new companies, to a fabulous amount.

1825. Recoil of the speculations,—run upon the banks,—seventy banks stop,—a drain of gold exhausts the bullion of the Bank.

1826. Depression of trade,—government advances Exchequer bills to the Bank.

1832. A run for gold,—bullion in the Bank again alarmingly reduced.

1834-7. Jackson vs. Biddle in America produces considerable derangements in England,—drain of gold,—great alternate contractions and expansions,—severe mercantile distress.

1844. Renewal of the Bank Charter, limiting its issues,—great speculations in railroad shares, to the amount of £500,000,000.

1845. Recoil of the speculations,—immense sacrifice of property.

1846. Drain of gold,—large importations of corn,—alarm.

1847. Drain of gold continues,—panic and universal mercantile depression,—Bank refuses discounts,—forced sales of all kinds of property,—the Bank Charter suspended.

1857. The experiences of 1847 repeated on a more injurious scale, with another suspension of the Bank Charter Act.

Now this record does not show a brilliant success in banking; it does not encourage the hopes of those who place great hopes in a national institution; for the Bank of England is the highest result of the financial sagacity and political wisdom of the first commercial nation of the globe. A recognized ally of the government,—at the very centre of the world's trade,—enjoying a large freedom of movement within its sphere,—conducted by the most eminent merchants of the metropolis, assisted by the advice of the

most accomplished political economists,—sanctioned and amended, from time to time, by the greatest ministers, from Walpole to Peel,—it has had, from its position, its power, and the talent at its command, every opportunity for doing the best things that a bank could do; and yet behold this record of periodical impotence! Its periodical mischiefs we leave out of the account.

In the United States, we have suffered from similarly recurring attacks of financial epilepsy; we have tried every expedient, and we have failed in each one; we have had three national banks; we have had thousands of chartered banks, under an infinity of regulations and restrictions against excesses and frauds; and we have had, as the appropriate commentary, three tremendous cataclysms, in which the whole continent was submerged in commercial ruin, besides a dozen lesser epochs of trying vicissitude. The history of our trade has been that of an incessant round of inflations and collapses; and the amount of rascality and fraud perpetrated in connection with the banks, in order to defeat the restrictions upon them, has no parallel but in the sponging-houses. A Belgian philosopher, from the study of statistics, has deduced a certain order in disorder,—or a law of periodicity in the recurrence of murders, suicides, crimes, and illegitimate births; and it appears that a similar regularity of irregularity might be easily detected in our cyclic bank explosions.

With the sad experiences of other nations before us,—with the rocks of danger standing high out of the water, and covered all over with the fragments of former wrecks, we have yet persisted in following the old wretched way. What a humiliating confession! what a comment on the alleged practical discernment of this practical people! what a text for radicals, socialists, and all sorts of Utopian dreamers! If the mischiefs of these monetary aberrations were confined to a mere loss of wealth,* which is prover-

bial for its winged uncertainty, we might regard them as a seeming admonition of Providence against putting too much trust in riches; but they are to be considered as something infinitely worse than mere reverses of fortune: the disorders they generate shake the very foundations of morals; and while shattering the industry, they undermine the economy and frugality and rend the integrity of mankind. We doubt whether any of the great forms of evil incident to our imperfect civilization—the slave-trade, debauchery, pauperism—cause more individual anguish or more public detriment than these incessant revolutions in the value and tenure of property. Those afflict limited classes alone, but these every class; they relax and pervert the whole moral regimen of society; and if, as it is sometimes alleged, the present age is more profoundly steeped in materialism than any before,—if its enterprise is not simply more bold, but more reckless and prodigal,—if the monitors of conscience have lost their force in practical affairs, and the dictates of religion and honor alike their sanctity, it is because of the uncertain principle, the gambling spirit, the feverish eagerness, and the insane extravagance, which beset the ways of traffic. Living in a world in which days of golden and delusive dreams are rapidly succeeded by nights of monstrous nightmares and miseries, society loses its grasp upon the realities of life, and goes staggering blindly on towards a fatal degeneracy and dissolution.

The question, then, is, whether this melancholy march of things should be allowed to proceed, or whether we should strive to do better. Our good sense, our moral sense, our progressive instincts, conspire with our interests in proclaiming that we ought to do better; but how shall we do better? "Why," reply the great Democratic doctors,—Mr. Buchanan, the President, and Mr. Benton, the Nestor of the people,—"suppress the indirect losses by paper money, within the last century and a half, have equalled \$2,000,000,-000.

* Yet this is not to be lightly estimated. Seaman, in his *Progress of Nations*, says the

sue of small bank-notes!" Well, that nostrum is not to be despised; there would be some advantages in such a measure; it would, to a certain extent, operate as a check upon the issues of the banks; it would enlarge the specie basis, by confining the note circulation to the larger dealers, and so exempt the poorer and laboring classes from the chances of bank failures and suspensions. But if these gentlemen suppose that the extrusion of small notes would be in any degree a remedy for overtrading, or moderate in any degree the disastrous fluctuations of which everybody complains, they have read the history of commerce only in the most superficial manner. Speculations, overtrading, panics, money convulsions, occur in countries where small notes are not tolerated, just as they do in countries where they are; and they occur in both without our being able to trace them always to the state of the currency. The truth is, indeed, that nearly all the great catastrophes of trade have occurred in times and places when and where there were no small notes. Every one has heard of the tulip-mania of Holland,—when the Dutchmen, nobles, farmers, mechanics, sailors, maid-servants, and even chimney-sweeps and old-clothes-women, dabbled in bulbs,—when immense fortunes were staked upon the growth of a root, and the whole nation went mad about it, although there was never a bank nor a paper florin yet in existence.* Every one has heard of the great South-Sea Bubble in England, in 1719, when the stock of a company chartered simply to trade in the South Seas rose in the course of a few weeks to the extraordinary height of *eight hundred and ninety per cent.*, and filled all England with an epidemic frenzy of gambling, so that the recoil ruined thousands upon thousands of persons, who dragged down with them vast companies and institutions.† Yet there was not a bank-note in England, at that time, for less

than twenty pounds, or nearly a hundred dollars.

More recent revulsions are still more to the point. In 1825, in England, there were enormous speculations in joint-stock enterprises and foreign loans. Some five hundred and thirty-two new companies were formed, with a nominal capital of about \$2,200,000,000, and Greek, Austrian, and South American loans were negotiated, to the extent of \$275,000,000. Scarcely one of these companies or of these loans ever paid a dividend; and the consequence was a general destruction of credit and property, and a degree of distress which was compared to the terrible sufferings inflicted by the Mississippi and the South-Sea Bubbles. Yet there were no bank-notes in circulation in England under five pounds, or twenty-five dollars. Again, our readers may recall the monstrous overtrading in railroad shares in the years 1845–6. Projects involving the investment of £500,000,000 were set on foot in a very little while; the contagion of purchasing spread to all the provincial towns; the traditionally staid and sober Englishman got as mad as a March hare about them; Mr. Murdle reigned triumphant; and, in the end, the nation had to pay for its delirium with another season of panic, misery, and ruin. Yet during all this excitement there were not only no small notes in circulation, but, what is most remarkable, there was no unusual increase in the issues of the banks, of any kind.

Let us not hope too much, therefore, from the suppression of small notes, should that scheme be carried into effect; let us not delude ourselves with the expectation that it will prove a satisfactory remedy, in any sense, for the periodical disease of the currency; for its benefits, though probable, must be limited.* It is a remedy which merely plays round the extremities of the disorder.

* It is very curious, that, while our leaders are in favor of exorcising small notes, many of the French and English Liberals are calling for an issue of them!

* Mackay's *History of Popular Delusions*.

† Doubleday's *Financial History of England*, p. 93.

der, without invading the seat of it at all.

We have endeavored, in the foregoing remarks, to point out (for our limits do not allow us to expound) two things: first, that in the universal modern use of credit as the medium of exchanges,—which credit refers to a standard in itself fluctuating,—there is a liability to certain critical derangements, when the machinery will be thrown out of gear, if we may so speak, or when credit will dissolve in a vain longing for cash; and, second, that in the paper-money substitutes which men have devised as a provision against the consequences of this liability, they have enormously aggravated, instead of counteracting or alleviating the danger. But if these views be correct, the questions to be determined by society are also two, namely: whether it be possible to get rid of these aggravations; and whether credit itself may not be so organized as to be self-sufficient and self-supporting, whatever the vagaries of the standard. The suppression of small notes might have a perceptible effect in lessening the aggravations of paper, but it would not touch the more fundamental point, as to a stable organization of credit. Yet it is in this direction, we are persuaded, that all reformatory efforts must turn. Credit is the new principle of trade,—the *nexus* of modern society; but it has scarcely yet been properly considered. While it has been shamefully *exploited*, as the French say, it has never been scientifically constituted.

Neither will it be, under the influence of the old methods,—not until legislators and politicians give over the business of tampering with the currency,—till they give over the vain hope of “hedging the cuckoo,” to use Locke’s figure,—and the principle of **FREEDOM** be allowed to adjust this, as it has already adjusted equally important matters. Let the gov-

ernments adhere to their task of supplying a pure standard of the precious metals, and of exacting it in the discharge of what is due to them, if they please; but let them leave to the good sense, the sagacity, and the self-interest of Commerce, under the guardianship of just and equal laws, the task of using and regulating its own tokens of credit. Our past experiments in the way of providing an artificial currency are flagrant and undeniable failures; but as it is still possible to deduce from them, as we believe, ample proof of the principle, that the security, the economy, and the regularity of the circulation have improved just in the degree in which the entire money business has been opened to the healthful influences of unobstructed trade,—so we infer that a still larger liberty would insure a still more wholesome action of the system. The currency is rightly named *the circulation*, and, like the great movements of blood in the human body, depends upon a free inspiration of the air.

Under a larger freedom, we should expect Credit to be organized on a basis of **MUTUAL RESPONSIBILITY AND GUARANTY**, which would afford a stable and beautiful support to the great systolic and diastolic movements of trade; that it would reduce all paper emissions to their legitimate character as mere mercantile tokens, and liberate humanity from the fearful debaucheries of a factitious money; and that Commerce, which has been compelled hitherto to sit in the markets of the world, like a courtesan at the gaming-table, with hot eye and panting chest and painted cheeks, would be regenerated and improved, until it should become, what it was meant to be, a beneficent goddess, pouring out to all the nations from her horns of plenty the grateful harvests of the earth.

THE BUSTS OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

THIS is GOETHE, with a forehead
 Like the fabled front of Jove ;
 In its massive lines the tokens
 More of majesty than love.

This is SCHILLER, in whose features,
 With their passionate calm regard,
 We behold the true ideal
 Of the high heroic Bard,

Whom the inward world of feeling
 And the outward world of sense
 To the endless labor summon,
 And the endless recompense.

These are they, sublime and silent,
 From whose living lips have rung
 Words to be remembered ever
 In the noble German tongue ;

Thoughts whose inspiration, kindling
 Into loftiest speech or song,
 Still through all the listening ages
 Pours its torrent swift and strong.

As to-day in sculptured marble
 Side by side the Poets stand,
 So they stood in life's great struggle,
 Side by side and hand to hand,

In the ancient German city,
 Dowered with many a deathless name,
 Where they dwelt and toiled together,
 Sharing each the other's fame :

One till evening's lengthening shadows
 Gently stilled his faltering lips,
 But the other's sun at noonday
 Shrouded in a swift eclipse.

There their names are household treasures,
 And the simplest child you meet
 Guides you where the house of Goethe
 Fronts upon the quiet street ;

And, hard by, the modest mansion
 Where full many a heart has felt
 Memories uncounted clustering
 Round the words, "Here Schiller dwelt."

In the churchyard both are buried,
 Straight beyond the narrow gate,
 In the mausoleum sleeping
 With Duke Charles in sculptured state.

For the Monarch loved the Poets,
 Called them to him from afar,
 Wooed them near his court to linger,
 And the planets sought the star.

He, his larger gifts of fortune
 With their larger fame to blend,
 Living, counted it an honor
 That they named him as their friend;

Dreading to be all-forgotten,
 Still their greatness to divide,
 Dying, prayed to have his Poets
 Buried one on either side.

But this suited not the gold-laced
 Ushers of the royal tomb,
 Where the princely House of Weimar
 Slumbered in majestic gloom.

So they ranged the coffins justly,
 Each with fitting rank and stamp,
 And with shows of court precedence
 Mocked the grave's sepulchral damp.

Fitly now the clownish sexton
 Narrow courtier-rules rebukes;
 First he shows the grave of Goethe,
 Schiller's next, and last—the Duke's.

Vainly 'midst these truthful shadows
 Pride would flaunt her painted wing;
 Here the Monarch waits in silence,
 And the Poet is the King!

THE LIBRARIAN'S STORY.

LIBRARIAINS are a singular class of men,—or rather, a class of singular men. I choose the latter phrase, because I think that the singularities do not arise from the employment, but characterize the men who are most likely to gravitate toward it. A great philosopher, whom nobody knows, once stated the Problem of Humanity thus: "There are two kinds of people,—round people, and three-cornered people; and two kinds of holes,—round holes, and three-cornered holes. All mysterious providences, misfortunes, dispensations, evils, and wrong things generally, are attributable to this cause, namely, that round people get into three-cornered holes, and three-cornered people get into round holes." The librarian is not only a three-cornered person, but a many-cornered one,—a human polyhedron. And he is in his right place,—a many-cornered man in a many-cornered hole; especially if the hole be like that which I am thinking of,—an Historical Library.

The only bibliothecarian peculiarity in point at present is, a gift to root up, (country boys, speaking of pigs, say *rootle*; it is more onomatopoeian,) to rootle up the most obscure and useless pieces of information; not, like Mr. Nadgett, to work them into a chain of connected evidence for some actual purpose, but merely to know them, to possess a record of them, either as found in some printed or manuscript document, or as recorded by the librarian himself; and to keep the record pickled away in some place where it will be as little likely as possible to be found or read by anybody else.

So much concerning Librarians; a word now about Character.

Bad blood is hereditary. I don't mean scrofulous, but wicked blood. Vicious tendencies pass down in a family, appearing in the most various manifestations, until at last the evil of the race

works its only possible remedy, by resulting in its extinction. There is, in some sense, an absolute unity amongst the successive generations of those of one blood; at least, so much so that our feeling of poetical justice is rather gratified than otherwise when the crimes of one are avenged, it may be a century after, upon the person of another of the name. This was the truth which underlay the vast gloomy fables of the ancient Fates, and the stories of the inevitable destruction of the great ancient houses of Greece. It is the same which the Indian feels when he revenges upon one of the white race the wrongs inflicted by another. Succession in time does not interfere with the stern promise of Jehovah to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children.—The reader will see presently how I have been led into this train of reflection.

My predecessor in office had a strong fancy for Numismatology. I have, too; nobody would more enjoy a vast collection of coins; but, oddly enough, I should prefer contemporary ones. He was simple and almost penurious in personal expenditure; yet, besides a great collection of books, he had, from his scanty income, got together, in the course of a long life, a large and very valuable collection of coins and medals, especially rich in gold. These coins lay—they do not now, for I assure you I keep them pretty carefully out of sight latterly—luxuriously imbedded in a neat case, among the great collection of antique objects, weapons, ornaments, furniture, clothing, etc., which usually accumulate within the precincts of an Historical Society's Library.

In the one under my charge there is an astonishing number of them; and naturally, where the long series of the ancient Indian wars, and later ones with civilized foes, form together so strong a

strand in the thread of our history, there is a very great number proportionally of warlike weapons.

I like to read old books, both *ex officio* and *ex naturâ*. But I need not enlarge upon this liking. For my part, however, they please me most when I am wholly alone, in that deep silence which by listening you can seem to hear, and in a place well furnished,—especially in such a place as the Historical Library is, with many full bookshelves, and a great multitude of ancient portraits, grim curiosities, and weapons of war.

It may be unfortunate to be sensitive, but I am. The few things that do excite me excite me easily, and by virtue of the trooping together and thronging on of the procession of my own imaginations, thus awakend, I am prone to reveries of the most various complexion.

In one of the secret repositories where during his latter years my venerable predecessor used with senile cunning to hide, indiscriminately, the coins of the Romans and of the Yankees, rags, bottles of rhubarb and magnesia, books, papers, and buttons, I had found, one night, an ancient MS. I had been all the evening reading a High-German Middle-Age volume, illustrated with wood-cuts, cut as with a hatchet, and being, as per title-page, *Julius der erste Römische Kayser, von seinen Kriegen*,—“Julius the first Roman Emperor, of his Wars.”

Buried in the extraordinary adventures of the Kayser, not to be found in any Roman historian, and full of quaint and ludicrous jumbles of the ancient and the modern, I was suddenly stopped by finding that the last folios were missing.

After a moment of ineffectual vexation, I bethought me of several repositories in which I had seen portions of *débris*,—leaves, covers, brazen bosses, and other *membra disiecta*; in one of these I might very probably find the missing pages.

I fumbled through half a dozen; did not find what I sought, but did find the aforesaid MS. I was interested at once by the close but clear penmanship, and

by the date, February 29, 165½; for this day, by its numeral, would be in leap-year, according to old style, but not according to new. How did they settle it? I asked; and what was to determine for lovelorn maidens, whether they might or might not use the privilege of the year?

I returned to my desk, and sat down to read; and, as I remember, the heavy bell of the First Church, close by, just then struck eleven, and I listened with pleasure to the long, mellow cadence of the reverberations after each deliberate and solid stroke.

Beginning at the beginning, I read until past midnight. The contents, after all, were not remarkable. It was a collection of copies of papers relating to various matters of accounts and law, all pertaining to a certain Beardsley family, of high and ancient fame in the Colony, and afterwards in the State. Somewhat beyond the middle, however, I lighted upon a document which attracted my more particular attention. It was a transcript from the State Records, and, as the date showed, from a very early volume of them, now missing from the office of the Secretary of State. It immediately occurred to me that this volume was strongly suspected to have been purloined by one Isaac Beardsley, an unscrupulous man, of some influence, who used, for amusement, to potter about in various antiquarian enterprises of no moment, but who had now been dead for some fifteen years. I then also recollect that he had an only child, a graceless gallows-bird of a son, who broke his father's heart, then wasted his substance in riotous living, and, after being long a disgrace and nuisance at home, had sunk out of sight amid the lowest strata of vice and crime in New York.

The document was a complaint to the “Generall Court” against “Goodman Job Brice”—the complainant being designated by the honorable prefix of “Mr.”—“for y^t hee, the s^d Goodman Brice, had sayd in y^e hearing of” various persons

mentioned, "and to the verry face of y^e s^d Mr. Isaac Beardslie, y^t y^e s^d Mr. Beardslie did grind y^e faces of the poor, and had served him, the s^d Brice, worse than anie Turk w^d serve his slaves; and this with fearfull and blasphemous curses, and prayres that God would return evill upon the heads of this complaynant and his children after him," etc.

The transcript was long, alleging various similar offences. Its perusal recalled to my mind several hints and obscure allusions, and one or two brief histories of the proceedings in this case, which may be found in ancient books relating to the Colony. These proceedings between Beardsley and Brice were famous in their day, and were thought little creditable to the head of the Beardsley family. That he himself partook of the general opinion is shown by the circumstance that the matter was diligently hushed up in that day; and those most familiar with the ancient records of the State averred, that upon the pages of the missing volume was spread matter amply sufficient to account for its theft and destruction by the late Col. Isaac Beardsley.

The details of this ancient quarrel have perished out of remembrance. The chief substance of it was, however, a lawsuit which ended in the rich man's obtaining possession of the poor man's land. Brice, a yeoman of vindictive, obstinate, and fearless character, had insulted his opponent, who was a magistrate, had threatened his life, and otherwise so bore himself that his oppressor procured him to be whipped at the cart's tail, and to be held to give large sureties for the peace, with the alternative penalty of banishment. The bitter vehemence of Brice's curses was remarkable even among the dry phrases of the complaint; and tradition relates that his fearful imprecations even caused his dignified opponent, the magistrate, to turn pale and tremble.

I was sure, too, that among the stores of the Library I had seen some memorial of Brice as well as of Beardsley; but could not at the time call up any remem-

brance more definite than an impression that this memorial was something which had belonged to a descendant of Joab Brice, who had been in his youth a soldier in the old French War, and later a subaltern in the "State line" during the Revolution.

The Library room, in which I was reading, is a large, lofty hall, fitted with dark bookcases, heavy and huge as if for giants, singularly perfect in point of inconvenience and inaccessibility, and good only in that they bore a certain architectural proportion to the great height and expanse of the dark room. My desk was so placed that my back was toward the entrance, which was the balustraded opening, in the Library floor, of a wide staircase; and close at my side and before me were racks with muskets and spears, cases of curiosities, and other appurtenances of the room. It being now past the middle of the night, when sleep is heaviest, the stillness was perfect. My two shaded lamps made a small sphere of dusky yellow light, which I felt to be surrounded and, as it were, compressed by the thick darkness, which I could easily fancy to be something tangible and heavy, settling noiselessly down from beneath the lofty arches of the roof. The ancient penmanship and curious contents of the faded pages before me carried my thoughts backward into the old Colonial times, with their rigid social distinctions, lofty manners, and ill-concealed superstition; and I mused upon grim old magistrates, wizened witches, stately dames, rugged Indian-fighters, and all their strange doings and sayings in the ancient days, until, between drowsiness and imagining, I fell into a tangled labyrinth of romance, history, and reverie.

Then all at once I seemed half to awake, and fell into one of those fits of foolish nervous apprehension to which many even of the coolest and bravest are liable in deep solitude and darkness,—and if they, how much more an excitable person like myself! My heart throbbed for no reason, and, sitting with my head bowed down upon my hands, I fancied

the most impossible dangers,—of men taking aim at me with the antique fire-arms out of the far dark corners, or casting heavy weights upon me through the skylight overhead. How easily, I fancied, could it happen—Did not the cellar-door open just now?

I half arose, almost frightened. I believe I should have taken an old rapier and a light and gone to look, but for very shame. And besides, there were two thick floors between me and the door, and that itself was set in the heavy wall between the cellar of this wing of the building and that under its main body; so that if it had been opened, I could not have heard it. Accordingly I resumed my posture and my painful intense musing. But now I could have almost sworn that I heard soft steps coming up the staircase, and whispers floating upon the air of the great solitary room: —*I did!*

But not soon enough. At the sound of a distinct, heavy footstep behind me, I sprang up and turned about, but only to find myself pinioned by one of the arms of a rough-looking, vicious-faced man, who pressed his other hand tightly over my mouth. A confederate was busy at the case of coins.

Although only a librarian, I have in my day been something of an athlete; much more than the person who had rushed into so sudden an intimacy reckoned upon. And I was pretty well strung up, too, with my nonsensical fancies.

Being face to face with me, therefore, my assailant had mastered my right arm, and was clasping my back with his left hand, while his right was over my mouth. So driving back my left elbow, I struck him a sharp and cruel blow in the right side, just above the hip-bone. It is a bad place to strike; I would not hit there, unless unfairly attacked. The sudden pain jerked a groan out of him, and surprised him into slackening his hold; so that I wrenched myself loose, and gave him a straight, heavy, right-hand hit in the nose, sending him reeling against the

old chest that came over in the May-flower, which saved him from a fall.

At one and the same moment, both the thieves drew knives and made at me together, and I, springing backwards, seized from the wooden rack of weapons the first which my hand reached. It was a musket. Instinctively, for there was no time to reason, I cocked, presented in a sort of charge-bayonet attitude, the only one possible, and pulled trigger. The old weapon went off with a deafening report, sending out a blinding sheet of flame in the darkness. One thief fell headlong at my very feet; the other, turning, fled blindly towards the staircase. I ought to have caught him; but, in the unreflecting anger of the moment, coming up with him at the stair-head, I struck at him with such good will and good effect, that he fell down stairs faster than I cared to chase him in the dark. Scrambling up at the bottom, he hurried out by the way he had come, and fled; while I returned to my prisoner.

He was quite dead. The charge, a bullet, had passed in just above the region of the heart, killing him instantly. I searched him, but found only a knife, a little money, and some tobacco; nothing which could identify him. He was well-made, middle-aged, and of a thoroughly vile and repulsive countenance.

The necessary legal formalities were gone through as quickly and quietly as possible, and the entrances by which the burglars had come in well secured. They had evidently reconnoitred within and without the building during the day, and selected a back way into the cellar, through which they found no trouble in ascending to the Library.

Some days afterwards, I bethought me to examine the old musket. It was a heavy, old-fashioned "queen's arm," with no unusual marks, as I thought; but upon a silver plate, let into the hollow of the butt, I found, coarsely and strongly engraved, "JOAB BRYCE, 1765."

Upon mentioning this circumstance to our Recording Secretary, and wondering how the gun came to be loaded, he told

me that the fault was his. The weapon, he said, had been deposited in the Library by a son of the old revolutionary soldier; and he added, that this son had informed him that the old man, who seems to have inherited something of the peculiar traits of his ancient race, having had this charge in his gun at the conclusion of the siege of Yorktown, where he was present with a New England regiment, had managed afterwards to avoid discharging or drawing it, and had left it by will to his eldest son to be kept loaded as it was; with the strange clause, that the charge "might serve out a Beardsley, if it couldn't a Britisher."

The depositor, the Secretary further told me, had religiously kept the old gun, and, with a curious, simple strictness of

adherence to the spirit of his father's directions, had oiled the lock, picked the flint, wired the touch-hole, and put in fresh priming, when he brought the weapon to the Library.

"I meant to have unloaded it, of course," pursued the excellent Secretary, "but it passed out of my mind."

A week or two afterwards, I found in one of those obscure columns of "minion solid," in which the great New York papers embalm the memory of their current metropolitan crime, the following notice:—

"We are informed that the burglar lately killed in an attempt to rob the —— Historical Library has been found to be the notorious cracksmen, 'Bill Young'; but that his real name was Isaac Beardsley."

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

IN broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a poet's mystic lay;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery.

SOMETHING ABOUT PICTURES.

IT is not surprising that pictures, with all their attraction for eye and mind, are, to many honest and intelligent people, too much of a riddle to be altogether pleasant. What with the oracular dicta of self-constituted arbiters of taste, the discrepancies of popular writers on Art, the jargon of connoisseurship, the vagaries of fashion, the endless theories about color, style, chiaro 'scuro, composition, design, imitation, nature, schools, etc., painting has become rather a subject for the gratification of vanity and the exercise of pedantic dogmatism, than a genuine source of enjoyment and culture, of sympathy and satisfaction,—like music, literature, scenery, and other recognized intellectual recreations. In these latter spheres it is not thought presumptuous to assert and enjoy individual taste; the least independent talkers will bravely advocate their favorite composer, describe the landscape which has charmed or the book which has interested them; but when a picture is the subject of discussion, few have the moral courage to say what they think; there is a self-distrust of one's own impressions and even convictions in regard to what is represented on canvas, that never intervenes between thought and expression, where ideas or sentiments are embodied in writing or in melody. Nor is this to be ascribed wholly to the technicalities of pictorial art, in which so few are deeply versed, but in a great measure to the incongruous and irrelevant associations which have gradually overlaid and mystified a subject in itself as open to the perception of a candid mind and healthy senses as any other department of human knowledge. Half the want of appreciation of pictures arises from ignorance, not of the principles of Art, but of the elements of Nature. Good observers are rare. The peasant's criticism upon Moreland's "Farm-yard"—that three pigs never eat together with-

out one foot at least in the trough—was a strict inference from personal knowledge of the habits of the animal; so the surgeon found a head of the Baptist untrue, because the skin was not withdrawn somewhat from the line of decollation. These and similar instances show that some knowledge of or interest in the thing represented is essential to the appreciation of pictures. Sailors and their wives crowded around Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners," when first exhibited; French soldiers enjoy the minutiae of Vernet's battle-pieces; a lover can judge of his betrothed's miniature; and the most unrefined sportsman will point out the niceties of breed in one of Landseer's dogs. To the want of correspondence, so frequent between the subject of a picture and the observer's experience may, therefore, be attributed no small degree of the prevalent want of sympathy and confident judgment. "Gang into an Exhibition," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "and only look at a crowd o' cockneys, some with specs, and some wi' quizzing-glasses, and faces without ae grain o' meaning in them o' ony kind whatsoever, a' glowering, perhaps, at a picture o' ane o' Nature's maist fearfu' or magnificent warks! What, I ask, could a Prince's-Street maister or missy ken o' sic a wark mair than a red deer wad ken o' the inside o' George's-Street Assembly-Rooms?"

The incidental associations of pictures link them to history, tradition, and human character, in a manner which indefinitely enhances their suggestiveness. Horace Walpole wove a standard collection of anecdotes from the lives and works of painters. The frescoes of St. Mark's, at Florence, have a peculiar significance to the spectator familiar with Fra Angelico's life. One of the most pathetic and beautiful tragedies in modern literature is that which a Danish poet elaborated from Correggio's artist

career. Lamb's great treasure was a print from Da Vinci, which he called "My Beauty," and its exhibition to a literal Scotchman gave rise to one of the richest jokes in Elia's record. The pen-drawing Andre made of himself the night before his execution,—the curtain painted in the space where Faliero's portrait should have been, in the ducal palace at Venice,—and the head of Dante, discovered by Mr. Kirkup, on the wall of the Bargello, at Florence,—convey impressions far beyond the mere lines and hues they exhibit; each is a drama, a destiny. And the hard but true lineaments of Holbein, the aerial grace of Malbone's "Hours," Albert Durer's mediæval sanctities, Overbeck's conservative self-devotion, a market-place by Ostade, Reynolds's "Strawberry Girl," one of Copley's colonial grandes in a New England farmer's parlor, a cabinet gem by Greuze, a dog or sheep of Landseer's, the misty depths of Turner's "Carthage," Domenichino's "Sibyl," Claude's sunset, or Allston's "Rosalie,"—how much of eras in Art, events in history, national tastes, and varieties of genius do they each foreshadow and embalm! Even when no special beauty or skill is manifest, the character of features transmitted by pictorial art, their antiquity or historical significance, often lends a mystery and meaning to the effigies of humanity. In the carved faces of old German church choirs and altars, the existent facial peculiarities of race are curiously evident; a Grecian life breathes from many a profile in the Elgin marbles, and a sacred marvel invests the exhumed giants of Nineveh; in the cartoons of Raphael, and the old Gobelin tapestries, are hints of what is essential in the progress and the triumphs of painting. Considered as a language, how definitely is the style of painters associated with special forms of character and spheres of life! It is this variety of human experience typified and illustrated on canvas, that forms our chief obligations to the artist; through him our perception of and acquaintance with our race, its

individuality and career, its phases and aspects, is indefinitely enlarged. "The greatest benefit," says a late writer, "we owe to the artist, whether painter, poet, or novelist, is the *extension of our sympathies*. Art is the nearest thing to life; it is a mode of amplifying our experience and extending our contact with our fellow-creatures beyond the bounds of our personal lot."

The effect of a picture is increased by isolation and surprise. I never realized the physiognomical traits of Madame de Maintenon, until her portrait was encountered in a solitary country-house, of whose drawing-room it was the sole ornament; and the romance of a miniature by Malbone first came home to me, when an ancient dame, in the costume of the last century, with trembling fingers drew one of her husband from an antique cabinet, and descended on the manly beauty of the deceased original, and the graceful genius of the young and lamented artist. Hazlitt wrote an ingenious essay on "A Portrait by Vandyck," which gives us an adequate idea of what such a masterpiece is to the eye and mind of genuine artistic perception and sympathy. Few sensations, or rather sentiments, are more inextricably made up of pleasure and sadness than that with which we contemplate (as is not infrequent in some old gallery of Europe) a portrait which deeply interests or powerfully attracts us, and whose history is irrevocably lost. A better homily on the evanescence of human love and fame can scarcely be imagined: a face alive with moral personality and human charms, such as win and warm our stranger eyes,—yet the name, subject, artist, owner, all lost in oblivion! To pause before an interesting but "unknown portrait" is to read an elegy as pathetic as Gray's.

The mechanical processes by which Nature is so closely imitated, and the increase of which during the last few years is one of the most remarkable facts in science, may at the first glance appear to have lessened the marvellous in Art, by making available to all the exact

representation of still-life. But, when duly considered, the effect is precisely the reverse; for exactly in proportion as we become familiar with the mechanical production of the similitudes of natural and artificial objects, do we instinctively demand higher powers of conception, greater spiritual expression in the artist. The discovery of Daguerre and its numerous improvements, and the unrivalled precision attained by Photography, render exact imitation no longer a miracle of crayon or palette; these must now create as well as reflect, invent and harmonize as well as copy, bring out the soul of the individual and of the landscape, or their achievements will be neglected in favor of the fac-similes obtainable through sunshine and chemistry. The best photographs of architecture, statuary, ruins, and, in some cases, of celebrated pictures, are satisfactory to a degree which has banished mediocre sketches, and even minutely finished but literal pictures. Specimens of what is called "Nature-printing," which gives an impression directly from the veined stone, the branching fern, or the sea-moss, are so true to the details as to answer a scientific purpose; natural objects are thus lithographed without the intervention of pencil or ink. And these several discoveries have placed the results of mere imitative art within reach of the mass; in other words, her prose language, that which mechanical science can utter, is so universal, that her poetry, that which must be conceived and expressed through individual genius, the emanation of the soul, is more distinctly recognized and absolutely demanded from the artist, in order to vindicate his claim to that title, than ever before.

Perhaps, indeed, the scope which Painting offers to experimental, individual, and prescriptive taste, the loyalty it invokes from the conservative, the "infinite possibilities" it offers to the imaginative, the intimacy it promotes with Nature and character, are the cause of so much originality and attractiveness in its votaries. The Lives of Painters abound in the

characteristic, the adventurous, and the romantic. Open Vasari, Walpole, or Cunningham, at random, and one is sure to light upon something odd, genial, or exciting. One of the most popular novelists of our day assured me, that, in his opinion, the richest unworked vein for his craft, available in these days of civilized uniformity, is artist-life at Rome, to one thoroughly cognizant of its humors and aspirations, its interiors and vagrancies, its self-denials and its resources. I have sometimes imagined what a story the old white dog who so long frequented the Lepri and the Caffè Greco, and attached himself so capriciously to the brother artists of his deceased master, could have told, if blest with memory and language. He had tasted the freedom and the zest of artist-life in Rome, and scorned to follow trader or king. He preferred the odor of canvas and oil to that of conservatories, and had more frolic and dainty morsels at an *al fresco* of the painters, in the Campagna, than the kitchen of an Italian prince could furnish. His very name betokened good cheer, and was pronounced after the manner of the pert waiters who complacently enunciate a few words of English. *Bif-steck* was a privileged dog; and though occasionally made the subject of a practical joke, taught absurd tricks, sent on fools' errands, and his white coat painted like a zebra, these were but casual troubles; he was a sensible dog to despise them, when he could enjoy such quaint companionship, behold such experiments in color and drawing, serve as a model himself, and go on delicious sketching excursions to Albano and Tivoli, besides inhaling tobacco-smoke and hearing stale jests and love soliloquies *ad infinitum*. I am of *Bif-steck's* opinion. There is no such true, earnest, humorous, and individual life, in these days of high civilization, as that of your genuine painter; impoverished as it often is, baffled in its aspirations, unregarded by the material and the worldly, it often rears and keeps pure bright, genial natures whose contact brings back the dreams of

youth. It is pleasant, too, to realize, in a great commercial city, that man "does not live by bread alone," that fun is better than furniture, and a private resource of nature more prolific of enjoyment than financial investments. It is rare comfort, here, in the land of bustle and sunshine, to sit in a tempered light and hear a man sing or improvise stories over his work, to behold once more vagaries of costume, to let the eye rest upon pictorial fragments of Italy,—the "old familiar faces" of Roman models, the endeared outlines of Apennine hills, the *contadina* bodice and the brigand hat, until these objects revive to the heart all the romance of travel.

The technicalities of Art, its refinements of style, its absolute significance, are, indeed, as dependent for appreciation on a special endowment as are mathematics; but the general and incidental associations, in which is involved a world of poetry, may be enjoyed to the full extent by those whose perception of form, sense of color, and knowledge of the principles of sculpture, painting, music, and architecture are notably deficient. It is a law of life and nature, that truth and beauty, adequately represented, create and diffuse a limitless element of wisdom and pleasure. Such memorials are talismanic, and their influence is felt in all the higher and more permanent spheres of thought and emotion; they are the gracious landmarks that guide humanity above the commonplace and the material, along the "line of infinite desires." Art, in its broad and permanent meaning, is a language,—the language of sentiment, of character, of national impulse, of individual genius; and for this reason it bears a lesson, a charm, or a sanction to all,—even those least versed in its rules and least alive to its special triumphs. Sir Walter Scott was no amateur, yet, through his reverence for ancestry and his local attachments, portraiture and architecture had for him a romantic interest. Sydney Smith was impatient of galleries when he could talk with men and women,

and made a practical joke of buying pictures; yet Newton and Leslie elicited his best humor. Talfourd cared little and knew less of the treasures of the Louvre, but lingered there because it had been his friend Hazlitt's Elysium. Indeed, there are constantly blended associations in the history of English authors and artists; Reynolds is identified with Johnson and Goldsmith, Smibert with Berkeley, Barry with Burke, Constable and Wilkie with Sir George Beaumont, Haydon with Wordsworth, and Leslie with Irving; the painters depict their friends of the pen, the latter celebrate in verse or prose the artist's triumphs, and both intermingle thought and sympathy; and from this contact of select intelligences of diverse vocation has resulted the choicest wit and the most genial companionship. If from special we turn to general associations, from biography to history, the same prolific affinities are evident, whereby the artist becomes an interpreter of life, and casts the halo of romance over the stern features of reality. Hampton Court is the almost breathing society of Charles the Second's reign; the Bodleian Gallery is vivid with Britain's past intellectual life; the history of France is pictured on the walls of Versailles; the luxury of color bred by the sunsets of the Euganean hills, the waters of the Adriatic, the marbles of San Marco, and the skies and atmosphere of Venice, are radiant on the canvas of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese; Michel Angelo has embodied the soul of his era and the loftiest spirit of his country; Salvator typified the half-savage picturesqueness, Neapolitan Claude the atmospheric enchantments, Carlo Dolce the effeminate grace, Titian the voluptuous energy, Guido the placid self-possession, and Raphael and Correggio the religious sentiment of Italy; Watteau put on canvas the *fête champêtre*; the peasant-life of Spain is pictured by Murillo, her asceticism by the old religious limners; what English rustics were before steam and railroads Gainsborough and Moreland reveal, Wilkie has perma-

nently symbolized Scotch shrewdness and domesticity, and Lawrence framed and fixed the elegant shapes of a London drawing-room; and each of these is a normal type and suggestive exemplar to the imagination, a chapter of romance, a sequestration and initial token of the characteristic and the historical, either of what has become traditional or what is forever true.

The indirect service good artists have rendered by educating observation has yet to be acknowledged. The Venetian painters cannot be even superficially regarded, without developing the sense of color; nor the Roman, without enlarging our cognizance of expression; nor the English, without refining our perception of the evanescent effects in scenery. Raphael has made infantile grace obvious to unmaternal eyes; Turner opened to many a preoccupied vision the wonders of atmosphere; Constable guided our perception of the casual phenomena of wind; Landseer, that of the natural language of the brute creation; Lely, of the coiffure; Michel Angelo, of physical grandeur; Rolfe, of fish; Gerard Dow, of water; Cuyp, of meadows; Cooper, of cattle; Stanfield, of the sea; and so on through every department of pictorial art. Insensibly these quiet but persuasive teachers have made every phase and object of the material world interesting, environed them with more or less of romance, by such revelations of their latent beauty and meaning; so that, thus instructed, the sunset and the pastoral landscape, the moss-grown arch and the craggy seaside, the twilight grove and the swaying cornfield, an old mill, a peasant, light and shade, form and feature, perspective and anatomy, a smile, a gesture, a cloud, a waterfall, weather-stains, leaves, deer,—every object in Nature, and every impress of the elements, speaks more distinctly to the eye and more effectively to the imagination.

The vicissitudes which sometimes attend a picture or statue furnish no inadequate materials for narrative interest.

Amateur collectors can unfold a tale in reference to their best acquisitions which outvies fiction. Beckford's table-talk abounded in such reminiscences. An American artist, who had resided long in Italy and made a study of old pictures, caught sight at a shop-window in New Orleans of an "Ecce Homo" so pathetic in expression as to arrest his steps and engross his attention. Upon inquiry, he learned that it had been purchased of a soldier fresh from Mexico, after the late war between that country and the United States; he bought it for a trifle, carried it to Europe, and soon authenticated it as an original Guercino, painted for the royal chapel in Madrid, and sent thence by the government to a church in Mexico, whence, after centuries, it had found its way, through the accidents of war, to a pawnbroker's shop in Louisiana. A lady in one of our eastern cities, wishing to possess, as a memorial, some article which had belonged to a deceased neighbor, and not having the means, at the public sale of her effects, to bid for an expensive piece of furniture, contented herself with buying for a few shillings a familiar chimney-screen. One day she discovered a glistening surface under the flowered paper which covered it, and when this was torn away, there stood revealed a picture of Jacob and Rebecca at the Well, by Paul Veronese; doubtless thus concealed with a view to its secret removal during the first French Revolution. The missing Charles First of Velasquez was lately exhibited in this country, and the account its possessor gives of the mode of its discovery and the obstacles which attended the establishment of its legal ownership in England is a remarkable illustration both of the tact of the connoisseur and the mysteries of jurisprudence.

There is scarcely, indeed, an artist or a patron of art, of any eminence, who has not his own "story of a picture." Like all things of beauty and of fame, the very desire of possession which a painting excites, and the interest it awakens, give rise to some costly sacrifice, or incidental

circumstance, which associates the prize with human fortune and sentiment. I remember an anecdote of this kind told me by a friend in Western New York.

"Waiting," said he, "in the little front-parlor of a house in the town of C——, to transact some business with its occupant, I was attracted by a clean sketch in oil that hung above the fireplace. It might have escaped notice elsewhere, but traces of real skill in Art were too uncommon in this region to be disregarded by any lover of her fruits. The readiness to seize upon any casual source of interest, common with those who "stand and wait" in a place where they are strangers, doubtless had something to do with the careful attention I bestowed upon this production. It was a very modest attempt,—a bit of landscape, with two horses grazing and a man at work in the foreground. Quiet in tone, and half-concealed by the shaded casement, it was only by degrees, and to ward off the *ennui* of a listless half-hour, that I gradually became absorbed in its examination. There were some masterly lines, clever arrangement, a true feeling, and a peculiar delicacy of treatment, that implied the hand of a trained artist.

"My pleasant communion with the unknown was at last interrupted by the entrance of my tardy man-of-business, but the instant our affair was transacted I inquired about the sketch. It proved to be the work of a young Englishman then residing in the neighborhood. I obtained his address and sought his dwelling. He was scraping an old palette as we entered, and advanced with it in one hand, while he saluted me with the air of a gentleman and the simplicity of an honest man. He wore a linen blouse, his collar was open, his hair long and dark, his complexion pale, his eye thoughtful, and a settled expression of sweetness and candor about the mouth made me feel, at a glance, that I had rightly interpreted the sketch. I mentioned it as an apology for my intrusion, and added, that a natural fondness for Art, and rare opportunities for gratifying the

taste, induced me to improve occasions like this with alacrity. He seemed delighted to welcome such a visitor, as his life, for several weeks, had been quite isolated. The retirement and agreeable scenery of this inland town harmonized with his feelings; he was unambitious, happy in his domestic relations, and had managed, from time to time, to execute a portrait or dispose of a sketch, and thus subsist in comfort; so that an accidental and temporary visit to this secluded region had unconsciously lengthened into a whole summer's residence,—partly to be ascribed to the kindness and easy terms of his good old host, a thrifty farmer, whose wife, having no children of her own, doted upon the painter's boy, and grieved at the mention of their departure. I doubt if my new friend would have had the enterprise to migrate at all, but for my urgency; but I soon discovered, that, with the improvidence of his tribe, he had laid nothing by, and that he stood in need of medical advice, and, after a long conversation, upon my engaging to secure him an economical home and plenty of work in Utica, he promised to remove thither in a month; and then becoming more cheerful, he exhibited, one by one, the trophies of Art in his possession.

"Among them were a Moreland and a Gainsborough, some fine engravings after Reynolds, prints, cartoons, and crayon heads by famous artists, and two or three Hogarth proof-impressions; but the treasure which riveted my gaze was a masterly head of such vigorous outline and effective tints, that I immediately recognized the strong, free, bold handling of Gilbert Stuart. 'That was given me,' said the gratified painter, 'by the son of an Edinburgh physician, who, when a young practitioner, had the good-fortune to call one day upon Stuart when he was suffering from the effects of a fall. He had been thrown from a vehicle and had broken his arm, which was so unskillfully set that it became inflamed and swollen, and the clumsy surgeon talked of amputation. Imagine the

feeling of such an artist at the idea of losing his right arm! The doctor's visit was not professional, but, seeing the despondent mood of the invalid artist, he could not refrain the offer of service. It was accepted, and proved successful, and the patient's gratitude was unbounded. As the doctor refused pecuniary compensation, Stuart insisted upon painting a likeness of his benefactor; and as he worked under no common impulse, the result, as you see, was a masterpiece.'

"A few weeks after this pleasant interview, I had established my *protégé* at Utica, and obtained him several commissions. But his medical attendant pronounced his disease incurable; he lingered a few months, conversing to the last, during the intervals of pain and feebleness, with a resignation and intelligence quite endearing. When he died, I advised his widow to preserve as long as possible the valuable collection he had left, and with it she repaired to one of her kindred in affluent circumstances, living fifty miles away. She endeavored to force upon my acceptance one, at least, of her husband's cherished pictures; but, knowing her poverty, I declined, only stipulating that if ever she parted with the Stuart, I should have the privilege of taking it at her own price.

"A year passed, and I was informed that many of her best things had become the property of her relative, who, however, knew not how to appreciate them. I commissioned a friend, who knew him, to purchase at any cost the one I craved. He discovered that a native artist, who had been employed to delineate the family, had obtained this work in payment, and had it carefully enshrined in his studio at Syracuse. This was Charles Elliot; and the possession of so excellent an original by one of the best of our artists in this department explains his subsequent triumphs in portraiture. He made a study of this trophy; it inspired his pencil; from its contemplation he caught the secret of color, the breadth and strength of execution, which have since placed him among the first of American

portrait-painters, especially for old and characteristic heads. Thus, in the centre of Western New York, he found his Academy, his Royal College, his Gallery and life-school, in one adequate effort of Stuart's masterly hand; the offering of gratitude became the model and the impulse whereby a farmer's son on the banks of the Mohawk rose to the highest skill and eminence. But this was a gradual process; and meantime it is easy to imagine what a treasure the picture became in his estimation. It was only by degrees that his merit gained upon public regard. His first visit to New York was a failure; and after waiting many weeks in vain for a sitter, he was obliged to pay his indulgent landlord with a note of hand, and return to the more economical latitude of Syracuse. There he learned that a wealthy trader, desirous of the *éclat* of a connoisseur, was resolved to possess the cherished portrait. Although poor, he was resolved never to part with it; but the sagacious son of Mammon was too keen for him; discovering his indebtedness, he bought the artist's note of the innkeeper, and levied an execution upon his effects. But genius is often more than a match for worldly-wisdom. Elliot soon heard of the plot, and determined to defeat it. He worked hard and secretly, until he had made so good a copy that the most practised eye alone could detect the counterfeit; and then concealing the original at his lodgings, he quietly awaited the legal attachment. It was duly levied, the sale took place, and the would-be amateur bought the familiar picture hanging in its accustomed position, and then boasted in the market-place of the success of his base scheme. Ere long one of Elliot's friends revealed the clever trick. The enraged purchaser commenced a suit, and, although the painter eventually retained the picture, the case was carried to the Supreme Court, and he was condemned to pay costs. Ten years elapsed. The artist became an acknowledged master, and prosperity followed his labors. No

one can mistake the rich tints and vigorous expression, the character and color, which distinguish Elliot's portraits; but few imagine how much he is indebted to the long possession and study of so invaluable an original for these traits, moulded by his genius into so many admirable representations of the loved, the venerable, and the honored, both living and dead."

Another friend of mine, in exploring the more humble class of boarding-houses in one of our large commercial towns, in search of an unfortunate relation, found himself, while expecting the landlady, absorbed in a portrait on the walls of a dingy back-parlor. The furniture was of the most common description. A few smutched and faded annuals, half-covered with dust, lay on the centre-table, beside an old-fashioned astral lamp, a cracked porcelain vase of wax-flowers, a yellow satin pincushion embroidered with tarnished gold-lace, and an album of venerable hue filled with hyperbolic apostrophes to the charms of some ancient beauty; which, with the dilapidated window-curtains, the obsolete sideboard, the wooden effigy of a red-faced man with a spyglass under his arm, and the cracked alabaster clock-case on the mantel, all bespoke an impoverished establishment, so devoid of taste that the beautiful and artistic portrait seemed to have found its way there by a miracle. It represented a young and *spirituelle* woman, in the costume, so elegant in material and formal in mode, which Copley has immortalized; in this instance, however, there was a French look about the coiffure and robe. The eyes were bright with intelligence chastened by sentiment, the features at once delicate and spirited, and altogether the picture was one of those visions of blended youth, grace, sweetness, and intellect, from which the fancy instinctively infers a tale of love, genius, or sorrow, according to the mood of the spectator. Subdued by his melancholy errand and discouraged by a long and vain search, my friend, whose imagination was quite as excitable as his taste was correct, soon

wove a romance around the picture. It was evidently not the work of a novice; it was as much out of place in this obscure and inelegant domicil, as a diamond set in filigree, or a rose among pigweed. How came it there? who was the original? what her history and her fate? Her parentage and her nurture must have been refined; she must have inspired love in the chivalric; perchance this was the last relic of an illustrious exile, the last memorial of a princely house.

This reverie of conjecture was interrupted by the entrance of the landlady. My friend had almost forgotten the object of his visit; and when his anxious inquiries proved vain, he drew the loquacious hostess into general conversation, in order to elicit the mystery of the beautiful portrait. She was a robust, gray-haired woman, with whose constitutional good-nature care had waged a long and partially successful war. That indescribable air which speaks of better days was visible at a glance; the remnants of bygone gentility were obvious in her dress; she had the peculiar manner of one who had enjoyed social consideration; and her language indicated familiarity with cultivated society; yet the anxious expression habitual to her countenance, and the bustling air of her vocation which quickly succeeded conversational repose, hinted but too plainly straitened circumstances and daily toil. But what struck her present curious visitor more than these casual traits were the remains of great beauty in the still lovely contour of the face, the refined lines of her mouth, and the depth and varied play of the eyes. He was both sympathetic and ingenious, and ere long gained the confidence of his auditor. The unfeigned interest and the true perception he manifested in speaking of the portrait rendered him, in its owner's estimation, worthy to know the story his own intuition had so nearly divined. The original was Theodosia, the daughter of Aaron Burr. His affection for her was the redeeming fact of his career and charac-

ter. Both were anomalous in our history. In an era remarkable for patriotic self-sacrifice, he became infamous for treasonable ambition; among a phalanx of statesmen illustrious for directness and integrity, he pursued the tortuous path of perfidious intrigue; in a community where the sanctities of domestic life were unusually revered, he bore the stigma of unscrupulous libertinism. With the blood of his gallant adversary and his country's idol on his hands, the penalties of debt and treason hanging over him, the fertility of an acute intellect wasted on vain expedients,—an outlaw, an adventurer, a plausible reasoner with one sex and fascinating betrayer of the other, poor, bereaved, contemned,—one holy, loyal sentiment lingered in his perverted soul,—love for the fair, gifted, gentle being who called him father. The only disinterested sympathy his letters breathe is for her; and the feeling and sense of duty they manifest offer a remarkable contrast to the parallel record of a life of unprincipled schemes, misused talents, and heartless amours. As if to complete the tragic antithesis of destiny, the beloved and gifted woman who thus shed an angelic ray upon that dark career was soon after her father's return from Europe lost in a storm at sea while on her way to visit him, thus meeting a fate which, even at this distance of

time, is remembered with pity. Her wretched father bore with him, in all his wanderings and through all his remorseful exile, her picture,—emblem of filial love, of all that is beautiful in the ministry of woman, and all that is terrible in human fate. At length he lay dangerously ill in a garret. He had parted with one after another of his articles of raiment, books, and trinkets, to defray the expenses of a long illness; Theodosia's picture alone remained; it hung beside him,—the one talisman of irreproachable memory, of spotless love, and of undying sorrow; he resolved to die with this sweet relic of the loved and lost in his possession; there his sacrifices ended. Life seemed slowly ebbing; the unpaid physician lagged in his visits; the importunate landlord threatened to send this once dreaded partisan, favored guest, and successful lover to the almshouse; when, as if the spell of woman's affection were spiritually magnetic, one of the deserted old man's early victims—no other than she who spoke—accidentally heard of his extremity, and, forgetting her wrongs, urged by compassion and her remembrance of the past, sought her betrayer, provided for his wants, and rescued him from impending dissolution. In grateful recognition of her Christian kindness, he gave her all he had to bestow,—Theodosia's portrait.

CRETINS AND IDIOTS:

WHAT HAS BEEN AND WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THEM.

AMONG the numerous philanthropic movements which have characterized the nineteenth century, none, perhaps, are more deserving of praise than those which have had for their object the improvement of the cretin and the idiot, classes until recently considered as beyond the reach of curative treatment.

The traveller, whom inclination or science may have led into the Canton Vaudais, or Pays-de-Vaud, in Switzerland, or into the less frequented regions of Savoy, Aosta, or Styria, impressed as he may be with the beauty and grandeur of the scenery through which he passes, finds himself startled also at the frightful de-

formity and degradation of the inhabitants. By the roadside, basking in the sun, he beholds beings whose appearance seems such a caricature upon humanity, that he is at a loss to know whether to assign them a place among the human or the brute creation. Unable to walk,—usually deaf and dumb,—with bleared eyes, and head of disproportionate size,—brown, flabby, and leprous skin,—a huge goitre descending from the throat and resting upon the breast,—an abdomen enormously distended,—the lower limbs crooked, weak, and ill-shaped,—without the power of utterance, or thoughts to utter,—and generally incapable of seeing, not from defect of the visual organs, but from want of capacity to fix the eye upon any object,—the cretin seems beyond the reach of human sympathy or aid. In intelligence he is far below the horse, the dog, the monkey, or even the swine; the only instincts of his nature are hunger and lust, and even these are fitful and irregular.

The number of these unfortunate beings in the mountainous districts of Europe, and especially of Central and Southern Europe, is very great. In several of the Swiss cantons they form from four to five per cent. of the population. In Rhenish Prussia, and in the Danubian provinces of Austria, the number is still greater; in Styria, many villages of four or five thousand inhabitants not having a single man capable of bearing arms. In Würtemberg and Bavaria, in Savoy, Sardinia, the Alpine regions of France, and the mountainous districts of Spain, the disease is very prevalent.

The causes of so fearful a degeneration of body and mind are not satisfactorily ascertained. Extreme poverty, impure air, filthiness of person and dwelling, unwholesome diet, the use of water impregnated with some of the magnesian salts, intemperance, (particularly in the use of the cheap and vile brandy of Switzerland,) and the intermarriage of near relatives and of those affected with goitre, have all been assigned, and with apparently good reason; yet there are

cases which are attributable to none of these causes.

The disease is not, however, confined to Europe. It is prevalent also in China and Chinese Tartary, in Thibet, along the base of the Himalaya range in India, in Sumatra, in the vicinity of the Andes in South America, in Mexico; and sporadic cases are found along the line of the Alleghanies. It is said not to occur in Europe at a higher elevation than four thousand feet above the sea level.

The derivation of the name is involved in some mystery; most writers regarding it as a corruption of the French *Chrétien*, as indicative of the incapacity of these unfortunate beings to commit sin. A more probable theory, however, is that which deduces it from the Grison-Romance *Cretira*, "creature."

The existence of this disease has long been known; references are made to it by Pliny, as well as by some of the Roman writers in the second century of the Christian era; and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries its prevalence and causes were frequently discussed. Most of the writers on the subject, however, considered the case of the poor cretin as utterly hopeless; and the few who deemed a partial improvement of his health, though not of his intellect, possible, merely suggested some measures for that purpose, without making any effort to reduce them to practice. It was reserved for a young physician of Zürich, Doctor Louis Guggenbühl, whose practical benevolence was active enough to overcome any repugnance he might feel to labors in behalf of a class so degraded and apparently unpromising, to be the pioneer in an effort to improve their physical, mental, and moral condition.

It is now twenty-one years since this noble philanthropist, then just entering upon the duties of his profession, was first led by some incidents occurring during a tour in the Bernese Alps to investigate the condition of the cretin. For three years he devoted himself to the study of the disease and the method of treating it. Two years of this period

were spent in the small village of Seruf, in the Canton Glarus, where he was successful in restoring several to the use of their limbs. It was at the end of this period, that, with a moral courage and devotion of which history affords but few examples, Doctor Guggenbühl resolved to dedicate his life to the elevation of the cretins from their degraded condition. Consecrating his own property to the work, he asked assistance from the Canton Bern in the purchase of land for a hospital, and received a grant of six hundred francs (\$120) for the work. His investigations had satisfied him that an elevated and dry locality was desirable, and that it was only the young who could be benefited. He accordingly purchased, in 1840, a tract of about forty acres of land, comprising a portion of the hill called the Abenberg, in the Canton Bern, above Interlachen. The site of his Hospital buildings is about four thousand feet above the sea, and one or two hundred feet below the summit of the hill; it is well protected from the cold winds, and the soil is tolerably fertile.

There are few spots, even among the Alps, which can compare with the Abenberg in beauty and grandeur of scenery. Doctor Guggenbühl was led to select it as much for this reason as for its salubrity, in the belief, which his subsequent experience has fully justified, that the striking nobleness of the landscape would awaken, even in the torpid mind of the cretin, that sense of the beautiful in Nature which would materially aid in his intellectual culture.

On the southern slope of the Abenberg he erected his Hospital buildings, plain, wooden structures, without ornament, but comfortable, and well adapted to his purpose. Here he gathered about thirty cretin children, mostly under ten years of age, and began his work.

To understand fully what was to be accomplished, in order to transform the young cretin into an active, healthy child, it is necessary that we should glance at his physical and mental condition, when placed under treatment.

Cretinism seems to be a combination of two diseases, the one physical, the other mental. The physical disorder is akin to *Rachitis*, or rickets, while the mental is substantially idiocy. The osseous structure, deficient in the phosphate of lime, is unable to sustain the weight of the body, and the cretin is thus incapacitated for active motion; the muscles are soft and wasted; the skin dingy, cold, and unhealthy; the appetite voracious; spasmodic and convulsed action frequent; and the digestion imperfect and greatly disordered. The mind seems to exist only in a germinal state; observation, memory, thought, the power of combination, are all wanting. The external senses are so torpid, that, for months perhaps, it is in vain to address either eye or ear; nor is the sense of touch much more active. The cretin is insensible to pain or annoyance, and seems to have as little sensation as an oyster.

It was to the work of restoring these diseased and enfeebled bodies to health, and of developing these germs of intellect, that Doctor Guggenbühl addressed himself. For this purpose, pure air, enforced exercise, the use of cold, warm, and vapor baths, of spirituous lotions and frictions, a simple yet eminently nutritive diet, regular habits, and the administration of those medicinal alteratives which would give tone to the system, activity to the absorbents, and vigor to the muscles, were the remedial measures adopted. As their strength increased, they were led to practise the simpler gymnastic exercises,—running, jumping, climbing, marching, the use of the dumb-bells, etc.

The body thus partially invigorated, the culture of the mind was next to be attempted,—a far more difficult task. The first step was, to teach the child to speak; and as this implied the ability to hear, the ear, hitherto dead to all sounds, must be impressed. For this purpose, sound was communicated by speaking-trumpets or other instruments, which should force and fix the attention. The lips and vocal organs were then moulded to imitate

these sounds. The process was long and wearisome, often occupying months, and even years; but in the end it was successful. The eye was trained by the attraction of bright and varied colors, and little by little simple ideas were communicated to the feeble intellect,—great care being necessary, however, to proceed very slowly, as the cretin is easily discouraged, and when once overtasked, will make no further attempts to learn.

It was only by gaining the love of these poor creatures that they could be led to make any progress; and at an early stage of their training, Doctor Guggenbühl deemed it wise to infuse into their dawning minds the knowledge and the love of a higher Being, to teach them something of the power and goodness of God. The result, he assures us, has been highly satisfactory; the mind, too feeble for earthly lore, too weak to grasp the simplest facts of science, has yet comprehended something of the love of the All-father, and lifted up to him its imperfect but plaintive supplication. That the enthusiasm of this good man may have led him to exaggerate somewhat the extent of the religious attainments of his pupils is possible; but the experience of every teacher of the cretin or the idiot has satisfactorily demonstrated that simple religious truths are acquired by those who seem incapable of understanding the plainest problems in arithmetic or the most elementary facts of science. God has so willed it, that the mightiest intellect which strives unavailingly to comprehend the wisdom and glory of his creation, and the feeblest intelligence which knows only and instinctively his love, shall alike find in that love their highest solace and delight.

The phenomena of Nature were next made the objects of instruction; and to this the well-chosen position of the establishment largely contributed. Sunshine and storm, the light clouds which mottled the sky and the black heaps which foreboded the tempest, the lightning and the rainbow, all in turn served to awaken the slumbering faculties, and

to rouse the torpid intellect to greater activity.

The next step was, to teach the cretin some knowledge of objects around him, animate and inanimate, and of his relations to them. The exercise of the senses followed, and gayly colored pictures were presented to the eye, charming music to the ear, fragrant odors to the smell, and the varieties of sweet, bitter, sour, and pungent substances to the taste.

When the perceptive faculties were thus trained, books were made to take the place of object lessons; reading and writing were taught by long and patient endeavor; the elements of arithmetic, of Scripture history, and of geography were communicated; and mechanical instruction was imparted at the same time.

Under this general routine of instruction, Dr. Guggenbühl has conducted his establishment for seventeen years, often with limited means, and at times struggling with debt, from which, more than once, kind English friends, who have visited the Hospital, or become interested in the man, during his occasional hasty visits to Great Britain, have relieved him. His personal appearance is thus described by a friend who was on terms of intimacy with him; the place is at one of Lord Rosse's *conversazioni*. "Imagine in the crowd which swept through his Lordship's suite of rooms a small, foreign-looking man, with features of a Grecian cast, and long, shoulder-covering, black hair; look at that man's face; there is a gentleness, an amiability combined with intelligence, which wins you to him. His dress is peculiar in that crowd of white cravats and acres of cambric shirt-fronts; black, well-worn black, is his suit; but his waistcoat is of black satin, double-breasted, and buttoned closely up to the throat. It is Dr. Guggenbühl, the mildest, the gentlest of men, but one of those calm, reflecting minds that push on after a worthy object, undismayed by difficulties, undeterred by ridicule or rebuff."

In his labors in behalf of the unfortu-

nate class to whom he has devoted himself, Dr. Guggenbühl has been assisted very greatly by the Protestant Sisters of Charity, who, like the Catholic sisterhood, dedicate their lives to offices of charity and love to the sick, the unfortunate, and the erring.

Dr. Guggenbühl claims to have effected a perfect cure in about one third of the cases which have been under his charge, by a treatment of from three to six years' duration. The attainment of so large a measure of success has been questioned by some who have visited the Hospital on the Abenberg; and while a part of these critics were undoubtedly actuated by a jealous and fault-finding disposition, it is not impossible that the enthusiasm of the philanthropist may have led him to regard the acquirements of his pupils as beyond what they really were.

A greater source of fallacy, however, is in the want of fixed standards for estimating the comparative capacity of children affected with cretinism, when placed under treatment, and the degree of intellectual and physical development which constitutes a "perfect cure," in the opinion of such men as Dr. Guggenbühl. It is a fact, which all who have long had charge of either cretins or idiots well understand, that a great degree of physical deformity and disorder, a strongly marked rachitic condition of the body, complicated even with loss of hearing and speech, may exist, while the intellectual powers are but slightly affected; in other words, that a child may be in external appearance a cretin, and even one of low grade, yet with a higher degree of intellectual capacity than most cretins possess. On the other hand, the bodily weakness and deformity may be slight, while the mental condition is very low. In the former case, we might reasonably expect, on the successful treatment of the rachitic symptoms, a rapid intellectual development; the child would soon be able to pursue its studies in an ordinary school, and a "perfect cure" would be effected. In the latter case,

though far more promising, apparently, at first, a longer course of training would be requisite, and the most strenuous efforts on the part of the teacher would not, in all probability, bring the pupil up to the level of a respectable mediocrity.

From a great number of cases, narrated in the different Reports of Dr. Guggenbühl before us, we select one as the type of a large class, in which the development of the intellect seems to have been retarded by the physical disorder, but proceeded regularly on the return of health.

"C. was four years old when she entered, with every symptom of confirmed rachitic cretinism. Her nervous system was completely out of order, so that the strongest electric shocks produced scarcely any effect on her for some months. Aromatic baths, frictions, moderate exercise, a regimen of meat and milk, were the means of restoring her. Her bones and muscles grew so strong, that, in the course of a year, she could run and jump. Her mind appeared to advance in proportion to her body, for she learned to talk in French as well as in German. The life and spirits of her age at length burst forth, and she was as gay and happy as she had before been cross and disagreeable. She was particularly open-hearted, active, kind, and cleanly. She learned to read, write, and cipher, to sew and knit, and above all she loved to sing. It is now two years since she left, and she continues quite well, and goes to school."

We think our readers will perceive that this was not a case of confirmed intellectual degradation, but only of retarded mental development, the result of diseased bodily condition. These cases are distressing to parents and friends, and he who succeeds in restoring them to health, intelligence, and the enjoyment of life, accomplishes a great and good work; but it does not necessarily follow that the cases where the mental degeneration is as complete as the physical would as readily yield to treatment; and we are driven to the

conviction that the enthusiasm and zeal of Dr. Guggenbühl have led him to exaggerate the measure of success attained in these cases of low grade, and thus to excite hopes which could never be fulfilled.*

There are four other institutions in Germany devoted wholly or in part to the treatment of cretins; they are located at Bendorf, Mariaberg, Winterbach, and Hubertsburg. There are also two in Sardinia. All together they may contain three hundred children. The success of these institutions has not been equal to that of the Abendberg, although the teachers seem to have been faithful and patient. The statistics of the latest census of the countries of Central and Southern Europe render it certain that those countries contain from seventy-five to eighty thousand cretins, and as the cretin seldom passes his thirtieth year, the number under ten years of age must exceed thirty thousand. The provision for their training is, of course, entirely inadequate to their needs.

The limited experience of the few institutions already established warrants, we think, the conclusion, that too high expectations have been raised in regard to the complete cure of cretinism; that only a small proportion (cases in which the bodily disease is the principal difficulty, and the mental deterioration slight) can be perfectly cured; but that these institutions, regarded as hospitals for the treatment and training of cretins, are in the highest degree important and beneficial; and that, under

proper care and medication, the physical symptoms of the disease may be greatly diminished and in many cases entirely eradicated, and the mental condition so far improved, that the patient shall be able, under proper direction, to support himself wholly or in part by his own labor. The hideous and repulsive condition of the body can be cured; the mental deformity will yield less readily; yet in some instances this, too, may disappear, and the cretin take his place with his fellow-men.

Let us now turn our attention to another class, in whom, as a people, we have a deeper interest; for though cretinism does undoubtedly exist in the United States, yet the cases are but few; while idiocy is fearfully prevalent throughout the country.

The possibility of improving the condition of the idiot is one of those discoveries which will make the nineteenth century remarkable in the annals of the future for its philanthropic spirit. Idiots have existed in all ages, and have commonly vegetated through life in utter wretchedness and degrading filth, concealed from public view.

During the early part of the present century, a few attempts were made to instruct them; the earliest known being at the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in Hartford, in 1818. In 1824, Dr. Belhomme, of Paris, published an essay on the possibility of improving the condition of idiots; and in 1828, a few were instructed for a short time at the Bicêtre, one of the large insane hospitals of Paris. In 1831, M. Falret attempted the same work at the Salpêtrière, another of the hospitals for the insane in the same city. Neither of these efforts was continued long in existence. In 1833, Dr. Voisin, a distinguished French physiologist and phrenologist, attempted the organization of a school for idiots in Paris. In 1839, aided by Dr. Leuret, he revived the School for Idiots in the Bicêtre, subsequently under the charge of M. Vallée. The "Apostle to the Idiots," however, to use a French

* Dr. F. Kern, Superintendent of the Idiot School at Gohlis, near Leipzig, in an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitschrift für Psychiatrie*, published the present year, (1857,) states that he examined a boy in the Abendberg Hospital in 1853, of whom Dr. Guggenbühl had said, in his work *Upon the Cure of Cretinism*, published a few months previously, that, "after the painstaking examination of Dr. Naville, he was held to be capable of entering a training school for teachers, in order to qualify himself for a teacher": Dr. Kern found that he knew neither the day of the week or the month, nor his birthday, nor his age.

expression, was Dr. Edward Seguin. The friend and pupil of Itard, the celebrated surgeon and philanthropist, he had in early youth entered into the views of his master respecting the practicability of their instruction; and when, during his last illness, Itard, with a philanthropy which triumphed over the terrible pangs of disease, reminded him of the work which he had himself longed to undertake, and urged him to devote his abilities to it, the young physician accepted the sacred trust, and thenceforth consecrated his life to the work of endeavoring to elevate the helpless idiot in the scale of humanity.

Previous teachers of the imbecile had not attempted to master the philosophy of idiocy. They had gone to work at hap-hazard, striking at random, hoping somehow, they knew not exactly how, to get some ideas into the mind of the patient, and, by exciting the faculty of imitation, perhaps improve his condition. They succeeded in making him more cleanly, and in inducing him to perform certain acts and exercises, as a well-trained dog, monkey, or parrot might perform them.

Seguin adopted an entirely different course. By a long and careful investigation he satisfied himself as to what idiocy consisted in, and then adopted such measures as he deemed most judicious, for the development of the intellect, and the elevation of the social, mental, moral, and physical character of the idiot.

In his view idiocy is only a prolonged infancy, in which the infantile grace and intelligence having passed away, there remains only the feeble muscular development and mental weakness of that earliest stage of growth. He proposes to follow Nature in his processes of treatment; to invigorate the muscles by bathing and exercise, using some compulsion, if necessary, to effect this; to fix the attention by bright colors, strong contrasts, military manœuvres, etc.; to strengthen and develope the will, the imagination, the senses, and the imitative powers, by a great variety of exercises;

and at each step, to impress the mind with moral principles. The mere acquisition of a few facts, more or less, and the capacity to repeat these, parrot-like, he regards as an attainment of very little consequence; the great object should be to make the child do his own thinking, and this once attained, he will acquire facts as he needs them.

Dr. Seguin met with a high degree of success in the instruction of idiotic and imbecile children, and in 1846 published a treatise on the treatment of idiocy, which will, for years to come, be the manual of every teacher of this unfortunate class.

While Seguin was demonstrating the truth of his theory of instruction at Paris, Herr Saegert, a teacher of deaf mutes at Berlin, having attempted, unsuccessfully, the instruction of a deaf and dumb idiot, was led to inquire into the reasons of his failure. Without any knowledge of Seguin's labors, he arrived substantially at the same conclusions, and devoted his leisure to medical study, in order to grapple more successfully with the problem of the instruction of idiots. In 1840 he commenced receiving idiotic pupils, and has maintained a school for them in Berlin up to the present time. Herr Saegert is inclined to regard idiocy as dependent upon the condition of the brain and nervous system, to a greater extent, perhaps, than Dr. Seguin, and to rely upon medication to some extent; though in his writings he professes to consider it a condition, and not a disease.

The success of the efforts of Seguin and Saegert was soon reported in other countries, and as early as 1846 excited the attention of philanthropists in England and the United States. Schools for the training of idiots were established, on a small scale at first, by some benevolent ladies, at Bath, Brighton, and Lancaster, England. In 1847, an effort was made to establish an institution in some degree commensurate with the wants of the unfortunate class for whom it was intended. In this move-

ment, Dr. John Conolly, the father of the non-restraint system in the treatment of the insane, Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, Rev. Edwin Sidney, and Sir S. M. Peto have distinguished themselves by their zeal and liberality. Extensive buildings were rented at Highgate, near London, and at Colchester, for the accommodation of idiotic pupils, while a strenuous and successful effort was made to obtain the necessary funds for the erection of an asylum of great size. The Royal Institution for Idiots, completed in 1856, has between four hundred and five hundred beds, and is already nearly or quite full. Essex Hall, at Colchester, has also been fitted up as a permanent establishment for their instruction, and furnishes accommodation for some two hundred more. Two small institutions, supported by private beneficence, have also been organized in Scotland.

The British institutions have admitted, to a very considerable extent, a class of pupils who are not properly idiots, but only persons of imbecile purpose, or simply awkward, and of partially developed intellects. Some of these, who have arrived even at the age of twenty-five or thirty years, have been greatly benefited, and, after two or three years' instruction, have left the institution with as much intelligence, apparently, as most of those in the same walk of life. This result is, and should be, a matter of great gratification to the managers; but it is hardly just to regard success in such cases as cures of idiocy. The greater part of the admissions to the Royal Institution are from the pauper and poor laboring classes; and the simple substitution of wholesome and sufficient food for a meagre and innutritious diet is alone sufficient to effect a marked change in them. The greater part of the pupils in that institution are instructed in some of the simpler mechanic arts, and the Reports assure us that they have generally acquired them with facility.

There can be no question of the benevolence of attempting the restoration

to society, and to active and useful life, of these awkward, undeveloped, and backward youth,—of educating their hitherto undeveloped faculties, of eradicating those habits which rendered them disagreeable, and often almost unendurable; but these youths are not idiots, and no such analogy exists between them and idiots as would enable us to infer with certainty the successful treatment of the latter from the comparatively rapid development of the former.

In our own country more satisfactory data exist for determining this point. The movement for the instruction of idiots commenced almost simultaneously in New York and Massachusetts. The first school for idiots in this country was commenced at Barre, Massachusetts, by Dr. H. B. Wilbur, in July, 1848; and the Massachusetts Experimental School, by Dr. S. G. Howe, in October of the same year. There are now in the United States six institutions for the instruction and training of this unfortunate class, namely: the Massachusetts School, at South Boston, still under the general superintendence of Dr. Howe; a private institution for idiots, imbeciles, backward and eccentric children at Barre, under the care of Dr. George Brown, being the one originally founded by Dr. Wilbur; the New York State Asylum for Idiots, at Syracuse, of which Dr. Wilbur is the superintendent; a private school for idiots and imbeciles at Haerlem, N. Y., under the care of Mr. J. B. Richards; the Pennsylvania Training School for Idiots, at Germantown, Penn., under the care of Dr. Parish; and an Experimental School, recently organized, at Columbus, Ohio, under an appropriation from the State legislature, presided over by Dr. Patterson. Of these, only the first three have had an experience sufficiently long to offer any reliable results from which the success of idiot instruction can be deduced.

The solution of the question, whether the idiot can be elevated to the standard of mediocrity, physically and intellectually, is not merely one of interest to the

psychologist, who seeks to ascertain the metes and bounds of the mental capacity of the race; it is also of paramount importance to the political economist, who wishes to determine the productive force of the community, physical and intellectual; it is of practical interest to the statesman, who seeks to know how large a proportion of the population are necessarily dependent upon the state or individuals for their support; it is a matter of pecuniary importance to the tax-payer, who is naturally desirous of learning whether these drones in the hive, who not only perform no labor themselves, but require others to attend them, and who often, also, from their imbecility, are made the tools and dupes of others in the commission of crime, cannot be transformed into producers instead of consumers, and become quiet and orderly citizens, instead of pests in the community.

The statistics of idiocy are necessarily imperfect. No United States census or State enumeration is at all reliable; the idea of what constitutes idiocy is so very vague, that one census-taker would report *none*, in a district where another might find twenty. It is very seldom the case that the friends or relatives of an idiot will admit that he is more than a little eccentric; many of the worst cases in the institutions for idiots were brought there by friends who protested that they were not idiots, but only a little singular in their habits.

In Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Ohio, efforts have been made, by correspondence with physicians and town officers, to obtain data from which an approximate estimate might be attained. These efforts, though not so satisfactory as could be desired, are yet sufficient to authorize the conclusion that there are in those three States (and probably the same figures would hold good for the rest of the Union) about one fifth of one per cent. of the population who are idiots of low grade, and about the same number who are of weak and imbecile intellect. This would give us in the United States

about fifty-two thousand idiots, and as many more imbeciles. At the lowest estimate, the cost of supporting this vast army of the unfortunate, beyond the trifling sum which a few of them may be able to earn, is more than ten millions of dollars per annum. Nor is this all, or even the worst feature of their case. The greater part of them are without sense of shame, without any notions of chastity or decency, and so weak in moral sense as to be the ready tools and dupes of artful villains, and often themselves exhibit a perverseness and malignity of character which render them dangerous members of society. Their influence for evil, direct and indirect, no man can estimate. The chaplains and other officers of our State prisons and penitentiaries will testify that a large proportion of the inmates of those establishments, though not idiots, are weak-minded and imbecile; and it is by no means a rare circumstance to find persons, who should properly be under treatment as idiots, suffering the doom of the felon.

Under these circumstances, the question, What can be done with this unfortunate and helpless class? becomes one of great importance.

A careful examination of the institutions for their training in this country and Europe, and an extended inquiry into their present condition when not under instruction, have enabled us to arrive at the following conclusions.

There is very little hope of any considerable permanent improvement of the idiot, if not placed under training before his sixteenth year. His habits may, indeed, be somewhat amended, and the mind temporarily roused; but this improvement will seldom continue after he is removed from the institution.

The existence of severe epilepsy, or other profound disease, is a serious bar to success.

Of those not affected by epilepsy, who are brought under instruction in childhood, from one third to one fourth may be so far improved as to become capable of performing the ordinary duties of life

with tolerable fidelity and ability. They may acquire sufficient knowledge to be able to read, to write, to understand the elementary facts of geography, history, and arithmetic; they may be capable of writing a passable letter; they may acquire a sufficient knowledge of farming, or of the mechanic arts, to be able to work well and faithfully under appropriate supervision; they may attain a sufficient knowledge of the government and laws under which they live, to be qualified to exercise the electoral franchise quite as well as many of those who do exercise it; they may make such advances in morals, as to act with justice and honor toward their fellow-men, and exhibit the influence of Christianity in changing their degraded and wayward natures to purity, chastity, and holiness.

A larger class, probably one half of the whole, can be so much benefited, as to become cleanly in their habits, quiet in their deportment, capable, perhaps, of reading and writing, but not of original composition, able to perform, with suitable supervision, many kinds of work which require little close thought, and, under the care of friends, of becoming happy and useful. This class, if neglected after leaving the school, will be likely to relapse into some of their early habits, but if properly cared for, may continue to improve.

A small number, and as frequently, perhaps, as otherwise, those apparently the most promising at entering, will make little or no progress. It cannot be predicted beforehand that such will be the result of any case, for the most hopeless at entering have often made decided advancement; but the fact remains, that no methods of instruction yet adopted will *invariably* develope the slumbering intellect, or strengthen and correct the enfeebled or depraved will.

The institutions for the training of idiots should be greatly multiplied, and should have a department for awkward, eccentric, and backward children. The methods adopted would be of great benefit to these, and would often call into activity intellects which might be useful in their proper spheres.

We regard this great movement for the improvement of a class hitherto considered so hopeless, as one of the most honorable and benevolent enterprises of our time. It is yet in its infancy; but we hope to see, ere many years have passed, in every State of our Union, asylums reared, where these waifs of humanity shall be gathered, and such training given them as may develope in the highest degree possible the hitherto rudimentary faculties of their minds, and render them capable of performing, in some humble measure, their part in the drama of life.

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio.
And taste with a distempered appetite!—SHAKSPEARE.

Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour.—FRENCH NOVEL.

Solvitur ambulando.—SOLUTIO SOPHISMATUM.

Flevit amores
Non elaboratum ad pedem.—HORACE.

OVER the great windy waters, and over the clear crested summits,
Unto the sun and the sky, and unto the perfecter earth,
Come, let us go,—to a land wherein gods of the old time wandered,
Where every breath even now changes to ether divine.
Come, let us go; though withal a voice whisper, “The world that we live in,
Whithersoever we turn, still is the same narrow crib;

'Tis but to prove limitation, and measure a cord, that we travel ;
 Let who would 'scape and be free go to his chamber and think ;
 'Tis but to change idle fancies for memories wilfully falser ;
 'Tis but to go and have been."—Come, little bark, let us go !

I.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

DEAR EUSTATIO, I write that you may write me an answer,
 Or at the least to put us *en rapport* with each other.
 Rome disappoints me much,—St. Peter's, perhaps, in especial ;
 Only the Arch of Titus and view from the Lateran please me :
 This, however, perhaps, is the weather, which truly is horrid.
 Greece must be better, surely ; and yet I am feeling so spiteful,
 That I could travel to Athens, to Delphi, and Troy, and Mount Sinai,
 Though but to see with my eyes that these are vanity also.

Rome disappoints me much ; I hardly as yet understand, but
Rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would suit it.
 All the foolish destructions, and all the sillier savings,
 All the incongruous things of past incompatible ages,
 Seem to be treasured up here to make fools of present and future.
 Would to Heaven the old Goths had made a cleaner sweep of it !
 Would to Heaven some new ones would come and destroy me these churches !
 However, one can live in Rome as also in London.
 Rome is better than London, because it is other than London.
 It is a blessing, no doubt, to be rid, at least for a time, of
 All one's friends and relations,—yourself (forgive me !) included,—
 All the *assujettissement* of having been what one has been,
 What one thinks one is, or thinks that others suppose one ;
 Yet, in despite of all, we turn like fools to the English.
 Vernon has been my fate ; who is here the same that you knew him,—
 Making the tour, it seems, with friends of the name of Trevellyn.

II.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

ROME disappoints me still ; but I shrink and adapt myself to it.
 Somehow a tyrannous sense of a superineumbent oppression
 Still, wherever I go, accompanies ever, and makes me
 Feel like a tree (shall I say ?) buried under a ruin of brick-work.
 Rome, believe me, my friend, is like its own Monte Testaceo,
 Merely a marvellous mass of broken and castaway wine-pots.
 Ye gods ! what do I want with this rubbish of ages departed,
 Things that Nature abhors, the experiments that she has failed in ?
 What do I think of the Forum ? An archway and two or three pillars.
 Well, but St. Peter's ? Alas, Bernini has filled it with sculpture !
 No one can cavil, I grant, at the size of the great Coliseum.
 Doubtless the notion of grand and capacious and massive amusement,
 This the old Romans had ; but tell me, is this an idea ?
 Yet of solidity much, but of splendor little is extant :
 "Brickwork I found thee, and marble I left thee !" their Emperor vaunted ;
 "Marble I thought thee, and brickwork I find thee !" the Tourist may answer

III.—GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA ——.

AT last, dearest Louisa, I take up my pen to address you.
 Here we are, you see, with the seven-and-seventy boxes,
 Courier, Papa and Mamma, the children, and Mary and Susan :
 Here we all are at Rome, and delighted of course with St. Peter's,
 And very pleasantly lodged in the famous Piazza di Spagna.
 Rome is a wonderful place, but Mary shall tell you about it ;
 Not very gay, however ; the English are mostly at Naples ;
 There are the A.s, we hear, and most of the W. party.
 George, however, is come ; did I tell you about his mustachios ?
 Dear, I must really stop, for the carriage, they tell me, is waiting.
 Mary will finish ; and Susan is writing, they say, to Sophia.
 Adieu, dearest Louise,—evermore your faithful Georgina.
 Who can a Mr. Claude be whom George has taken to be with ?
 Very stupid, I think, but George says so *very* clever.

IV.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

No, the Christian faith, as at any rate I understood it,
 With its humiliations and exaltations combining,
 Exaltations sublime, and yet diviner abasements,
 Aspirations from something most shameful here upon earth and
 In our poor selves to something most perfect above in the heavens,—
 No, the Christian faith, as I, at least, understood it,
 Is not here, O Rome, in any of these thy churches ;
 Is not here, but in Freiberg, or Rheims, or Westminister Abbey.
 What in thy Dome I find, in all thy recenter efforts,
 Is a something, I think, more *rational* far, more earthly,
 Actual, less ideal, devout not in scorn and refusal,
 But in a positive, calm, Stoic-Epicurean acceptance.
 This I begin to detect in St. Peter's and some of the churches,
 Mostly in all that I see of the sixteenth-century masters ;
 Overlaid of course with infinite gauds and gewgaws,
 Innocent, playful follies, the toys and trinkets of childhood,
 Forced on maturer years, as the serious one thing essential,
 By the barbarian will of the rigid and ignorant Spaniard.

V.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

LUTHER, they say, was unwise ; like a half-taught German, he could not
 See that old follies were passing most tranquilly out of remembrance ;
 Leo the Tenth was employing all efforts to clear out abuses ;
 Jupiter, Juno, and Venus, Fine Arts, and Fine Letters, the Poets,
 Scholars, and Sculptors, and Painters, were quietly clearing away the
 Martyrs, and Virgins, and Saints, or at any rate Thomas Aquinas.
 He must forsooth make a fuss and distend his huge Wittenberg lungs, and
 Bring back Theology once yet again in a flood upon Europe :
 Lo, you, for forty days from the windows of heaven it fell ; the
 Waters prevail on the earth yet more for a hundred and fifty ;
 Are they abating at last ? The doves that are sent to explore are
 Wearily fain to return, at the best with a leaflet of promise,—
 Fain to return, as they went, to the wandering wave-tost vessel,—

Fain to reënter the roof which covers the clean and the unclean.
 Luther, they say, was unwise ; he didn't see how things were going ;
 Luther was foolish,—but, O great God ! what call you Ignatius ?
 O my tolerant soul, be still ! but you talk of barbarians,
 Alaric, Attila, Genseric ;—why, they came, they killed, they
 Ravaged, and went on their way ; but these vile, tyrannous Spaniards,
 These are here still,—how long, O ye Heavens, in the country of Dante ?
 These, that fanaticized Europe, which now can forget them, release not
 This, their choicest of prey, this Italy ; here you can see them,—
 Here, with emasculate pupils and gimcrack churches of Gesu,
 Pseudo-learning and lies, confessional-boxes and postures,—
 Here, with metallic beliefs and regimental devotions,—
 Here, overcrusting with shame, perverting, defacing, debasing,
 Michael Angelo's dome, that had hung the Pantheon in heaven,
 Raphael's Joys and Graces, and thy clear stars, Galileo !

VI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHICH of three Misses Trevellyn it is that Vernon shall marry
 Is not a thing to be known ; for our friend's is one of those natures
 Which have their perfect delight in the general tender-domestic,
 So that he trifles with Mary's shawl, ties Susan's bonnet,
 Dances with all, but at home is most, they say, with Georgina,
 Who is, however, *too* silly in my apprehension for Vernon.
 I, as before when I wrote, continue to see them a little ;
 Not that I like them so much, or care a *bajocco* for Vernon,
 But I am slow at Italian, have not many English acquaintance,
 And I am asked, in short, and am not good at excuses.
 Middle-class people these, bankers very likely, not wholly
 Pure of the taint of the shop ; will at table d'hôte and restaurant
 Have their shilling's worth, their penny's pennyworth even :
 Neither man's aristocracy this, nor God's, God knoweth !
 Yet they are fairly descended, they give you to know, well connected ;
 Doubtless somewhere in some neighborhood have, and careful to keep, some
 Threadbare-genteel relations, who in their turn are enchanted
 Grandly among county people to introduce at assemblies
 To the unpennied cadets our cousins with excellent fortunes.
 Neither man's aristocracy this, nor God's, God knoweth !

VII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

AH, what a shame, indeed, to abuse these most worthy people !
 Ah, what a sin to have sneered at their innocent rustic pretensions !
 Is it not laudable really, this reverent worship of station ?
 Is it not fitting that wealth should tender this homage to culture ?
 Is it not touching to witness these efforts, if little availing,
 Painfully made, to perform the old ritual service of manners ?
 Shall not devotion atone for the absence of knowledge ? and fervor
 Palliate, cover, the fault of a superstitious observance ?
 Dear, dear, what have I said ? but, alas, just now, like Iago,
 I can be nothing at all, if it is not critical wholly ;
 So in fantastic height, in coxcomb exaltation,

Here in the Garden I walk, can freely concede to the Maker
 That the works of his hand are all very good : his creatures,
 Beast of the field and fowl, he brings them before me ; I name them ;
 That which I name them, they are,—the bird, the beast, and the cattle.
 But for Adam,—alas, poor critical coxcomb Adam !
 But for Adam there is not found an help-meet for him.

VIII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

No, great Dome of Agrippa, thou art not Christian ! canst not,
 Strip and plaster and daub and do what they will with thee, be so !
 Hère underneath the great porch of colossal Corinthian columns,
 Here as I walk, do I dream of the Christian belfries above them ;
 Or on a bench as I sit and abide for long hours, till thy whole vast
 Round grows dim as in dreams to my eyes, I repeople thy niches,
 Not with the Martyrs, and Saints, and Confessors, and Virgins, and children,
 But with the mightier forms of an older, austerer worship ;
 And I recite to myself, how

Eager for battle here
 Stood Vulcan, here matronal Juno,
 And with the bow to his shoulder faithful
 He who with pure dew laveth of Castaly
 His flowing locks, who holdeth of Lycia
 The oak forest and the wood that bore him,
 Delos and Patara's own Apollo.*

IX.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YET it is pleasant, I owrt it, to be in their company ; pleasant,
 Whatever else it may be, to abide in the feminine presence.
 Pleasant, but wrong, will you say ? But this happy, serene coexistence
 Is to some poor soft souls, I fear, a necessity simple,
 Meat and drink and life, and music, filling with sweetness,
 Thrilling with melody sweet, with harmonies strange overwhelming,
 All the long-silent strings of an awkward, meaningless fabric.
 Yet as for that, I could live, I believe, with children ; to have those
 Pure and delicate forms encompassing, moving about you,
 This were enough, I could think ; and truly with glad resignation
 Could from the dream of romance, from the fever of flushed adolescence,
 Look to escape and subside into peaceful avuncular functions.
 Nephews and nieces ! alas, for as yet I have none ! and, moreover,
 Mothers are jealous, I fear me, too often, too rightfully ; fathers
 Think they have title exclusive to spoiling their own little darlings ;
 And by the law of the land, in despite of Malthusian doctrine,
 No sort of proper provision is made for that most patriotic,
 Most meritorious subject, the childless and bachelor uncle.

* Hic avidus stetit
 Vulcanus, hic matrona Juno, et
 Nunquam humero positurus arcum,
 Qui rore puro Castalæ lavat
 Crines solutos, qui Lyciae tenet
 Dumeta natalemque sylvam,
 Delius et Patareus Apollo.

X.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YE, too, marvellous Twain, that erect on the Monte Cavallo
 Stand by your rearing steeds in the grace of your motionless movement,
 Stand with your upstretched arms and tranquil regardant faces,
 Stand as instinct with life in the might of immutable manhood,—
 O ye mighty and strange, ye ancient divine ones of Hellas,
 Are ye Christian too? to convert and redeem and renew you,
 Will the brief form have sufficed, that a Pope has set up on the apex
 Of the Egyptian stone that o'ertops you the Christian symbol?
 And ye, silent, supreme in serene and victorious marble,
 Ye that encircle the walls of the stately Vatican chambers,
 Juno and Ceres, Minerva, Apollo, the Muses and Bacchus,
 Ye unto whom far and near come posting the Christian pilgrims,
 Ye that are ranged in the halls of the mystic Christian pontiff,
 Are ye also baptized? are ye of the Kingdom of Heaven?
 Utter, O some one, the word that shall reconcile Ancient and Modern!
 Am I to turn me for this unto thee, great Chapel of Sixtus?

XI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

THESE are the facts. The uncle, the elder brother, the squire, (a Little embarrassed, I fancy,) resides in a family place in Cornwall, of course. "Papa is in business," Mary informs me; He's a good sensible man, whatever his trade is. The mother Is—shall I call it fine?—herself she would tell you refined, and Greatly, I fear me, looks down on my bookish and maladroit manners; Scmewhat affecteth the blue; would talk to me often of poets; Quotes, which I hate, Childe Harold; but also appreciates Wordsworth; Sometimes adventures on Schiller; and then to religion diverges; Questions me much about Oxford; and yet, in her loftiest flights, still Grates the fastidious ear with the slightly mercantile accent.

Is it contemptible, Eustace,—I'm perfectly ready to think so,—
 Is it,—the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people?
 I am ashamed my own self; and yet true it is, if disgraceful,
 That for the first time in life I am living and moving with freedom.
 I, who never could talk to the people I meet with my uncle,—
 I, who have always failed,—I, trust me, can suit the Trevellyns;
 I, believe me,—great conquest,—am liked by the country bankers.
 And I am glad to be liked, and like in return very kindly.
 So it proceeds; *Laissez faire, laissez aller*,—such is the watchword.
 Well, I know there are thousands as pretty and hundreds as pleasant,
 Girls by the dozen as good, and girls in abundance with polish
 Higher and manners more perfect than Susan or Mary Trevellyn.
 Well, I know, after all, it is only juxtaposition,—
 Juxtaposition, in short; and what is juxtaposition?

XII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

BUT I am in for it now,—*laissez faire*, of a truth, *laissez aller*.
 Yes, I am going,—I feel it, I feel and cannot recall it,—
 Fusing with this thing and that, entering into all sorts of relations,

Tying I know not what ties, which, whatever they are, I know one thing,
 Will and must, woe is me, be one day painfully broken,—
 Broken with painful remorses, with shrinkings of soul, and relentings,
 Foolish delays, more foolish evasions, most foolish renewals.
 But I am in for it now,—I have quitted the ship of Ulysses;
 Yet on my lips is the *moly*, medicinal, offered of Hermes.
 I have passed into the precinct, the labyrinth closes around me,
 Path into path rounding slyly; I pace slowly on, and the fancy,
 Struggling awhile to sustain the long sequences, weary, bewildered,
 Fain must collapse in despair; I yield, I am lost and know nothing;
 Yet in my bosom unbroken remaineth the clue; I shall use it.
 Lo, with the rope on my loins I descend through the fissure; I sink, yet
 Only secure in the strength of invisible arms up above me;
 Still, wheresoever I swing, wherever to shore, or to shelf, or
 Floor of cavern untrodden, shell-sprinkled, enchanting, I know I
 Yet shall one time feel the strong cord tighten about me,—
 Feel it, relentless, upbear me from spots I would rest in; and though the
 Rope sway wildly, I faint, crags wound me, from crag unto crag re-
 Bound, or, wide in the void, I die ten deaths ere the end, I
 Yet shall plant firm foot on the broad lofty spaces I quit, shall
 Feel underneath me again the great massy strengths of abstraction,
 Look yet abroad from the height o'er the sea whose salt wave I have tasted.

XIII.—GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA ——.

DEAREST LOUISA,—Inquire, if you please, about Mr. Claude ——.
 He has been once at R., and remembers meeting the H.s.
 Harriet L., perhaps, may be able to tell you about him.
 It is an awkward youth, but still with very good manners;
 Not without prospects, we hear; and, George says, highly connected.
 Georgy declares it absurd, but Mamma is alarmed and insists he has
 Taken up strange opinions and may be turning a Papist.
 Certainly once he spoke of a daily service he went to.
 “Where?” we asked, and he laughed and answered, “At the Pantheon.”
 This was a temple, you know, and now is a Catholic church; and
 Though it is said that Mazzini has sold it for Protestant service,
 Yet I suppose the change can hardly as yet be effected.
 Adieu again,—evermore, my dearest, your loving Georgina.

P. S. BY MARY TREVELLYN.

I AM to tell you, you say, what I think of our last new acquaintance.
 Well, then, I think that George has a very fair right to be jealous.
 I do not like him much, though I do not dislike being with him.
 He is what people call, I suppose, a superior man, and
 Certainly seems so to me; but I think he is frightfully selfish.

ALBA, thou findest me still, and, Alba, thou findest me ever,
 Now from the Capitol steps, now over Titus's Arch,
 Here from the large grassy spaces that spread from the Lateran portal,
 Towering o'er aqueduct lines lost in perspective between,

Or from a Vatican window, or bridge, or the high Coliseum,
 Clear by the garlanded line cut of the Flavian ring.
 Beautiful can I not call thee, and yet thou hast power to o'ermaster,
 Power of mere beauty; in dreams, Alba, thou hauntest me still.
 Is it religion? I ask me; or is it a vain superstition?
 Slavery abject and gross? service, too feeble, of truth?
 Is it an idol I bow to, or is it a god that I worship?
 Do I sink back on the old, or do I soar from the mean?
 So through the city I wander and question, unsatisfied ever,
 Reverent so I accept, doubtful because I revere.

[To be continued.]

MY AQUARIUM.

ON the tenth of May, 1857, I became the glad possessor of a tank capable of holding thirteen or fourteen gallons of water. Its substantial frame of well-seasoned oak, its stout plank bottom, lavishly covered with cement, promised to resist alike the heat and dryness from without and the wet within. The sides and ends, of double flint-glass, seemed to invite the eye across their clearness. Its chosen site was at a south window, so shaded by a wing of the house as to receive only the morning sun for about two hours; and clustering vines overhung the window, so that the beams fell in checkered light. All was now ready.

A few fragments of white quartz were arranged in rude imitation of ocean recesses, and in their fissures were placed four or five small plants of Enteromorpha and Corallina. Sand was strewn upon the bottom, to the depth of two inches, and ten gallons of sea-water were then poured in. This had been brought from one of the wharves, at high tide, twenty-four hours previously, and twice drawn off with a siphon,—each time after twelve hours' rest. It was not, however, perfectly translucent, and at the end of a week was still cloudy. On the fifth day after the tank was filled, I began to introduce the animals to their future home.

Ten Buccina were first put in possession, in the hope that they would perform the part of gardeners to the young plants. On the sixth day, seven Actinia were disposed upon the rock-work. On the seventh, a Horsefoot (or, as our Southern neighbors call it, a King-Crab, though of most unregal aspect) was allowed to make his burrow in the sand. On the eighth day, four Hermit and Soldier Crabs and two Sand-Crabs were invited to choose their several retreats. On the ninth, three fine Sticklebacks and three Minnows were made free of the mimic ocean; and on the tenth, an Eel and two Prawns.

All seemed well until the evening of the twelfth day, when a small white cloud was seen rising from the bottom. The spot was searched for some dead member of the new colony; but none was found, either there, or in any other part of the tank.

Supposing that the impure gas might be generated by the decay of minute creatures congregated in the cloudy corner, a lump of charcoal was tied to a stone and sunk upon the spot. Next morning, the cloud had cleared from around the charcoal, but slender wreaths of similar appearance were rapidly rising from the sand in every other part of the Aquarium. The fishes came oftener to

the surface than they were wont, and all the animals had lost vigor.

Aëration was resorted to, which was performed by dipping up the water, and pouring it back in a thin stream from a height of several feet, continuing the operation for ten minutes. This was repeated four or five times during the day, and at night more charcoal was added. Some of the pieces were sunk to the bottom, and others were suspended at different depths in the water.

Two or three days passed in this way,—the putrescence kept in check by the means used, but not entirely overcome. Meantime, though none of the stock had died, there was less vitality than at first; especially each morning, after seven or eight hours unaided by aëration.

Tired of what seemed an ineffectual struggle, I determined to leave the Aquarium untouched for a day, and await the result. Accordingly, the charcoal was withdrawn and aëration discontinued. The milky cloud increased in density, and the whole mass of water became turbid. The fishes kept constantly near the surface, swam languidly, and snatched mouthfuls of atmospheric air. The Eel became bloodshot about the gills, and, writhing, gasped for breath. The Soldier-Crabs hung listlessly from their shells, and no longer went about in quest of food. Even the Actiniae shrunk to half their former size; and the Buccina, crawling above the water, ranged themselves in a row upon the dry glass.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, I filled several shallow pans with pure sea-water, clean sand, and fresh plants, and transferred to them my suffering and wellnigh exhausted animals. A day restored them to their normal condition, and now I was ready to begin my Aquarium anew.

But to what purpose should I begin anew? Would there not be the same failure? What had been wrong?

At least two great faults were evident. First, in order to guard against the possibility of a leak, the bottom and posts of

the tank had been covered with many coats of an alcoholic varnish. Now it was probable that time enough had not elapsed between the several applications for the thorough evaporation of the alcohol. Might not its gradual infusion in the water have caused the death of the animalcula in such numbers as to taint the whole by their decay?

The second fault was, strewing upon the surface of the sand a handful or two of white powdered quartz, which, from having been pulverized in an iron mortar, was so oxydized as to turn a deep yellow. This might have poisoned the animalcula.

The first fault seemed to me the chief, but I proceeded to remedy both. The whole contents of the tank being removed, it was thoroughly washed on the inside, exposed for several days to the sun and air, and then soaked for twelve hours in clean sea-water. This being thrown away, the stones, scalded and well-washed, were restored, and clean sand replaced the old.

Water was drawn from the dock at high tide; but it was less clear now, on the fourth of June, than that which had been got early in May. This surprised me not a little; for, as I stood upon the wharf and looked down into it just before sunset on the previous evening, I was struck with its beautiful limpidity. Curious to see if its aspect remained unaltered, I went to the same spot where I had stood the night before. The tide was at the same height, but twelve hours had made a marvellous change in the appearance of the water. Its sparkling clearness had given way to greenness and turbidity, and no object could be seen a foot below the surface. No storm had stirred its depths during the night,—why this change? Conjecture was of no practical utility, and I returned home satisfied that my fifteen gallons of water were as clear as any it was then in my power to obtain.

Covering the tub from the dust, I left it to settle until sunset. Then the ever-useful siphon drew off two thirds of it tolerably clear, leaving a thick green

deposit upon the sides and bottom of the vessel. Next day, it was again drawn off from the sediment, (at this time, small in quantity,) and poured into the tank. Several newly obtained plants of well-growing Enteromorpha and Corallina were arranged among the stones, and the Aquarium was left at rest. Gradually the water became nearly clear, but not perfectly so until after the introduction of animals.

Eight days after it was filled, the Actinia were put in; on the ninth, several small Mollusks; on the tenth, Crustacea; and on the eleventh and twelfth, other varieties of the same types; but not until the fourteenth day were fishes ventured upon.

Day by day the water grew clearer and clearer, until, at the end of three weeks, it was beautifully translucent. Three more weeks passed, during which the beauty of the Aquarium was much heightened by a luxuriant growth of *Confervæ* mingled with Enteromorpha, which together covered all those parts of the stones which received a direct light. The mimic rocks seemed draped in green velvet, and in the sunlight were studded with pearly bubbles. There was, however, one blemish: the hungry crabs had so nibbled the larger plants that it was deemed necessary to renew them, in order to secure a sufficient supply of food and oxygen. Accordingly, a fine specimen of Enteromorpha was added. It consisted of five or six delicate fronds about five inches in length, and these soon increased to treble their original number and twice their original size. At the end of about two weeks, they suddenly became covered with a dull bluish mould, at the same time ceasing to give out bubbles; and the whole plant, instead of rising to the surface of the water as hitherto, hung limp from the fissure where it was placed, and trailed upon the sand. Coincidently, (was it consequently?) a greenish tinge pervaded the water, speedily increasing in depth and opacity. In five days, no object could be discerned six inches from the glass, and my beauti-

ful Aquarium was transformed to an unsightly ditch.

Yet the water was apparently pure, and the activity of its inhabitants was in no wise lessened. What was this vexatious greenness? Was it animal or vegetable? Was it the diffused spores of the perfected Enteromorpha or of the rank *Confervæ* upon the stones? If neither, what was its cause?

Excess of light was the most obvious suggestion; and so it was supposed that its exclusion might be a potent remedy. Therefore a double curtain of glazed muslin was stretched across the window; and the tank, both top and sides, wrapped in folds of paper. A week of darkness changed the deep green to a dingy olive. But the experiment could not be continued. The nightly admission of air by lifting the paper covering was insufficient to maintain the imprisoned creatures. They were happy, though captive, while in a mimic ocean, but miserable in a dark dungeon. Languid and spiritless, they lay supine, or crawled listlessly and aimlessly about. This would not do, and so light was again admitted freely to all but one side of the tank; there, a screen of yellow paper intercepted the direct rays of the sun, while upon the top they fell through the foliage of a Clematis vine.

Three weeks more wrought a slight change, for the better; but it was too slight and too slow for my patience, or that of curious friends waiting to see my Aquarium.

The second experiment had failed, and so once more the tank was emptied. Two or three animals only had died; all the others gave evidence of health. Again they were removed to other vessels, and again I began anew.

Clean sand, clean stones, water drawn at high tide and carefully decanted, three small plants of *Ulva Latissima*, with one clump of *Corallina Officinalis*, made up the contents of the tank, when, on the tenth of August, it was the third time filled. A sheet of yellow paper was placed between the tank and the window, and it

was left three days at rest. At the end of that time, the water, which was beautifully clear when introduced, had grown a little hazy, and, as the sunbeams fell astern it, the unaided eye could perceive a multitude of minute whitish creatures darting forward and backward like a swarm of bees. Then five *Actiniæ* were laid upon the rocks, to which they at once adhered, spreading out their restless tentacles in busy seizure of the tiny prey. In a week more the foggy appearance had ceased; but the clearness of the water was marred by the slimy exudations from the *Actiniæ*. Knowing that this matter was eaten by some of the Crustacea, five or six small Soldier-Crabs were dropped in, which faithfully performed their allotted labor. From this time, animals were added daily, until they had reached to thirty in number. On the fifteenth of September, a fine specimen of brown *Chondrus Crispus* was added, and on the thirtieth, a very large frond of *Ulva Latissima*. A great portion of the *Chondrus* decayed at its juncture with the shell on which it grew, and fell off; but the *Ulva* increased much in size, as well as in depth of color and firmness of texture.

And now months have gone by, and at last my Aquarium is successful. Fifty lively denizens now sport in the crystalline water and come at the daily roll-call. Come with me and I will introduce them to you. A fig for scientific nomenclature! you shall know them by their household names.

This Bernhard Crab in the front, so leisurely pushing away the sand before him with his broad, flat claws, quietly enjoys the meal he finds, undisturbed by fears of a failing supply. There is less of enterprise than complacency in his character, and I call him Micawber, for he is always expecting "something to turn up." Twice since March has he changed his coat, and thrown off his tight boots and gloves for new ones. The disrobing seemed to give him little trouble, though he sat dozing at the door of his cell some hours after, as though fa-

tigued by the unusual effort. Very becoming is the new costume; and the red coat is prettily relieved by the gray tint of his Diogenes-like dwelling.

There goes a military cousin of his, striding along, with his heavy armor clattering against the glass as he walks. A pugnacious fellow is that same soldier; and if he meet an opponent, you may see the tug of war. Should he chance to prefer the other's shield to his own, he will seize him in his burly arms, and shake him from under its protection. Yet he is cautious withal; for though obliged to doff his own armor before he can try that of his denuded foe, he retains hold of both until satisfied with the trial. If he like the new mail, he will march off with it; if not, he will array himself in his own again. Meanwhile the vanquished combatant waits tremblingly the result of the examination, glad to get possession of the rejected defence, be it which it may.

Yon dark little crab, with the bulky claws so gayly mottled with yellow and black, lurks in that hole at the base of the cliff nearly all day long. His name is 'Possum; for at the slightest sign of danger he doubles up his claws like a dead spider, and lies in feigned lifelessness.

Speaking of spiders,—here are two Spider-Crabs, the very monkeys of this aqueous menagerie. The small one climbing the post is Topsy. There she is, sliding down again, and with headlong pace is now scampering over yon yielding Anemone. Heedless of its hundred arms, so generally dreaded and avoided, she jumps this way and that across its wide mouth; and now, seated on its back, she snatches morsels from its shrinking side. Now look at her sister sprite, Crazy Kate. Her head adorned with a long plume of Coralline, she is tearing ribbon-like shreds from the silky lettuce and hanging them upon her already fantastic person. Anon she dances in mad glee, and next her arms are solemnly stretched upward in grotesque similitude to one in prayer.

When she is hungry, she will, one by one, take off those weedy trophies from her back and feed upon them.

Why do you start? That is not a sea-serpent winding from under the arch, but only an innocent Eel. Yet innocent and tiny though it be, there is something frightful about it. Its fixed, staring eye, its snake-like stealthiness, bid you be on your guard. Sometimes it rises behind that bushy Carrageen, and with high uplifted head peers over at me in such a way that I am half afraid; it is so like the old pictures of Satan tempting Eve.

Would you like to see an *Actinia* eat? I will drop a bit of raw oyster upon its outspread disk. See with what eager start it closes its fingers about the dainty viand, passing it along slowly, but surely, to its now gaping mouth, while every nerve is vibrating with the anticipated pleasure of the feast! That milk-white one is my favorite, and I call it Una. Seated in modest contentment on that brown-stone seat, she upturns her pure face to the mild light of evening; but folds her arms, and bows her head, and veils herself, when the noon-day sun gazes too ardently upon her.

This one in the rich salmon-colored robe has all our national propensity for travelling. Wandering restlessly about, she never remains two days on the same spot. Yesterday, she climbed the cliff, and sat looking off upon the water nearly all day long. To-day, she has come down to the sand, where, with base distended, as if in caricature of erinoline, she perambulates the crowded thoroughfare.

Here is a semi-twin, one base and two trunks. Shall I call it Janus, for its two faces? or will Chang-and-Eng best distinguish this dual unit? Sometimes, one, with tentacles in-tucked and mouth sealed, seems dozing; while his waking brother is busily waving his arms for food. At another time, you may see them both folded together in sleep, like the Babes in the Woods all bestrewn with leaves.

Ah, you should have seen my Amphitrite! She bore her plumpy crown so grandly, you would have said she was indeed the queen of Aetiniæ. But, alas! she could not brook imprisonment, and, pining for the unwalled grottoes of Poseidon, she drooped and died.

Behind that sheltering rock, and overhung with sea-weed, there is a dark, deep cave, the chosen abode of Giant Grim. Push one of those soldiers to the mouth of the den and wait the result. At the first movement made by the unwitting trespasser on guarded ground, two long, flexible rods are thrust out, reconnoitring right and left. Two huge claws follow, lighted up by two great glaring eyes. At last the whole creature emerges, seizes the intruder, and bears him swiftly away, far beyond his jealously kept premises. With dogged mien he stalks gravely back to his stronghold. You exclaim, "It is a Lobster!" A lobster truly; but saw you ever a lobster with such presence before? Does he resemble the poor bewildered crustaceans you have seen bunched together at a fish-stall? Bears he any likeness to the innocent-looking edibles you have seen lying on a dish, by boiling turned, like the morn, from black to red?

Those ghost-like Prawns are near relatives of the giant. See them, gliding so gracefully from under the arch, disappearing under the waving *Ulva*, and floating into sight again from behind the cliff. At night, if you look at them athwart a lighted candle, their eyes are seen to glow like living rubies. As they row silently and swiftly towards you, you might fancy each a fairy gondola, with gem-lighted prow.

A quick dashing startles you, and you see a Scallop rising to the top of the water with zigzag jerks, and immediately sinking to the sand again, on the side opposite that whence it started. There it rests with expanded branchiæ and moving cilia; a rude passer-by jostles it, and with startled sensitiveness it shrinks from the outer world and hides behind a stony mask.

The small, greenish, rough-coated creature, so like a flattened burr, is an Echinus. It is hardly domiciliated, being a new-comer, and creeps restlessly across the glass.

Under this sand-mound some one lies self-buried,—not dead, but only hiding from the crowd in this bustling watering-place. He must learn that there is no lasting retirement in Newport; so tap with a stick at his lodging. With anger vexed, forth rushes the Swimming-Crab and dashes away from the unwelcome visitor. As if he knew a bore to be the most persistent of hunters, he plies his paddles with rapid beat until far from his invaded chamber. His swimming is more like the fluttering of a butterfly than the steady poise of a fish. Pretty as is his variegated coat by day, it is far more beautiful by night; then his limbs shine with metallic lustre, and every joint seems tinged with molten gold.

I could spend the day in showing you my Aquarium;—the merry antics of the blithe Minnows; the slow wheeling of the less vivacious Sticklebacks; the beautiful siphon of the Quahaug and the Clam; the starry disk of the Serpula; the snug tent of the Limpet; the lithe proboscis of the busy Buccinum; the erect and rapid march of his little flesh-tinted cousin; the slow Horsefoot, balancing his huge umbrella as he goes; the — But I cannot name them all.

Neither could you learn to know them at a single visit. Come and sit by this

indoor sea, day by day, and learn to love its people. Many a lesson for good have they taught me. When weary and disheartened, the patient perseverance of these undoubting beings has given me new impulses upward and onward. Remembering that their sole guide is instinct, while mine is the voice behind me, saying, "This is the way," I have risen with new resolve to walk therein. Seeing the blind persistency with which some straying zoophyte has refused to follow other counsel than its own, I have learned that self-reliance and strength of will are not, in higher natures, virtues for gratulation, but, if unsanctified, faults to blush for. Finding each creature here so fitted with organs and instincts for the life it was meant to lead, I have considered that to me also is given all that I ought to wish, more than I have ever rightly used.

New evidences are here disclosed to me of God's care for his creation, deepening my faith in the fact that he is not merely the great First Cause, but still the watchful Father. New revelations teach me of his sympathy in our joys, as well as of his care for our necessities. The Maker's love of the beautiful fills me with gladness, and I catch new glimpses of those boundless regions where the perfection of his conceptions has never been marred by sin; and where each of us who may attain thereto shall find a fitting sphere for every energy, an answering joy for every pure aspiration.

THE QUEEN OF THE RED CHESSMEN.

THE box of chessmen had been left open all night. That was a great oversight! For everybody knows that the contending chessmen are but too eager to fight their battles over again by midnight, if a chance is only allowed them.

It was at the Willows,—so called, not

because the house is surrounded by willows, but because a little clump of them hangs over the pond close by. It is a pretty place, with its broad lawn in front of the door-way, its winding avenue hidden from the road by high trees. It is a quiet place, too; the sun rests gently

on the green lawn, and the drooping leaves of the willows hang heavily over the water.

No one would imagine what violent contests were going on under the still roof, this very night. It was the night of the first of May. The moon came silently out from the shadows; the trees were scarcely stirring. The box of chessmen had been left on the balcony steps by the drawing-room window, and the window, too, that warm night, had been left open. So, one by one, all the chessmen came out to fight over again their evening's battles.

It was a famously carved set of chessmen. The bishops wore their mitres, the knights pranced on spirited steeds, the castles rested on the backs of elephants,—even the pawns mimicked the private soldiers of an army. The skilful carver had given to each piece, and each pawn, too, a certain individuality. That night there had been a close contest. Two well-matched players had guided the game, and it had ended with leaving a deep irritation on the conquered side.

It was Isabella, the Queen of the Red Chessmen, who had been obliged to yield. She was young and proud, and it was she, indeed, who held the rule; for her father, the old Red King, had grown too imbecile to direct affairs; he merely bore the name of sovereignty. And Isabella was loved by knights, pawns, and all; the bishops were willing to die in her cause, the castles would have crumbled to earth for her. Opposed to her, stood the detested White Queen. All the Whites, of course, were despised by her; but the haughty, self-sufficient queen angered her most.

The White Queen was reigning during the minority of her only son. The White Prince had reached the age of nineteen, but the strong mind of his mother had kept him always under restraint. A simple youth, he had always yielded to her control. He was pure-hearted and gentle, but never ventured to make a move of his own. He sought

shelter under cover of his castles, while his more energetic mother went forth at the head of his army. She was dreaded by her subjects,—never loved by them. Her own pawn, it is true, had ventured much for her sake, had often with his own life redeemed her from captivity; but it was loyalty that bound even him,—no warmer feeling of devotion or love.

The Queen Isabella was the first to come out from her prison.

"I will stay here no longer," she cried; "the blood of the Reds grows pale in this inactivity."

She stood upon the marble steps; the May moon shone down upon her. She listened a moment to a slight murmuring within the drawing-room window. The Spanish lady, the Murillo-painted Spanish lady, had come down from her frame that bound her against the wall. Just for this one night in the year, she stepped out from the canvas to walk up and down the rooms majestically. She would not exchange a word with anybody; nobody understood her language. She could remember when Murillo looked at her, watched over her, created her with his pencil. She could have nothing to say to little paltry shepherdesses, and other articles of *virtù*, that came into grace and motion just at this moment.

The Queen of the Red Chessmen turned away, down into the avenue. The May moon shone upon her. Her feet trod upon unaccustomed ground; no black or white square hemmed her in; she felt a new liberty.

"My poor old father!" she exclaimed, "I will leave him behind; better let him slumber in an ignoble repose than wander over the board, a laughing-stock for his enemies. We have been conquered,—the foolish White Prince rules!"

A strange inspiration stole upon her; the breath of the May night hovered over her; the May moon shone upon her. She could move without waiting for the will of another; she was free. She passed down the avenue; she had left her old prison behind.

Early in the morning,—it was just after sunrise,—the kind Doctor Lester was driving home, after watching half the night out with a patient. He passed the avenue to the Willows, but drew up his horse just as he was leaving the entrance. He saw a young girl sitting under the hedge. She was without any bonnet, in a red dress, fitting closely and hanging heavily about her. She was so very beautiful, she looked so strangely lost and out of place here at this early hour, that the Doctor could not resist speaking to her.

"My child, how came you here?"

The young girl rose up, and looked round with uncertainty.

"Where am I?" she asked.

She was very tall and graceful, with an air of command, but with a strange, wild look in her eyes.

"The young woman must be slightly insane," thought the Doctor; "but she cannot have wandered far."

"Let me take you home," he said aloud. "Perhaps you come from the Willows?"

"Oh, don't take me back there!" cried Isabella, "they will imprison me again! I had rather be a slave than a conquered queen!"

"Decidedly insane!" thought the Doctor. "I must take her back to the Willows."

He persuaded the young girl to let him lift her into his chaise. She did not resist him; but when he turned up the avenue, she leaned back in despair. He was fortunate enough to find one of the servants up at the house, just sweeping the steps of the hall-door. Getting out of his chaise, he said confidentially to the servant,—

"I have brought back your young lady."

"Our young lady!" exclaimed the man, as the Doctor pointed out Isabella.

"Yes, she is a little insane, is she not?"

"She is not our young lady," answered the servant; "we have nobody in the house just now, but Mr. and Mrs. Fo-

gerty, and Mrs. Fogerty's brother, the old geologist."

"Where did she come from?" inquired the Doctor.

"I never saw her before," said the servant, "and I certainly should remember. There's some foreign folks live down in the cottage, by the railroad; but they are not the like of her!"

The Doctor got into his chaise again, bewildered.

"My child," he said, "you must tell me where you came from."

"Oh, don't let me go back again!" said Isabella, clasping her hands imploringly. "Think how hard it must be never to take a move of one's own! to know how the game might be won, then see it lost through folly! Oh, that last game, lost through utter weakness! There was that one move! Why did he not push me down to the king's row? I might have checkmated the White Prince, shut in by his own castles and pawns,—it would have been a direct checkmate! Think of his folly! he stopped to take the queen's pawn with his bishop, and within one move of a checkmate!"

"Quite insane!" repeated the Doctor. "But I must have my breakfast. She seems quiet; I think I can keep her till after breakfast, and then I must try and find where the poor child's friends live. I don't know what Mrs. Lester will think of her."

They rode on. Isabella looked timidly round.

"You don't quite believe me," she said, at last. "It seems strange to you."

"It does," answered the Doctor, "seem very strange."

"Not stranger than to me," said Isabella,—"it is so very grand to me! All this motion! Look down at that great field there, not cut up into squares! If I only had my knights and squires there! I would be willing to give *her* as good a field, too; but I would show her where the true bravery lies. What a place for the castles, just to defend that pass!"

The Doctor whipped up his horse.

Mrs. Lester was a little surprised at

the companion her husband had brought home to breakfast with him.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

"That I don't know,—I shall have to find out," he answered, a little nervously.

"Where is her bonnet?" asked Mrs. Lester; this was the first absence of conventionality she had noticed.

"You had better ask her," answered the Doctor.

But Mrs. Lester preferred leaving her guest in the parlor while she questioned her husband. She was somewhat disturbed when she found he had nothing more satisfactory to tell her.

"An insane girl! and what shall we do with her?" she asked.

"After breakfast I will make some inquiries about her," answered the Doctor.

"And leave her alone with us? that will never do! You must take her away directly,—at least to the Insane Asylum,—somewhere! What if she should grow wild while you were gone? She might kill us all! I will go in and tell her that she cannot stay here."

On returning to the parlor, she found Isabella looking dreamily out of the window. As Mrs. Lester approached, she turned.

"You will let me stay with you a little while, will you not?"

She spoke in a quiet tone, with an air somewhat commanding. It imposed upon nervous little Mrs. Lester. But she made a faint struggle.

"Perhaps you would rather go home," she said.

"I have no home now," said Isabella; "some time I may recover it; but my throne has been usurped."

Mrs. Lester looked round in alarm, to see if the Doctor were near.

"Perhaps you had better come in to breakfast," she suggested.

She was glad to place the Doctor between herself and their new guest.

Celia Lester, the only daughter, came down stairs. She had heard that her father had picked up a lost girl in the

road. As she came down in her clean morning dress, she expected to have to hold her skirts away from some little squalid object of charity. She started when she saw the elegant-looking young girl who sat at the table. There was something in her air and manner that seemed to make the breakfast equipage, and the furniture of the room about her, look a little mean and poor. Yet the Doctor was very well off, and Mrs. Lester fancied she had everything quite in style. Celia stole into her place, feeling small in the presence of the stranger.

After breakfast, when the Doctor had somewhat refreshed himself by its good cheer from his last night's fatigue, Isabella requested to speak with him.

"Let me stay with you a little while," she asked, beseechingly; "I will do everything for you that you desire. You shall teach me anything;—I know I can learn all that you will show me, all that Mrs. Lester will tell me."

"Perhaps so,—perhaps that will be best," answered the Doctor, "until your friends inquire for you; then I must send you back to them."

"Very well, very well," said Isabella, relieved. "But I must tell you they will not inquire for me. I see you will not believe my story. If you only would listen to me, I could tell it all to you."

"That is the only condition I can make with you," answered the Doctor, "that you will not tell your story,—that you will never even think of it yourself. I am a physician. I know that it is not good for you to dwell upon such things. Do not talk of them to me, nor to my wife or daughter. Never speak of your story to any one who comes here. It will be better for you."

"Better for me," said Isabella, dreamily, "that no one should know! Perhaps so. I am, in truth, captive to the White Prince; and if he should come and demand me,—I should be half afraid to try the risks of another game."

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed the Doctor, "you are already forgetting the con-

dition. I shall be obliged to take you away to some retreat, unless you promise me" —

"Oh, I will promise you anything," interrupted Isabella; "and you will see that I can keep my promise."

Meanwhile Mrs. Lester and Celia had been holding a consultation.

"I think she must be some one in disguise," suggested Celia.

Celia was one of the most unromantic of persons. Both she and her mother had passed their lives in an unvarying routine of duties. Neither of them had ever found time from their sewing even to read. Celia had her books of history laid out, that she meant to take up when she should get through her work; but it seemed hopeless that this time would ever come. It had never come to Mrs. Lester, and she was now fifty years old. Celia had never read any novels. She had tried to read them, but never was interested in them. So she had a vague idea of what romance was, conceiving of it only as something quite different from her every-day life. For this reason the unnatural event that was taking place this very day was gradually appearing to her something possible and natural. Because she knew there was such a thing as romance, and that it was something quite beyond her comprehension, she was the more willing to receive this event quietly from finding it incomprehensible.

"We can let her stay here to-day, at least," said Mrs. Lester. "We will keep John at work in the front door-yard, in case we should want him. And I will set Mrs. Anderson's boy to weeding in the border; we can call him, if we should want to send for help."

She was quite ashamed of herself, when she had uttered these words, and Isabella walked into the room, so composed, so refined in her manners.

"The Doctor says I may stay here a little while, if you will let me," said Isabella, as she took Mrs. Lester's hands.

"We will try to make you comfortable," replied Mrs. Lester.

"He says you will teach me many things,—I think he said, how to sew."

"How to sew! Was it possible she did not know how to sew?" Celia thought to herself, "How many servants she must have had, never to have learned how to sew, herself!"

And this occupation was directly provided, while the Doctor set forth on his day's duties, and at the same time to inquire about the strange apparition of the young girl. He was so convinced that there was a vein of insanity about her, that he was very sure that questioning her only excited her the more. Just as he had parted from her, some compunction seized her, and she followed him to the door.

"There is my father," said she.

"Your father! where shall I find him?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, he could not help me," she replied; "it is a long time since he has been able to direct affairs. He has scarcely been conscious of my presence, and will hardly feel my absence, his mind is so weak."

"But where can I find him?" persisted the Doctor.

"He did not come out," said Isabella; "the White Queen would not allow it, indeed."

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed the Doctor, "we are on forbidden ground."

He drove away.

"So there is insanity in the family," he thought to himself. "I am quite interested in this case. A new form of monomania! I should be quite sorry to lose sight of it. I shall be loath to give her up to her friends."

But he was not yet put to that test. No one could give him any light with regard to the strange girl. He went first to the Willows, and found there so much confusion that he could hardly persuade any one to listen to his questions. Mrs. Fogerty's brother, the geologist, had been riding that morning, and had fallen from his horse and broken his leg. The Doctor arrived just in time to be of service in setting it. Then he must

linger some time to see that the old gentleman was comfortable, so that he was obliged to stay nearly the whole morning. He was much amused at the state of disturbance in which he left the family. The whole house was in confusion, looking after some lost chessmen.

"There was nothing," said Mrs. Fogerty, apologetically, "that would soothe her brother so much as a game of chess. That, perhaps, might keep him quiet. He would be willing to play chess with Mr. Fogerty by the day together. It was so strange! they had a game the night before, and now some of the pieces could not be found. Her brother had lost the game, and to-day he was so eager to take his revenge!"

"How absurd!" thought the Doctor; "what trifling things people interest themselves in! Here is this old man more disturbed at losing his game of chess than he is at breaking his leg! It is different in my profession, where one deals with life and death. Here is this young girl's fate in my hands, and they talk to me of the loss of a few paltry chessmen!"

The "foreign people" at the cottage knew nothing of Isabella. No one had seen her the night before, or at any time. Dr. Lester even drove ten miles to Dr. Giles's Retreat for the Insane, to see if it were possible that a patient could have wandered away from there. Dr. Giles was deeply interested in the account Dr. Lester gave. He would very gladly take such a person under his care.

"No," said Dr. Lester, "I will wait awhile. I am interested in the young girl. It is not possible but that I shall in time find out from her, by chance, perhaps, who her friends are, and where she came from. She must have wandered away in some delirium of fever,—but it is very strange, for she appears perfectly calm now. Yet I hardly know in what state I shall find her."

He returned to find her very quiet and calm, learning from his wife and daughter how to sew. She seemed deeply interested in this new occupation, and

had given all her time and thought to it. Celia and her mother privately confided to the Doctor their admiration of their strange guest. Her ways were so graceful and beautiful! all that she said seemed so new and singular! The Doctor, before he went away, had exhorted Mrs. Lester and Celia to ask her no questions about her former life, and everything had gone on very smoothly. And everything went on as smoothly for some weeks. Isabella seemed willing to be as silent as the Doctor, upon all exciting subjects. She appeared to be quite taken up with her sewing, much to Mrs. Lester's delight.

"She will turn out quite as good a seamstress as Celia," said she to the Doctor. "She sews steadily all the time, and nothing seems to please her so much as to finish a piece of work. She will be able to do much more than her own sewing, and may prove quite a help to us."

"I shall be very glad," said the Doctor, "if anything can be a help, to prevent you and Celia from working yourselves to death. I shall be glad if you can ever have done with that eternal sewing. It is time that Celia should do something about cultivating her mind."

"Celia's mind is so well regulated," interrupted Mrs. Lester.

"We won't discuss that," continued the Doctor,—"we never come to an agreement there. I was going on to say that I am becoming so interested in Isabella, that I feel towards her as if she were my own. If she is of help to the family, that is very well,—it is the best thing for her to be able to make herself of use. But I don't care to make any profit to ourselves out of her help. Somehow I begin to think of her as belonging to us. Certainly she belongs to nobody else. Let us treat her as our own child. We have but one, yet God has given us means enough to care for many more. I confess I should find it hard to give Isabella up to any one else. I like to find her when I come home,—it is pleasant to look at her."

"And I, too, love her," said Mrs. Les-

ter. "I like to see her as she sits quietly at her work."

So Isabella went on learning what it was to be one of the family, and becoming, as Mrs. Lester remarked, a very experienced seamstress. She seldom said anything as she sat at her work, but seemed quite occupied with her sewing; while Mrs. Lester and Celia kept up a stream of conversation, seldom addressing Isabella, as, indeed, they had few topics in common.

One day, Celia and Isabella were sitting together.

"Have you always sewed?" asked Isabella.

"Oh, yes," answered Celia,—"since I was quite a child."

"And do you remember when you were a child?" asked Isabella, laying down her work.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Celia; "I used to make all my doll's dresses myself."

"Your doll's dresses!" repeated Isabella.

"Oh, yes," replied Celia,—"I was not ashamed to play with dolls in that way."

"I should like to see some dolls," said Isabella.

"I will show you my large doll," said Celia; "I have always kept it, because I fitted it out with such a nice set of clothes. And I keep it for children to play with."

She brought her doll, and Isabella handled it and looked at it with curiosity.

"So you dressed this, and played with it," said Isabella, inquiringly, "and moved it about as one would move a piece at chess?"

Celia started at this word "chess." It was one of the forbidden words. But Isabella went on:—

"Suppose this doll should suddenly have begun to speak, to move, and walk round, would not you have liked it?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Celia. "What! a wooden thing speak and move! It would have frightened me very much."

"Why should it not speak, if it has a mouth, and walk, if it has feet?" asked Isabella.

"What foolish questions you ask!" exclaimed Celia, "of course it has not life."

"Oh, life,—that is it!" said Isabella. "Well, what is life?"

"Life! why it is what makes us live," answered Celia. "Of course you know what life is."

"No, I don't know," said Isabella, "but I have been thinking about it lately, while I have been sewing,—what it is."

"But you should not think, you should talk more, Isabella," said Celia. "Mamma and I talk while we are at work, but you are always very silent."

"But you think sometimes?" asked Isabella.

"Not about such things," replied Celia. "I have to think about my work."

"But your father thinks, I suppose, when he comes home and sits in his study alone?"

"Oh, he reads when he goes into his study,—he reads books and studies them," said Celia.

"Do you know how to read?" asked Isabella.

"Do I know how to read!" cried Celia, angrily.

"Forgive me," said Isabella, quickly, "but I never saw you reading. I thought perhaps—women are so different here!"

She did not finish her sentence, for she saw Celia was really angry. Yet she had no idea of hurting her feelings. She had tried to accommodate herself to her new circumstances. She had observed a great deal, and had never been in the habit of asking questions. Celia was disturbed at having it supposed that she did not know how to read; therefore it must be a very important thing to know how to read, and she determined she must learn. She applied to the Doctor. He was astonished at her entire ignorance, but he was very glad to help her. Isabella gave herself up to her reading, as she had done before to her sewing. The Doctor was now the gainer. All the time he was away, Isabella sat in his study, poring over her books; when

he returned, she had a famous lesson to recite to him. Then he began to tell her of books that he was interested in. He made Celia come in, for a history class. It was such a pleasure to him to find Isabella interested in what he could tell her of history!

"All this really happened," said Isabella to Celia once,—"these people really lived!"

"Yes, but they died," responded Celia, in an indifferent tone,—"and ever so long ago, too!"

"But did they die," asked Isabella, "if we can talk about them, and imagine how they looked? They live for us as much as they did then."

"That I can't understand," said Celia. "My uncle saw Napoleon when he was in Europe, long ago. But I never saw Napoleon. He is dead and gone to me, just as much as Alexander the Great."

"Well, who does live, if Alexander the Great, if Napoleon, and Columbus do not live?" asked Isabella, impatiently.

"Why, papa and mamma live," answered Celia, "and you"—

"And the butcher," interrupted Isabella, "because he brings you meat to eat; and Mr. Spool, because he keeps the thread store. Thank you for putting me in, too! Once"—

"Once!" answered Celia, in a dignified tone, "I suppose once you lived in a grander circle, and it appears to you we have nobody better than Mr. Spool and the butcher."

Isabella was silent, and thought of her "circle," her former circle. The circle here was large enough, the circumference not very great, but there were as many points in it as in a larger one. There were pleasant, motherly Mrs. Gibbs, and her agreeable daughters,—the Gresham boys, just in college,—the Misses Tarleton, fresh from a New York boarding-school,—Mr. Lovell, the young minister,—and the old Misses Pendleton, that made raspberry-jam,—together with Celia's particular friends, Anna and Selina Mountfort, who had a great deal of talk-

ing with Celia in private, but not a word to say to anybody in the parlor. All these, with many others in the background, had been speculating upon the riddle that Isabella presented,—"Who was she? and where did she come from?"

Nobody found any satisfactory answer. Neither Celia nor her mother would disclose anything. It is a great convenience in keeping a secret, not to know what it is. One can't easily tell what one does not know.

"The Doctor really has a treasure in his wife and daughter," said Mrs. Gibbs, "they keep his secrets so well! Neither of them will lisp a word about this handsome Isabella."

"I have no doubt she is the daughter of an Italian refugee," said one of the Misses Tarleton. "We saw a number of Italian refugees in New York."

This opinion became prevalent in the neighborhood. That Dr. Lester should be willing to take charge of an unknown girl did not astonish those who knew of his many charitable deeds. It was not more than he had done for his cousin's child, who had no especial claim upon him. He had adopted Lawrence Egerton, educated him, sent him to college, and was giving him every advantage in his study of the law. In the end Lawrence would probably marry Celia and the pretty property that the Doctor would leave behind for his daughter.

"She is one of my patients," the Doctor would say, to any one who asked him about her.

The tale that she was the daughter of an Italian refugee became more rife after Isabella had begun to study Italian. She liked to have the musical Italian words linger on her tongue. She quoted Italian poetry, read Italian history. In conversation, she generally talked of the present, rarely of the past or of the future. She listened with wonder to those who had a talent for reminiscence. How rich their past must be, that they should be willing to dwell in it! Her

own she thought very meagre. If she wanted to live in the past, it must be in the past of great men, not in that of her own little self. So she read of great painters and great artists, and because she read of them she talked of them. Other people, in referring to by-gone events, would say, "When I was in Trenton last summer,"—"In Cuba the spring that we were there"; but Isabella would say, "When Raphael died, or when Dante lived." Everybody liked to talk with her,—laughed with her at her enthusiasm. There was something inspiring, too, in this enthusiasm; it compelled attention, as her air and manner always attracted notice. By her side, the style and elegance of the Misses Tarleton faded out; here was a moon that quite extinguished the light of their little tapers. She became the centre of admiration; the young girls admired her, as they are prone to admire some one particular star. She never courted attention, but it was always given.

"Isabella attracts everybody," said Celia to her mother. "Even the old Mr. Spencers, who have never been touched by woman before, follow her, and act just as she wills."

Little Celia, who had been quite a belle hitherto, sunk into the shade by the side of the brilliant Isabella. Yet she followed willingly in the sunny wake that Isabella left behind. She expanded somewhat, herself, for she was quite ashamed to know nothing of all that Isabella talked about so earnestly. The sewing gave place to a little reading, to Mrs. Lester's horror. The Mountforts and the Gibbses met with Isabella and Celia to read and study, and went into town with them to lectures and to concerts.

A winter passed away and another summer came. Still Isabella was at Dr. Lester's; and with the lapse of time the harder did it become for the Doctor to question her of her past history,—the more, too, was she herself weaned from it.

The young people had been walking in the garden one evening.

"Let me sit by you here in the porch," said Lawrence Egerton to Celia,—"I want rest, for body and spirit. I am always in a battle-field when I am talking with Isabella. I must either fight with her or against her. She insists on my fighting all the time. I have to keep my weapons bright, ready for use, every moment. She will lead me, too, in conversation, sends me here, orders me there. I feel like a poor knight in chess, under the sway of a queen"—

"I don't know anything about chess," said Celia, curtly.

"It is a comfort to have you a little ignorant," said Lawrence. "Please stay in bliss awhile. It is repose, it is refreshment. Isabella drags one into the company of her heroes, and then one feels completely ashamed not to be on more familiar terms with them all. Her Mazzinis, her Tancreds, heroes false and true,—it makes no difference to her,—put one into a whirl between history and story. What a row she would make in Italy, if she went back there!"

"What could we do without her?" said Celia; "it was so quiet and commonplace before she came!"

"That is the trouble," replied Lawrence, "Isabella won't let anything remain commonplace. She pulls everything out of its place,—makes a hero or heroine out of a piece of clay. I don't want to be in heroics all the time. Even Homer's heroes ate their suppers comfortably. I think it was a mistake in your father, bringing her here. Let her stay in her sphere queening it, and leave us poor mortals to our bread and butter."

"You know you don't think so," expostulated Celia; "you worship her shoe-tie, the hem of her garment."

"But I don't want to," said Lawrence,—"it is a compulsory worship. I had rather be quiet."

"Lazy Lawrence!" cried Celia, "it is better for you. You would be the first to miss Isabella. You would find us quite flat without her brilliancy, and would be hunting after some other excitement."

"Perhaps so," said Lawrence. "But here she comes to goad us on again. Queen Isabella, when do the bull-fights begin?"

"I wish I were Queen Isabella!" she exclaimed. "Have you read the last accounts from Spain? I was reading them to the Doctor to-day. Nobody knows what to do there. Only think what an opportunity for the Queen to show herself a queen! Why will not she make of herself such a queen as the great Isabella of Castile was?"

"I can't say," answered Lawrence.

"Queens rule in chess," said Horace Gresham. "I always wondered that the king was made such a poor character there. He is not only ruled by his cabinet, bishops, and knights, but his queen is by far the more warlike character."

"Whoever plays the game rules,—you or Mr. Egerton," said Isabella, bitterly; "it is not the poor queen. She must yield to the power of the moving hand. I suppose it is so with us women. We see a great aim before us, but have not the power."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Lawrence, "it is just the reverse. With some women,—for I won't be personal,—the aim, as you call it, is very small,—a poor amusement, another dress, a larger house"—

"You may stop," interrupted Isabella, "for you don't believe this. At least, keep some of your flings for the women that deserve them; Celia and I don't accept them."

"Then we'll talk of the last aim we were discussing,—the ride to-morrow."

The next winter was passed by Mrs. Lester, her daughter, and Isabella in Cuba. Lawrence Egerton accompanied them thither, and the Doctor hoped to go for them in the spring. They went on Mrs. Lester's account. She had worn herself out with her household labors,—very uselessly, the Doctor thought,—so he determined to send her away from them. Isabella and Celia were very happy all this winter and spring. With Isabella Spanish took the

place of Italian studies. She liked talking in Spanish. They made some friends among the residents, as well as among the strangers, particularly the Americans. Of these last, they enjoyed most the society of Mrs. Blanchard and her son, Otho, who were at the same hotel with them.

The opera, too, was a new delight to Isabella, and even Celia was excited by it.

"It is a little too absurd, to see the dying scene of Romeo and Juliet sung out in an opera!" remarked Lawrence Egerton, one morning; "all the music of the spheres could not have made that scene, last night, otherwise than supremely ridiculous."

"I am glad you did not sit by us, then," replied Celia; "Isabella and I were crying."

"I dare say," said Lawrence. "I should be afraid to take you to see a tragedy well acted. You would both be in hysterics before the killing was over."

"I should be really afraid," said Celia, "to see Romeo and Juliet finely performed. It would be too sad."

"It would be much better to end it up comfortably," said Lawrence. "Why should not Juliet marry her Romeo in peace?"

"It would be impossible!" exclaimed Isabella,—"impossible to bring together two such hostile families! Of course the result must be a tragedy."

"In romances," answered Lawrence, "that may be necessary; but not in real life."

"Why not in real life?" asked Isabella. "When two thunder-clouds meet, there must be an explosion."

"But we don't have such hostile families arrayed against each other now-a-days," said Lawrence. "The Bianchi and the Neri have died out; unless the feud lives between the whites and the blacks of the present day."

"Are you sure that it has died out everywhere?" asked Isabella.

"Certainly not," said Otho Blanchard; "my mother, Bianca Bianco, inherits her

name from a long line of ancestry, and with it come its hatreds as well as its loves."

"You speak like an Italian or Spaniard," said Lawrence. "We are cold-blooded Yankees, and in our slow veins such passions do die out. I should have taken you for an American from your name."

"It is our name Americanized; we have made Americans of ourselves, and the Bianchi have become the Blanchards."

"The romance of the family, then," persisted Lawrence, "must needs become Americanized too. If you were to meet with a lovely young lady of the enemy's race, I think you would be willing to bury your sword in the sheath for her sake."

"I hope I should not forget the honor of my family," said Otho. "I certainly never could, as long as my mother lives; her feelings on the subject are stronger even than mine."

"I cannot imagine the possibility of such feelings dying out," said Isabella. "I cannot imagine such different elements amalgamating. It would be like fire and water uniting. Then there would be no longer any contest; the game of life would be over."

"Why will you make out life to be a battle always?" exclaimed Lawrence; "won't you allow us any peace? I do not find such contests all the time,—never, except when I am fighting with you."

"I had rather fight with you than against you," said Isabella, laughing. "But when one is not striving, one is sleeping."

"That reminds me that it is time for our siesta," said Lawrence; "so we need not fight any longer."

Afterwards Isabella and Celia were talking of their new friend Otho.

"He does not seem to me like a Spaniard," said Celia, "his complexion is so light; then, too, his name sounds German."

"But his passions are quick," replied

Isabella. "How he colored up when he spoke of the honor of his family!"

"I wonder that you like him," said Celia; "when he is with his mother, he hardly ventures to say his soul is his own."

"I don't like his mother," said Isabella; "her manner is too imperious and unrefined, it appears to me. No wonder that Otho is ill at ease in her presence. It is evident that her way of talking is not agreeable to him. He is afraid that she will commit herself in some way."

"But he never stands up for himself," answered Celia; "he always yields to her. Now I should not think you would like that."

"He yields because she is his mother," said Isabella; "and it would not be becoming to contradict her."

"He yields to you, too," said Celia; "how happens that?"

"I hope he does not yield to me more than is becoming," answered Isabella, laughing; "perhaps that is why I like him. After all, I don't care to be always sparring, as I am with Lawrence Egerton. With Otho I find that I agree wonderfully in many things. Neither of us yields to the other, neither of us is obliged to convince the other."

"Now I should think you would find that stupid," said Celia. "What becomes of this desire of yours never to rest, always to be struggling after something?"

"We might strive together, we might struggle together," responded Isabella.

She said this musingly, not in answer to Celia, but to her own thoughts,—as she looked away, out from everything that surrounded her. The passion for ruling had always been uppermost in her mind; suddenly there dawned upon her the pleasure of being ruled. She became conscious of the pleasure of conquering all things for the sake of giving all to another. A new sense of peace stole upon her mind. Before, she had felt herself alone, even in the midst of the kindness of the home that had been given her. She had never dared to think or to speak of the past, and as little

of the future. She had gladly flung herself into the details of every-day life. She had given her mind to the study of all that it required. She loved the Doctor, because he was always leading her on to fresh fields, always exciting her to a new knowledge. She loved him, too, for himself, for his tenderness and kindness to her. With Mrs. Lester and Celia she felt herself on a different footing. They admired her, but they never came near her. She led them, and they were always behind her.

With Otho she experienced a new feeling. He seemed, very much as she did herself, out of place in the world just around him. He was a foreigner,—was not yet acclimated to the society about him. He was willing to talk of other things than every-day events. He did not talk of "things," indeed, but he speculated, as though he lived a separate life from that of mere eating and drinking. He was not content with what seemed to every-day people possible, but was willing to believe that there were things not dreamed of in their philosophy.

"It is a satisfaction," said Lawrence once to Celia, "that Isabella has found somebody who will go high enough into the clouds to suit her. Besides, it gives me a little repose."

"And a secret jealousy at the same time; is it not so?" asked Celia. "He takes up too much of Isabella's time to please you."

"The reason he pleases her," said Lawrence, "is because he is more womanly than manly, and she thinks women ought to rule the world. Now if the world were made up of such as he, it would be very easily ruled. Isabella loves power too well to like to see it in others. Look at her when she is with Mrs. Blanchard! It is a splendid sight to see them together!"

"How can you say so? I am always afraid of some outbreak."

These families were, however, so much drawn together, that, when the Doctor came to summon his wife and daughter and Isabella home, Mrs. Blanchard was

anxious to accompany them to New England. She wondered if it were not possible to find a country-seat somewhere near the Lesters, that she could occupy for a time. The Doctor knew that the Willows was to be vacant this spring. The Fogertys were all going to Europe, and would be very willing to let their place.

So it was arranged after their return. The Fogertys left for Europe, and Mrs. Blanchard took possession of the Willows. It was a pleasant walking distance from the Lesters, but it was several weeks before Isabella made her first visit there. She was averse to going into the house, but, in company with Celia, Lawrence, and Otho, walked about the grounds. Presently they stopped near a pretty fountain that was playing in the midst of the garden.

"That is a pretty place for an Undine," said Otho.

"The idea of an Undine makes me shiver," said Lawrence. "Think what a cold-blooded, unearthly being she would be!"

"Not after she had a soul!" exclaimed Isabella.

"An Undine with a soul!" cried Lawrence. "I conceive of them as malicious spirits, who live and die as the bubbles of water rise and fall."

"You talk as if there were such things as Undines," said Celia. "I remember once trying to read the story of Undine, but I never could finish it."

"It ends tragically," remarked Otho.

"Of course all such stories must," responded Lawrence; "of course it is impossible to bring the natural and the unnatural together."

"That depends upon what you call the natural," said Otho.

"We should differ, I suppose," said Lawrence, "if we tried to explain what we each call the natural. I fancy your 'real life' is different from mine."

"Pictures of real life," said Isabella, "are sometimes pictures of horses and dogs, sometimes of children playing, sometimes of fruits of different seasons

heaped upon one dish, sometimes of watermelons cut open."

"That is hardly your picture of real life," said Lawrence, laughing,—"a watermelon cut open! I think you would rather choose the picture of the Water Fairies from the Düsseldorf Gallery."

"Why not?" said Isabella. "The life we see must be very far from being the only life that is."

"That is very true," answered Lawrence; "but let the fairies live their life by themselves, while we live our life in our own way. Why should they come to disturb our peace, since we cannot comprehend them, and they certainly cannot comprehend us?"

"You do not think it well, then," said

- Isabella, stopping in their walk, and looking down,—"you do not think it well that beings of different natures should mingle?"

"I do not see how they can," replied Lawrence. "I am limited by my senses; I can perceive only what they show me. Even my imagination can picture to me only what my senses can paint."

"Your senses!" cried Otho, contemptuously,—"it is very true, as you confess, you are limited by your senses. Is all this beauty around you created merely for you—and the other insects about us? I have no doubt it is filled with invisible life."

"Do let us go in!" said Celia. "This talk, just at twilight, under the shade of this shrubbery, makes me shudder. I am not afraid of the fairies. I never could read fairy stories when I was a child; they were tiresome to me. But talking in this way makes one timid. There might be strollers or thieves under all these hedges."

They went into the house, through the hall, and different apartments, till they reached the drawing-room. Isabella stood transfixed upon the threshold. It was all so familiar to her!—everything as she had known it before! Over the mantelpiece hung the picture of the scornful Spanish lady; a heavy bookcase stood in one corner; comfortable chairs

and couches were scattered round the room; beautiful landscapes against the wall seemed like windows cut into foreign scenery. There was an air of ease in the room, an old-fashioned sort of ease, such as the Fogertys must have loved.

"It is a pretty room, is it not?" said Lawrence. "You look at it as if it pleased you. How much more comfort there is about it than in the fashionable parlors of the day! It is solid, substantial comfort."

"You look at it as if you had seen it before," said Otho to Isabella. "Do you know the room impressed me in that way, too?"

"It is singular," said Lawrence, "the feeling, that 'all this has been before,' that comes over one at times. I have heard it expressed by a great many people."

"Have you, indeed, ever had this feeling?" asked Isabella.

"Certainly," replied Lawrence; "I say to myself sometimes, 'I have been through all this before!' and I can almost go on to tell what is to come next,—it seems so much a part of my past experience."

"It is strange it should be so with you,—and with you too," she said, turning to Otho.

"Perhaps we are all more alike than we have thought," said Otho.

Otho's mother appeared, and the conversation took another turn.

Isabella did not go to the Willows again, until all the Lester family were summoned there to a large party that Mrs. Blanchard gave. She called it a house-warning, although she had been in the house some time. It was a beautiful evening. A clear moonlight made it as brilliant outside on the lawn as the lights made the house within. There was a band of music stationed under the shrubbery, and those who chose could dance. Those who were more romantic wandered away down the shaded walks, and listened to the dripping of the fountain.

Lawrence and Isabella returned from a walk through the grounds, and stopped a moment on the terrace in front of the house. Just then a dark cloud appeared in the sky, threatening the moon. The wind, too, was rising, and made a motion among the leaves of the trees.

"Do you remember," asked Lawrence, "that child's story of the Fisherman and his Wife? how the fisherman went down to the sea-shore, and cried out,—

'O man of the sea,
Come listen to me!
For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Has sent me to beg a boon of thee!'

The sea muttered and roared;—do you remember? There was always something impressive to me in the descriptions, in the old story, of the changes in the sea, and of the tempest that rose up, more and more fearful, as the fisherman's wife grew more ambitious and more and more grasping in her desires, each time that the fisherman went down to the sea-shore. I believe my first impression of the sea came from that. The coming on of a storm is always associated with it. I always fancy that it is bringing with it something beside the tempest,—that there is something ruinous behind it."

"That is more fanciful than you usually are," said Isabella; "but, alas! I cannot remember your story, for I never read it."

"That is where your education and Celia's was fearfully neglected," said Lawrence; "you were not brought up on fairy stories and Mother Goose. You have not needed the first, as Celia has; but Mother Goose would have given a tone to your way of thinking, that is certainly wanting."

A little while afterwards, Isabella stood upon the balcony steps leading from the drawing-room. Otho was with her. The threatening clouds had driven almost every one into the house. There was distant thunder and lightning; but through the cloud-rifts, now and

then, the moonlight streamed down. Isabella and Otho had been talking earnestly,—so earnestly, that they were quite unobservant of the coming storm, of the strange lurid light that hung around.

"It is strange that this should take place here!" said Isabella,—"that just here I should learn that you love me! Strange that my destiny should be completed in this spot!"

"And this spot has its strange associations with me," said Otho, "of which I must some time speak to you. But now I can think only of the present. Now, for the first time, do I feel what life is,—now that you have promised to be mine!"

Otho was interrupted by a sudden cry. He turned to find his mother standing behind him.

"You are here with Isabella! she has promised herself to you!" she exclaimed. "It is a fatality, a terrible fatality! Listen, Isabella! You are the Queen of the Red Chessmen; and he, Otho, is the King of the White Chessmen,—and I, their Queen. Can there be two queens? Can there be a marriage between two hostile families? Do you not see, if there were a marriage between the Reds and the Whites, there were no game? Look! I have found our old prison! The pieces would all be here,—but we, we are missing! Would you return to the imprisonment of this poor box,—to your old mimic life? No, my children, go back! Isabella, marry this Lawrence Egerton, who loves you. You will find what life is, then. Leave Otho, that he may find this same life also."

Isabella stood motionless.

"Otho, the White Prince! Alas! where is my hatred? But life without him! Even stagnation were better! I must needs be captive to the White Prince!"

She stretched out her hand to Otho. He seized it passionately. At this moment there was a grand crash of thunder. A gust of wind extinguished at

once all the lights in the drawing-room. The terrified guests hurried into the hall, into the other rooms.

"The lightning must have struck the house!" they exclaimed.

A heavy rain followed; then all was still. Everybody began to recover his spirits. The servants relighted the candles. The drawing-room was found untenanted. It was time to go; yet there was a constraint upon all the party, who were eager to find their hostess and bid her good-bye.

But the hostess could not be found! Isabella and Otho, too, were missing! The Doctor and Lawrence went everywhere, calling for them, seeking them in the house, in the grounds. They were nowhere to be found,—neither that night, nor the next day, nor ever afterwards!

The Doctor found in the balcony a box of chessmen fallen down. It was nearly filled; but the red queen, and the white king and queen, were lying at a little distance. In the box was the red king, his crown fallen from his head, himself broken in pieces. The Doctor took up the red queen, and carried it home.

"Are you crazy?" asked his wife. "What are you going to do with that red queen?"

But the Doctor placed the figure on his study-table, and often gazed at it wistfully.

Whenever, afterwards, as was often the case, any one suggested a new theory to account for the mysterious disappearance of Isabella and the Blanchards, the Doctor looked at the carved image on his table and was silent.

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners! the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow! the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!"

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie!"

TEA.

GOSSIPING Mr. Pepys little imagined, when he wrote in his Diary, September 25th, 1660, "I did send for a cup of tee, (a China drink,) of which I never had drank before," that he had mentioned a beverage destined to exert a world-wide influence on civilization, and in due time gladden every heart in his country, from that of the Sovereign Lady Victoria, down to humble Mrs. Miff with her "mortified bonnet." Reader, if you wish some little information on the subjects of tea-growing, gathering, curing, and shipping, you must come with us to China, in spite of the war. We know how to elude the blockade, how to beard Viceroy Yeh; and in one of the great *hongs* on the Canton River we will give you a short lecture on the virtues of Souchong and flowery Pekoe.

The native name of the article is *Cha*, although it has borne two or three names among the Chinese,—in the fourth century being called *Ming*. To botanists it is known as *Thea*, having many affinities with the *Camellia*. It has long been a doubtful point whether or not two species exist, producing the green and black teas. True, there are the green-tea country and the black-tea region, hundreds of miles apart; but the latest investigation goes to prove that there is really but one plant. Mr. Robert Fortune, whose recent and interesting work, "The Tea Countries of China and India," is familiar to many of our readers, has not only had peculiar facilities for gaining a knowledge of tea as grown in the Central Flowery Kingdom, but is, moreover, one of the most scientific of English botanists. He maintains the "unity theory" of the plant, and we are content to agree with him,—the differences in the leaves being owing to climate, situation, soil, and other accidental influences. The shrub is generally from three to six feet high, having numerous branches and a very dense foliage. Its wood is hard and

tough, giving off a disagreeable smell when cut. The leaves are smooth, shining, of a dark green color, and with notched edges; those of the *Thea Bohea*, the black tea, being curled and oblong,—while those of the *Thea viridis*, the green tea, are broader in proportion to their length, but not so thick, and curled at the apex. The plant flowers early in the spring, remaining in bloom about a month; and its seeds ripen in December and January. According to Chinese authority, tea is grown in nearly every province of the empire; but the greater part of it is produced in four or five provinces, affording all that is shipped from Canton. Very large quantities, however, are consumed by the countries adjoining the western frontier, and Russia draws an immense supply by caravans, all of which is the product of the northwest provinces. The Bohea Hills, in Lat. $27^{\circ} 47'$ North, and Long. 119° East, distant about nine hundred miles from Canton, produce the finest kinds of black tea; while the green teas are chiefly raised in another province, several hundred miles farther north. The soil of many plantations examined by Mr. Fortune is very thin and poor, in some places little more than sand, such soil as would grow pines and scrub oaks. The shrubs are generally planted on the slopes of hills, the plants in many places not interfering with the cultivation of wheat and other grain. They are always raised from seeds, which in the first place are sown very thickly together, as many of them never shoot; and when the young plants have attained the proper size they are transplanted into the beds prepared for them, although in some cases the seeds are sown in the proper situations without removal. Care is taken that the plants be not overshadowed by large trees, and many superstitious notions prevail as to the noxious influence of certain vegetables in the vicinity. Although the shrub is

very hardy, not being injured even by snow, yet the weather has great influence on the quality of the leaves, and many directions are given by Chinese authors with regard to the proper care to be observed in the culture of the plant. Leaves are first gathered from it when it is three years old, but it does not attain its greatest size for six or seven,—thriving, according to care and situation, from ten to twenty years.

The famous Bohea Hills are said to derive their name from two brothers, Woo and E, the sons of a prince in ancient times, who refused to succeed him, and came to reside among these mountains, where to this day the people burn incense to their memory. Another legend states that the people of this district were first taught the use of tea as a beverage by a venerable man who suddenly appeared among them, holding a sprig in his hand, from which he proposed that they should make a decoction and drink it. On their doing so and approving the drink, he instantly vanished.

There is very great choice in the teas; connoisseurs being much more particular in their taste than even the most fastidious wine-drinkers. Purchasers inquire the position of the gardens from which the samples were taken; teas from the summit of a hill, from the middle, and from the base bearing different values. Some of the individual shrubs are greatly prized; one being called the "egg-plant," growing in a deep gully between two hills, and nourished by water which trickles from the precipice. Another is appropriated exclusively to the imperial use, and an officer is appointed every year to superintend the gathering and curing. The produce of such plants is never sent to Canton, being reserved entirely for the emperor and the grantees of the court, and commanding enormous prices; the most valuable being said to be worth one hundred and fifty dollars a pound, and the cheapest not less than twenty-five dollars. There is said to be a very fine kind called "monkey tea," from the fact that it grows upon heights

inaccessible to man, and that monkeys are therefore trained to pick it. For the truth of this story I cannot vouch, and of course ask no one to believe it.

The picking of the leaf is frequently performed by a different class of laborers from those who cultivate it; but the customs vary in different places. There are four pickings in the course of the year,—the last one, however, being considered a mere gleaning. The first is made as early as the 15th of April, and sometimes sooner, when the delicate buds appear and the foliage is just opening, being covered with a whitish down. From this picking the finest kinds of tea are made, although the quantity is small. The next gathering is technically called "second spring," and takes place in the early part of June, when the branches are well covered, producing the greatest quantity of leaves. The third gathering, or "third spring," follows in about one month, when the branches are again searched, the most common kinds of tea being the result. The fourth gleaning is styled the "autumn dew"; but this is not universally observed, as the leaves are now old and of very inferior quality. These poorest sorts are sometimes clipped off with shears; but the general mode of gathering is by hand, the leaves being laid lightly on bamboo trays.

The curing of the leaf is of the utmost importance,—some kinds of tea depending almost entirely for their value on the mode of preparation. When the leaves are brought to the curing-houses, they are thinly spread upon bamboo trays, and placed in the wind to dry until they become somewhat soft; then, while lying on the trays, they are gently rubbed and rolled many times. From the labor attending this process the tea is called *kung foocha*, or "worked tea"; hence the English name of Congou. When the leaves have been sufficiently worked they are ready for the firing, an operation requiring the exercise of the greatest care. The iron pan used in the process is made red hot, and the workman sprinkles a handful of leaves upon

it and waits until each leaf pops with a slight noise, when he at once sweeps all out of the pan, lest they should be burned, and then fires another handful. The leaves are then put into dry baskets over a pan of coals. Care is taken, by laying ashes over the fire, that no smoke shall ascend among the leaves, which are slowly stirred with the hand until perfectly dry. The tea is then poured into chests, and, when transported, placed in boxes enclosing leaden canisters, and papered to keep out the dampness. In curing the finest kinds of tea, such as Powchong, Pekoe, etc., not more than ten to twenty leaves are fired in the pan at one time, and only a few pounds rolled at once in the trays. As soon as cured, these fine teas are packed in papers, two or three pounds in each, and stamped with the name of the plantation and the date of curing.

Beside the hongs in Canton, which I shall presently speak of, there are large buildings, styled "pack-houses," containing all the apparatus for curing. Into these establishments foreigners are not readily admitted. Two or three rows of furnaces are built in a large, airy apartment, having a number of hemispherical iron pans inserted into the brick-work, two pans being heated by one fire. Into these pans the rolled leaves are thrown and stirred with the arm until too hot for the flesh to bear, when they are swept out and laid on a table covered with matting, where they are again rolled. The firing and rolling are sometimes repeated three or four times, according to the state of the leaves. The rolling is attended with some pain, as an acrid juice exudes from the leaves, which acts upon the hands; and the whole operation of tea-curing and packing is somewhat unpleasant, from the fine dust arising, and entering the nose and mouth,—to prevent which, the workmen often cover the lower part of the face with a cloth. The leaves are frequently tested, during the process of curing, by pouring boiling water upon them; and their strength and

quality are judged of by the number of infusions that can be made from the same leaves, as many as fifteen drawings being obtained from the richest kinds.

Many persons have imagined that the peculiar effects of green tea upon the nerves after drinking it, as well as its color, are owing to its having been fired in copper pans, which is not the case, as no copper instruments are used in its manufacture; but these effects are probably due to the partial curing of the leaf, and its consequent retention of many of the peculiar properties of the growing plant. The bloom upon the cheaper kinds of green tea is produced by gypsum or Prussian blue; and perhaps the effects alluded to are in some degree caused by these minerals. Such teas are prepared entirely for exportation, the Chinese themselves never drinking them.

Each foreign house employs an inspector or taster, whose business it is to examine samples of all the teas submitted to the firm for purchase. When a taster has a lot of teas to examine, several samples, selected from various chests, being placed before him, he first of all takes up a large handful and smells it repeatedly, then chews some of it, and records his opinion in a huge folio, wherein are chronicled the merits of every lot examined by him; and lastly, he puts small portions of the various kinds into a great many little cups into which boiling water is poured, and when the tea is drawn he takes a sip of the infusion. With all due deference to his art, sometimes, when the taster does not know exactly what to say of a sample, the book will bear witness that the parcel has "a decided tea flavor." But the accuracy of good tasters is really wonderful; they will classify and fix the true value of a chop of teas beyond dispute, and the East India Company's tasters were occasionally of eminent service in detecting frauds. A first-rate tea-taster may make a fortune in a few years; but, from constantly inhaling minute particles of the herb, the health is frequently ruined.

The teas which come to Canton are brought chiefly by water. Only occasional land stages are used in transportation, the principal one being the pass which crosses the Ineiling Mountain, in the north of the Canton or Quang-tong Province, cut through at the beginning of the eighth century. As every article of merchandise which goes through the pass, either from the south or the north, is carried across on the backs of men, several hundred thousand porters are here employed. Many tortuous paths are cut over the mountain, and through them are continually passing these poor creatures, condemned by poverty to terrible fatigue, the work being so laborious that the generality of them live but a short time. At certain intervals are little bamboo sheds, where travellers rest on their journey, smoking a pipe and drinking tea for refreshment; while at the summit of the pass is an immense portal, or kind of triumphal arch, erected on the boundary line of the two Provinces of Quang-tong and Kiang-si. The teas, securely packed in chests wrapped in matting, are placed in the boats which ply upon the rivers flowing from the tea countries into the Poyang Lake, and after successive changes are at length brought to the foot of the Ineiling Mountain, carried over it on the backs of men, and reshipped on the south side of the pass. The boats in which the tea is brought to Canton convey from five hundred to eight hundred chests each, and are called chop-boats by foreigners, from each lot of teas being called a *chop*. They serve admirably for inland navigation, drawing but little water, and are so rounded as to make it almost impossible to overset one. A ledge is built upon each side of the boat for the trackers, who, when the wind fails, collect in the bow, and, sticking long bamboo poles into the bed of the stream, walk along the ledge to the stern, thus propelling the barge, and repeating the operation as often as they have traversed the length of the planks. A number of excise posts

and custom-houses are established along the route from the tea regions to Canton, for the purpose of levying duties on the teas, none being allowed to be sent to that city by coastwise voyages.

And now of the various kinds of black and green teas.—But, Reader, I hear you cry, “Halt! halt! pray do not bore us with a dry catalogue of the ‘Padre Souchongs’ and ‘Twankays’; we know them already.”—Then speak for me, immortal Pindar Cockloft! crusty bachelor that thou art! who hast told that tea and scandal are inseparable, and hast so wittily described a gathering around the urn as

“A convention of tattling, a tea-party hight,
Which, like meeting of witches, is brewed up
at night,
Where each matron arrives fraught with tales
of surprise,
With knowing suspicion and doubtful sur-
mise;
Like the broomstick-whirled hags that appear
in Macbeth,
Each bearing some relic of venom or death,
To stir up the toil and to double the trouble,
That fire may burn, and that cauldron may
bubble.
The wives of our cits of inferior degree
Will soak up repute in a little Bohemia;
The potion is vulgar, and vulgar the slang
With which on their neighbors' defects they
harangue.
But the scandal improves,—a refinement in
wrong!—
As our matrons are richer and rise to Sou-
chong.
With Hyson, a beverage that's still more re-
fined, ”
Our ladies of fashion enliven their mind,
And by nods, innuendoes, and hints, and what
not,
Reputations and tea send together to pot;
While madam in cambrics and laces arrayed,
With her plate and her liveries in splendid
parade,
Will drink in Imperial a friend at a sup,
Or in Gunpowder blow them by dozens all
up.”

There, now, Reader, you have the best classification extant of teas; and I will not detain you with any long descriptions of other kinds, seldom heard of by Americans, such as the “Sparrow's Tongue,” the “Black Dragon,” the “Dragon's

Whiskers," the "Dragon's Pellet," the "Flowery Fragrance," and the "Careful Firing."

Perhaps a notice of the great hongs will prove more interesting to you. They stretch for miles along the Canton River, and in the busy season are crammed with hundreds of thousands of chests, filled with the fragrant herb. The hongs front upon the river, in order that cargo-boats may approach them; but they have also another entrance at the end which opens from the suburbs. Imagine a building twelve hundred feet long by twenty to forty broad, and in some portions fifty feet high, built of brick, of one story, here and there open to the sky, with the floor as level as that of a ropewalk, and of such extent, that, to a person standing at one end, forms at the other end appear dwarfed, and men seem engaged in noiseless occupations: you have here the picture of a Chinese hong. In these warehouses the tea is assorted, repacked, and then put on board the chop-boats and sent down the river to the ships at their anchorage off Whampoa. Here are enormous scales for weighing the chests; here, where the light falls in from the roof, are tables placed for superintendents, who carefully watch the workmen; farther off, are foreigners inspecting a newly arrived chop; at the extreme end is the little apartment where the tea merchant receives people upon business; and through the high door beyond, we see the crowded river, and chop-boats waiting for cargoes. At the river end of the building a second story is added, often fitted up with immense suites of beautiful rooms, elegantly furnished, and abounding with rare and costly articles of *virtù*. Here is a door leading higher still, out upon the roof, which is flat. Below us is the river with its myriads of boats, visible as far as the eye can reach, no less than eighty-four thousand belonging to Canton alone. On our right is the public square, where of late stood the foreign factories, now destroyed by the mob, while the flags of France, England, and America have disappeared.

On our left is another vista of river life, the pagoda near Whampoa, and the forts of Dutch and French Folly. In our rear is the immense city of Canton, and opposite to us, across the river, lies the verdant island of Honan, with its villages, its canals, and its great Buddhist temple. On descending, we find that a servant has placed for us on a superb table in one of the pretty rooms cups of delicious tea,—it being the custom in all the hongs to offer the beverage to strangers at all times. A cup of the aromatic Oulong will serve to steady our nerves for the completion of the tea-lecture.

The visitor will soon form some idea of the magnitude of the tea trade, by going from one hong to another, and finding all of them filled with chests, while armies of coolies are bringing in chops, sorting cargoes, loading chop-boats, making leaden canisters, packing, and labelling the packages. A heavy gate, with brilliant figures painted on it, and adorned with enormous lanterns, swings yawning open, and admits the stranger. Just inside of the gate, at a little table, sits a man who keeps count of the coolies, as they enter with chests of tea, and sees that they do not carry any out except for good reasons. Looking down the length of the hong, a busy scene presents itself. It is crammed with big square chests just from the tea regions, and piled up to the roof. Presently a string of coolies, stretching out like a flock of wild geese, come past, and set down chests enough on the floor to cover half an acre. These half-naked fellows are nimble workmen, and will unload a boat full of tea in an incredibly short time. Very valuable as an animal is the cooly: he is a Jack-at-all-trades; works at the scull of a boat, or in a tea pack-house; bears a mandarin's sedan-chair, or sweeps out a chamber. His ideas are as limited as his means, and nearly as much so as his clothing; but he works all day without grumbling at his lot, is cheerful, and seems to enjoy life, although he lives on a few cents a day. He sleeps soundly at night, though his accommodations

are such as an American beggar would scorn. Any person visiting a hong will see on the sides of the building, at a considerable elevation from the ground, a number of shelves with divisions arranged like berths in a steamboat, intended for beds, but consisting of rough boards with square wooden blocks for pillows. Each one is enclosed with a coarse blue mosquito-netting; and mounting to the apartments by a ladder, here the coolies sleep the year round.

The teas are not generally brought to the hongs until sold. Before sale they are stored in warehouses, chiefly on Honan Island, opposite the city; but after disposal the large-sized chests are carried into the hongs, where they are sorted and repacked into smaller boxes, according to the wants of the purchaser. You will see different parts of the floor covered with packages large and small, into which the coolies are shaking teas. Each box contains a leaden canister, into some of which the teas are loosely poured, while in others the herb is wrapped in papers of half a pound weight, each stamped with Chinese characters. The canister is then closed by a lid, and afterward securely fastened down by the top of the chest. These canisters are made near at hand. Look around, and a few rods off you will see three or four expert hands turning the large sheets of the prepared metal into shape. Knowing the required size, the operators have a cubic block placed on the metal sheet, which, bending like paper, is folded over the block, assuming its shape, and the edges of the canister are instantly soldered by a second hand; a third, with the aid of another wooden form, prepares the lids; and thus a knot of half a dozen workmen, keeping steadily at their tasks, will make a large number of canisters in a day. Besides the laborers who cultivate and those who cure the tea, and the porters and boatmen who transport it, thousands are employed in different occupations connected with the trade. Carpenters make the chests, plumbers the leaden canisters, while painters adorn the

boxes containing the finer kinds of teas with brilliant flowers or grotesque scenes.

About the season of the arrival of the tea in Canton, the Chinese dealers come to the foreign factories with "musters," or samples in nice little tin canisters, with the names of the owners written on paper pasted down the sides, and you can select such as you like. The principal business is of course held with the tea merchants themselves, not those who come from the North, but the Cantonese, while the minor business of all the hongs is in a great measure conducted through the "pursers," or foremen, who act between the Chinese and the foreigners, bringing in the accounts to the shipping-houses, and receiving the orders for cargoes. Give one of these men an order for tea and go to the hong shortly afterward, you will find numbers of workmen employed for you;—some bringing in the small boxes; others filling them, or, when filled, fastened, papered, and covered with matting, securing them firmly with ratans; others, finally, labelling them on the outer covering—the labels being printed with the name of the vessel, of the tea merchant, of the tea, and of the Canton forwarding-house, also with the initials of the purchaser, and the number of the lot. These labels are printed rapidly, being cut by one set of hands to the proper size for the use of the others who stamp them. All the types are carved in blocks of wood, and the whole fastened into a frame; then, in a little space just large enough for work,—for the printer has no immense establishment with signs on the outside of "Book and Job Printing,"—a Chinaman will sit down, snatch up a paper in one hand, and stamp it instantly with the wooden block letters, moistened with the coloring mixture used in printing.

When the teas are fairly ready to be conveyed to the ships, heavy cargo-boats are moored at the foot of the hong, their crews prepare for the chop, and the coolies within the hong stand ready to carry the chests. Every box is properly

weighed, papered, and bound with split ratan, the bill of the purchase has gone duly authenticated to the foreign factory, and the teas bid farewell to their native soil. The word is given, and each coolly, placing his two chests in the ropes swinging from his shoulder-bar, lifts them from the ground, and with a brisk walk conveys them on board the chop-boat, where they are carefully stowed away. As they are carried out of the hong, a fellow stands ready, and, as if about to stab the packages, thrusts at each one two sharp sticks with red ends, leaving them jammed between the ratan and the tea-box. One of these sticks is taken out when the chest leaves the chop-boat, and the other when it reaches the deck of the vessel; and as soon as one hundred chests are passed into the ship, the sticks are counted and thus serve as tallies. Should the two bundles not correspond, a chest is missing somewhere, and woe betide the blunderer!

In the busy season the chop-boats are seen pushing down the river with every favorable tide. As for pushing against the tide, no Chinaman ever thinks of such a thing, unless absolutely compelled,—the value of time being quite unknown in China. Coolly anchoring as soon as the tide is adverse, the crew fall to playing cards until it is time to get under way again. Nearly every chop-boat contains a whole family, father, mother, and children,—sometimes an old grandparent, also, being included in the domestic circle,—and all assist in working. At the stern of the boat the wife has a little cooking-apparatus, and prepares the cheap rice for the squad of eager gormandizers, who bolt it in huge quantities without fear of indigestion. The family sit down to their repast on the deck; the men keep an eye to windward and a hand on the tiller; the mother knots the cord that goes around the baby's waist into an iron ring, and, feeling secure against the bantling's falling overboard, chats sociably, occasionally enforcing a mild reproof to a vagabond

son by a tap on the head with her chop-stick. There is but one dish, rice, of a very ordinary sort and of a pink color, but all seem to thrive upon it. The meal over, the men smoke their pipes, and the wife washes her cooking utensils with water drawn from the muddy river, and then, strapping her infant to her back, overhauls the scanty wardrobe and mends the ragged garments.

It is interesting to mark how accurately the chop-boat is brought alongside of the ship for which it is destined. No matter how strong the wind blows or the tide runs, the sails are trimmed as occasion requires, and the big scull does its offices without ever the least mistake. The boat running under the quarter scrapes along the edge, the ropes are thrown, caught, and belayed, and the crew prepare for passing the cargo into the vessel's hold. The stevedores who load the ships are very active men. They have also good heads, and, measuring the length, breadth, and height of the hold, calculate pretty accurately how many chests the ship will carry, and the number of small boxes to be squeezed into narrow places. When the hold is full the hatch is fastened down and caulked, as exposure to the salt air injures the teas. The finest kinds are so delicate, indeed, that they cannot be exported by sea; for, however tightly sealed, they would deteriorate during the voyage. The very superior flavor noticed by travellers in the tea used at St. Petersburg is doubtless to be attributed in an important measure to its overland transportation, and its consequent escape from dampness; the large quantities consumed in Russia being, as before observed, all carried from the northwest of China to Kiakhta, whence it is distributed over the empire.

One of the most remarkable and interesting facts in the history of commerce is the comparatively recent origin of the tea trade. The leaves of the tea-plant were extensively used by the people of China and Japan centuries before it was known to Western nations. This is the

more singular from the fact that the silks of China found their way to the West at a very early period,—as early, at least, as the first century of the Christian era,—while the use of tea in Europe dates back only about two hundred years. The earliest notices of its use in the countries where it is indigenous are found in the writings of the Moorish historians and travellers, about the end of the eighth century, at which time the Mahometans were freely allowed to visit China, and travel through the empire as they pleased. Soliman, an Arabian merchant, who visited China about A. D. 850, describes it under the name of *Sah*, as being the favorite beverage of the people; and Ibn Batuta, A. D. 1323, speaks of it as used for correcting the bad properties of water, and as a medicine. Mandelslo, a German, who travelled in India, 1638–40, in describing the customs of the European merchants at Surat, speaks of tea as of something unfamiliar. The reasons he gives for drinking both it and coffee are charmingly incongruous, as is generally the case when men undertake to find some solemn excuse for doing what they like. “At our ordinary meetings every day we took only *Thé*, which is commonly used all over the Indies, not only among those of the Country, but among the *Dutch* and *English*, who take it as a Drug that cleanses the stomach and digests the superfluous humours, by a temperate heat particular thereto. The Persians, instead of *Thé*, drink their *Kahwa*, which cools and abates the natural heat which *Thé* preserves.”* Of its first introduction into Europe little is known. In 1517, King Emanuel of Portugal sent a fleet of eight ships to China, and an embassy to Peking; but it was not until after the formation of the Dutch East India Company, in 1602, that the use of tea became known on the Continent, and even then, although the Hollanders paid much attention to it, it made its way slowly for many years. The first notice

of it in England is found in Pepys's “Diary,” under date of September 25th, 1660,—as before quoted. In 1664, the East India Company presented to the king, among other “rareties,” 2 lb. 2 oz. of “thea”; and in 1667, they desire their agent at Bantam to send “100 lb. waight of the best tey that he can gett.”* From this insignificant beginning the importation has grown from year to year, until ninety million pounds went to Great Britain in 1856, forty million coming to the United States the same year.

The “Edinburgh Review,” in an article on this subject, says: “The progress of this famous plant has been somewhat like the progress of *Truth*;—suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had the courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last in cheering the whole land, from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues.”

Many substitutes for tea are in vogue among the Chinese, but in general only the very lowest of the population are debarred the use of the genuine article. Being the universal drink, it is found at all times in every house. Few are so poor that a simmering tea-pot does not stand ever filled for the visitor. It is invariably offered to strangers; and any omission to do so is considered, and is usually intended, as a slight. It appears to be preferred by the people to any other beverage, even in the hottest weather; and while Americans in the heats of July would gladly resort to ice-water or lemonade, the Chinaman will quench his thirst with large draughts of boiling tea.

The Muse of China has not disdained to warble harmonious numbers in praise of her favorite beverage. There is a celebrated ballad on tea-picking, in thirty stanzas, sung by a young woman who goes from home early in the day to work, and lightens her labors with song. I give

* Mandelslo's *Voyages and Travels into the East Indies*, p. 18, ed. 1662.

* Grant's *History of the East India Company*. London, 1813, p. 76.

a few of the verses, distinctly informing the reader, at the same time, that for the real sparkle and beauty of the poem he must consult the Chinese original.

"By earliest dawn I at my toilet only half-dress my hair,
And seizing my basket, pass the door, while yet the mist is thick.
The little maids and graver dames, hand in hand winding along,
Ask me, 'Which steep of Semglo do you climb to-day?'

"In social couples, each to aid her fellow, we seize the tea twigs,
And in low words urge one another, 'Don't delay!'
Lest on the topmost bough the bud has now grown old,
And lest with the morrow come the drizzling silky rain.

"My curls and hair are all awry, my face is quite begrimed;
In whose house lives the girl so ugly as your slave?
'Tis only because that every day the tea I'm forced to pick;
The soaking rains and driving winds have spoiled my former charms.

"Each picking is with toilsome labor, but yet I shun it not;
My maiden curls are all askew, my pearly fingers all benumbed;
But I only wish our tea to be of a superfine kind,—
To have it equal his 'Sparrow's Tongue' and their 'Dragon's Pellet.'

"For a whole month where can I catch a single leisure day?
For at the earliest dawn I go to pick, and not till dusk return;
Till the deep midnight I'm still before the firing-pan.
Will not labor like this my pearly complexion deface?

"But if my face is lank, my mind is firmly fixed
So to fire my golden buds they shall excel all beside.

But how know I who'll put them into the gemmy cup?
Who at leisure will with her taper fingers give them to the maid to draw?"

Will any one say, after this, that there is no poetry connected with tea?

The theme, in truth, is replete with poetical associations, and of a kind that we look in vain for in connection with any other potable. Unlike the Anacreontic in praise of the grape,—song suggestive chiefly of bacchanal revels and loose jollity,—the verse which extols "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," brings to mind home comforts and a happy household. And not only have some of the "canonized bards" of England celebrated its honors,—like Pope, in the "Rape of the Lock," when describing Hampton Court,—

"There, thou great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea,"—

but, if it be true that

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration,"

how many an unknown bard have we among us, who, at the close of a hard day's work, tramps cheerily home, whistling,—

"Molly, put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea,"—

and thinking of a well-spread board, a simmering urn, a sweet wife, and rosy-cheeked children, waiting his coming. Grave father of a family! your heart has grown cold and hard, if you have ceased to enjoy such scenes. Young husband! cannot you remember the first time you hoped with good reason, when, as you took leave after an afternoon call, a pair of witching eyes looked into yours, and a sweet voice sounded sweeter, as it timidly asked, "Won't you stay—and take a cup of tea?"

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

OUR vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple-crowned;
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart;
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost-flung and broken, lines
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows
Its drooped and tasseled head;
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows,
Fern-leaved with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighboring plain
Like white ghosts come and go,
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,
The distant pines reply;
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,
Unchecked the winter blast;
The school-girl learns the place to shun,
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified—
That he might read who ran—
The emptiness of human pride,
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with flowers,
Nor dress the funeral sod,
Where, with a love as deep as ours,
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept,
From beauty turned aside;

Nor missed they over those who slept
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,
The golden leaves would fall,
The seasons come, the seasons go.
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung
In bloom and green its wreath,
And harebells swung as if they rung
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,
The gifts she hath for all,
The common light, the common air,
O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,
The sunrise and the noon,
And glorified and sanctified
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,
Around the seasons ran,
And evermore the love of God
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand,
Within a daily strife,
And spectral problems waiting stand
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,
The truths we know, are one;
The known and nameless stars revolve
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,
And take the dole we deal,
The law of pain is love alone,
The wounding is to heal.

Unharmed from change to change we glide,
We fall as in our dreams;
The far-off terror, at our side,
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart
Alike rest great and small;
Why fear to lose our little part,
When He is pledged for all?

O fearful heart and troubled brain !
 Take hope and strength from this,—
 That Nature never hints in vain,
 Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,
 Her lights and airs are given,
 Alike to playground and the grave,—
 And over both is Heaven.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.

[I AM so well pleased with my boarding-house that I intend to remain there, perhaps for years. Of course I shall have a great many conversations to report, and they will necessarily be of different tone and on different subjects. The talks are like the breakfasts,—sometimes dipped toast, and sometimes dry. You must take them as they come. How can I do what all these letters ask me to ? No. 1. wants serious and earnest thought. No. 2. (letter smells of bad cigars) must have more jokes; wants me to tell a "good storey" that he has copied out for me. (I suppose two letters before the word "good" refer to some Doctor of Divinity who told the story.) No. 3. (in female hand)—more poetry. No. 4. wants something that would be of use to a practical man. (*Prahactical mahn* he probably pronounces it.) No. 5. (gilt-edged, sweet-scented)—"more sentiment,"—"heart's outpourings."—]

My dear friends, one and all, I can do nothing but report such remarks as I happen to have made at our breakfast-table. Their character will depend on many accidents,—a good deal on the particular persons in the company to whom they were addressed. It so happens that those which follow were mainly intended for the divinity-student and the school-mistress; though others, whom I need not mention, saw fit to interfere, with more

or less propriety, in the conversation. This is one of my privileges as a talker; and of course, if I was not talking for our whole company, I don't expect all the readers of this periodical to be interested in my notes of what was said. Still, I think there may be a few that will rather like this vein,—possibly prefer it to a livelier one,—serious young men, and young women generally, in life's roseate parenthesis from — years of age to — inclusive.

Another privilege of talking is to mis-quote.—Of course it wasn't Proserpina that actually cut the yellow hair,—but Iris. It was the former lady's regular business, but Dido had used herself ungenteelly, and Madame d'Enfer stood firm on the point of etiquette. So the bathycolpian Here—Juno, in Latin—sent down Iris instead. But I was mightily pleased to see that one of the gentlemen that do the heavy articles for this magazine misquoted Campbell's line without any excuse. "*Waft us home the message*" of course it ought to be. Will he be duly grateful for the correction ?]

—The more we study the body and the mind, the more we find both to be governed, not *by*, but *according to* laws, such as we observe in the larger universe.—You think you know all about *walking*,—don't you, now? Well, how

do you suppose your lower limbs are held to your body? They are sucked up by two cupping vessels, ("cotyloid"—cup-like—cavities,) and held there as long as you live, and longer. At any rate, you think you move them backward and forward at such a rate as your will determines, don't you? On the contrary, they swing just as any other pendulums swing, at a fixed rate, determined by their length. You can alter this by muscular power, as you can take hold of the pendulum of a clock and make it move faster or slower; but your ordinary gait is timed by the same mechanism as the movements of the solar system.

[My friend, the Professor, told me all this, referring me to certain German physiologists by the name of Weber for proof of the facts, which, however, he said he had often verified. I appropriated it to my own use; what can one do better than this, when one has a friend that tells him anything worth remembering ?

The Professor seems to think that man and the general powers of the universe are in partnership. Some one was saying that it had cost nearly half a million to move the Leviathan only so far as they had got it already.—Why,—said the Professor,—they might have hired an EARTHQUAKE for less money !]

Just as we find a mathematical rule at the bottom of many of the bodily movements, just so thought may be supposed to have its regular cycles. Such or such a thought comes round periodically, in its turn. Accidental suggestions, however, so far interfere with the regular cycles, that we may find them practically beyond our power of recognition. Take all this for what it is worth, but at any rate you will agree that there are certain particular thoughts that do not come up once a day, nor once a week, but that a year would hardly go round without your having them pass through your mind. Here is one that comes up at intervals in this way. Some one speaks of it, and there is an instant and eager smile of assent in the listener or listeners.

Yes, indeed ; they have often been struck by it.

All at once a conviction flashes through us that we have been in the same precise circumstances as at the present instant, once or many times before.

O, dear, yes!—said one of the company,—everybody has had that feeling.

The landlady didn't know anything about such notions ; it was an idee in folks' heads, she expected.

The schoolmistress said, in a hesitating sort of way, that she knew the feeling well, and didn't like to experience it ; it made her think she was a ghost, sometimes.

The young fellow whom they call John said he knew all about it ; he had just lighted a cheroot the other day, when a tremendous conviction all at once came over him that he had done just that same thing ever so many times before. I looked severely at him, and his countenance immediately fell—*on the side toward me* ; I cannot answer for the other, for he can wink and laugh with either half of his face without the other half's knowing it.

—I have noticed—I went on to say—the following circumstances connected with these sudden impressions. First, that the condition which seems to be the duplicate of a former one is often very trivial,—one that might have presented itself a hundred times. Secondly, that the impression is very evanescent, and that it is rarely, if ever, recalled by any voluntary effort, at least after any time has elapsed. Thirdly, that there is a disinclination to record the circumstances, and a sense of incapacity to reproduce the state of mind in words. Fourthly, I have often felt that the duplicate condition had not only occurred once before, but that it was familiar, and, as it seemed, habitual. Lastly, I have had the same convictions in my dreams.

How do I account for it?—Why, there are several ways that I can mention, and you may take your choice. The first is that which the young lady hinted at ;—that these flashes are sudden recollections

of a previous existence. I don't believe that; for I remember a poor student I used to know told me he had such a conviction one day when he was blacking his boots, and I can't think he had ever lived in another world where they use Day and Martin.

Some think that Dr. Wigan's doctrine of the brain's being a double organ, its hemispheres working together like the two eyes, accounts for it. One of the hemispheres hangs fire, they suppose, and the small interval between the perceptions of the nimble and the sluggish half seems an indefinitely long period, and therefore the second perception appears to be the copy of another, ever so old. But even allowing the centre of perception to be double, I can see no good reason for supposing this indefinite lengthening of the time, nor any analogy that bears it out. It seems to me most likely that the coincidence of circumstances is very partial, but that we take this partial resemblance for identity, as we occasionally do resemblances of persons. A momentary posture of circumstances is so far like some preceding one that we accept it as exactly the same, just as we accost a stranger occasionally, mistaking him for a friend. The apparent similarity may be owing, perhaps, quite as much to the mental state at the time as to the outward circumstances.

—Here is another of these curiously recurring remarks. I have said it and heard it many times, and occasionally met with something like it in books,—somewhere in Bulwer's novels, I think, and in one of the works of Mr. Olmsted, I know.

Memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations, are more readily reached through the sense of SMELL than by almost any other channel.

Of course the particular odors which act upon each person's susceptibilities differ.—O, yes! I will tell you some of mine. The smell of *phosphorus* is one of them. During a year or two of adolescence I used to be dabbling in chemistry a good deal, and as about that time I had

my little aspirations and passions like another, some of these things got mixed up with each other: orange-colored fumes of nitrous acid, and visions as bright and transient; reddening litmus-paper, and blushing cheeks;—*eheu!*

“Soles occidere et redire possunt,”

but there is no reagent that will reddens the faded roses of eighteen hundred and —— spare them! But, as I was saying, phosphorus fires this train of associations in an instant; its luminous vapors with their penetrating odor throw me into a trance; it comes to me in a double sense “trailing clouds of glory.” Only the confounded Vienna matches, *ohne phosphor-geruch*, have worn my sensibilities a little.

Then there is the *marigold*. When I was of smallest dimensions, and wont to ride impacted between the knees of fond parental pair, we would sometimes cross the bridge to the next village-town and stop opposite a low, brown, “gambrel-roofed” cottage. Out of it would come one Sally, sister of its swarthy tenant, swarthy herself, shady-lipped, sad-voiced, and, bending over her flower-bed, would gather a “posy,” as she called it, for the little boy. Sally lies in the churchyard with a slab of blue slate at her head, lichen-crusted, and leaning a little within the last few years. Cottage, garden-beds, posies, grenadier-like rows of seedling onions,—stateliest of vegetables,—all are gone, but the breath of a marigold brings them all back to me.

Perhaps the herb *everlasting*, the fragrant *immortelle* of our autumn fields, has the most suggestive odor to me of all those that set me dreaming. I can hardly describe the strange thoughts and emotions that come to me as I inhale the aroma of its pale, dry, rustling flowers. A something it has of sepulchral spicery, as if it had been brought from the core of some great pyramid, where it had lain on the breast of a mummied Pharaoh. Something, too, of immortality in the sad, faint sweetness lingering so long in its lifeless petals. Yet this does not tell

why it fills my eyes with tears and carries me in blissful thought to the banks of asphodel that border the River of Life.

—I should not have talked so much about these personal susceptibilities, if I had not a remark to make about them that I believe is a new one. It is this. There may be a physical reason for the strange connection between the sense of smell and the mind. The olfactory nerve—so my friend, the Professor, tells me—is the only one directly connected with the hemispheres of the brain, the parts in which, as we have every reason to believe, the intellectual processes are performed. To speak more truly, the olfactory “nerve” is not a nerve at all, he says, but a part of the brain, in intimate connection with its anterior lobes. Whether this anatomical arrangement is at the bottom of the facts I have mentioned, I will not decide; but it is curious enough to be worth remembering. Contrast the sense of taste, as a source of suggestive impressions, with that of smell. Now the Professor assures me that you will find the nerve of taste has no immediate connection with the brain proper, but only with the prolongation of the spinal cord.

[The old gentleman opposite did not pay much attention, I think, to this hypothesis of mine. But while I was speaking about the sense of smell he nestled about in his seat, and presently succeeded in getting out a large red bandanna handkerchief. Then he lurched a little to the other side, and after much tribulation at last extricated an ample round snuff-box. I looked as he opened it and felt for the wonted pugil. Moist rappee, and a Tonka-bean lying therein. I made the manual sign understood of all mankind that use the precious dust, and presently my brain, too, responded to the long unused stimulus.—O boys,—that were,—actual papas and possible grand-papas,—some of you with crowns like billiard-balls,—some in locks of sable silvered, and some of silver sabled,—do you remember, as you doze over this, those af-

ter-dinners at the *Trois Frères*, when the Scotch-plaided snuff-box went round, and the dry Lundy-Foot tickled its way along into our happy sensoria? Then it was that the Chambertin or the *Clôt Vougeot* came in, slumbering in its straw cradle. And one among you,—do you remember how he would have a bit of ice always in his Burgundy, and sit tinkling it against the sides of the bubble-like glass, saying that he was hearing the cow-bells as he used to hear them, when the deep-breathing kine came home at twilight from the huckleberry pasture, in the old home a thousand leagues towards the sunset?]

Ah, me! what strains and strophes of unwritten verse pulsate through my soul when I open a certain closet in the ancient house where I was born! On its shelves used to lie bundles of sweet-marjoram and pennyroyal and lavender and mint and catnip; there apples were stored until their seeds should grow black, which happy period there were sharp little milk-teeth always ready to anticipate; there peaches lay in the dark, thinking of the sunshine they had lost, until, like the hearts of saints that dream of heaven in their sorrow, they grew fragrant as the breath of angels. The odorous echo of a score of dead summers lingers yet in those dim recesses.

—Do I remember Byron's line about “striking the electric chain”? —To be sure I do. I sometimes think the less the hint that stirs the automatic machinery of association, the more easily this moves us. What can be more trivial than that old story of opening the folio Shakspeare that used to lie in some ancient English hall and finding the flakes of Christmas pastry between its leaves, shut up in them perhaps a hundred years ago? And, lo! as one looks on these poor relics of a bygone generation, the universe changes, in the twinkling of an eye; old George the Second is back again, and the elder Pitt is coming into power, and General Wolfe is a fine, promising young man, and over the Channel they are pulling the Sieur Damiens to pieces with wild horses, and across the Atlantic

the Indians are tomahawking Hiram's and Jonathans and Jonases at Fort William Henry; all the dead people that have been in the dust so long—even to the stout-armed cook that made the pastry—are alive again; the planet unwinds a hundred of its luminous coils, and the precession of the equinoxes is retraced on the dial of heaven! And all this for a bit of pie-crust!

—I will thank you for that pie,—said the provoking young fellow whom I have named repeatedly. He looked at it for a moment, and put his hands to his eyes as if moved.—I was thinking,—he said, indistinctly—

—How? What is't?—said our landlady.

—I was thinking—said he—who was king of England when this old pie was baked,—and it made me feel bad to think how long he must have been dead.

[Our landlady is a decent body, poor, and a widow, of course; *celà va sans dire*. She told me her story once; it was as if a grain of corn that had been ground and bolted had tried to individualize itself by a special narrative. There was the wooing and the wedding,—the start in life,—the disappointment,—the children she had buried,—the struggle against fate,—the dismantling of life, first of its small luxuries, and then of its comforts,—the broken spirits,—the altered character of the one on whom she leaned,—and at last the death that came and drew the black curtain between her and all her earthly hopes.

I never laughed at my landlady after she had told me her story, but I often cried,—not those pattering tears that run off the eaves upon our neighbors' grounds, the *stillicidium* of self-conscious sentiment, but those which steal noiselessly through their conduits until they reach the cisterns lying round about the heart; those tears that we weep inwardly with unchanging features;—such I did shed for her often when the imps of the boarding-house Inferno tugged at her soul with their red-hot pincers.]

Young man,—I said,—the pastry you

speak lightly of is not old, but courtesy to those who labor to serve us, especially if they are of the weaker sex, is very old, and yet well worth retaining. The pastry looks to me as if it were tender, but I know that the hearts of women are so. May I recommend to you the following caution, as a guide, whenever you are dealing with a woman, or an artist, or a poet;—if you are handling an editor or politician, it is superfluous advice. I take it from the back of one of those little French toys which contain pasteboard figures moved by a small running stream of fine sand; Benjamin Franklin will translate it for you: “*Quoiqu'elle soit très solidement montée, il faut ne pas BRUTALISER la machine.*”—I will thank you for the pie, if you please.

[I took more of it than was good for me,—as much as 85°, I should think,—and had an indigestion in consequence. While I was suffering from it, I wrote some sadly desponding poems, and a theological essay which took a very melancholy view of creation. When I got better I labelled them all “Pie-crust,” and laid them by as scarecrows and solemn warnings. I have a number of books on my shelves that I should like to label with some such title; but, as they have great names on their title-pages,—Doctors of Divinity, some of them,—it wouldn't do.]

—My friend, the Professor, whom I have mentioned to you once or twice, told me yesterday that somebody had been abusing him in some of the journals of his calling. I told him that I didn't doubt he deserved it; that I hoped he did deserve a little abuse occasionally, and would for a number of years to come; that nobody could do anything to make his neighbors wiser or better without being liable to abuse for it; especially that people hated to have their little mistakes made fun of, and perhaps he had been doing something of the kind.—The Professor smiled.—Now, said I, hear what I am going to say. It will not take many years to bring you to the period of life when men, at least the majority of writ-

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ing and talking men, do nothing but praise. Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay. I don't know what it is,—whether a spontaneous change, mental or bodily, or whether it is thorough experience of the thanklessness of critical honesty,—but it is a fact, that most writers, except sour and unsuccessful ones, get tired of finding fault at about the time when they are beginning to grow old. As a general thing, I would not give a great deal for the fair words of a critic, if he is himself an author, over fifty years of age. At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help others, and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way. So I am glad you have a little life left; you will be saccharine enough in a few years.

—Some of the softening effects of advancing age have struck me very much in what I have heard or seen here and elsewhere. I just now spoke of the sweetening process that authors undergo. Do you know that in the gradual passage from maturity to helplessness the harshest characters sometimes have a period in which they are gentle and placid as young children? I have heard it said, but I cannot be sponsor for its truth, that the famous chieftain, Lochiel, was rocked in a cradle like a baby, in his old age. An old man, whose studies had been of the severest scholastic kind, used to love to hear little nursery-stories read over and over to him. One who saw the Duke of Wellington in his last years describes him as very gentle in his aspect and demeanor. I remember a person of singularly stern and lofty bearing who became remarkably gracious and easy in all his ways in the later period of his life.

And that leads me to say that men often remind me of pears in their way of coming to maturity. Some are ripe at twenty, like human Jargonelles, and

must be made the most of, for their day is soon over. Some come into their perfect condition late, like the autumn kinds, and they last better than the summer fruit. And some, that, like the Winter-Nelis, have been hard and uninviting until all the rest have had their season, get their glow and perfume long after the frost and snow have done their worst with the orchards. Beware of rash criticisms; the rough and astringent fruit you condemn may be an autumn or a winter pear, and that which you picked up beneath the same bough in August may have been only its worm-eaten windfalls. Milton was a Saint-Germain with a graft of the roseate Early-Catherine. Rich, juicy, lively, fragrant, russet-skin-ned old Chaucer was an Easter-Beurré; the buds of a new summer were swelling when he ripened.

—There is no power I envy so much—said the divinity-student—as that of seeing analogies and making comparisons. I don't understand how it is that some minds are continually coupling thoughts or objects that seem not in the least related to each other, until all at once they are put in a certain light, and you wonder that you did not always see that they were as like as a pair of twins. It appears to me a sort of miraculous gift.

[He is rather a nice young man, and I think has an appreciation of the higher mental qualities remarkable for one of his years and training. I try his head occasionally as housewives try eggs,—give it an intellectual shake and hold it up to the light, so to speak, to see if it has life in it, actual or potential, or only contains lifeless albumen.]

You call it *miraculous*,—I replied,—tossing the expression with my facial eminence, a little smartly, I fear.—Two men are walking by the polyphœscean ocean, one of them having a small tin cup with which he can scoop up a gill of sea-water when he will, and the other nothing but his hands, which will hardly hold water at all,—and you call the tin cup a miraculous posses-

sion! It is the ocean that is the miracle, my infant apostle! Nothing is clearer than that all things are in all things, and that just according to the intensity and extension of our mental being we shall see the many in the one and the one in the many. Did Sir Isaac think what he was saying when he made *his* speech about the ocean,—the child and the pebbles, you know? Did he mean to speak slightlying of a pebble? Of a spherical solid which stood sentinel over its compartment of space before the stone that became the pyramids had grown solid, and has watched it until now! A body which knows all the currents of force that traverse the globe; which holds by invisible threads to the ring of Saturn and the belt of Orion! A body from the contemplation of which an archangel could infer the entire inorganic universe as the simplest of corollaries! A throne of the all-pervading Deity, who has guided its every atom since the rosary of heaven was strung with beaded stars!

So,—to return to *our* walk by the ocean,—if all that poetry has dreamed, all that insanity has raved, all that maddening narcotics have driven through the brains of men, or smothered passion nursed in the fancies of women,—if the dreams of colleges and convents and boarding-schools,—if every human feeling that sighs, or smiles, or curses, or shrieks, or groans, should bring all their innumerable images, such as come with every hurried heart-beat,—the epic that held them all, though its letters filled the zodiac, would be but a cupful from the infinite ocean of similitudes and analogies that rolls through the universe.

[The divinity-student honored himself by the way in which he received this. He did not swallow it at once, neither did he reject it; but he took it as a pickerel takes the bait, and carried it off with him to his hole (in the fourth story) to deal with at his leisure.]

—Here is another remark made for his especial benefit.—There is a natural tendency in many persons to run their adjectives together in *triads*, as I have

heard them called,—thus: He was honorable, courteous, and brave; she was graceful, pleasing, and virtuous. Dr. Johnson is famous for this; I think it was Bulwer who said you could separate a paper in the “Rambler” into three distinct essays. Many of our writers show the same tendency,—my friend, the Professor, especially. Some think it is in humble imitation of Johnson,—some that it is for the sake of the stately sound only. I don’t think they get to the bottom of it. It is, I suspect, an instinctive and involuntary effort of the mind to present a thought or image with the *three dimensions* that belong to every solid,—an unconscious handling of an idea as if it had length, breadth, and thickness. It is a great deal easier to say this than to prove it, and a great deal easier to dispute it than to disprove it. But mind this: the more we observe and study, the wider we find the range of the automatic and instinctive principles in body, mind, and morals, and the narrower the limits of the self-determining conscious movement.

—I have often seen piano-forte players and singers make such strange motions over their instruments or song-books that I wanted to laugh at them. “Where did our friends pick up all these fine ecstatic airs?” I would say to myself. Then I would remember My Lady in “Marriage à la Mode,” and amuse myself with thinking how affectation was the same thing in Hogarth’s time and in our own. But one day I bought me a Canary-bird and hung him up in a cage at my window. By-and-by he found himself at home, and began to pipe his little tunes; and there he was, sure enough, swimming and waving about, with all the droopings and liftings and languishing side-turnings of the head that I had laughed at. And now I should like to ask, Who taught him all this?—and me, through him, that the foolish head was not the one swinging itself from side to side and bowing and nodding over the music, but that other which was passing its shallow and self-satisfied judgment on

a creature made of finer clay than the frame which carried that same head upon its shoulders?

—Do you want an image of the human will, or the self-determining principle, as compared with its prearranged and impassable restrictions? A drop of water, imprisoned in a crystal; you may see such a one in any mineralogical collection. One little fluid particle in the crystalline prism of the solid universe!

—Weaken moral obligations?—No, not weaken, but define them. When I preach that sermon I spoke of the other day, I shall have to lay down some principles not fully recognized in some of your text-books.

I should have to begin with one most formidable preliminary. You saw an article the other day in one of the journals, perhaps, in which some old Doctor or other said quietly that patients were very apt to be fools and cowards. But a great many of the clergyman's patients are not only fools and cowards, but also liars.

[Immense sensation at the table.—Sudden retirement of the angular female in oxydized bombazine. Movement of adhesion—as they say in the Chamber of Deputies—on the part of the young fellow they call John. Falling of the old-gentleman-opposite's lower jaw—(gravitation is beginning to get the better of him). Our landlady to Benjamin Franklin, briskly,—Go to school right off, there's a good boy! Schoolmistress curious,—takes a quick glance at divinity-student. Divinity-student slightly flushed; draws his shoulders back a little, as if a big falsehood—or truth—had hit him in the forehead. Myself calm.]

—I should not make such a speech as that, you know, without having pretty substantial indorsers to fall back upon, in case my credit should be disputed. Will you run up stairs, Benjamin Franklin, (for B. F. had *not* gone right off, of course,) and bring down a small volume from the left upper corner of the right-hand shelves?

[Look at the precious little black, rib-

bed-backed, clean-typed, vellum-papered 32mo. “*DESIDERII ERASMI COLLOQUIA. Amstelodami. Typis Ludovici Elzevirii. 1650.*” Various names written on title-page. Most conspicuous this: Gul. Cookeson: E. Coll. Omn. Anim. 1725. Oxon.

—O William Cookeson, of All-Souls College, Oxford,—then writing as I now write,—now in the dust, where I shall lie,—is this line all that remains to thee of earthly remembrance? Thy name is at least once more spoken by living men;—is it a pleasure to thee? Thou shalt share with me my little draught of immortality,—its week, its month, its year,—whatever it may be,—and then we will go together into the solemn archives of Oblivion's Uncatalogued Library!]

—If you think I have used rather strong language, I shall have to read something to you out of the book of this keen and witty scholar,—the great Erasmus,—who “laid the egg of the Reformation which Luther hatched.” Oh, you never read his *Naufragium*, or “Shipwreck,” did you? Of course not; for, if you had, I don't think you would have given me credit—or discredit—for entire originality in that speech of mine. That men are cowards in the contemplation of futurity he illustrates by the extraordinary antics of many on board the sinking vessel; that they are fools, by their praying to the sea, and making promises to bits of wood from the true cross, and all manner of similar nonsense; that they are fools, cowards, and liars all at once, by this story: I will put it into rough English for you.—“I couldn't help laughing to hear one fellow bawling out, so that he might be sure to be heard, a promise to Saint Christopher of Paris—the monstrous statue in the great church there—that he would give him a wax taper as big as himself. ‘Mind what you promise!’ said an acquaintance that stood near him, poking him with his elbow; ‘you couldn't pay for it, if you sold all your things at auction.’ ‘Hold your tongue, you donkey!’ said the fellow,—

but softly, so that Saint Christopher should not hear him,—‘do you think I’m in earnest? If I once get my foot on dry ground, catch me giving him so much as a tallow candle!’”

Now, therefore, remembering that those who have been loudest in their talk about the great subject of which we were speaking have not necessarily been wise, brave, and true men, but, on the contrary, have very often been wanting in one or two or all of the qualities these words imply, I should expect to find a good many doctrines current in the schools which I should be obliged to call foolish, cowardly, and false.

—So you would abuse other people’s beliefs, Sir, and yet not tell us your own creed!—said the divinity-student, coloring up with a spirit for which I liked him all the better.

—I have a creed,—I replied;—none better, and none shorter. It is told in two words,—the two first of the Pater-noster. And when I say these words I mean them. And when I compared the human will to a drop in a crystal, and said I meant to *define* moral obligations, and not weaken them, this was what I intended to express: that the fluent, self-determining power of human beings is a very strictly limited agency in the universe. The chief planes of its enclosing solid are, of course, organization, education, condition. Organization may reduce the power of the will to nothing, as in some idiots; and from this zero the scale mounts upwards by slight gradations. Education is only second to nature. Imagine all the infants born this year in Boston and Timbuctoo to change places! Condition does less, but “Give me neither poverty nor riches” was the prayer of Agur, and with good reason. If there is any improvement in modern theology, it is in getting out of the region of pure abstractions and taking these every-day working forces into account. The great theological question now heating and throbbing in the minds of Christian men is this:—

No, I wont talk about these things

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now. My remarks might be repeated, and it would give my friends pain to see with what personal incivilities I should be visited. Besides, what business has a mere boarder to be talking about such things at a breakfast-table? Let him make puns. To be sure, he was brought up among the Christian fathers, and learned his alphabet out of a quarto “Concilium Tridentinum.” He has also heard many thousand theological lectures by men of various denominations; and it is not at all to the credit of these teachers, if he is not fit by this time to express an opinion on theological matters.

I know well enough that there are some of you who had a great deal rather see me stand on my head than use it for any purpose of thought. Does not my friend, the Professor, receive at least two letters a week, requesting him to —on the strength of some youthful antic of his, which, no doubt, authorizes the intelligent constituency of autograph-hunters to address him as a harlequin?

—Well, I can’t be savage with you for wanting to laugh, and I like to make you laugh, well enough, when I can. But then observe this: if the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an impressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man, he had better have been an ape at once, and so have stood at the head of his profession. Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is wind-power, and the other water-power; that is all. I have often heard the Professor talk about hysterics as being Nature’s cleverest illustration of the reciprocal convertibility of the two states of which these acts are the manifestations; but you may see it every day in children; and if you want to choke with stifled tears at sight of the transition, as it shows itself in older years, go and see Mr. Blake play *Jesse Rural*.

It is a very dangerous thing for a literary man to indulge his love for the ridiculous. People laugh with him just

so long as he amuses them; but if he attempts to be serious, they must still have their laugh, and so they laugh *at* him. There is in addition, however, a deeper reason for this than would at first appear. Do you know that you feel a little superior to every man who makes you laugh, whether by making faces or verses? Are you aware that you have a pleasant sense of patronizing him, when you condescend so far as to let him turn somersets, literal or literary, for your royal delight? Now if a man can only be allowed to stand on a dais, or raised platform, and look down on his neighbor who is exerting his talent for him, oh, it is all right!—first-rate performance!—and all the rest of the fine phrases. But if all at once the performer asks the gentleman to come upon the floor, and, stepping upon the platform, begins to talk down at him,—ah, that wasn't in the programme!

I have never forgotten what happened when Sydney Smith—who, as everybody knows, was an exceedingly sensible man, and a gentleman, every inch of him—ventured to preach a sermon on the Duties of Royalty. The “Quarterly,” “so savage and tartarly,” came down upon him in the most contemptuous style, as “a joker of jokes,” a “diner-out of the first water,” in one of his own phrases; sneering at him, insulting him, as nothing but a toady of a court, sneaking behind the anonymous, would ever have been mean enough to do to a man of his position and genius, or to any decent person even.—If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent, with two or three facets to his mind, I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the background until after he had made a reputation by his more solid qualities. And so to an actor: *Hamlet* first, and *Bob Logic* afterwards, if you like; but don't think, as they say poor Liston used to, that people will be ready to allow that you can do anything great with *Macbeth's* dagger after flourishing about with *Paul Pry's* umbrella. Do you know, too, that the majority of men look upon all who challenge

their attention,—for a while, at least,—as beggars, and nuisances? They always try to get off as cheaply as they can; and the cheapest of all things they can give a literary man — pardon the forlorn pleasantry!—is the *funny-bone*. That is all very well so far as it goes, but satisfies no man, and makes a good many angry, as I told you on a former occasion.

—Oh, indeed, no!—I am not ashamed to make you laugh, occasionally. I think I could read you something I have in my desk that would probably make you smile. Perhaps I will read it one of these days, if you are patient with me when I am sentimental and reflective; not just now. The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakspeare. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties and then call *blessed*! There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition,—something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to “doom” every acquaintance he met,—that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me, who taught her to play with it?

No, no!—give me a chance to talk to you, my fellow-boarders, and you need not be afraid that I shall have any scruples about entertaining you, if I can do it, as well as giving you some of my se-

rious thoughts, and perhaps my sadder fancies. I know nothing in English or any other literature more admirable than that sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne: "EVERY MAN TRULY LIVES, SO LONG AS HE ACTS HIS NATURE, OR SOME WAY MAKES GOOD THE FACULTIES OF HIMSELF."

—I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows;—the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love.

Don't misunderstand that metaphor of heaving the log, I beg you. It is merely a smart way of saying that we cannot avoid measuring our rate of movement by those with whom we have long been in the habit of comparing ourselves; and when they once become stationary, we can get our reckoning from them with painful accuracy. We see just what we were when they were our peers, and can strike the balance between that and whatever we may feel ourselves to be now. No doubt we may sometimes be mistaken. If we change our last simile to that very old and familiar one of a fleet leaving the harbor and sailing in company for some distant region, we can get what we want out of it. There

is one of our companions;—her streamers were torn into rags before she had got into the open sea, then by and by her sails blew out of the ropes one after another, the waves swept her deck, and as night came on we left her a seeming wreck, as we flew under our pyramid of canvas. But lo! at dawn she is still in sight,—it may be in advance of us. Some deep ocean-current has been moving her on, strong, but silent,—yes, stronger than these noisy winds that puff our sails until they are swollen as the cheeks of jubilant cherubim. And when at last the black steam-tug with the skeleton arms, that comes out of the mist sooner or later and takes us all in tow, grapples her and goes off panting and groaning with her, it is to that harbor where all wrecks are refitted, and where, alas! we, towering in our pride, may never come.

So you will not think I mean to speak lightly of old friendships, because we cannot help instituting comparisons between our present and former selves by the aid of those who were what we were, but are not what we are. Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too, but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass back of the church; ah! there it is:—

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
SOCII MÆRENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are,—coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three girls, all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is *their* colt that has just been trotted

up on the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do anything in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next forty years? Oh, this terrible gift of second-sight that comes to some of us when we begin to look through the silvered rings of the *arcus senilis*!

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. *Cassock* has dropped from the front, and *Judex*, an iron-gray, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat,—five,—six,—how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them, what a “tailing off”! Anybody can see who is going to win,—perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favorite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don’t you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteroid*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him! The black “colt,” as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easy in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call the *Filly*, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the Filly is not to be despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off,—but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more

jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

—Did I not say to you a little while ago that the universe swam in an ocean of similitudes and analogies? I will not quote Cowley, or Burns, or Wordsworth, just now, to show you what thoughts were suggested to them by the simplest natural objects, such as a flower or a leaf; but I will read you a few lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus. We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between this and the Paper Nautilus, the *Argonauta* of the ancients. The name applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship, as you may see more fully in Webster’s Dictionary, or the “Encyclopedia,” to which he refers. If you will look into Roget’s Bridgewater Treatise, you will find a figure of one of these shells, and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt un-
sealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway
 through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew
 the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by
 thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a
 voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
 vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unrest-
 ing sea!

BÉRANGER.

BÉRANGER is certainly the most popular poet there has ever been in France; there was convincing proof of it at the time of and after his death. He had not printed anything since 1833, the epoch when he published the last collection of his poems; when he died, then, on the 16th of July, 1857, he had been silent twenty-four years. He had, it is true, appeared for a moment in the National Assembly, after the Revolution of February, 1848; but it was only to withdraw again almost immediately and to resign his seat. In spite of this long silence and this retirement, in which he seemed a little forgotten, no sooner did the news of his last illness spread and it was known that his life was in danger, than the interest, or we should rather say the anxiety, of the public was awakened. In the ranks of the people, in the most humble classes of society, everybody began inquiring about him and asking day by day for news; his house was besieged by visitors; and as the danger increased, the crowd gathered, restless, as if listening for his last sigh. The government, in charging itself with his obsequies and declaring that his funeral should be celebrated at the cost of the State, may have been taking a wise precaution to prevent

all pretext for disturbance; but it responded also to a public and popular sentiment. At sight of the honors paid to this simple poet, with as much distinction as if he had been a Marshal of France,—at sight of that extraordinary military pomp, (and in France military pomp is the great sign of respectability, and has its place whenever it is desired to bestow special honor,) no one among the laboring population was surprised, and it seemed to all that Béranger received only what was his due.

And since that time there has been in the French journals nothing but a succession of hymns to the memory of Béranger, hymns scarcely interrupted by now and then some cooler and soberer judgments. People have vied with each other in making known his good deeds done in secret, his gifts,—we will not call them alms,—for when he gave, he did not wish that it should have the character of alms, but of a generous, brotherly help. Numbers of his private letters have been printed; and one of his disciples has published recollections of his conversations, under the title of *Mémoires de Béranger*. The same disciple, once a simple artisan, a shoemaker, we believe, M. Savinien Lapointe, has also composed *Le petit*

Évangile de la Jeunesse de Béranger. M. de Lamartine, in one of the numbers of his *Cours familier de Littérature*, has devoted two hundred pages to an account of Béranger and a commentary on him, and has recalled curious conversations which he had with him in the most critical political circumstances of the Revolution of 1848. In short, there has been a rivalry in developing and amplifying the memory of the national songster, treating him as Socrates was once treated,—bringing up all his apophthesms, reproducing the dialogues in which he figured,—going even farther,—carrying him to the very borders of legend, and evidently preparing to canonize in him one of the Saints in the calendar of the future.

What is there solid in all this? How much is legitimate, and how much excessive? Béranger himself seems to have wished to reduce things to their right proportions, having left behind him ready for publication two volumes: one being a collection of his last poems and songs; the other an extended notice, detailing the decisive circumstances of his poetic and political life, and entitled "My Biography."

The collection of his last songs, let us say it frankly, has not answered expectation. In reading them, we feel that the poet has grown old, that he is weary. He complains continually that he has no longer any voice,—that the tree is dead,—that even the echo of the woods answers only in prose,—that the source of song is dried up; and says, prettily,—

"If Time still make the clock run on,
He makes it strike no longer."

And unhappily he is right. We find here and there pretty designs, short felicitous passages, smiling bits of nature; but obscurity, stiffness of expression, and the dragging in of Fancy by the hair continually mar the reading and take away all its charm. Even the pieces most highly lauded in advance, and which celebrate some of the most inspiring moments in the life of Napoleon,—such as

his Baptism, his Horoscope cast by a Gypsy, and others,—have neither sparkle nor splendor. The prophet is not intoxicated, and wants enthusiasm. On the theme of Napoleon, Victor Hugo has done incomparably better; and as to the songs, properly so called, of this last collection, there are at this moment in France numerous song-writers (Pierre Dupont and Nadaud, for instance) who have the ease, the spirit, and the brilliancy of youth, and who would be able easily to triumph over this forced and difficult elevation of the Remains of Béranger, if one chose to institute a comparison. We may well say that youth is youth; to write verses, and especially songs, when one is old, is to wish still to dance, still to mount a curveting horse; one gains no honor by the experiment. Anacreon, we know, succeeded; but in French, with rhyme and refrain, (that double butterfly-chase,) it seems to be more difficult.

But in prose, in the Autobiography, the entire Béranger, the Béranger of the best period, the man of wit, freshness, and sense, is found again; and it is pleasant to follow him in the story of his life, till now imperfectly known. He was born at Paris, on the 19th of August, 1780; and he glories in being a Parisian by birth, saying, that "Paris had not to wait for the great Revolution of 1789 to be the city of liberty and equality, the city where misfortune receives, perhaps, the most sympathy." He came into the world in the house of a tailor, his good old grandfather, in the Rue Montorgueil,—one of the noisiest of the Parisian streets, famous for its *restaurants* and the number of oysters consumed in them. "Seeing me born," he says, "in one of the dirtiest and noisiest streets, who would have thought that I should love the woods, fields, flowers, and birds so much?" It is true that Béranger loved them,—but he loved them always, as his poems show, like a Parisian and child of the Rue Montorgueil. A pretty enclosure, as many flowers and hedges as there are in the Close-

rie des Lilas, a little garden, a court-yard surrounded by apple-trees, a path winding beside wheat-fields,—these were enough for him. His Muse, we feel, has never journeyed, never soared, never beheld its first horizon in the Alps, the ocean, or the illimitable prairie. Lamartine, born in the country, amid all the wealth of the old rural and patriarchal life, had a right to oppose him, to put his own first instincts as poet in contrast with his, and to say to him, “I was born among shepherds; but you, you were born among citizens, among proletaries.” Béranger loved the country as people love it on a Sunday at Paris, in walks just without the suburbs. How different from Burns, that other poet of the people, with whom he has sometimes been compared! But, on the other hand, Béranger loved the dweller in the city, the mechanic, the *ouvrier*, industrious, intellectual, full of enthusiasm and also of imprudence, passionate, with the heart of a soldier, and with free, adventurous ideas. He loved him even in his faults, aided him in his poverty, consoled him with his songs. Before all things he loved the street, and the street returned his love.

His father was a careless, dissipated man, who had tried many employments, and who strove to rise from the ranks of the people without having the means. His mother was a pretty woman, a dress-maker, and thorough *grisette*, whom his father married for her beauty, and who left her husband six months after their marriage and never gave a thought to her child. The little Béranger, born with difficulty and only with the aid of instruments, put out to nurse in the neighborhood of Auxerre, and forgotten for three years, was the object of no motherly cares. He may be said never to have had a mother. His Muse always showed traces of this privation—of a mother’s smile. The sentiment of home, of family, is not merely absent from his poems,—it is sometimes shocked by them.

Returning to his grandparents in Par-

is, and afterwards sent to a school in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where, on the 14th of July, 1789, he saw the Bastille taken, he pursued his primary studies very irregularly. He never learned Latin, a circumstance which always prejudiced him. Later in life, he sometimes blushed at not knowing it, and yet mentioned the fact so often as almost to make one believe he was proud of it. The truth is, that this want of classical training must have been felt more painfully by Béranger than it would have been by almost any other person; for Béranger was a studied poet, full of combinations, of allusion and artifice, even in his pleasantries,—a delicate poet, moreover, of the school of Boileau and Horace.

The pension in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, even, was too much for the narrow means of his father. He was taken away and sent to Péronne, in Picardy, to an aunt who kept an inn in one of the suburbs, at the sign of the Royal Sword. It was while he was with this excellent person, who had a mind superior to her condition, that he began to form himself by the reading of good French authors. His intelligence was not less aroused by the spectacle of the events which were passing under his eyes. The Terror, the invasion by the armies of the Coalition, the roar of cannon, which could be heard at this frontier town, inspired him with a patriotism which was always predominant in him, and which at all decisive crises revived so strongly as even to silence and eclipse for the moment other cherished sentiments which were only less dear.

“This love of country,” said he, emphatically, “was the great, I should say the only, passion of my life.” It was this love which was his best inspiration as poet,—love of country, and with it of equality. Out of devotion to these great objects of his worship, he will even consent that the statue of Liberty be sometimes veiled, when there is a necessity for it. That France should be great and glorious, that she should not cease to be

democratic, and to advance toward a democracy more and more equitable and favorable to all,—such were the aspirations and the programme of Béranger. He goes so far as to say that in his childhood he had an aversion, almost a hatred, for Voltaire, on account of the insult to patriotism in his famous poem of *La Pucelle*; and that afterwards, even while acknowledging all his admirable qualities and the services he rendered to the cause of humanity, he could acquire only a very faint taste for his writings. This is a striking singularity, if Béranger does not exaggerate it a little; it is almost an ingratitudo,—for Voltaire is one of his nearest and most direct masters.

There is, indeed, a third passion which disputes with those for country and equality the heart of Béranger, and which he shares fully with Voltaire,—the hatred, namely, we will not say of Christianity, but of religious hypocrisy, of Jesuitic Tartufery. What Voltaire did in innumerable pamphlets, *facetiae*, and philosophic diatribes, Béranger did in songs. He gave a refrain, and with it popular currency to the anti-clerical attacks and mockeries of Voltaire; he set them to his violin and made them sing with the horsehair of his bow. Béranger was in this respect only the minstrel of Voltaire.

Bold songs against hypocrites, the Reverend Fathers and the Tartufes, so much in favor under the Restoration, and some which carry the attack yet higher, and which sparkle with the very spirit of buffoonery, like *Le Bâtard du Pape*; beautiful patriotic songs, like *Le vieux Drapeau*; and beautiful songs of humanity and equality, like *Le vieux Vagabond*;—these are the three chief branches which unite and intertwine to make the poetic crown of Béranger in his best days, and they had their root in passions which with him were profound and living,—hatred of superstition, love of country, love of humanity and equality.

His aunt at Péronne was superstitious, and during thunder-storms had recourse to all kinds of expedients, such as signs

of the cross, holy-water, and the like. One day the lightning struck near the house and knocked down young Béranger, who was standing on the door-step. He was insensible for some time, and they thought him killed. His first words, on recovering consciousness, were, "Well, what good did your holy-water do?"

At Péronne he finished his very irregular course of study at a kind of primary school founded by a philanthropic citizen. During the Directory, attempts were made all over France to get up free institutions for the young, on plans more or less reasonable or absurd, by men who had fed upon Rousseau's *Emile* and invented variations upon his system. On leaving school, Béranger was placed with a printer in the city, where he became a journeyman printer and compositor, which has occasioned his being often compared to Franklin,—a comparison of which he is not unworthy, in his love for the progress of the human race, and the piquant and ingenious turn he knew how to give to good sense. From this first employment as printer Béranger acquired and retained great nicety in language and grammar. He insisted on it, in his counsels to the young, more than seems natural in a poet of the people. He even exaggerated its importance somewhat, and might seem a purist.

Béranger's father reappeared suddenly during the Directory and reclaimed his son, whom he carried to Paris. The father had formed connections in Brittany with the royalists. He had become steward of the household of the Countess of Bourmont, mother of the famous Bourmont who was afterwards Marshal of France and Minister of War. Bourmont himself, then young, was living in Paris, in order the better to conspire for the restoration of the Bourbons. The elder Béranger was neck-deep in these intrigues, and was even prosecuted after the discovery of one of the numerous conspiracies of the day, but acquitted for want of proof. He was the banker and money-broker of the party,—a wretched banker enough! The narrative of the

son enables us to see what a miserable business the father was engaged in. This near view of political intrigues, of royalists driven to all manner of expedients and standing at bay, of adventurers who did not shrink from the use of any means, not even the infernal-machine, did not dispose the young man already imbued with republican sentiments to change them, and this initiation into the secrets of the party was not likely to inspire him with much respect for the future Restoration. He had too early seen men and things behind the scenes. His father, in consequence of his swindling transactions, made a bankruptcy, which reduced the son to poverty and filled him with grief and shame.

He was now twenty years old; he had courage and hope, and he already wrote verses on all sorts of subjects,—serious, religious, epic, and tragic. One day, when he was in especial distress, he made up a little packet of his best verses and sent them to Lucien Bonaparte, with a letter, in which he set forth his unhappy situation. Lucien loved literature, and piqued himself on being author and poet. He was pleased with the attempts of the young man, and made him a present of the salary of a thousand or twelve hundred francs to which he was entitled as member of the Institute. It was Béranger's first step out of the poverty in which he had been plunged for several years, and he was indebted for the benefit to a Bonaparte, and to the most republican Bonaparte of the family. He was always especially grateful for it to Lucien, and somewhat to the Bonapartes in general.

Receiving a small appointment in the bureau of the University through the intervention of the Academician Arnault, a friend of Lucien Bonaparte, Béranger lived gayly during the last six years of the Empire. He managed to escape the conscription, and never shouldered a musket. He reserved himself to sing of military glory at a later day, but had no desire to share in it as soldier. He was elected into a singing club called *The*

Cellar, all of whose members were song-writers and good fellows, presided over by Désaugiers, the lord of misrule and of jolly minstrels. Béranger, after his admission to the *Caveau*, at first contended with Désaugiers in his own style, but already a ground of seriousness and thought showed through his gayety. He wrote at this time his celebrated song of the *Roi d'Yvetot*, in which, while he caricatured the little play-king, the king in the cotton nightcap, he seemed to be slyly satirizing the great conquering Emperor himself.

The Empire fell, and Béranger hesitated for some time to take part against the Bourbons. It was not till after the battle of Waterloo and the return of Louis XVIII. under convoy of the allied armies, that he began to feel the passion of patriotism blaze up anew within him and dictate stinging songs which soon became darts of steel. Meanwhile he wrote pretty songs, in which a slight sentiment of melancholy mingled with and heightened the intoxication of wine and pleasure. *La bonne Vieille* is his *chef-d'œuvre* in this style. He arranged the design of these little pieces carefully, sketching his subjects beforehand, and herein belongs to the French school, that old classic school which left nothing to chance. He composed his couplets slowly, even those which seem the most easy. Commonly the song came to him through the refrain;—he caught the butterfly by the wings;—when he had seized the refrain, he finished at intervals, and put in the nicer shadings at leisure. He wrote hardly ten songs a year at the time of his greatest fecundity. It has since been remarked that they smell of the lamp here and there; but at first no one had eyes except for the rose, the vine, and the laurel.

The Bourbons, brought back for the second time in 1815, committed all manner of blunders: they insulted the remains of the old *grande armée*; they shot Marshal Ney and many others; a horrible royalist reaction ensanguined the South of France. The Jesuit party in-

sinuated itself at Court, and assumed to govern as in the high times of the confessors of Louis XIV. It was hoped to conquer the spirit of the Revolution, and to drive modern France back to the days before 1789; hence thousands of hateful things impossible to be realized, and thousands of ridiculous ones. Towards 1820 the liberal opposition organized itself in the Chambers and in the press. The Muse of Béranger came to its assistance under the mask of gay railing. He was the angry bee that stung flying, and whose stings are not harmless; nay, he would fain have made them mortal to the enemy. He hated even Louis XVIII., a king who was esteemed tolerably wise, and more intelligent than his party. "I stick my pins," said Béranger, "into the calves of Louis XVIII." One must have seen the fat king in small-clothes, his legs as big as posts and round as pin-cushions, to appreciate all the point of the epigram.

Béranger had been very intimate since 1815 with the Deputy Manuel, a man of sense and courage, but very hostile to the Bourbons, and who, for words spoken from the Tribune, was expelled from the Chamber of Deputies and declared incapable of reelection. Though intimate with many influential members of the opposition, such as Laffitte the banker, and General Sebastiani, it was only with Manuel that Béranger perfectly agreed. It is by his side, in the same tomb, that he now reposes in Père la Chaise, and after the death of Manuel he always slept on the mattress upon which his friend had breathed his last. Manuel and Béranger were ultra-inimical to the Restoration. They believed that it was irreconcilable with the modern spirit of France, with the common sense of the new form of society, and they accordingly did their best to goad and irritate it, never giving it any quarter. At certain times, other opposition deputies, such as General Foy, would have advised a more prudent course, which would not have rendered the Bourbons impossible by attacking them

so fiercely as to push them to extremes. However this might have been, poetry is always more at home in excess than in moderation. Béranger was all the more a poet at this period, that he was more impassioned. The Bourbons and the Jesuits, his two most violent antipathies, served him well, and made him write his best and most spirited songs. Hence his great success. The people, who never perceive nice shades of opinion, but love and hate absolutely, at once adopted Béranger as the singer of its loves and hatreds, the avenger of the old army, of national glory and freedom, and the inaugurator or prophet of the future. The spirit prisoned in these little couplets, these tiny bodies, is of amazing force, and has, one might almost say, a devilish audacity. In larger compositions, breath would doubtless have failed the poet,—the greater space would have been an injury to him. Even in songs he has a constrained air sometimes, but this constraint gave him more force. He produces the impression of superiority to his class.

Béranger had given up his little post at the University before declaring open war against the government. He was before long indicted, and in 1822 condemned to several months' imprisonment, for having scandalized the throne and the altar. His popularity became at once boundless; he was sensible of it, and enjoyed it. "They are going to indict your songs," said some one to him. "So much the better!" he replied,—"that will gilt-edge them." He thought so well of this *gilding*, that in 1828, during the ministry of M. Martignac, a very moderate man and of a conciliatory semi-liberalism, he found means to get indicted again and to undergo a new condemnation, by attacks which some even of his friends then thought untimely. Once again Béranger was impassioned; he declared his enemies incurable and incorrigible; and soon came the ordinances of July, 1830, and the Revolution in their train, to prove him right.

In 1830, at the moment when the

Revolution took place, the popularity of Béranger was at its height. His opinion was much deferred to in the course taken during and after "the three great days." The intimate friend of most of the chiefs of the opposition who were now in power, of great influence with the young, and trusted by the people, it was essential that he should not oppose the plan of making the Duke of Orleans King. Béranger, in his Biography, speaks modestly of his part in these movements. In his conversations he attributed a great deal to himself. He loved to describe himself in the midst of the people who surrounded the Hôtel of M. Laffitte, going and coming, listening to each, consulted by all, and continually sent for by Laffitte, who was confined to his arm-chair by a swollen foot. Seeing the hesitation prolonged, he whispered in Laffitte's ear that it was time to decide, for, if they did not take the Duke of Orleans for King pretty soon, the Revolution was in danger of turning out an émeute. He gave this advice simply as a patriot, for he was not of the Orleans party. When he came out, his younger friends, the republicans, reproached him; but he replied, "It is not a king I want, but only a plank to get over the stream." He set the first example of disrespect for the plank he thought so useful; indeed, the comparison itself is rather a contemptuous one.

He afterwards behaved, however, with great sense and wisdom. He declined all offices and honors, considering his part as political songster at an end. In 1833 he published a collection in which were remarked some songs of a higher order, less partisan, and in which he foreshadowed a broader and more peaceful democracy. After this he was silent, and as he was continually visited and consulted, he resolved upon leaving Paris for some years, in order to escape this annoyance. He went first to the neighborhood of Tours, and then to Fontainebleau; but the free, conversational life of Paris was too dear to him, and he returned to live in seclusion, though always much visited by his troops

of friends, and much sought after. In leaving Paris during the first years of Louis Philippe's reign, and *closing*, as he called it, *his consulting office*, his chief aim was to escape the questions, solicitations, and confidences of opposite parties, in all of which he continued to have many friends who would gladly have brought him over to their way of thinking. He did not wish to be any longer what he had been so much,—a consulting politician; but he did not cease to be a practical philosopher with a crowd of disciples, and a consulting democrat. Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Lamartine,—the chiefs of parties at first totally opposed to his own,—came to seek his friendship, and loved to repose and refresh themselves in his conversation. He enjoyed, a little mischievously, seeing one of them (Chateaubriand) lay aside his royalism, another (Lamennais) abjure his Catholicism, and the third (Lamartine) forget his former aristocracy, in visiting him. He looked upon this, and justly, as a homage paid to the manners and spirit of the age, of which he was the humble but inflexible representative.

When the Revolution of 1848 burst unexpectedly, he was not charmed with it,—nay, it made him even a little sad. Less a republican than a patriot, he saw immense danger for France, as he knew her, in the establishment of the pure republican form. He was of opinion that it was necessary to wear out the monarchy little by little,—that with time and patience it would fall of itself; but he had to do with an impatient people, and he lamented it. "We had a ladder to go down by," said he, "and here we are jumping out of the window!" It was the same sentiment of patriotism, mingled with a certain almost mystical enthusiasm for the great personality of Napoleon, nourished and augmented with growing years, which made him accept the events of 1851–2 and the new Empire.

The religion of Béranger, which was so anti-Catholic, and which seems even to have dispensed with Christianity, reduced

itself to a vague Deism, which in principle had too much the air of a pleasantry. His *Dieu des bonnes gens*, which he opposed to the God of the congregation and the preachers, could not be taken seriously by any one. Nevertheless, the poet, as he grew older, grew more and more attached to this symbol of a Deity, indulgent before all else, but very real and living, and in whom the poor and the suffering could put their trust. What passed in the days preceding his death has been much discussed, and many stories are told about it. He received, in fact, some visits from the curate of the parish of Saint Elizabeth, in which he lived. This curate had formerly officiated at Passy,—a little village near Paris, where Béranger had resided,—and was already acquainted with the poet. The conversations at these visits, according to the testimony of those best informed, amounted to very little; and the last time the curate came, just as he was going out, Béranger, already dying, said to him, "Your profession gives you the right to bless me; I also bless you;—pray for me, and for all the unfortunate!" The priest and the old man exchanged blessings,—the benedictions of two honest men, and nothing more.

Béranger had one rare quality, and it was fundamental with him,—obligingness, readiness to perform kind offices, humanity carried to the extent of Charity. He loved to busy himself for others. To some one who said that time lay heavy on his hands, he answered, "Then you have never occupied yourself about other people?" "Take more thought of others than of yourself" was his maxim. And he did so occupy himself,—not out of curiosity, but to aid, to succor with advice and with deeds. His time belonged to everybody,—to the humblest, the poorest, the first stranger who addressed him and told him his sorrows. Out of a very small income (at most, four or five thousand francs a year) he found means to give much. He loved, above all, to assist poor artisans, men of the people, who appealed to him; and he did it always

without wounding the fibre of manhood in them. He loved everything that wore a blouse. He had, even stronger than the love of liberty, the love of equality, the great passion of the French.

He spent the last years of his life with an old friend of his youth by the name of Madame Judith. This worthy person died a few months before him, and he accompanied her remains to the church. He was seventy-seven years old when he died.

Estimating and comparing chiefly literary and poetic merits, some persons in France have been astonished that the obsequies of Béranger should have been so magnificently celebrated, while, but a few months before, the coffin of another poet, M. Alfred de Musset, had been followed by a mere handful of mourners; yet M. de Musset was capable of tones and flights which in inspiration and ardor surpassed the habitual range of Béranger. Without attempting here to institute a comparison, there is one thing essential to be remarked: in Béranger there was not only a poet, but a man, and the man in him was more considerable than the poet,—the reverse of what is the case with so many others. People went to see him, after having heard his songs sung, to tell him how much they had been applauded and enjoyed,—and, after the first compliments, found that the poet was a man of sense, a good talker on all subjects, interested in politics, a wonderful reasoner, with great knowledge of men, and characterizing them delicately with a few fine and happy touches. They became sincerely attached to him; they came again, and delighted to draw out in talk that wisdom armed with epigram, that experience full of agreeable counsels. His passions had been the talent of the poet; his good sense gave authority to the man. Even by those least willing to accept popular idols, Béranger will always be ranked as one of the subtlest wits of the French school, and as something more than this,—as one of the acutest servants of free human thought.

A TIFFIN OF PARAGRAPHS.

How runs the Hindoo saw? "Are we not to milk when there is a cow?" When India is giving down generous streams of paragrapy to all the greedy buckets of the press, shall we not hold our pretty pail under? As our genial young friend, Ensign Isnob, of the "Sappies and Minors," would say,—"I believe you, me boy!"

Then come with us to Cossitollah, and we'll have a tiffin of talk; some cloves of adventure, with a capsicum or two of tragic story, shall stand for the curry; the customs of the country may represent the familiar rice; a whiff of freshness and fragrance from the Mofussil will be as the mangoes and the doriens; in the piquancy and grotesqueness of the first pure Orientalism that may come to hand we shall recognize the curious chow-chow of the chutney; and as for the beer,—why, we will be the beer ourselves.

"Kitmudgar, remove that scorpion from the punka, before it drops into the Sahib's plate.—Hold, miscreant! who told you to kill it?

"Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care,—
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!"

"For know, O Kitmudgar, that there is one beauty of women, and another beauty of scorpions; and if the beauty of scorpions be to thee as the ugliness of women, the fault is in thy godless eye.

"Only a crawling kafir," sayest thou, O heathen! and straightway goest about to stick a fork into a political symbol? Verily, the hapless wretch shall be sacrificed unto Agnee, god of Fire, that a timely warning may enter into thy purblind soul!

"Here, take this bottle of brandy,—'Sahib brandy,' you perceive,—genuine old 'London Dock,'—and pour a cordon

of ardent spirits on the table, to 'weave a circle round him thrice.' So! that's for British Ascendency!

"Now drop your subjugated brother into the midst thereof. See how, in his senseless, drunken rage, he wriggles and squirms,—then desperately dashes, and venomously snaps! That's Indian Revolt!

"Quickly, now! light the train; so!—What think you of Anglo-Saxon power and hereditary pride?

"Oho, my Kitmudgar! you begin to understand!—the living fable is not lost on you!

"But watch your Great Mogul! Barrackpore, Meerut, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi,—five imposing plunges, but impotent; for at every point the Sahib's fatal fire, fire, fire, fire, fire!—insurmountable, all-subduing 'destiny'!

"Maimed, discomfited, dismayed, shivering, at wits' end, a crippled wriggler, in the midst of the exulting flames,—there lies your Great Mogul!

"But see!—the scorpion, brave wretch! with a gladiator's fortitude, loosens the shameful coil in which its last agonies have twisted it, fiercely erects its head once more, lashes defiantly with its tail, and then—click! click! click!—stings itself to death.

"And with that ends our figure of speech; for only the pitifulness of the defeat is the Great Mogul's; the sublimity of suicide is proper to the scorpion alone.

"Take away the fable, Kitmudgar!"

I lay in bed this morning half an hour after the sun had risen, watching my Parsee neighbor on his house-top, and thereby lost my drive on the Esplanade. But I console myself with imagining that the pretty Chee-chee spinster who comes every morning from Raneemoodi Gully in a green tonjon, and makes romantic eyes at me through the silk

curtains, missed the Boston gentleman with the gray moustache, and was lone-some.

My Parsee neighbor is quite as fat, but by no means as saucy, as ever. Last week his youngest boy died,—little Kirsajee Samsajee Bonnarjee, a contemplative young fire-worshipper, with eyes as profound as the philosophy of Zoroaster. I saw the dismal procession depart from the house, and my heart ached for the little Gheber.

Four awful creatures, that were like ghosts, clad all in white, solemnly dumb and veiled, bore him away on an iron bier. When they arrived at the drawbridge, great sheets of copper were spread before them, and they crossed upon those; for wood is sacred to their adored Element, and the touch of "them on whose shoulders the dead doth ride" would pollute it.

So they carried little Kirsajee to Golgotha, their Place of Skulls, which is a dreary, treeless field, encompassed round about with a blank wall; and they laid him naked in a stone trough on the edge of a great pit, and left him there, betaking them, still solemnly veiled and mute, 'o their homes again.

All but my Parsee neighbor; he went and sat him down, like Hagar in the wilderness, over against the dead Kirsajee, "a good way off, as it were a bow-shot"; and he lifted up his voice, and wept for the lad that was dead. But still he waited there, till the crows and the Brahminee kites should come to perform the last horrid rites; for to Parsee custom the sepulture most becoming to men and most acceptable to God is in the stomachs of the fowls of the air, in the claws of ghoulish vultures and sacrilegious crows.

And presently there came a great Pondicherry eagle, sniffing the feast from afar; and he came alone. Swiftly sailing, poised on silent wings, he circled over Golgotha, circle within circle, circle below circle, over the child sleeping naked, over the father watching veiled.

One moment he flutters, as for a foot-

hold on the pinnacle of his purpose; then—

"Like a thunderbolt he falls."

Sitting solemnly on the breast of the dead boy, the "grim, ungainly, gaunt, and ominous bird" peers with sidelong glance into his face, gloating; and then —

Immediately my Parsee neighbor rises in his place, throws aside his veil, and, shouting, runs forward. The Pondicherry eagle soars screaming to the clouds, and the sorrow-stricken Gheber bends over the dear corpse. Is it Heaven or Hell? *the right eye or the left?* Alas, the left!

He beats his breast, he falls upon his knees, and cries with frantic gestures to the setting Sun; but the sullen god only draws a cloud before his face, and leaves his poor worshipper to despair. Then my Parsee neighbor arises and girds up his loins, muffles his haggard face more closely than before, and with dishevelled beard, and chin sadly sunk upon his breast, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and meeting no man's gaze, wends silently homeward.

To-morrow he will take his wife and go to Bombay, to feed with consecrated sandal-wood and oil the Sacred Flame the Magi brought from Persia, when they were driven thence with all their people to Ormuz. But the name of little Kirsajee will cross their lips no more; his memory is a forbidden thing in the household; he is as if he never had been.

When Brahminee kite, and adjutant, and white-breasted crow have done their ghoulish office on little Kirsajee, his bones shall lie bleaching under the pitiless eye of his people's blazing god, till the rains come, and fill the pit, and carry the waste of Gheber skeletons by subterraneous sewers down to the sea. But the Pondicherry eagle took the *left eye* first; wherefore the most pious deeds of merit, to be performed by my Parsee neighbor,—even a hospital for maimed dogs, or feeding the Sacred Flame with great store of sandal-wood and precious gums, or tilling the earth with a diligence equivalent to the efficacy of ten

thousand prayers,—can hardly suffice to save the soul of little Kirsajee, the Forbidden !

There is a blood-feud of three months' standing between two members of our household.

One day, Lootee, the chuprassey's cat, took Tchoop, the khansamah's monkey, unawares, as he was sunning himself on the house-top, and with scratching and spitting, sudden and furious, so startled him, that he threw himself over the parapet into the crowded Cossitollah, and would have been killed by the fall, had he not chanced to alight on the voluminous turban of a dandy hurkaru from the Mint. As it was, one of his arms sustained a compound fracture, and his nerves suffered so frightful a shock, that it was only by a miracle of surgery, and the most patient nursing, that he was ever restored to his wonted agility and sagacity.

But the day of retribution has arrived ; Lootee has had kittens. There were five of them in the original litter ; but only one remains. Tchoop tossed two of them from the house-top when no dandy hurkaru from the Mint was below to soften the fall ; the old adjutant-bird, that for three years has stood on one leg on the Parsee's godown, gobbled up another as it lay choked in the south veranda ; while the dismayed sirdar found the head of a fourth jammed inextricably in the neck of his sacred lotah, wherewith he performs his pious ablutions every morning at the ghaut.

On the other hand, Lootee has made prize of about three inches of Tchoop's tail, and displays it all over the house for a trophy.—It is a blood-feud, fierce and implacable as any between Afghans, and there's no knowing where it will all end.

In Europe the monkey is a cynic, in South America an overworked slave, in Africa a citizen, but in India an imp, —I mean to the eye of the Western stranger, for in the estimation of the native he is mythologically a demigod,

and socially a guest. At Ahmedabad, the capital of Guzerat, there are certainly two—Mr. De Ward says three—hospitals for sick and lame monkeys, who are therein provided with salaried physicians, apothecaries, and nurses.

In the famous Hindoo epic, the "Ramayana" of Valmiki,—“by singing and hearing which continually a man may attain to the highest state of enjoyment, and be shortly admitted to fraternity with the gods,”—the exploits of Hoona-munta, the Divine Monkey, are gravely related, with a dramatic force and figurativeness that hold a street audience spell-bound ; but to the European imagination the childish drollery of the plot is irresistible.

Boodhir, the Earth, was beset by giants, demons, and chimeras dire ; so she besought Vishnu, with many tears, and vows of peculiar adoration, to put forth his strength of arms and arts against her abominable tormentors, and rout them utterly. The god was gracious ; whence his nine avatars, or incarnations,—as fish, as tortoise, as boar, as man-lion, as dwarf Brahmin, as Pursuram,—the Brahmin-warrior who overthrew the Kshatriya, or soldier-caste ; the eighth avatar appeared in the person of Krishna, and the ninth in that of Boodh.

But the seventh incarnation was the avatar of Rama, and it is this that the "Ramayana" celebrates.

Vishnu proceeds to be born unto Dousurath, King of Ayodhya, (Oude,) as the Prince Rama, or Ramchundra. Nothing remarkable occurs thereupon until Rama has attained the marriageable age, when he espouses Seeta, daughter of the King of Mithili.

Immediately old Mrs. Mithili, our hero's mother-in-law, being of an intriguing turn of mind, applies herself to the amiable task of worrying the poor old King of Ayodhya out of his crown or his life ; and so well does she succeed, that Dousurath, for the sake of peace and quietness, would fain abdicate in favor of his son.

But Rama will have none of his royal-

ty. Was it for bored kings and mischief-making mothers-in-law, he asks, speaking with the ante-natal memories of Vishnu, that he came among the sons of men? Not at all! he has a mission, and he bides his time. For the present he will take his wife Seeta, whose will is his, and go out into the wilderness, there to build him a hut of bamboos and banyan-boughs and palmyra-leaves, and be—Seeta and he—two jolly yogees, that is, religious gypsies,—living on grass-roots, wild rice, and white ants, and being dirty and devout to their heart's content.

So they went; and for a little while they enjoyed, undisturbed, their yogeesh ideas of a good time. But by-and-by tidings came to Rawunna—the giant with ten heads and twice ten arms, that was King of Lunka (Ceylon)—of the plots of Mrs. Mithili, the disgust of old Doosurath, the distraction of the kingdom of Ayodhya, and the whimsical adventure of Rama and Seeta.

And immediately Rawunna, the giant, is seized in all his heads and arms with a great longing to know what manner of man this Rama may be, that he should prefer the yoge's breech-cloth to the royal purple, a hut of leaves, with only his Seeta, to a harem of a hundred wives, white ants and paddy to the white camel's flesh and golden partridges of Ayodhya's imperial repasts. Especially is he curious as to the charms of Seeta, as to the mighty magic wherewithal she renders monogamy acceptable to an Ayodhyean prince.

By Indra! he will see for himself! So, pleading exhaustion from the cares of state, and ten headaches of trouble and dyspepsia, he announces his intention to make an excursion a few hundred coss into the country for the benefit of his health; and taking twenty carpet-bags in his hands, he sets out, in his monstrous way, for Ayodhya, leaving his kingdom in the care of a blue dwarf with an eye in the back of his neck.

With seven-coss strides he comes to Ayodhya, and straightway finds the banyan hut in the forest, where Rama dwells

with Seeta in the devout dirtiness of their jolly yogeery.

The god has gone abroad in search of a dinner, and is over the hills to the sandy nullahs, where the white ants are fattest; while that greasy Joan, Seeta, "doth keel the pot" at home.

Then Rawunna, the giant, assuming the shape of a pilgrim yokee rolling to the Caves of Ellora,—with Gayntree, the mystical text, on his lips, and the shadow of Siva's beard in his soul,—rolls to Rama's door, and cries, "Alms, alms, in the name of the Destroyer!"

And Seeta comes forth, with water in a palm-leaf and grass-roots in the fold of her saree; and when she beholds the false yokee her heart blooms with pity, so that her smile is as the alighting of butterflies, and her voice as the rustling of roses.

But, behold you, as she bends over the prostrate yokee, and, saying, "Drink from the cup of Vishnu!" offers the crisp leaf to his dusty lips, a great spasm of desire impels the impostor; and, flinging off the yokee, he leaps erect, Rawunna, the Abhorred!

With ten mouths he kisses her; with twenty arms he clasps her; and away, away to Lunka! while yet poor Seeta gasps with fear.

When Rama returned and found no Seeta, his soul was seized with a mighty horror; and a blankness, like unto the mystery of Brahm, fell upon his heart. He shed not a tear, but the sky wept floods; he uttered not a groan, but Earth shook from her centre, and the mountains fell on their faces. But Rama, stupefied, stood stock still where he was stricken, and stared, till his eyelids stiffened, at the desolate hut, at the desolate hearth.

Then all the angels in heaven, who had witnessed the crime of Rawunna, and his flight, passed into the forms of monkeys; and a million of them made a monkey chain, that the rest of the celestial host might descend into the banyan-groves of Ayodhya. The tails glide swiftly through each glowing hand, and quick as lightning on the trees they stand.

And Hoonamunta, their chief, prostrated himself before Rama, and said, "Behold, my Lord, we are here! I and all my host are yours,—command us!"

But Rama spoke not; he only stood where he was stricken, and stared at his desolation.

Then Hoonamunta turned him to his host, and said, "Bide here till I come, and be silent; break not the quiet of divine sorrow." And he went forth with mighty bounds.

That night he came to Lunka. But the city slept; if Seeta yet lived, she, too, was silent; no cry of sorrow rose on the night; no stir, as of an unusual event, disturbed the stillness and the gloom.

So Hoonamunta took upon himself the form of a rat, and sped nimbly through the huts of dwarfs and the towers of giants, through the hiding-places of misery and the high seats of power, through the places of trouble and the places of ease; till at last he came to an ivory dome, hard by the silver palace of Rawunna, the Monstrous; and there lay Seeta, buried in a profound trance of despair.

Hoonamunta bit, very tenderly, her slender white finger; but she stirred not, she made no sign.

Then he whispered softly in her ear, "Rama comes!" and Seeta started from her death-sleep, and sat erect; her eyes were open, and she cried, "My Lord, I am here!"

So Hoonamunta spake to her, bidding her be of good cheer, for Brahm was with her, and the Omnipotent Three,—bade her be of good heart and wait. And Seeta's smile was as the alighting of many butterflies, and her voice of murmured joy was as the rustling of all the roses of Ayodhya.

Then Hoonamunta took counsel with his cunning; and he said unto himself, "I will arouse the sleepers; I will take the strength of the city; I will count the heads of Rawunna, and the arms of him."

So straightway he resumed his monkey shape, and went forth into the streets, by the tanks and through the bazaars,

among the places of the oppressed and the places of the powerful.

And he bit the ears of the Pariah dogs, so that they howled; he twisted the tails of the Brahmin bulls, so that they rushed, bellowing, down to the ghauts; he plucked the beards of gorged adjutants, till they snapped their great beaks with a terrible clatter.

He made a great splashing in the tanks; he ran through the bazaars, banging the gongs of the bell-makers, and smashing the brittle wares of the potters; he tore holes in the roofs of houses, and threw down tiles upon them that were buried in slumber; he cried with a loud voice, "Siva, Siva, the Destroyer, cometh!"

So that the city awoke with a great outcry and a din, with all its torches and all its dogs. And the multitude filled the streets, and the compounds, and the open places round about the tanks; and all cried, "Siva, Siva!"

But when they beheld Hoonamunta, how he tore off roofs, and pelted them with tiles,—how he climbed to the tops of pagodas, and jangled the sacred bells,—how he laid his shoulder to the city walls and overthrew them, so that the noise of their fall was as the roar of the breakers on the far-off coast of Lunka when the Typhoon blows,—then they cried, "A demon! a fiend from the halls of Yama!" and they gave chase with a mighty uproar,—the gooroos, and the yogees, and the jugglers going first.

Then Hoonamunta took counsel with his cunning; and he came down and stood in the midst of the angry people, and asked, "What would you with me? and where is this demon you pursue?"

But they cried, "Hear him, how he mocks us! Hear him, how he flouts us!" and they dragged him into the presence of Rawunna, the king.

And when the giant would have questioned him, who he was, and whence he came, and what his mission, he only mocked, and mimicked the fee-faw-fumness of Rawunna's tones, and said, "Lo! this beggar goes a-foot, but his words ride in a palanquin!"

And the king said, "I have been foolish, I have been weak, to waste words on this *kasir*. Am not I a mighty monarch? Am not I a terrible giant? Let him be cast out!"

And again Hoonamunta mocked him, saying, "His insanity is past! fetch him the rice-pounder that he may gird himself! fetch him the gong that he may cover his feet!"

And Hoonamunta would have sat on the throne, on Rawunna's right hand; but Rawunna thrust him off, and cursed him.

So Hoonamunta took his tail in his hand, and pulled and pulled; and the tail grew, and grew,—a fathom, a fur-long, a whole coss.

And Hoonamunta coiled it on the floor, a lofty coil, on the right hand of the throne, higher and higher, till it overlooked the golden cushion of the king; and Hoonamunta laughed.

Then Rawunna turned him to his counsellors, and said, "What shall we do with this audacious fellow?"

And with one voice all the counsellors cried, "Burn his tremendous tail!"

And the king commanded:—

"Let all the dwarfs of Lunka
Bring rags from near and far;
Call all the dwarfs of Lunka
To soak them all in tar!"

So they went, and brought as many rags as ten strong giants could lift, and a thousand maunds of tar.

And they soaked the rags in the tar, even as Rawunna had commanded, and bound them all at once on the tremendous tail of Hoonamunta.

And when they had done this, the king said, "Lead him forth, and light him!"

And they led him forth into the great Midaun, hard by the triple pagoda; and they lighted his tail with a torch. And immediately the flames leaped to the skies, and the smoke filled all the city.

Then Hoonamunta broke away from his captors, and with a loud laugh started on his fiery race,—over house-tops and hay-ricks, through close bazaars and dry

rice-fields; through the porticoes of palaces and the porches of pagodas,—kindling a roaring conflagration as he went.

And all the people pursued him, screaming with fear, imploring mercy, imploring pardon, crying, "Spare us, and we will make you our high-priest! Spare us, and you shall be our king!"

But Hoonamunta staid not, till, having laid half the city in flames, he ascended to the top of a lofty tower to survey his work with satisfaction.

Thither the great men of Lunka followed him,—the princes, and the Brahmins, and the victorious chieftains, the strong giants, and the cunning dwarfs.

And when they were all gathered underneath the tower, and in the porch of it, he shook it, till it fell and crushed a thousand of the first citizens.

Then Hoonamunta sped away northward to Ayodhya, extinguishing his tail in the sea as he went.

And when he came to where his army lay, he found them all waiting in silence. When he entered the hut of Rama, the bereaved one still lay on his face. But Hoonamunta spake softly in his ear: "My Lord, arise! for Seeta calls you, and her heart sickens within her that you come not!"

Immediately Rama uprose, and stood erect, and all the god blazed in his eyes; and he grew in the sight of Hoonamunta until his stature was as the stature of Rawunna, the giant, and his countenance was as the countenance of Indra, King of Heaven.

And he went forth, and stood at the head of Hoonamunta's monkey host, and called for a sword; and when they gave him one, it became alive in his hand, and was a sword of flame; and when they gave him a spear, lo! it became his slave, flying whithersoever he bade it, and striking where he listed.

So Rama and Hoonamunta, with all their monkey host, took up their march for Lunka.

When they came to the sea (which is the Gulf of Manaar) there was no bridge; but Rama mounted the back of Hoona-

munta, and called to the host to follow him ; and all the monkeys leaped across.

Then immediately they fell upon Lunka ; and Rama slew Rawunna, the Monster, and rescued the delighted Seeta.

And now those three sit together on

a throne in heaven,—Seeta, the faithful wife, on the left hand of Rama,—and Hoonamunta on his right hand, the shrewd and courageous friend.

Who would not be a monkey in Hindostan ?

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort !

We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe was worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on ;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee :
“When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,” she said,
“Oh ! then please wauken me.”

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is staid.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death ;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep ; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden ;—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face, and she caught my hand
And drew me near, as she spoke :—

[February,

“The Hielanders ! Oh ! dinna ye hear
 The slogan far awa ?
 The McGregor’s ? Oh ! I ken it weel ;
 It’s the grandest o’ them a !

“God bless thae bonny Hielanders !
 We’re saved ! we’re saved !” she cried ;
 And fell on her knees ; and thanks to God
 Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
 Had fallen among the men,
 And they started back ;—they were there to die ;
 But was life so near them, then ?

They listened for life ; the rattling fire
 Far off, and the far-off roar,
 Were all ; and the colonel shook his head,
 And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, “ The slogan’s done ;
 But winna ye hear it noo,
The Campbells are comin’ ? It’s no a dream ;
 Our succor hae broken through !”

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
 But the pipes we could not hear ;
 So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
 And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
 A shrilling, ceaseless sound :
 It was no noise from the strife afar,
 Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders !
 And now they played *Auld Lang Syne* ;
 It came to our men like the voice of God,
 And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another’s hands,
 And the women sobbed in a crowd ;
 And every one knelt down where he stood,
 And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
 Our men put Jessie first ;
 And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
 Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers’ ribbons and tartans streamed,
 Marching round and round our line ;
 And our joyful cheers were broken with tears
 As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

NEW ENGLAND MINISTERS.

DR. SPRAGUE, of Albany, has added to the literature of our country two large octavo volumes, containing biographical accounts of the Congregational clergy of New England, from its earliest settlement until the year 1841. The book has been for the most part compiled from letters furnished by different individuals, who, either through personal knowledge or through tradition, had the most intimate acquaintance with the subjects of which they wrote.

The characters here sketched, though perfectly individual, are in so great a degree the result of peculiar political influences, that it would be difficult to suppose their existence elsewhere than in New England. We have therefore chosen this book as a kind of standpoint from which to take a glance at the New England clergy and pulpit.

The earliest constitution of government in New England was a theocracy; it was the realization of Arnold's idea of the identity of Church and State. Under it the clergy had peculiar powers and privileges, which, it is but fair to say, they turned to the advantage of the Commonwealth more than has generally been the case with any privileged order.

A time, however, came when the democratic element, which these men themselves had fostered, worked out its logical results, by depriving them of all special immunities, and leaving them, like any other citizens, to make their way by pure force of character, and to be rated, like other men, simply for what they were and what they could do.

It is creditable to the intelligence and shrewdness of this body of men that the more far-sighted among them received this change with satisfaction; that they were such uncommonly fair logicians as to be willing to accept the direct inference from principles which they had been foremost to inculcate, and, like men of strong mind and clear conscience,

were not afraid to rest their claim to influence and deference on the manfulness with which they should strive to deserve them.

Dr. Sprague's book contains pictures of life under both the old *régime* and the new. The following extract from the venerable Josiah Quincy's recollections of the Rev. Mr. French, of Andover, is interesting, as an illustration of the olden times.

"Mrs. Dowse, my maternal aunt, has often related to me her pride and delight at visiting at the Rev. Mr. Phillips', her paternal grandfather's house, when a child; which was interesting as a statement of the manners of those early times in Massachusetts, before the sceptre of worldly power, which the first settlers of the Colony had placed in the hands of the clergy, had been broken. The period was about between 1760 and the Revolution. The parsonage at Andover was situated about two or three hundred rods from the meeting-house, which was three stories high, of immense dimensions, far greater, I should think, than those of any meeting-houses in these anti-church-going, degenerate times. It was on a hill, slightly elevated above the parsonage, so that all the flock could see the pastor as he issued from it.

"Before the time of service, the congregation gradually assembled in early season, coming on foot or on horseback, the ladies behind their lords or brothers or one another, on pillions, so that before the time of service the whole space before the meeting-house was filled with a waiting, respectful, and expecting multitude. At the moment of service the pastor issued from his mansion with Bible and manuscript sermon under his arm, with his wife leaning on one arm, flanked by his negro man on his side, as his wife was by her negro woman, the little negroes being distributed according to their sex by the side of their respective parents. Then followed every other member of the family according to age and rank, making often, with family visitants, somewhat of a formidable procession. As soon as it appeared, the congregation, as if moved by one spirit, began to move towards the door of the church; and before the procession reached it, all were in their places.

"As soon as the pastor entered the church, the whole congregation rose and stood until

the pastor was in the pulpit and his family seated,—until which was done the whole assembly continued standing. At the close of the service the congregation stood until he and his family had left the church, before any one moved towards the door.

“Forenoon and afternoon the same course of proceeding was had, expressive of the reverential relation in which the people acknowledged that they stood towards their clergyman.

“Such was the account given me by Mrs. Dowse in relation to times previous to my birth, and which I relate as her narrative, and not as part of my recollections. The procession from the parsonage, the disappearance of the people on the appearance of the procession, and that their pastor was received with every mark of decorum and respect, I well remember, but of their rising at his entrance and standing after the service until he had departed, I have no recollection; my time was almost twenty years after that narrated by Mrs. Dowse. During that period the Revolution had commenced.”

Some might think it an advantage, if more of the decorum and reverence of such a state of society had been preserved to our day; for this respect paid to the minister was but part of a general and all-pervading system. Children were more reverential to their parents, scholars to their teachers, the people to their magistrates. A want of reverence threatens now to become the besetting sin of America, whether young or old.

The clergy of New England have, as a body, been distinguished for a rare union of the speculative and the practical. In both points they have been so remarkable, that in observing the great development of either of these qualities by itself one would naturally suppose that there was no room for the other.

Generally speaking, they were rural pastors,—living on salaries so small as to afford hardly a nominal support; and in order to bring up their families and give their sons a college education, it was necessary to understand fully the practical *savoir faire*. Accordingly, they farmed and gardened, and often took young people into their families to educate, and in these ways eked out a subsistence. It is related of the venerable Moses

Hallock, that he educated in his own family, during his ministerial lifetime, three hundred young people, of whom thirty were females. One hundred and thirty-two of these he fitted for college; fifty became ministers, and six foreign missionaries.

Some of the clergy gained such an acquaintance with the practice of medicine as to be able sometimes to unite the offices of physician of the body and of the soul; and not unfrequently a general knowledge of law enabled the pastor to be the worldly as well as the spiritual counsellor of his people. A striking case in point is that of the venerable Parson Eaton, who resided in a lonely seafaring district on the coast of Maine, and preached to a congregation who lived the amphibious life of farmers and fishermen. The town of Harpswell, where he ministered,—

“is a narrow projection of ten miles southward into Casco Bay, on both sides of which it comprises within its incorporated limits several islands, some of them of considerable size and well inhabited. In his pastoral visits and labors, the clergyman was often obliged to ride several miles, and then cross the inlets of the sea, to preach a lecture or to minister comfort or aid to some sick or suffering parishioner. In addition to his clerical duties, Mr. Eaton, having experience and discernment in the more common forms of disease, was generally applied to in sickness; and he usually carried with him a lancet and the more common and simple medicines. If a case was likely to baffle his skill, he advised his patient to send for a regular physician. His admirable sense, moreover, and his education fitted him to render aid and counsel in matters of controversy; so that he often acted as an umpire, and very often to the settling of disputes. Seldom did his people consult a lawyer; and it is even said, that, at the time of his death, most of the wills in the town were in his handwriting.”

It is a singular thing, that the preaching and the bent of mind of a set of men so intensely practical should have been at the same time intensely speculative. Nowhere in the world, unless perhaps in Scotland, have merely speculative questions excited the strong and engrossing

interest among the common people that they have in New England. Every man, woman, and child was more or less a theologian. The minister, while he ground his scythe or sharpened his axe or laid stone-fence, was inwardly grinding and hammering on those problems of existence which are as old as man, and which Christian and heathen have alike pondered. The Germans call the whole New England theology rationalistic, in distinction from traditional.

There are minds which are capable of receiving certain series of theological propositions without even an effort at comparison,—without a perception of contradiction or inconsequence,—without an effort at harmonizing. Such, however, were not the New England ministers. With them predestination must be made to harmonize with freewill; the Divine entire efficiency with human freedom; the existence of sin with the Divine benevolence;—and at it they went with stout hearts, as men work who are not in the habit of being balked in their undertakings. Hence the Edwardses, the Hopkinesses, the Emmonses, with all their various schools and followers, who, leviathan-like, have made the theological deep of New England to boil like a pot, and the agitation of whose course remains to this day.

It is a mark of a shallow mind to scorn these theological wrestlings and surgings; they have had in them something even sublime. They were always bounded and steadied by the most profound reverence for God and his word; and they have constituted in New England the strong mental discipline needed by a people who were an absolute democracy. The Sabbath teaching of New England has been a regular intellectual drill as well as a devotional exercise; and if one does not see the advantage of this, let him live awhile in France or Italy, and see the reason why, with all their aspirations after liberty, there is no capability of self-government in the masses; put the tiller of the Campagna, or the vine-dresser of France, beside the theological-

ly trained, keen, thoughtful New England farmer, and see which is best fitted to administer a government.

Another leading characteristic of the New England clergy was their great freedom of original development. The volumes before us are full of indications of the most racy individuality. There was no such thing as a clerical mould or pattern; but each minister, particularly in the rural districts, grew and flourished as freely and unconventionally as the apple-trees in his own orchard, and was considered none the worse for that, so long as he bore good fruit of the right sort. Thus we find among them all stamps and kinds of men,—men of decorum and ceremony, like Dr. Emmons and President Edwards, and men who, aiming after the real, despised the form, kept no order, and revered no ceremony; yet all flourished in peace, and were allowed to do their work in their own way.

We find here and there records of pleasant little encounters of humor among them on these points. Parson Deane, of Portland, was a precise man, and always appeared in the clerical regalia of the times, with powdered wig, cocked hat, gown, bands. Parson Hemmenway went about with just such clothes as he happened to find convenient, without the least regard to the conventional order.

Being together on a council, Dr. Deane playfully remarked,—

“The ferryman, Brother Hemmenway, as we came over, hadn’t the least idea you were a clergyman. Now I am particular always to appear with my wig on.”

“Precisely,” said Dr. Hemmenway; “I know it is well to bestow more abundant honor on the part that lacketh.”

It is a curious illustration of the times and people to see how quietly the personal eccentricities of a good minister were received.

One Mr. Moody, who flourished in the State of Maine, was one of those born oddities whose growth of mind rejects every outward rule. Brilliant, original, restless, he found it impossible to bring

his thoughts to march in the regular platoon and file of a properly written sermon. It is told of him, that, moved by the admiration of his people for the calm and orderly performances of one of his neighboring brethren of the name of Emerson, he resolved to write a sermon in the same style. After the usual introductory services, he began to read his performance, but soon grew weary, stumbled disconsolately, and at last stopped, exclaiming,—“Emerson must be Emerson, and Moody must be Moody! I feel as if I had my head in a bag! You call Moody a rambling preacher;—it is true enough; but his preaching will do to catch rambling sinners, and you are all runaways from the Lord.”

His clerical brethren at a meeting of the Association once undertook to call him to account for his odd expressions and back-handed strokes. He stepped into his study and produced a record of some twenty or thirty cases of conversations which had resulted from some of his exceptional sayings. As he read them over with the dates, they looked at each other with surprise, and one of them very sensibly remarked, “If the Lord owns Father Moody’s oddities, we must let him take his own way.”

His son, Joseph Moody, furnished the original incident which Hawthorne has so exquisitely worked up in his story of “The Minister’s Black Veil.” Being of a singularly nervous and melancholic temperament, he actually for many years shrouded his face with a black handkerchief. When reading a sermon he would lift this, but stood with his back to the audience so that his face was concealed,—all which appears to have been accepted by his people with sacred simplicity. He was known in the neighborhood by the name of Handkerchief Moody.

It is recorded also of the venerable and eccentric Father Mills, of Torrington, that, on the death of his much beloved wife, he was greatly exercised as to how a minister who always dressed in black could sufficiently express his devotion and respect for the departed by

any outward change of dress. At last he settled the question to his own satisfaction, by substituting for his white wig a black silk pocket-handkerchief, with which head-dress he officiated in all simplicity during the usual term of mourning.

We think it one result of their great freedom from any strait-laced conventional ideas, that no point of character is more frequently noticed in the subjects of these sketches than wit and humor. New England ministers never held it a sin to laugh; if they did, some of them had a great deal to answer for; for they could scarce open their mouths without dropping some provocation to a smile. An ecclesiastical meeting was always a merry season; for there never were wanting quaint images, humorous anecdotes, and sharp flashes of wit, and even the driest and most metaphysical points of doctrine were often lit up and illuminated by these coruscations.

A panel taken out of the house of the Rev. John Lowell, of Newbury, is still preserved, representing the common style of an ecclesiastical meeting in those days. The divines, each in full wig and gown, are seated around a table, smoking their pipes, and above is the well-known inscription: *In necessariis, Unitas: in non necessariis, Libertas: in utrisque Charitas.*

In that delightfully naive and simple journal of the Rev. Thomas Smith, the first minister settled in Portland, Maine, in the year 1725, we find the following entries.

“July 4, 1763. Mr. Brooks was ordained. A multitude of people from my parish. A decent solemnity.”

“January 16, 1765. Mr. Foxcroft was ordained at New Gloucester. We had a pleasant journey home. Mr. L. was alert and kept us all merry. A jolly ordination. We lost sight of decorum.”

This Mr. L., by the by, who was so alert on this occasion, it appears by a note, was Stephen Longfellow, the great-grandfather of the poet. Those who enjoy the poet’s acquaintance will probably

testify that the property of social alertness has not evaporated from the family in the lapse of so many years.

It is recorded of Dr. Griffin, that, when President of the Andover Theological Seminary, he convened the students at his room one evening, and told them he had observed that they were all growing thin and dyspeptical from a neglect of the exercise of Christian laughter, and he insisted upon it that they should go through a company-drill in it then and there. The Doctor was an immense man,—over six feet in height, with great amplitude of chest and most magisterial manners. “Here,” said he to the first, “you must practise; now hear me!” and bursting out into a sonorous laugh, he fairly obliged his pupils, one by one, to join, till the whole were almost convulsed. “That will do for once,” said the Doctor, “and now mind you keep in practice!”

New England used to be full of traditions of the odd sayings of Dr. Bellamy, one of the most powerful theologians and preachers of his time. His humor, however, seems to have been wholly a social quality, requiring to be struck out by the collision of conversation; for nothing of the peculiar quaintness and wit ascribed to him appears in his writings, which are in singularly simple, clear English. One or two of his sayings circulated about us in our childhood. For example, when one had built a fire of green wood, he exclaimed, “Warm me here! I’d as soon try to warm me by star-light on the north side of a tombstone!” Speaking of the chapel-bell of Yale College, he said, “It was about as good a bell as a fur cap with a sheep’s tail in it.”

A young minister, who had made himself conspicuous for a severe and denunciatory style of preaching, came to him one day to inquire why he did not have more success. “Why, man,” said the Doctor, “can’t you take a lesson of the fisherman? How do you go to work, if you want to catch a trout? You get a little hook and a fine line,

you bait it carefully and throw it in as gently as possible, and then you sit and wait and humor your fish till you can get him ashore. Now you get a great cod-hook and rope-line, and thrash it into the water, and bawl out, ‘Bite or be damned!’”

The Doctor himself gained such a reputation as an expert spiritual fisherman, that some of his parishioners, like experienced old trout, played shy of his hook, though never so skilfully baited.

“Why, Mr. A.,” he said to an old farmer in his neighborhood, “they tell me you are an Atheist. Don’t you believe in the being of a God?”

“No!” said the man.

“But, Mr. A., let’s look into this. You believe that the world around us exists from some cause?”

“No, I don’t!”

“Well, then, at any rate, you believe in your own existence?”

“No, I don’t!”

“What! not believe that you exist yourself?”

“I tell you what, Doctor,” said the man, “I a’n’t going to be twitched up by any of your syllogisms, and so I tell you I *don’t* believe anything,—and I’m not going to believe anything!”

A collection of the table-talk of the clergy whose lives are sketched in Dr. Sprague’s volumes would be a rare fund of humor, shrewdness, genius, and originality. We must say, however, that as nothing is so difficult as to collect these sparkling emanations of conversation, the written record which this work presents falls far below that traditional one which floated about us in our earlier years. So much in wit and humor depends on the electric flash, the relation of the idea to the attendant circumstances, that people often remember only *how* they have laughed, and can no more reproduce the expression than they can daguerreotype the heat-lightning of a July night.

The doctrine that a minister is to maintain some ethereal, unearthly station, where, wrapt in divine contemplation, he is to regard with indifference the

actual struggles and realities of life, is a sickly species of sentimentalism, the growth of modern refinement, and altogether too moonshiny to have been comprehended by our stout-hearted and very practical fathers. With all their excellencies, they had nothing sentimental about them; they were bent on reducing all things to practical, manageable realities. They would not hear of churches, but called them meeting-houses; they would not be called clergymen, but *ministers* or servants,—thereby signifying their calling to real, tangible work among real men and things.

As we have already said, in the beginnings of New England, the Church and State were identical, and the clergy *ex officio* the main counsellors and directors of the Commonwealth; and when this especial prerogative was relinquished, they naturally retained something of the bent it had given them.

An interesting portion of these sketches comprises the lives of ministers during our Revolutionary struggle, showing how ardently and manfully at that time the clergy headed the people. Many of them went into the army as chaplains; one or two, more zealous still, even took up temporal arms; while the greater number showered the enemy with sermons, tracts, and pamphlets.

Some of the more zealous politicians among them did not scruple to bring their sentiments even into the prayers of the church. We recollect an anecdote of a stout Whig minister of New Haven, who, during the occupation of the town by the British, was ordered to offer public prayers for the King, which he did as follows: "O Lord, bless thy servant, King George, and grant unto him wisdom; for thou knowest, O Lord, *he needs it.*"

So afterwards, in the time of the Embargo, Parson Eaton, of Harpswell, a Federalist, is recorded to have introduced his prayer for the President in a formula which might be recommended at the present day for the use of the people of Kansas. "Forasmuch as thou hast com-

manded us to pray for our enemies, we pray for the President of these United States, that his heart may be turned to just counsels," etc.

This same Parson Eaton distinguished himself also for his patriotic enthusiasm in Revolutionary times. When the British had burned Falmouth, (Portland,) a messenger came to Harpswell to beat up for recruits to the Continental forces. Not succeeding to his mind, he went to Parson Eaton, one Sunday morning, and begged him to say something for him in the course of the day's services. "It is my sacramental Sabbath," said the valiant Doctor, "and I cannot. But at the going down of the sun I will speak to my people." And accordingly, that very evening, Bible in hand, on the green before the meeting-house, Dr. Eaton addressed the people, denouncing the curse of Meroz on those who came not up to the help of the country, and recruits flowed in abundantly.

The pastors of New England were always in their sphere moral reformers. Profitable and popular sins, though countenanced by long-established custom, were fearlessly attacked. No sight could be more impressive than that of Dr. Hopkins—who with all his power of mind was never a popular preacher, and who knew he was not popular—rising up in Newport pulpits to testify against the slave-trade, then as reputable and profitable a sin as slaveholding is now. He knew that Newport was the stronghold of the practice, and that the probable consequence of his faithfulness would be the loss of his pulpit and of his temporal support; but none the less plainly and faithfully did he testify. Fond as he was of doctrinal subtleties, keen as was his analysis of disinterested benevolence, he did not, like some in our day, confine himself to analyzing virtue in the abstract, but took upon himself the duty of practising it in the concrete without fear of consequences,—well knowing that there is no logic like that of consistent action.

We should do injustice to our subject, if we did not add a testimony to the pe-

cially religious character and influence of the men of whom we speak. Shrewd, practical, capable, as they were, in the affairs of this life, perfectly natural and human as were their characters, still they were in the best sense unworldly men. Religion was the deep underlying stratum on which their whole life was built. Like the granite framework of the earth, it sunk below all and rose above all else in their life. No *Acta Sanctorum* contain more pathetic pictures of simple and all-absorbing godliness than were displayed by the subjects of these sketches. However they may have differed among themselves as to the metaphysical adjustment of the Calvinistic system, all agreed in so presenting it as to make God all in all.

Doctor Arnold says, it is necessary for the highest development of the soul that it should have somewhere an object of entire reverence enthroned above all possibility of doubt or criticism. Now a radically democratic system, like that of New England, at once sweeps all factitious reliances of this kind from the soul. No crown, no court, no nobility, no ritual, no hierarchy,—the beautiful principles of reverence and loyalty might have died out of the American heart, had not these men by their religious teachings upborne it as on eagles' wings to the footstool of the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible. Hence we see why what was commonly called among them the "Doctrine of Divine Sovereignty" acquired so prominent a place in their preaching and their hearts. They were men of deep reverence and profound loyalty of nature, from whom every lower object for the repose of these qualities had been torn away,—who concentrated on God alone those sentiments of faith and fealty which in other lands are divided with Church and King. Hence, more than that of any other clergy, their preaching contemplated God as King and Ruler. Submission to him without condition, without limit, they both preached and practised. *Unconditional submission* was as constantly on

their lips God-ward as it was sparingly uttered man-ward.

No picture of the "good parson" that was ever drawn could exceed in beauty that of the Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, whose life and manners had that indescribable beauty, completeness, and sacredness, which religion sometimes gives when shining out through a peculiarly congenial natural temperament,—yet we must confess we are as much interested and impressed with its effects in those wilder and more erratic temperaments, such as Bellamy, Backus, and Moody, where genius and passion were so combined as to lead to many inconsistencies. This book is a record of how manfully many such men battled with themselves, repairing the faults of their hasty and passionate hours by the true and honest humility of their better ones, so that, as one has said of our Pilgrim Fathers, we feel that they may have been endeared to God even by their faults.

The pastoral labors of these ministers were abounding. Two and sometimes three services on the Sabbath, and a weekly lecture, were only the beginning of their labors. Multitudes of them held circuit meetings, to the number of two or three a week, in the outskirts of their parishes; besides which they labored conversationally from house to house with individuals.

Gradual, indefinite, insensible amelioration of character was not by any means the only or the highest aim of their preaching. They sought to make religion as definite and as real to men as their daily affairs, and to bring them, as respects their spiritual history, to crises as marked and decided as those to which men are brought in temporal matters. They must become Christians now, to-day; the change must be immediate, all-pervading, thorough.

Such a style of preaching, from men of such power, could not be without corresponding results, especially as it was based always upon strong logical appeals to the understanding. From it resulted, from time to time, periods which are

marked in these narratives as revivals of religion,—seasons in which the cumulative force of the instructions and power of the pastor, recognized by that gracious assistance on which he always depended, reached a point of outward development that affected the whole social atmosphere, and brought him into intimate and confidential knowledge of the spiritual struggles of his flock. The preaching of the pastor was then attuned and modified to these disclosures, and his metaphysical

system shaped and adapted to what he perceived to be the real wants and weaknesses of the soul. Hence arose modifications of theology,—often interfering with received theory, just as a judicious physician's clinical practice varies from the book. Many of the theological disputes which have agitated New England have arisen in the honest effort to reconcile accepted forms of faith with the observed phenomena and real needs of the soul in its struggles heavenward.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE KANSAS USURPATION.

If it had been the avowed intention of the dominant party in this country to disgust the people by a long and systematic course of wrong-doing,—if it had wished to prove that it was indissolubly wedded to injustice, inconsistency, and error, it could not have chosen a better method of doing so than it has actually pursued, in the entire management of the Kansas question. From the beginning to the end, that has been both a blunder and a crime. Nothing more atrocious,—nothing more perverse,—nothing more foolish, as a matter of policy,—and we might add, but for the seriousness of the subject, nothing more ludicrous,—has occurred in our history, than the attempt, which has now been persisted in for several years, to force the evils of Slavery upon a people who cannot and will not endure them.

We say, to force the evils of slavery upon an unwilling people,—because such has been and is the only end of this protracted endeavor. The authors of the scheme have scarcely shown the ordinary cunning of rogues, which conceals its ulterior purposes. Disdaining the advice of Mrs. Peachum to her daughter Polly, to be "somewhat nice" in her deviations from virtue, they have advanced bravely

and flagrantly to their nefarious object. They have been reckless, defiant, aggressive; but, unfortunately for them, they have not been sagacious. The thin disguise of principle under which they masked their designs at the outset—as it were a bit of oiled paper—was soon torn away; the plot betrayed its inherent wickedness from step to step; the instruments selected to execute it have one after another abandoned the task, as quite impracticable for any honest mortal; and now these whilom advocates of "Popular Sovereignty" stand exposed to the scorn and derision of the country, as nothing less than what their opponents all along declared them to be,—the sworn champions of Slavery-Extension. All the movements and changes of their external policy find their explication in the single phrase, the actual and the political advancement of the interests of Slavery.

It is humiliating to an American citizen to cast his eyes back, even for a moment, to the history of this Kansas plot,—humiliating in many ways; but in none more so than in the revelation it makes of the depth and extent of party-servility in the Northern mind. Throughout the proceedings of the "Democracy" towards the unhappy settlers of Kansas,

it is difficult to place the finger on a single act of large, just, or generous policy; every step in it appears to have developed some new outrage or some new fraud; and yet, every step in it has also elicited new shouts of approval from the echoing lieges and bondmen of "the Party." We should willingly, therefore, turn away from the theme, but that we believe the end is not yet come; a review of its past may instruct us as to its future. For it is not always true, as Coleridge says, that experience, like the stern-lights of a ship, illuminates only the track it has left; the lights may be hung upon the bows, and the spectator be enabled to discern, by means of them, no less, the way in which it is going.

A "Territory," viewed in connection with the political system of the United States, must be confessed to be a somewhat erratic and embarrassing member. Few or no specific provisions are made for it in the Organic Law, which applies primarily, and quite exclusively, to "States." The word is mentioned there but once,—in the clause empowering Congress to "make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States,"—and here it occurs in a somewhat doubtful sense. Judging by the mere letter or obvious import of the Constitution, the right of acquiring and governing territory would seem to be a *casus omissus*, or a power overlooked. Accordingly, Mr. Webster went so far as to assert that the framers of it never contemplated its extension beyond the original limits of the country;* but this we can scarcely believe of men so far-seeing and sagacious. It were a better opinion, which Mr. Benton has recently urged, that the acquisition and control of territories are necessary incidents of the sovereign and proprietary character of the government created by the Constitution.† But be

* Works, Vol. V. p. 306.

† See his late pamphlet on the Dred Scott decision, which we may say, without adopting its conclusions, every statesman ought to read.

this as it may, whatever the theoretic origin of the right to acquire territory,—whatever the origin of the right to govern it,—whether the former be derived from the war-making power, which implies conquest, or from the treaty-making power, which implies purchase,—and whether the latter be derived from an express grant or is involved as necessary to the execution of other grants, both questions were definitively settled by long and universally accepted practice. Under the actual legislation of Congress, running over a period of sixty years,—a legislation sanctioned by all administrations, by all departments of the government, by all the authorities of the individual States, by all statesmen of all parties, and by frequent popular recognitions,—prescription has taken the force of law, and that which might once be theoretically doubtful became forever practically valid and legitimate.

It was not till within the last few years that the right of Congress over the Territories was questioned. Certain classes of politicians then discovered that the whole of our past statesmanship had been a mistake, and that the time had come to propound a new doctrine. No! they said, it is not Congress, not the Federal Government, which is entitled to govern the Territories, but the Territories themselves,—which means the handful of their original occupants. The real sovereignty resides in the squatters, and Squatter Sovereignty is the charm which dispels all difficulties. Alas! it was rather like the ingredients mingled by Macbeth's hags, only "a charm of powerful trouble." Overlooking the fact that the Territories were Territories precisely because they were not States, this absurd theory proposed to confer the highest character of an organized political existence upon a society wholly inchoate. As *land*, the Territories were the property of the United States, to be disposed of and regulated by the will of Congress; as *collections of men*, they were yet immature communities, having in reality no social being, and in that light also wisely and

benevolently subjected to the will of Congress; but Squatter Sovereignty elevated them, *willy nilly*, to an independent self-subsistence. They were declared full-formed and fledged before they were out of the shell. A mere conglomeration of emigrants, Indian traders, and half-breeds was invested with all the functions of a mature and ripened civilization. Long ere there were people enough in any Territory to furnish the officers of a regular government,—before they possessed any of the apparatus of court-houses, jails, legislative chambers, etc., essential to a regular government,—before they lived near enough to each other, in fact, to constitute a respectable town-meeting,—before they could pay the expenses or gather the means of their own defence from the Indians, these wonderful entities were held to be endowed with the right of entering into the most complicated relations and of forming the most important institutions for themselves,—and not only for themselves, but for their posterity.

This puerile dogma was asserted ostensibly in the interest of Slavery, in order to get rid of the power of Congress over that subject; but the real source of it was the cowardice of those invertebrate and timorous politicians who desired to evade the responsibility of expressing opinions concerning this power. General Cass was the putative father of it, and it might well have come from one of his pliancy and calibre; but as Slavery itself, embodied in the person of Calhoun, scouted the feeble bantling, there was soon no one so mean as to confess the paternity. Abandoned of its begetters, Squatter Sovereignty wandered the streets like a squalid and orphaned outcast, begging anybody and everybody to take it in, and finding no creditable welcome anywhere.

Calhoun and his friends, no less anxious than Cass and his friends to rescue Slavery from the discretion of Congress, though for other reasons, contrived to find a more respectable excuse for such a policy. As California and New Mex-

ico—both free soil—had lately been acquired, they contended that the moment new territories attached to the United States, the same moment the Constitution attached to them; and inasmuch as the Constitution guarantied the existence of Slavery, *presto*, Slavery must be regarded as existing under it in the Territories! This, we say, was more respectable ground than Squatter Sovereignty, because it met the question more fairly in the face; yet, considered either as dialectics or history, it was not one whit less absurd. We do not wonder that Webster, and all the other sound lawyers of the nation, heard such an announcement of Constitutional hermeneutics with utter surprise and astonishment. It was enough to astound even the veriest tyro in the law. The Constitution—and especially by all the premises of the State-Rights school—is a mere compact between the States; it confers no powers but delegated and enumerated powers, and such as are indispensable to the execution of these; and nowhere is there a clause or letter in it extending its operation beyond the States. Even in respect to acknowledged powers, these are inoperative until carried into effect by a special act of Congress; they have no vitality in themselves,—they are only dead provisions or forms till Congress has breathed into them the breath of life; and thence to argue that of their own energy they may leap into or embrace the Territories is to argue that a corpse may on its own motion rise and walk.

But granting this caoutchouc property, this migratory power, in the Constitution, the inference that it would take Slavery with it is a still more monstrous error than the original premises. Slavery as such is not recognized or guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. Whatever the five slaveholding judges of the Supreme Court may seek to maintain, they cannot upset the universal logic of the law, nor extinguish the fundamental principles of our political system. Slavery exists only by the local or municipal usage of the States in which it exists; it

is there universally defined as a right of property in man; whereas the Constitution of the United States, in all its prohibitions and provisions, designates and acts upon human beings only as persons. Whatever their characters or relations under the laws of the States, they are, under the Federal Constitution, MEN. Nowhere in that immortal paper is there an iota or tittle which gives countenance to the idea that human beings may be held as property. It speaks of "persons held to service or labor," as apprentices, for instance,—and of persons other than free, *i. e.* not politically citizens, as Indians and some negroes; but it does not speak of Slaves or of Slavery; on the contrary, in every part, it legislates for men solely as men. The laws of each State, and the relations of the various inhabitants of each State, it of course recognizes as valid within each State; but it recognizes them as resting exclusively on the municipal authority of the State, and not on its own authority. Against nothing did the framers of the Constitution more strenuously contend than against the admission of any phrase sanctioning the tenure of man as property. They refused even to allow of the use of the word *servitude*, so much did they hate the thing; and Madison expressed their almost unanimous sentiment when he exclaimed, "We intend this Constitution to be THE GREAT CHARTER OF HUMAN LIBERTY to the unborn millions who shall yet enjoy its protection, and who should not see that such an institution as Slavery was ever known in our midst." In that spirit was the instrument framed, and in that spirit was it administered, while its framers lived.

Nevertheless, under the twofold pretence we have cited,—the one reconciling the conscience with the cowardice of the North, and the other conceding the arrogant pretensions of the South,—the negation of the power of the central government over Slavery was carried into effect. By a legislative hocus-pocus, known as the Compromise Measures of

1850, Congress, contrary to the uniform tendency of bodies entrusted with a discretion, vacated instead of enlarging its powers. Its sovereign function of territorial legislation was abdicated, in favor of that wretched and ragged pretender, Squatter Sovereignty; and silly or misguided people everywhere, who professed to regard as dangerous that political excitement and agitation which are the life of republics, hailed the accession of King Log as a glorious triumph of legitimacy. In the remanding of a delicate question from the central to a local jurisdiction in the conversion of a general into a topical inflammation, they affected to see an end of the difficulty, a cure to the disease. But no expectation could have been less wise. It was a transfer, and a possible postponement, but not a settlement of the trouble. Had they looked deeper, they would have discerned that the dispute in regard to Slavery is involved in the very structure of our government, which links two incompatible civilizations under the same head, which compels a struggle for political power between the diverse elements by the terms and conditions of their union, and which, if the contest is suppressed at one time or place, forces it to break out at another, and will force it to break out incessantly, until either Freedom or Slavery has achieved a decisive triumph.

The principle of the non-interference of Congress with the Territories once secured, there yet stood in the way of its universal application the time-honored agreement called the Missouri Compromise. Down to the year 1820, Congress had legislated to keep Slavery out of the Territories; but at that disastrous era, a weak dread of civil convulsion led to the surrender of a single State (Missouri) to this evil,—under a solemn stipulation and warrant, however, that it should never again be introduced north of a certain line. Originating with the Slave-holders, and sustained by the Slave-holders, this compact was sacredly respected by them for thirty-three years; it was respected until they had got out of it

all the advantages they could, and until Freedom was about to reap *her* advantages,—when they began to denounce it as unconstitutional and void. A Northern Senator—whose conduct then we shall not characterize, as he seems now to be growing weary of the hard service into which he entered—was made the instrument of its overthrow. That hallowed landmark, which had lifted its awful front against the spread of Slavery for more than an entire generation, was obliterated by a quibble, and the morning sun of the 22d of May, 1854, rose for the last time “on the guarantied and certain liberties of all the unsettled and unorganized region of the American Continent.” Everything there was of honor, of justice, of the love of truth and liberty, in the heart of the nation, was smitten by this painful blow; the common sense of security felt the wound; the consoling consciousness that the faith of men might be relied upon was removed by it; and to the general imagination, in fact, it seemed as if some mighty charm, which had stayed the issue of untold calamities, were suddenly and wantonly broken.

Thus, after the Constitution had been perverted in its fundamental character,—after Congress had been despoiled of one of its most important functions,—after a compact, made sacred by the faith, the feelings, and the hopes of the third of a century, was torn in pieces,—the road was clear for the organization of the Kansas and Nebraska Territories. It was given out, amid jubilations which could not have been louder, if they had been the spontaneous greetings of some real triumph of principle, that henceforth and forever the inhabitants of the Territories would be called to determine their “domestic institutions” for themselves. Under this theory, and amid these shouts, Kansas was opened for settlement; and it was scarcely opened, before it became, as might have been expected, the battle-ground for the opposing civilizations of the Union, to renew and fight out their long quarrel upon. From every quarter

of the land settlers rushed thither, to take part in the wager of battle. They rushed thither, as individuals and as associations, as Yankees and as Corn-crackers, as Blue Lodges and as Emigrant Aid Societies; and most of them went, not only as it was their right, but as it was their duty to do. Congress had invited them in; it had abandoned legitimate legislation in order to substitute for it a scramble between the first comers; and it had said to every man who knew that Slavery was more than a simple local interest, that it was in fact an element of the general political power, “Come and decide the issue here!”

Whatever the consequences, therefore, the cowardly action of Congress was the original cause. But what were the consequences? First, a protracted anarchy and civil war among the several classes of emigrants;—second, a murderous invasion of the Territory by the borderers of a neighboring State, for the purpose of carrying the elections against the *bonâ-fide* settlers;—third, the establishment of a system of terrorism, in which outrages having scarcely a parallel on this continent were committed, with a view to suppress all protest against the illegality of those elections, and to drive out settlers of a particular class;—fourth, the commission of a spurious legislative assembly, in the enforced absence of protests against the illegal returns of votes;—fifth, the enactment of a series of laws for the government of the Territory, the most tyrannical and bloody ever devised for freemen,—laws which aimed a fatal blow at the four corner-stones of a free commonwealth,—freedom of speech, of the press, of the jury, and of suffrage;—sixth, the recognition of Slavery as an existing fact, and the denunciation of penalties, as for felony, against every attempt to question it in word or deed;—and, finally, the dismissal of the Territorial Governor, (Reeder,) who had exhibited some signs of self-respect and conscience in resisting these wicked schemes, and who was compelled to fly the Territory in disguise, under a double

menace of public prosecution and private assassination.

These were the scenes of the first act, in a drama then commenced; and those of the next were not unlike. A second Governor (Shannon) having been procured,—a Governor chosen with a double fitness to the use,—on the ground of his sympathy with whatever was vulgar in border-russian habits and with whatever was obsequious in Presidential policy,—the deliberate game of forcing the settlers to submit to the infamous usurpation of the Missourians was opened. But, thank Heaven! those brave and hardy pioneers would not submit! There was enough of the blood of the Puritans and of the Revolutionary Sires coursing in their veins, to make them feel that submission, under such circumstances, would have been a base betrayal of liberty, a surrender of honor, and a sacrifice of every honest sentiment of justice and self-respect. “Come,” they said to the marauders, — “come, hack this flesh from our limbs, and scatter these bones to bleach with those of so many of our friends and brothers, already strewn upon the unshorn and desolate fields,—but do not ask us to submit to wrongs so daring or to frauds so foul!” The marauders took them at their word, and hewed and hacked them with shameless cruelty; yet, with a singular forbearance, the friends of freedom did not hastily resent the outrages with which they had been visited. They loved freedom, but they loved law too; and they proceeded in a legal and peaceful spirit to procure the redress of their grievances,—in the first place by an appeal to Congress, and in the second, by the organization of a State government of their own. Both of these methods they had an indisputable right to adopt; for the first is guaranteed to every citizen, even the meanest,—and the second, though informal, was not illegal, and had, time and again, been sanctioned by the highest political tribunals of the land.

Congress had dismissed the subject of Territorial Government; and here it was again, in a more troublesome guise than

it had ever before assumed. The ghost of the murdered Banquo would not down at its bidding. Nearly the entire session of 1856 was consumed in heated and virulent debates on Kansas. The House, fresh from the affections of the people, was disposed to do justice to the sufferers; it confirmed, by the investigations of its committees, the verity of every complaint, and it was not willing to allow a trivial technicality to stand in the way of the great cause of truth and right. But the Senate was dogmatic and hard,—full of whims, and scruples, and hair-splitting difficulties,—ever straining at gnats and swallowing camels; of the few there inclined to bear a manly part, one was overpowered by the club of a bully, and the others by the despotism of numbers and of party-drill. As for the Executive, it was bound hand and foot to the Slave Power, and had no option but to let loose its minions, its judges, its sheriffs, its vagabonds, and its dragoons upon the poor Free-State men, whose only crime was a refusal to submit to the most outrageous abuses. Their towns were burned, their presses destroyed, their assemblies dispersed, and their wives and children brutally insulted. The debauched and imbecile Governor, who represented the Federal Power, hounded on the miscreants of the border to the work of destruction, so long as he was able; but he happily became in the end too weak even for this perfunctory labor; and he gradually sank into delirium, till his final withdrawal into the obscurities whence he had emerged gave a momentary peace to the distracted and baffled settlers.

We pass over the administration of Geary, the third of the Kansas Governors,—a period in which the ravages of the marauders were continued, but under meliorated circumstances. The great uprising of the Northern masses, in the Presidential election, had impressed upon the most desperate of the Pro-Slavery faction the necessity of a restrained and moderated zeal. Geary went to the Territory with some desire to deal justly with

all parties. He fancied, from the promises made to him, that he would be sustained in this honorable course by the President. It was no part of his conception of his task, that he should be called upon to screen assassins, to justify perjury. But he had reckoned without knowledge of what he had undertaken. He was soon involved with the self-styled judiciary of Kansas, whose especial favorites were the promoters of outrage; his correspondence was intercepted, his plans thwarted, his motives aspersed, his life menaced; and he resigned his thankless charge, in a feeling of profound contempt and bitter disappointment,—of contempt for the restless knot of villains who circumvented all conciliatory action, and of disappointment towards superiors at Washington who betrayed their promises of countenance and support.

With the advent of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency a new era was expected, because a new era had been plainly prescribed by the entire course and spirit of the Presidential campaign. All through that heated and violent contest, it was loudly promised on one side, as it was loudly demanded on the other, that the affairs of Kansas should be honestly and equitably administered. As the time had then come, in the progress of population, when the Territory might be considered competent to determine its political institutions,—the period of its immaturity and pupilage being past,—the election turned upon the single issue of Justice to Kansas. Mr. Buchanan and his party,—their conventions, their orators, and their newspapers,—in order to quell the storm of indignation swelling the Northern heart, were voluble in their pledges of a fair field for a fair settlement of all its difficulties. In the name of Popular Sovereignty,—or of the indisputable right of every people, that is a people, to determine its political constitution for itself,—they achieved a hard-won success. On no other ground could they have met the gallant charge of their opponents, and on no other ground did they retain their hold of the popular

support. In his inaugural address, Mr. Buchanan foreshadowed a complete and final adjustment of every element of discord. He selected, for the accomplishment of his policy, a statesman of national reputation, experienced in politics, skilful in administration, and of well-known principles and proclivities in the practical affairs of government. Mr. Walker accepted the place of Territorial Governor, under the most urgent entreaties, and on repeated and distinct pledges on the part of the President that the organization of Kansas as a State should be unfettered and free. His personal sympathies were strongly on the side of the party which had so long ruled with truculent hand in the affairs of the Territory; but he was none the less resolved that the fairly ascertained majority should have its way.

Under assurances to that effect, the Free-State men, for the first time since the great original fraud which had disfranchised them, consented to enter into an electoral contest with their foes and oppressors. The result was the return of a Free-State delegate to Congress, and a Free-State legislature, by a majority which, after the rejection of a series of patent and wretched frauds, was more than ten to one; and yet the desperate game of conquest and usurpation was not closed. For, in the mean time, a convention of delegates to frame a State Constitution had been summoned to assemble at Lecompton. It was called by the old spurious legislature, which represented Missouri, and not Kansas; it was called by a legislature, which, even if not spurious, had no authority for making such a call; it was called under provisions for a census and registry of voters which in more than half the Territory were not complied with; and it was elected by a small proportion of a small minority, the Free-State men and others refusing to enter into a contest under proceedings unauthorized at best, and as they believed illegal. Let it be added, also, that a large number of its members were pledged to submit

the result of their doings to a vote of the people,—according to what Mr. Buchanan, in his instructions to Governor Walker, and Governor Walker himself, on the strength of those instructions, had proclaimed as the policy of “the party.”

This Convention, in the prosecution of its gratuitous task, devised the scheme of a Constitution wholly in the interest of its members and of the meagre minority they represented,—and so objectionable in many respects, that not one in twenty of the voters of the Territory, as Governor Walker informed the writer of this, could or would approve it. Recognizing Slavery as an existing fact, and perpetuating it in every event, it yet purported to submit the question of Slavery to a determining vote of the people. This was, however, a mere pretence; for the method proposed for getting at the sense of the people was nothing but a pitiful juggle, according to which no one could vote on the Slavery question who did not at the same time vote *for* the Constitution. No alternative or discretion was allowed to the citizens whose Constitution it purported to be; if they voted at all on the vast variety of subjects usually embraced in an organic law, they must vote in favor of the measures concocted by the Convention. The entire conduct of the election and the final adjudication of the returns, moreover, were taken out of the hands of the officers, and from under the operation of the laws, already established by the Territorial authorities, to be vested exclusively in one of the Convention's own creatures,—a reckless and unprincipled politician, whose whole previous career had been an offence and a nuisance to the majority of the inhabitants. Had the Convention been legitimately called and legitimately chosen, this audacious abrogation of the Territorial laws and of the functions of the Territorial officers would in itself have been sufficient to vitiate its authority; but being neither legitimately called, nor legitimately chosen, and outraging the sentiments of nineteen twentieths of the community,

the illegal election provided for can be regarded only as the crowning atrocity of the long series of atrocities to which Kansas has been subjected.

The most surprising thing, however, could anything surprise us in these Kansas proceedings, is, that the President, eating all his former promises, adopts the Lecompton Convention as a legitimate body, and commands its swindling mode of submission as a “fair” test of the popular will! Yet, it is sad to say, this is only following up the line of precedents established from the beginning. The plot against the freedom of Kansas was conceived in a Congressional breach of faith; it was inaugurated by invasion, bloodshed, and civil war; it was prosecuted for two years through a series of unexampled violences; and it would be strange, if it had not been consummated at Lecompton and Washington by a series of corresponding frauds. It seems to have been impossible to touch the business without perpetrating some iniquity, great or small; and Mr. Buchanan, cautious, circumspect, timorous, as he is, tumbles into the fatal circle headlong.

And how do we know all this? Upon what kind and degree of evidence do we rest these heavy accusations? Upon the hasty opinions of those who are unfriendly to the principles and purposes of the dominant party? Not at all; but upon the voluntary confessions of the distinguished and chosen agents of that party, these agents being themselves eyewitnesses of the facts to which they testify. For proof of the original invasion and usurpation, with all its frauds and outrages, we appeal to the testimony of Governor Reeder; for proof of the continued ravages and persistent malignity of the border ruffians, we appeal to the testimony of Governor Geary; and for proof of the illegal and swindling character of the late Constitutional movement, we appeal to Governor Walker;—all these witnesses being original friends of the Kansas-Nebraska bill and policy; all the original coadjutors of the Slave

Power; all its carefully selected instruments; all strongly prejudiced at the outset against the cause and the men of the Free-State Party; and yet, each one of them, as soon as he has fairly entered the field of his operations, offering such loud rebuke of the plans and projects of his own party as to provoke his speedy removal!—no strength of party attachment, no pliability of conscience, no hope of future favor, no dread of instant punishment, being sufficient to prevent him from turning against his own masters and colleagues! Even the Senators of the party catch the spirit of revolt; and the very godfather of the Kansas scheme,—its most efficient advocate,—the leading and organizing mind of it,—has become the strongest opponent and bitterest denouncer of the policy which directs its execution.

In this view of the case, may we not ask whether this base and cruel attempt at subduing Kansas has not gone far enough? Have not the circumstances shown that it is as impracticable as it is base and cruel? Or are we to see the despotism of the New World as in-

sanely obstinate as the despotisms of the Old? Is there no warning, no instruction, to be derived from the examples of those older nations? An eloquent historian has recently depicted for us, in scenes which the memory can never lose, the mad attempts of the House of Stuart to Romanize England, to the loss of the most magnificent dominion the world ever saw; and another historian, scarcely less eloquent, has drawn a series of fearfully interesting pictures of the stern efforts of the Spaniards to impose a detested State and a more detested Church upon the burghers of the Netherlands. The spirit of James II., and the spirit of Philip II., was the same spirit which is now striving to force Slavery and Slave Law upon Kansas; and though the field of battle is narrower, and the scene less conspicuous, the consequences of the struggle are hardly of less moment. Kansas is the future seat of empire; she will yet give tone and law to the entire West; and they who are fighting there, in behalf of humanity and justice, do not fight for themselves alone, but for a large posterity.

SONNET.

THE brave old Poets sing of nobler themes
Than the weak griefs which haunt men's coward souls.
The torrent of their lusty music rolls
Not through dark valleys of distempered dreams,
But murmurous pastures lit by sunny streams;
Or, rushing from some mountain height of Thought,
Swells to strange music, that our minds have sought
Vainly to gather from the doubtful gleams
Of our more gross perceptions. Oh, their strains
Nerve and enoble Manhood!—no shrill cry,
Set to a treble, tells of querulous woe;
Yet numbers deep-voiced as the mighty Main's
Merge in the ringdove's plaining, or the sigh
Of lovers whispering where sweet streamlets flow.

ART.

THE BRITISH GALLERY IN NEW YORK.

To speak of English Art was, ten years ago, to speak of something formless, chaotic, indeed, so far as any order or organization of principles was concerned,—a mass of individual results, felt out, often, under the most glorious artistic inspiration, but much oftener the expression of merely ignorant whim, or still more empty academic knowledge,—a waste of uncultivated, unpruned brushwood, with here and there a solitary tree towering into unapproachable and inexplicable symmetry and beauty. Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Turner are great names in Art-history; but to deduce their development from the English culture of Art, one must use the same processes as in proving Cromwell to have been called up by the loyalty of Englishmen. They towered the higher from contempt for the abasement around them. If there was greatness in measure in English Art, it was greatness subjected to tradition and conventionalism. The three artists we have just named were the only great freemen in the realm of Art England had known down to the close of the first half of the nineteenth century; and of these, Turner alone has left his impress on the Art succeeding his.

With the commencement of the present half-century there began a systematic movement in revolt from the degradation of Art in England, which, unfortunately, so far as significance was concerned, assumed the name of Pre-Raphaelitism. It extended itself rapidly, absorbing most of the young painters of any force or earnestness, and attracting some who already held high places in public esteem. Being something new, it was sure of its full measure of derision while it was considered unimportant, and of bitter and violent antagonism when it became evident that it was strong enough to make its way. This hostility, beaten down for the moment by the rhetoric of Ruskin and the inherent earnestness of the new Art, is, however, as sure to prevail again as the English character is at once conservative of old

forms, reverential of authorities, and subject to enthusiasms for new things, whose very extravagance tends to reaction. If Pre-Raphaelitism now holds its own in England, it is simply because it is neither thoroughly understood nor completely defined. It is an absolutely revolutionary movement, and must, therefore, be rejected by the English mind when seen as such,—and this all the more certainly and speedily because Ruskin with his imaginative enthusiasm has raised it to a higher position than it really deserves at present. That cause is unfortunate which retains as its advocate one whose rhetoric persuades all, while his logic convinces none; and the too readily believing converts of his enthusiasm and splendid diction, their sympathetic fire abated, revert with an implacable bitterness to their former traditions. With all our respect for Ruskin, we think that he has asserted many things, but proved next to nothing. He has utterly misunderstood and misstated Pre-Raphaelitism, which will thus be one day the weaker for his support.

But, pending this inevitable decline in favor at home, Pre-Raphaelitism colonizes. During the past year, some lovers of Art in England organized an association, having as its purpose the introduction of English Art to the American public,—partly, it was to be expected, with the view of opening this El Dorado to the English painter, but still more with the desire to extend the knowledge of what was to them a new and important revelation of Art. In its inception the plan was almost exclusively Pre-Raphaelite, but extended itself, on after-consideration, so far as to admit the worthiest artists of the conventional stamp. We have the first fruits of the undertaking in an exhibition which has achieved a success in New York, and which will probably visit the principal cities of the Union before its return home in the spring to make way for a second which will open in the autumn.

It is not as a collection of pictures merely that we purpose to notice this ex-

hibition. Out of nearly four hundred pictures, the great proportion are mere conventionalisms,—many of them choice, but most of them in no wise to be compared with the pictures of the same class by French and German painters, since neither just drawing nor impressive color redeems their inanity of conception. There are some curious water-color drawings by Lance, remarkable mainly as forcibly painted, some exquisite color-pieces by William Hunt, and a number of fine examples of the matter-of-fact common-place which forms the great mass of pictures in the London exhibitions. Two drawings deserve especial, though brief, notice; one a coast bit by Copley Fielding,—a sultry, hazy afternoon on the seashore, where sea and sky, distance and foreground, are fused into one golden, slumberous silence, in which neither wave laps nor breeze fans, and only the blinding sun moves, sinking slowly down to where heaven and ocean mingle again in a happy dream of their old unity before the waters under the firmament were divided from the waters above the firmament, and the stranded ships lie with sails drooping and listless on a beach from which the last tide seems to have ebbed, leaving the ooze glistening and gleaming in the sunlight,—a picture of rare sentiment and artistic refinement;—the other is a waterfall by Nesfield,—a dreamy, careless, wayward plunge of waters over ledge after ledge of massive rock, the merry cascade enveloping itself in a robe of spray and mist, on the skirt of which flashes the faintest vision of a rainbow, which wavers and flits, almost, as you look at it, while the jets of foam splash up from the pool at the foot of the fall, a tranquil pause of the waters in a depth of uncertain blue, in which a suggestion of emerald flashes, and from which they dance on in less frantic mood over the brown and water-worn boulders to follow their further whims; everything that is most charming and *spirituelle* in the water-fall is given, and with a delicacy of color and subtlety of execution fitting the subject. These are not the only good drawings, but there is in them a simplicity and singleness of purpose, a total subordination of all minor matters to the great impression, which makes them points of poetic value in the collection. There are some drawings by Finch, scarce-

ly less noticeable for their rendering of solemn twilight, tender and touching as the memory of a loved one long dead. The water-color representation is, indeed, complete and interesting; but we have only present use with five of these drawings, by Turner, and from different stages of his progress.

Ruskin, in his pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism, has drawn such a comparison between Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites as to make them only different manifestations of the same spirit in Art. Nothing, it seems to us, could be more mistaken than this; for, in all that concerns either the end of Art or its paths of approach, its purposes or its methods, Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites are diametrically opposed. Turner was intensely subjective,—the Pre-Raphaelites are as intensely objective. There is no evidence whatever in Turner's works that he ever made the slightest attempt to reproduce Nature in such guise as the Pre-Raphaelites paint her in; on the contrary, the early drawings of Turner are as inattentive to absolute truth of detail as they could well be. His course of study was one of memory. He commenced by expressing in his drawing such palpable facts and truths as were most strongly retained, and in which he conveyed the great impression of the scene, with the most complete indifference to all facts not essential to the telling of his story. From this, as his memory grew stronger and his perception more minute and comprehensive, he widened his circle of ideas and facts, always working from feeling rather than from what Nature set before him. His mind thus sifting his perceptions, retaining always only those which constituted the essential features of the impression, and with a distinctness proportioned to their relative importance, there necessarily resulted a subjective unity like that of an absolute creation. The Pre-Raphaelites, on the other hand, endeavor to paint everything that they see just as they see it; and doing this without permitting the slightest liberty of choice to their feeling, where they have feeling, their Art is, of course, in all its early stages, destitute of that singleness of purpose which marked Turner's works from the beginning. Turner felt an emotion before Nature, and used the objects from which he had received the emotion

as symbols to convey it again;—the Pre-Raphaelites look at Nature as full of beautiful facts, and, like children amid the flowers, they gather their hands full, “indifferent of worst or best,” and when their hands are full, crowd their laps and bosoms, and even drop some already picked, to make room for others which beckon from their stems,—insatiable with beauty. This is delightful,—but childlike, nevertheless. Turner was, above all, an artist; with him Art stood first, facts secondary;—with the Pre-Raphaelites it is the reverse; it is far less important to them that their facts should be broadly stated and in keeping in their pictures, than that they should be there and comprehensible. To him a fact that was out of keeping was a nuisance, and he treated it as such; while any falsehood that was in keeping was as unhesitatingly admitted, if he needed it to strengthen the impression of his picture. Turner would put a rainbow by the side of the sun, if he wanted one there;—a Pre-Raphaelite would paint with a stop-watch, to get the rainbow in the right place. In brief, Turner’s was the purely subjective method of study, a method fatal to any artist of the opposite quality of mind;—that of the Pre-Raphaelites is the purely objective, absolutely enslaving to a subjective artist, and no critic capable of following out the first principles of Art to logical deductions could confound the two. The one leads to a sentimental, the other to a philosophic Art; and the only advice to be given to an artist as to his choice of method is, that, until he knows that he can trust himself in the liberty of the subjective, he had better remain in the discipline of the objective. The fascination of the former, once felt, forbids all return to the latter. If he be happy in the Pre-Raphaelite fidelity, let him thank the Muse and tempt her no farther.

There can be no more valuable lesson in Art given than that series of Turner drawings in the British collection, both as concerns its progression in the individual and those subtle analogies between painting (color) and music,—analogies often hinted at, but never, that we are aware, fully followed out. Color bears the same relation to form that sound does to language. If a painter sit down before Nature and accurately match all her tints, we have an absolute but prosaic rendering

of her; and the analogy to this in music would be found in a passage of ordinary conversational language written down, with its inflections and pauses recorded in musical signs. Both are transcripts of Nature, but neither is in any way poetic, or, strictly speaking, artistic; we cannot, by any addition or refinement, make them so. Now mark that in the two early drawings of Turner we have white and black with only the slightest possible suggestion of blue in the distance;—the corresponding form in language is verse, with its measure of time for measure of space, and just so much inflection of voice as these drawings have of tint,—enough not to be absolutely monotonous. We have in both cases left the idea of mere imitation of Nature, and have entered on Art. Verse grows naturally into music by simple increase of the range of inflection, as Turner’s color will grow more melodic and finally harmonic. And in thus beginning Turner has placed his works above the level of prosaic painting of Nature, just as verse is placed above prose by the unanimous consent of mankind. From these simple presages of Art we may diverge and follow his development as a poet by his engravings, without ever making reference to him as a colorist. But beside being a poet, he was a great color-composer. If, leaving poetry as recited, we take the ballad, or poetry made fully melodic, we have the single voice, passing through measured inflections and with measured pauses. Correspondingly, the next in the series of Turner drawings, the “Aysgarth Force,” shows no attempt to give the real color of Nature, but a single color governing the whole drawing, a golden brown passing in shadow into its exact negative. There is an absolute tint, full, and inflected through every shade of its tones to the bottom of the scale. The strict analogy is broken in this case by a dash of delicate gray-blue in the sky and gray-red in the figures, the slightest possible accompaniment to his golden-brown melody; but these were not needed, and we find earlier drawings which adhere to the strict monochrome. In the drawing next in date, the “Hastings from the Sea,” we have the further step from monochrome to polychrome; we have the distinct trio, the golden yellow in the sky, the blue in the sea, and

the red in the figures in the boats,—as in a vocal trio we have the only three possible musical sounds of the human voice, the soprano, the basso, and the falsetto of the child's voice. All these colors are distinctly asserted and perfectly harmonized in a most exquisite play of tints, but it is still no more like Nature than the trio in "I Puritani" is like conversation. Turner never dreamed of painting *like* Nature, and no sane man ever saw or can see, in this world, Nature in the colors in which he has painted her, any more than he will find men conducting business in operatic notes.

One step farther, and we leave the analogy. In the "Swiss Valley," one of his last works, we are from the first conscious that his harmonies have run away with his theme. In Ole Bull's "Niagara" we have almost as much of matter-of-fact Nature as in Turner's "Swiss Valley." The eye untrained by study of Turner's works finds nothing but a blaze of color with no intelligible object, just as we have, in opera, music of which the words are inaudible;—both are there for practised ear and eye, but in neither case as of primary importance. Turner has even gone farther, and given us pictures of pure color, as in the illustration of Goethe's theory of colors,—a *fantasie* of the palette. And why shall Turner not orchestrate color as well as Verdi sound? why not give us his synchromies as well as Beethoven his symphonies? You prefer common sense,—Harding and Fripp, Stanfield and Creswick? Well, suppose you like better to hear some familiar voice talking of past times than to hear "Robert le Diable" ever so well sung, or Hawthorne's prose better than Browning's verse,—it proves nothing, save that you do not care for music and poetry so well as some others do.

But after all, Turner was one of the old school of artists. Claude was the first landscape painter of the line, Turner the last; subjective poets both,—the one a child, the other a mighty man. But the poets no longer govern the world as in times past; they give place to the philosophers. The race is no longer content with its inspirations and emotions, but must see and understand. The old school of Art was one of sentiment, the new is one of fact; and out of that English mind from whose

seeming common-place level of untrained, unschooled intellect have burst so many of the loftiest souls the world has known,—from that mind more inspired in its want of academic greatness, more self-educated in its wild liberty, than the best-trained nations of Europe, this new school has fittingly had its origin.

We speak of it as a School, though yet in its rudiments, because it has a distinctive character, a real purpose,—and because it is the embodiment of the new-age spirit of truth-seeking, of the spirit of science, rather than that of song. Among the pictures contributed to the English exhibition by the Pre-Raphaelites, there are very few which do not convey the distinct impression of a determined effort to realize certain truths. There are few which succeed entirely; but this is so far from astonishing, that we have only to think that the oldest of these artists has hardly passed his first decade of recognized artistic existence, and that their aims are new in Art, to wonder that so much of fresh and subtle truth is given. There are two respects in which nearly all the works of the school agree, and which have come to be regarded by superficial students of Art as its characteristics, namely, that they are very deficient in drawing and devoid of grace. Both deficiencies are such as might have been expected from the circumstances. Young men filled with earnestness and enthusiasm, and with an artistic purpose full in view, will spend little time in acquiring academic excellences, or trouble themselves much with methods or styles of drawing. They dash at once to their purpose, and let technical excellence follow, as it ought, in the train of the idea of their work. Of course they do not compare, as draughtsmen and technists, with men who have spent years in getting a knowledge of the proportions of the human figure, and the best methods of applying color; but, on the other hand, they are safe from that most alluring and fatal course of study which makes the subject only a lay figure to display artistic capacity on. Of all the pictures of the school, in the collection of which we speak, there is but one of academic excellence in drawing,—the "King Lear" of Ford Madox Brown. All the others have errors, and some of them to a ludicrous degree; but wherever refined drawing is needed to convey the

idea of the picture, no school can furnish drawing more subtle and expressive. The head of the "Light of the World" is worthy in this respect to be placed beside Raphael and Da Vinci; and the "Ophelia" of Hughes, though inexcusably incorrect in the figure, has a refinement of drawing in the face, and especially in the lines of the open, chanting mouth, which no draughtsman of the French school can equal. It is where the idea guides the hand that the Pre-Raphaelites are triumphant; everywhere else they fail. But this is a fault which will correct itself as they learn the significance and value of things they do not now understand. They paint well that which they love, and devotion grows and widens its sphere the longer it endures, taking in, little by little, all things which bear relation to the thought or thing it clings to; and the man who draws because he has something to tell, and draws *that* well, is certain of finally drawing all things well. This very deficiency of Pre-Raphaelitism, then, points to its true excellence, and indicates that singleness of purpose which is an element in all true Art. The want of grace, which is made almost a synonyme with Pre-Raphaelitism, has its origin in the same resolute clinging to truth as the artist comprehends it, and uncompromising determination to express it as perfectly as he has the power,—a feeling which never permits him to think whether his work be graceful, but whether it be just; so that his tremulous and almost fearful conscientiousness—tremulous with desire to see all, and fearful lest some line should wander by a hair's breadth from its fullest expressiveness—makes him lose sight entirely of grace and repose. No form that has the appearance of being painfully drawn can ever be a graceful one; and so the Pre-Raphaelite, until he has something of a master's facility and decision, can never be graceful. The artist who prefers grace to truth will never be remarkable either for grace or truth, while the one who clings to truth at all sacrifices will finally reach the expression of the highest degree of beauty which his soul is capable of conceiving; for the lines of highest beauty and supremest truth are coincident. The Ideal meets the Actual finally in the Real.

If there be one point of feeling in which

the Pre-Raphaelites can be said to be more than in all others antagonistic to the schools of painting which preceded them, it would be that indicated by this distinction,—that the new school is one which in all cases places truth before beauty, while the old esteems beauty above truth. The tendency of the one is towards a severe and truth-seeking Art, one in all its characteristics essentially religious in the highest sense of the term, holding truth dearer than all success in popular estimation, or than all attractions of external beauty, reverent, self-forgetting, and humble before Nature; that of the other is towards an Art Epicurean and atheistic, holding the truth as something to be used or neglected at its pleasure, and of no more value than falsehood which is equally beautiful,—making Nature, indeed, something for weak men to lean on and for superstitious men to be enslaved by. This distinction is radical; it cuts the world of Art, as the equator does the earth, with an unswerving line, on one side or the other of which every work of Art falls, and which permits no neutral ground, no chance of compromise;—he who is not for the truth is against it. We will not be so illiberal as to say that Art lies only on one side of this line; to do so were to shut out works which have given us exceeding delight;—so neither could we exclude Epicurus and his philosophy from the company of doers of good;—but the distinction is as inexorable as the line Christ drew between his and those not his; it lies not in the product, which may be mixed good and evil, but in the motive, which is indivisible.

Pre-Raphaelitism must take its position in the world as the beginning of a new Art,—new in motive, new in methods, and new in the forms it puts on. To like it or to dislike it is a matter of mental constitution. The only mistake men can make about it is to consider it as a mature expression of the spirit which animates it. Not one, probably not two or three generations, perhaps not so many centuries, will see it in its full growth. It is a childhood of Art, but a childhood of so huge a portent that its maturity may well call out an expectation of awe. In all its characteristics it is childlike,—in its intensity, its humility, its untutored expressiveness, its marvel-

lous instincts of truth, and in its very profuseness of giving,—filling its caskets with an unchoosing lavishness of pearl and pebble, rose and may-weed, all treasures alike to its newly opened eyes, all so beautiful that there can scarcely be choice among them.

To suppose that a revolution so complete as this could take place without a bitter opposition would be an hypothesis without any justification in the world's experience; for, be it in whatever sphere or form, when a revolution comes, it offends all that is conservative and reverential of tradition in the minds of men, and arouses an apparently inexplicable hostility, the bitterness of which is not at all proportionate to the interest felt by the individual in the subject of the reform, but to his constitutional antipathy to all reform, to all agitation. The conservative at heart hates the reformer because he agitates, not because he disturbs him personally. This is clearly seen in the hostility with which the new Art has been met in England, where conservatism has built its strongest batteries in the way of invading reform. For the moment, the English mind, bending in a surprised deference to the stormy assault of the enthusiasts of the new school, partly carried away by its characteristic admiration of the heroism of their attack and the fiery eloquence of their champion, Ruskin, and perhaps not quite assured of its final effect, forgets to unmash its terrible artillery. But to upset the almost immovable English conservatism, to teach the nation new ways of thought and feeling, in a generation! Cromwell could not do it; and this wave of reform that now surges up against those prejudices, more immovable than the white cliffs of Albion, will break and mingle with the heaving sea again, as did that of the republicanism of the Commonwealth, whose Protector never sat in his seat of government more firmly than Ruskin now holds the protectorate of Art in England. When political reform moved off to American wildernes for the life it could not preserve in England, it but marked the course reform in Art must follow. The apparent ascendancy which it has obtained over the old system will as certainly turn out to be temporary as there is logic in history; because an Art, like a political system,

to govern a nation, must be in accordance with its character as a nation,—must, in fact, be the outgrowth of it. The only unfailing line of kings and protectors is the people; with them is no interregnum; and when the English people become fitted by intellectual and moral progress to be protectors of a new and living Art, it will return to them just as surely as republicanism will one day return from its exile,—

“ And all their lands restored to them again,
That were with it exiled.”

The philosophic Art will find a soil free from Art-prejudices and open to all seeds of truth; it will find quiet and liberty to grow, not without enemies or struggles, but with no enemies that threaten its safety, nor struggles greater than will strengthen it. The appreciation and frank acceptance it has met on its first appearance here, the number of earnest and intelligent adherents it has already found, are more than its warmest friends hoped for so soon. But in England, while its appreciating admirers will remain adherents to its principles, it will pass out of existence as an independent form of Art, and the elements of good in it will mingle with the Art of the nation, as a leaven of non-conformity and radicalism, breeding agitations enough to keep stagnation away and to secure a steady and irresistible progress. Its truest devotees will remain in principle what they are, losing gradually the external characteristics of the school as it is now known,—while the great mass of its disciples, unthinking, impulsive, will sink back into the ranks of the old school, carrying with them the strength they have acquired by the severe training of the system, so that the whole of English Art will be the better for Pre-Raphaelitism. But with Ruskin's influence ceases the Commonwealth of Art; for Ruskin governs, not represents, English feeling,—governs with a tyranny as absolute, an authority as unquestioned, as did Oliver Cromwell.

Of the men now enlisted in the reform, few are of very great value individually. Millais will probably be the first important recusant. He is a man of quick growth, and his day of power is already past; the reaction will find in him an ally of name, but he has no real great-

ness. William Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti are great imaginative artists, and will leave their impress on the age. Ford Madox Brown, as a rational, earnest painter, holds a noble and manly posi-

tion. But then we have done with great names. Much seed has sprung up on stony ground; but, having little soil, when the sun shines, it will die. The slow growth is the sure one.

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries. By JOHN C. HAMILTON. Vol. I. New York : D. Appleton & Co., Broadway. 1857.

COMIC Histories have never been to our taste. The late Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, we always thought, might have employed his *vis comica*, or force of fun, better than in linking ludicrous images and incongruous associations with the heroes of ancient and modern times. The department of Comic Biography, we believe, has received few contributions, if any, from the frolic quills of wicked wags. The cure, however, of this defect in our literature, if any there be, may be looked upon as begun in the work whose title stands at the head of this notice. The author, indeed, had not the settled purpose of the facetious writers we have just dispraised, of making game of the subject of his book, no more than he has the wit and cleverness which half redeem their naughtinesses. The absence of these latter qualities is supplied in his case by the self-complacent good faith in which he puts forth his monstrous assumptions and the stolid assurance with which he maintains them. But the effect of his labors, as of theirs, is to throw an atmosphere of ludicrous ideas around the memory of a great man, painful to all persons of good taste and correct feelings.

Filial piety is a virtue to which much should be forgiven. And the son of such a father as Alexander Hamilton might well be pardoned for even an undue estimate of his services, if it were kept within the decent bounds of moderate exaggeration. But when he undertakes to

make his father the incarnation of the Revolution and of the Republic, and to concentrate all the glories of that heroic age in him as the nucleus from which they radiate, he must pardon us, if we think, that, by long contemplation of the object of his filial admiration, his mental sight has become morbid and distorted, and sees things which are not to be seen. Beginning his book with the assumption that Hamilton was the first to conceive the idea of "the Union of the People of the United States,"—an assumption which we can by no means admit, though supported (as we learn from a foot note) by the opinion of Mr. George Ticknor Curtis,—the author proceeds "to trace in his life and writings the history of the origin and early policy of this GREAT REPUBLIC." Through the whole volume, "THE REPUBLIC" stands rubric over the left-hand page, and "HAMILTON" over the right, and the identity of the two is sought to be established from the beginning to the end. Now, deep as is the sense we entertain of the services of Hamilton to his country, and scarcely less than filial as is the veneration we have been taught from our earliest days to feel for his memory, we must pronounce this pretension to be as absurd and futile in itself as it is unjust and ungenerous to the other great men of that pregnant period.

We do not know whether or not Mr. John C. Hamilton is of opinion, that, had his illustrious father lived and died a trader in the island of Nevis, the American Revolution would never have taken place, nor the American Republic been founded; but he plainly considers that the great contest began to assume its most momentous gravity from the time Hamilton first

entered upon the scene, as an haranguer at popular meetings in New York, as a writer on the earnest topics of the day, as a spectator of the broadside fired by the *Asia* on the Battery, as a captain of artillery at White Plains, and especially as the aide-de-camp and secretary of Washington. This part of the history of Hamilton, and particularly the testimony about his selection by Washington for this great confidence when scarcely twenty years of age, bears to his eminent qualities, one would think, honor enough to satisfy the most pious of sons. But from this moment, according to the innuendoes, if not the broad assertion of Mr. Hamilton, Washington was chiefly of use to sign the letters and papers prepared by his military secretary, and to carry out the plans he had conceived. On the theatre of the world's history, from this time forth, Washington is to be presented, like Mr. Punch on the ledge of his show-box, squeaking and jerking as the strings are pulled from below by the hand of his boy-aide-de-camp. He writes letters to Congress, to all and singular the American Generals, to the British Generals, to the Governors of States, and to all whom it may concern, "*over* the signature of Washington," (which detestable Americanism Mr. Hamilton invariably uses,) the whole credit of the correspondence being coolly passed over to the account of the secretary! That Hamilton did his duty excellently well there is no question, but it was a purely ministerial one. He furnished the words and the sentences, but Washington breathed into them the breath of their life. As well might the confidential clerk of Mr. John Jacob Astor claim his estate, in virtue of having written, under the direction of his principal, the business letters by which it was acquired. If we are not mistaken, this Mr. Hamilton some time since included Washington's Farewell Address in the collection of his father's works. Perhaps Mr. Jefferson owes it to the accidents of time and distance, that the Declaration of Independence is not reclaimed as another of Hamilton's estrays. We forbear to characterize this attempt to transfer the credit of the correspondence of Washington from the head to the hand, in the terms which we think it deserves; for we apprehend the mere statement of the case

will enable every right-judging man to form a very competent opinion of it for himself.

Though we cannot conscientiously say, judging from this book, that Mr. Hamilton has inherited the literary skill of his father, it is very clear that he is the faithful depositary of his political antipathies. At the earliest possible moment the hereditary rancor against John Adams bursts forth, and it bubbles up again whenever an opening occurs or can be made. His patriotism, his temper, his manners, his courage, are all in turn made the theme of bitter, and of what is meant for strong denunciation. His journeys from Philadelphia to Braintree, though with the permission of Congress, are "flights"; his not taking the direct road, which would bring him in dangerous vicinity to the enemy, is a proof of cowardice! His free expression of opinion as to the conduct of the campaign in the Jerseys—made before the seal of success had certified to its wisdom—was rancorous hostility to Washington, if not absolute conspiracy against him; and so on to the end of the chapter. As this volume only brings the history of the Republic, as contained in that of Hamilton, then in the twenty-second year of his age, to 1779, we tremble to think of what yet awaits the Second President, as the twain in one grow together from the gristle into the bone. What we have here we conceive to be the mere sockets of the gallows of fifty cubits' height on which this New England Mordecai is to be hanged up as an example to all malefactors of his class. We make no protest against this summary procedure, if the Biographer of the Republic think it due to the memory of his father; but we would submit that he has begun rather early in the day to bind the victim doomed to deck the *feralia* of his hero.

The literary execution of this book is not better than its substantial merits deserve. The style is generally clumsy, often obscure, and not unseldom harsh and inflated. Take an instance or two, picked out absolutely at random.—"The disaffected, who held throughout the contest the seaboard of the State in abeyance, driven forth, would have felt in their wanderings there would be no parley with them." p. 127.—Again, "It became the

policy of the Americans, while holding the enemy in check, to draw him into separate detachments, in successive skirmishes to profit of their superior aim and activity, and of their better knowledge of the country, and to keep up its confidence by a system of short and gradual retreats from fastness to fastness,—from river beyond river." p. 129.—These sentences, taken at hap-hazard from two consecutive leaves, are not unfair specimens of the literary merits of this intrepid attempt to convert the history of the nation, at its most critical period, into a collection of *Mémoires pour servir* to the biography of General Hamilton.

We are very sure that Mr. Hamilton has undertaken a task for which he has neither the necessary talents nor materials, and which can only end, as it has begun, in a ridiculous failure. If we could hope that our words would reach or influence him, we would entreat him to be content with the proud heritage of fame which his father left to his children, without seeking to increase it by encroachments on that left behind them by his great contemporaries. The fame of Hamilton, indeed, is no peculiar and personal property of his descendants. It belongs to us all, and neither the malice of his enemies nor the foolish fondness of his son can separate it from us. Notwithstanding the amusement we could not help deriving from the perusal of this volume, and sure as we are that the book must grow more and more diverting, in its way, as it goes on, we cannot but feel that the entertainment will be dearly purchased at the cost of even the shadow of just ridicule resting, even for a moment, on so illustrious and venerable a name as that of ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Parthenia: or the Last Days of Paganism.
By ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE, Author
of "Naomi," "Life of Jean Paul,"
"Lives of the Buckminsters," etc., etc.
Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1858. 12mo.
pp. 420.

THE true gauge of any civilization, whether of a race, a nation, or a district, is to be found in the character and position of its women. Slaves, toys, idols, companions, they rise with every ascending grade of culture until they have won

the natural place so long denied them. The feminine string rings a true octave with the masculine, and makes a perfect concord, when left to vibrate in its entire length. But the lower forms of social humanity are constantly shortening it, and so producing occasional harmonies at the expense of frequent discords.

We hold such a book as "Parthenia" to have a wide significance to all who read thoughtfully. It is the work of a thoroughly cultivated woman, who, in her nobleness of aim, in her generosity of sentiment, in her purity of thought and style, may be considered a worthy representative of our best type of educated womanhood. Mrs. Lee's former writings have made her name honored and cherished in both hemispheres. Thomas Carlyle said of her "Lives of the Buckminsters," "that it gave an insight into the real life of the highest natures,"—"that it had given him a much better account of character in New England than anything he had seen since Franklin.

We hail a production like this, so scholarlike and serene, so remote from the trivialities and vulgarities of ambitious book-makers, with pleasure and pride. We are thankful—let us add in a whisper—for a story, with love and woman in it, which does not rustle with *crinoline*; that most useful of inventions for ladies with limited outlines, and literary man-milliners with scanty brains; which has filled more than half the space in our drawing-rooms, and nearly as large a part of some of our periodicals, since the Goddesses of Grace and of Dulness united to bestow the precious gift on Beauties and Boetians.

A story deals with human nature and time. All that is truly human is interesting, however abstractly stated; but it requires the *mordant* of specific circumstance, involving some historical period, to make it stain permanently. Everything that belongs to Time, as his private property,—everything *temporary*, using that word in its ordinary sense,—is uninteresting, except so far as it serves to fix the colors of that humanity which we always love to contemplate. The statuary, who cares nothing about Time, loves to drop his costuming trumpery altogether. The cheap story, written for the day, is dressed in all the fashionable articles that

can be laid upon it, like the revolving lady in a shop window. The real story, which alone outlives the *modiste's* bonnets and shawls, may drape itself as it pleases; for it does not depend on its *peplos*, or *stola*, on its *stomacher*, or *basque*,—or *crinoline*, for its effect.

"Parthenia" is a tale of the fourth century, but it tells the experience of lofty souls in all centuries. The particular period chosen is one of the deepest interest,—that of the conflict of expiring Paganism with growing Christianity, under Julian the Apostate. Julian's character, as drawn in the story, may be considered as a true historical study. The "grand conservative of the fourth century," as Mrs. Lee calls him, is painted as a violent and arbitrary man, but always sincere and noble in his delusions. He never loses our respect, and we admire as often as pity him. When people, professing to believe that a few sestertia invested in papyri and sent to their barbarian neighbors would be sure to save hundreds or thousands of fellow-creatures from an eternity of inconceivable agony, do, notwithstanding, expend great sums on "snow-white mules and golden harness," to carry them to the Basilica, or on any other selfish gratification whatsoever, we cannot wonder that Julian, or anybody else, is ready to take up the pleasant "creed outworn" which Wordsworth half yearns after in his famous sonnet, as preferable to that base system of psychophagy prevailing in the church of Antioch.

Parthenia, the heroine of the story, is drawn with great power and feeling. She comes before us at first with the classic charms of an Athenian beauty; she leaves us resplendent with the aureola of a Christian saint. The change is gradually and naturally wrought; a Christian maid-servant wins her love and reverence, and her proud and restless heart finds peace in the simple faith taught by the little slave, Areta.

We cannot in this brief notice follow the incidents of the tale, which will be found full of interest. A remarkably graceful style and a harmonious arrangement of scenery and incident make the chapters flow on like a series of gliding pictures. The pleasure afforded by the beauty of the story will, perhaps, be enough for most readers; but those who

read carefully will perceive that it furnishes matter for deep reflection to the student of history and of theology.

The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Victoria Colonna. By JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq., D. C. L., F. R. S., etc., etc. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1857.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES are not the only memoirs in which there is scope for the display of vanity. Some men flatter themselves by connecting their names on a title-page with the name of some great character of the past. Self-love quickens their admiration of their hero, and admiration for their hero gratifies their self-love. Mr. Harford belongs to this class of biographers. The title and the appearance of his volumes excite expectations which acquaintance with them disappoints. The book is not a mere harmless piece of literary presumption; it is a positive evil, as cumbering ground which might be better occupied, and as giving such authority as it may acquire to false views of Art and to numerous errors of fact. There was need of a good biography of Michel Angelo, and Mr. Harford has made a bad one. The defects of the book are both external and essential. Mr. Harford's mind is of the commonplace order, and incapable of a true appreciation either of the character or the works of such a man as Michel Angelo. He has no sympathetic insight into the depths of human nature. Nor has he the method and power of arrangement, such as may often be found in otherwise second-rate biographers, which might enable him to set forth the external facts of a life in such lucid and intelligible order as to exhibit the force of circumstances and position in moulding the character. His learning, of which there is a considerable display, appears on examination shallow and superficial, and his style of writing is often clumsy, and never elegant.

Michel Angelo, like all great men of genius, is the reflex and express image of many of the ruling characteristics and tendencies of his time. The strongest natures receive the strongest impressions, and the most marked individuality per-

vades the character which is yet the clearest and best defined type of its own age. The decline of religious faith, the vagueness of the prevailing religious philosophy, and the approach of the Reformation, are all to be predicated from the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel; the impending fall of Art is to be read in the form of the "Moses" of San Pietro in Vincoli; the luxury and pomp of the Papal Court and Church are manifest in the architecture of St. Peter's, whose dome is swollen with earthly pride; the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel betrays the recoil toward heathenism from the vices and corruptions that then hung round Christianity; and the Sacristy of San Lorenzo is the saddest and grandest exhibition that those days afforded of the infidelity into which the best men were forced.

Vasari and Condivi are the great providers of facts in relation to Michel Angelo, and they have left little to be desired in this respect. The garrulous fondness of Vasari leads him into delightful Boswellian details, and gives us more than a mere outline narrative. Mr. Harford has transferred much of Vasari's writing to his own pages, but has succeeded in translating or mistranslating all vitality out of it.

Mr. Harford has attempted, by giving sketches of the chief characters of Florence and of Rome during Michel Angelo's life, to show some of the personal influences which most affected him. But his bricks all lie separate; they are not built up with mortar that holds them together. A superficial account of the Platonic Academy is inserted to show the effect of the fashionable philosophy of Florence upon the youthful artist; but it is so done that we learn little more from it than that the Academy existed, that Michel Angelo was a member of it, and that he wrote some poems in which some Platonic ideas are expressed. There is no philosophic analysis of the individual Platonism which is apparent, not only in his poems, but in some of his paintings,—no exhibition of its connection with the other portions of his intellectual development. Michel Angelo's ideas of beauty, of the relation of the arts, of the connection between Art and Religion, deserve fuller investigation than they have yet received.

His tremendous power has exerted such

a control over sensitive, imaginative, and weak minds, that even his errors have been accepted as models, and his false ideas as principles of authority. Mr. Harford's book will do little to assist in the formation of a true judgment upon these and similar points.

But we will not confine our notice to assertions; we will exhibit at least some of the minor faults upon which our assertions are based,—for it would demand larger space than we could give to enter upon the illustration of the principal faults of the book. First, then, for inaccuracies of statement,—which are the less to be excused, as Mr. Harford had ample opportunity for correctness. For instance, in the description of the tombs of the Medici, Mr. Harford writes of the famous figures of Aurora and Twilight, Day and Night: "The four figures that adorn the tombs are allegorical; and they are specially worthy of notice, because they first set the example of connecting ornamental appendages of this description with funereal monuments. Introduced by so great an authority, this example was quickly followed throughout the whole of Europe." The carelessness of this assertion is curious. The custom of connecting allegorical figures with funereal monuments had prevailed in Italy for a long time before Michel Angelo. Perhaps the most striking and familiar instance, and one with which Mr. Harford must have been acquainted, is that afforded by the tombs of the Scaligeri at Verona, where, on the monument to Can Signorio, of the latter part of the fourteenth century, appear Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, and other allegorical figures.

Again, in speaking of the old basilica of St. Peter's, he speaks of the unusual *Orientalism* of this the principal church of Western Europe, whose entrance is towards the *east* and the altar to the *west*. Now this *Orientalism* is by no means unusual in the churches at Rome. Indeed, it seems to have been the rule of building for the early churches,—and Santa Maria Maggiore, San Giovanni Laterano, San Sebastiano, San Clemente, and innumerable others, exhibit it in their construction. The priest, officiating at the altar, which stood advanced into the church, looked toward the east.

Again, Mr. Harford says, "The pencil

of Giotto was employed by Benedict XII. in the year 1340"; but he does not tell us how the pencil answered the purpose for which it was employed in a hand other than its master's. Giotto died in 1336.

Such are specimens of errors of statement. We can give but a very few examples of the numerous mistranslations we have marked,—mistranslations of such a nature as to throw a doubt over the statements in every portion of the book. In a letter to Luca Martini, thanking him for a copy of Varchi's commentary on one of his own sonnets, Michel Angelo says: "Since I perceive by his words and praises that I am esteemed by the author to be that which I am not, I pray you to offer such words to him from me as befit such love, affection, and courtesy." This Mr. Harford translates as follows: "And since I am almost persuaded by the praises and commendations of its author to imagine myself to be that which I am not, I must entreat you to convey to him some expressions from me appropriate to such love, affection, and courtesy."—Again, writing to Benvenuto Cellini, to express his pleasure in a portrait bust of his execution, which he had just seen, he says: "Bindo Altoviti took me to see it. I had great pleasure in it, but it vexed me much that it was put in a bad light." Mr. Harford renders: "Bindo Altoviti recently showed me his own portrait, which delighted me, but he little understood me, for he had placed it in a very bad light."*—Again, in another

letter, Michel Angelo says: "Teaching him that which I know that his father wished he should learn," which Mr. Harford transforms into, "I will teach him all that I know, and all that his father wished him to learn." Rather a considerable promise!—In another letter, Mr. Harford makes Michel Angelo say, "I thank you for everything you say on the subject, as far as I can foresee the future." Michel Angelo did say: "For which news I thank you heartily," or, to translate literally and to show the origin of Mr. Harford's error, "I thank you as much as I know how I can,"—*quanto so e posso*.

One would have supposed that a consciousness of an imperfect acquaintance with the Italian language might at least have deterred Mr. Harford from attempting poetical translations from it. But he has notwithstanding rendered many of Michel Angelo's poems into English verse. Of these poems Wordsworth said, "So much meaning has been put by Michel Angelo into so little room, and that meaning sometimes so excellent in itself, that I found the difficulty of translating him insurmountable. I attempted at least fifteen of the sonnets, but could not anywhere succeed." How Mr. Harford has succeeded where Wordsworth failed, we will leave our readers to infer.

We wish that dissatisfaction with Mr. Harford's volumes might lead some better qualified person to attempt the biography of Michel Angelo.

* Here Mr. Harford shows his ignorance of the common Italian idiom, *e' mi seppe molto male*,—"it vexed" or "displeased me

much." He tries to render the words literally, and makes nonsense.

** The continuation of the story, "Akin by Marriage," is unavoidably deferred, owing to the severe illness of the author. It will be resumed as soon as his health shall permit.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. I.—MARCH, 1858.—NO. V.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

—parti elette
Di Roma, che son state cimitero
Alla milizia che Pietro seguette.

PARADISO, c. ix.

I.

“ROMA SOTTERRANEA”—the underground Rome of the dead,—the buried city of graves. Sacred is the dust of its narrow streets. Blessed were those who, having died for their faith, were laid to rest in its chambers. *In pace* is the epitaph that marks the places where they lie. *In pace* is the inscription which the imagination reads over the entrance to the Christian Catacombs.

Full as the upper city is of great and precious memories, it possesses none greater and more precious than those which belong to the city under ground. Republican Rome had no braver heroes than Christian Rome. The ground and motives of action were changed, but the courage and devotion of earlier times did not surpass the courage and devotion of later days,—while a new spirit displayed itself in new and unexampled deeds, and a new and brighter glory shone from them over the world. But, unhappily, the stories of the early Christian centuries were taken possession of by a Church which has sought in them

the means of enhancing her claims and increasing her power; mingling with them falsehoods and absurdities, cherishing the wildest and most unnatural traditions, inventing fictitious miracles, dogmatizing on false assertions, until reasonable and thoughtful religious men have turned away from the history of the first Christians in Rome with a sensation of disgust, and with despair at the apparently inextricable confusion of fact and fable concerning them.

But within a few years the period to which these stories belong has begun to be investigated with a new spirit, even at Rome itself, and in the bosom of the Roman Church. It was no unreasonable expectation, that, from a faithful and honest exploration of the catacombs, and examination of the inscriptions and works of art in them or derived from them, more light might be thrown upon the character, the faith, the feeling, and the life of the early Christians at Rome, than from any other source whatever. Results of unexpected interest have proved the justness of this expectation.

These results are chiefly due to the labors of two Romans, one a priest and the other a layman, the Padre Marchi, and the Cavaliere de Rossi, who have devoted themselves with the utmost zeal and with great ability to the task of exploration. The present Pope, stimulated by the efforts of these scholars, established some years since a Commission of Sacred Archaeology for the express purpose of forwarding the investigations in the catacombs; and the French government, soon after its military occupation of Rome, likewise established a commission for the purpose of conducting independent investigations in the same field.*

The Roman catacombs consist for the most part of a subterranean labyrinth of

passages, cut through the soft volcanic rock of the Campagna, so narrow as rarely to admit of two persons walking abreast easily, but here and there on either side opening into chambers of varying size and form. The walls of the passages, through their whole extent, are lined with narrow excavations, one above another, large enough to admit of a body being placed in each; and where they remain in their original condition, these excavations are closed in front by tiles, or by a slab of marble cemented to the rock, and in most cases bearing an inscription. Nor is the labyrinth composed of passages upon a single level only; frequently there are several stories, connected with each other by sloping ways.

There is no single circumstance, in relation to the catacombs, of more striking and at first sight perplexing character than their vast extent. About twenty different catacombs are now known and are more or less open,—and a year is now hardly likely to pass without the discovery of a new one; for the original number of underground cemeteries, as ascertained from the early authorities, was nearly, if not quite, three times this number. It is but a very few years since the entrance to the famous catacomb of St. Callixtus, one of the most interesting of all, was found by the Cavaliere de Rossi; and it was only in the spring of 1855 that the buried church and catacomb of St. Alexander on the Nomentan Way were brought to light. Earthquakes, floods, and neglect have obliterated the openings of many of these ancient cemeteries,—and the hollow soil of the Campagna is full “of hidden graves, which men walk over without knowing where they are.”

Each of the twelve great highways which ran from the gates of Rome was bordered on either side, at a short distance from the city wall, by the hidden Christian cemeteries. The only one of the catacombs of which even a partial survey has been made is that of St. Agnes, of a portion of which the Padre Marchi published a map in 1845. “It is

* In 1844, Padre Marchi published a series of numbers, seventeen in all, of a work entitled *Monumenti delle Arti Cristiane Primitive nella Metropoli del Cristianesimo*. The numbers are in quarto, and illustrated by many carefully executed plates. The work was never completed; but it contains a vast amount of important information, chiefly the result of Padre Marchi's own inquiries. The Cavaliere de Rossi, still a young man, one of the most learned and accomplished scholars of Italy, is engaged at present in editing all the Christian inscriptions of the first six centuries. No part of this work has yet appeared. He is the highest living authority on any question regarding the catacombs. The work of the French Commission has been published at Paris in the most magnificent style, in six imperial folio volumes, under the title, *Catacombes de Rome*, etc., etc. *Par Louis PERRET. Ouvrage publié par Ordre et aux Frais du Gouvernement, sous la Direction d'une Commission composée de MM. AMPERE, INGRES, MERIMÉE, VITET.* It consists of four volumes of elaborate colored plates of architecture, mural paintings, and all works of art found in the catacombs, with one volume of inscriptions, reduced in fac-simile from the originals, and one volume of text. The work is of especial value as regards the first period of Christian Art. Its chief defect is the want of entire accuracy, in some instances, in its representations of the mural paintings,—some outlines effaced in the original being filled out in the copy, and some colors rendered too brightly. But notwithstanding this defect, it is of first importance in illustrating the hitherto very obscure history and character of early Christian Art.

calculated to contain about an eighth part of that cemetery. The greatest length of the portion thus measured is not more than seven hundred feet, and its greatest width about five hundred and fifty; nevertheless, if we measure all the streets that it contains, their united length scarcely falls short of two English miles. This would give fifteen or sixteen miles for all the streets in the cemetery of St. Agnes.* Taking this as a fair average of the size of the catacombs, for some are larger and some smaller, we must assign to the streets of graves already known a total length of about three hundred miles, with a probability that the unknown ones are at least of equal length. This conclusion appears startling, when one thinks of the close arrangement of the lines of graves along the walls of these passages. The height of the passages varies greatly; and with it the number of graves, one above another; but the Padre Marchi, who is competent authority, estimates the average number at ten, that is, five on each side, for every seven feet,—which would give a population of the dead, for the three hundred miles, of not less than two millions and a quarter. No one who has visited the catacombs can believe, surprising as this number may seem, that the Padre Marchi's calculation is an extravagant one as to the number of graves in a given space. We have ourselves counted eleven graves,

one over another, on each side of the passage, and there is no space lost between the head of one grave and the foot of another. Everywhere there is economy of space,—the economy of men working on a hard material, difficult to be removed, and laboring in a confined space, with the need of haste.

This question of the number of the dead in the catacombs opens the way to many other curious questions. The length of time that the catacombs were used as burial-places; the probability of others, beside Christians, being buried in them; the number of Christians at Rome during the first two centuries, in comparison with the total number of the inhabitants of the city; and how far the public profession of Christianity was attended with peril in ordinary times at Rome, previously to the conversion of Constantine, so as to require secret and hasty burial of the dead;—these are points demanding solution, but of which we will take up only those relating immediately to the catacombs.

There can, of course, be no certainty with regard to the period when the first Christian catacomb was begun at Rome,—but it was probably within a few years after the first preaching of the Gospel there. The Christians would naturally desire to separate themselves in burial from the heathen, and to avoid everything having the semblance of pagan rites. And what mode of sepulture so natural for them to adopt, in the new and affecting circumstances of their lives, as that which was already familiar to them in the account of the burial of their Lord? They knew that he had been “wrapped in linen, and laid in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, and a stone had been rolled unto the door of the sepulchre.” They would be buried as he was. Moreover, there was a general and ardent expectation among them of the second coming of the Saviour; they believed it to be near at hand; and they believed also that then the dead would be called from their graves, clothed once more in their bodies, and that as Lazarus

* The foregoing extract is taken from a book by the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, called *The Roman Catacombs, or some Account of the Burial-Places of the Early Christians in Rome*: London, 1857. It is the best accessible manual in English,—the only one with any claims to accuracy, and which contains the results of recent investigations. Mr. Northcote is one of the learned band of converts from Oxford to Rome. A Protestant may question some of the conclusions in his book, but not its general fairness. Our own first introduction to the catacombs, in the winter of 1856, was under Mr. Northcote's guidance, and much of our knowledge of them was gained through him. Mr. Northcote estimates the total length of the catacombs at nine hundred miles; we cannot but think this too high.

rose from the tomb at the voice of his Master, so in that awful day when judgment should be passed upon the earth their dead would rise at the call of the same beloved voice.

But there were, in all probability, other more direct, though not more powerful reasons, which led them to the choice of this mode of burial. We read that the Saviour was buried—at least, the phrase appears applicable to the whole account of his entombment—"as the manner of the Jews is to bury." The Jewish population at Rome in the early imperial times was very large. They clung, as Jews have clung wherever they have been scattered, to the memories and to the customs of their country,—and that they retained their ancient mode of sepulture was curiously ascertained by Bosio, the first explorer of the catacombs. In the year 1602, he discovered a catacomb on what is called Monte Verde,—the southern extremity of the Janiculum, outside the walls of Rome, near to the Porta Portese. This gate is in the Trans-tiberine district, and in this quarter of Rome the Jews dwelt. The catacomb resembled in its general form and arrangements those which were of Christian origin;—but here no Christian emblem was found. On the contrary, the only emblems and articles that Bosio describes as having been seen were plainly of Jewish origin. The seven-branched candlestick was painted on the wall; the word "Synagogue" was read on a portion of a broken inscription; and the whole catacomb had an air of meanness and poverty which was appropriate to the condition of the mass of the Jews at Rome. It seemed to be beyond doubt that it was a Jewish cemetery. In the course of years, through the changes in the external condition and the cultivation of Monte Verde, the access to this catacomb has been lost. Padre Marchi made ineffectual efforts a few years since to find an entrance to it, and Bosio's account still remains the only one that exists concerning it. Supposing the Jews to have followed this mode of

interment at Rome, it would have been a strong motive for its adoption by the early Christians. The first converts in Rome, as St. Paul's Epistle shows, were, in great part, from among the Jews. The Gentile and the Jewish Christians made one community, and the Gentiles adopted the manner of the Jews in placing their dead, "wrapped in linen cloths, in new tombs hewn out of the rock."

Believing, then, the catacombs to have been begun within a few years after the first preaching of Christianity in Rome, there is abundant evidence to prove that their construction was continued during the time when the Church was persecuted or simply tolerated, and that they were extended during a considerable time after Christianity became the established creed of the empire. Indeed, several catacombs now known were not begun until some time after Constantine's conversion.* They continued to be used as burial-places certainly as late as the sixth century. This use seems to have been given up at the time of the frequent desolation of the land around the walls of Rome by the incursions of barbarians, and the custom gradually discontinued was never resumed. The catacombs then fell into neglect, were lost sight of, and their very existence was almost forgotten. But during the first five hundred years of our era they were the burial-places of a smaller or greater portion of the citizens of Rome,—and as not a single church of that time remains, they are, and contain in themselves, the most important monuments that exist of the Christian history of Rome for all that long period.

It has been much the fashion during the last two centuries, among a certain class of critics hostile to the Roman Church, and sometimes hostile to Christianity, to endeavor to throw doubts on the fact of this immense amount of underground work having been accom-

* For instance, about the middle of the fourth century, St. Julius, then Pope, is said to have begun three. See Marchi's *Monumenti delle Arti Cristiane*, p. 82.

plished by the Christians. It has been said that the catacombs were in part the work of the heathen, and that the Christians made use of excavations which they found ready to their hand. Such and other similar assertions have been put forward with great confidence; but there is one overwhelming and complete answer to all such doubts,—a visit to the catacombs themselves. No skepticism can stand against such arguments as are presented there. Every pathway is distinctly the work of Christian hands; the whole subterranean city is filled with a host of the Christian dead. But there are other convincing proofs of the character of their makers. These are of a curiously simple description, and are due chiefly to the investigations of late years. Nine tenths of the catacombs now known are cut through one of the volcanic rocks which abound in the neighborhood of Rome. Of the three chief varieties of volcanic rock that exist there, this is the only one which is of little use for purposes of art or trade. It could not have been quarried for profit. It would not have been quarried, therefore, by the Romans, except for the purposes of burial,—and the only inscriptions and other indications of the character of the occupants of these burial-places prove that they were Christian.* They are very different from the sepulchres of the great and rich families of Rome, who lined the Appian, the Nomentan, and Flaminian Ways with their tombs, even now mag-

nificent in ruin; very different, too, from the *columbaria*, or pigeon-holes, in which the ashes of the less wealthy were packed away; and still more different from the sad undistinguished ditch that received the bodies of the poor:—

“*Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulcrum.*”

It not unfrequently happens in the soil of the Campagna, that the vein of harder rock in which the catacombs are quarried assumes the soft and sandy character which belongs to it in a state of decomposition. The ancient Romans dug this sand as the modern Romans do; and it seems probable, from the fact that some of the catacombs open out into *arenaria*, or sandpits, as in the case of the famous one of St. Agnes, that the Christians, in time of persecution, when obliged to bury with secrecy, may have chosen a locality near some disused sandpit, or near a sandpit belonging to one of their own number, for the easier concealment of their work, and for the safer removal of the quarried tufa. In such cases the tufa may have been broken down into the condition of sand for removal. In later times, as the catacombs were extended, the tufa dug out from one passage was carried into the old passages no longer used; and thus, as the catacomb extended in one direction, it was closed up in another, and the ancient graves were concealed. This is now one of the great impediments in the way of modern exploration; and the same process is being repeated at present; for the Church allows none of the earth or stone to be removed that has been hallowed as the resting-place of the martyrs, and thus, as one passage is now opened, another has to be closed. The archaeologists may rebel, but the priests have their way. The ancient filling up was, however, productive of one good result; it preserved some of the graves from the rifling to which most were exposed during the period of the desertion of the catacombs. Most of the graves which are now found with their tiled or marble front complete,

* The volcanic rocks are the *Tufa litioide*, very hard, and used for paving and other such purposes; difficult to be quarried, and unfit for graves on account of this difficulty. The *Tufa granulare*, a soft, friable, coarse-grained rock, easily cut,—fitted for excavation. It is in this that the catacombs are made. It is used for very few purposes in Rome. One may now and then see some coarse filling-up of walls done with it, or its square-cut blocks piled up as a fence. The third is the *Pura pozzolana*,—which is the *Tufa granulare* in a state of compact sand, yielding to the print of the heel, dug like sand, and used extensively in the unsurpassed mortar of the Roman buildings.

and with the inscription of name or date upon them unbroken, are those which were thus secluded.

But there is still another curious fact bearing upon the Christian origin of the catacombs. They are in general situated on somewhat elevated land, and always on land protected from the overflow of the river, and from the drainage of the hills. The early traditions of the Church preserve the names of many Christians who gave land for the purpose,—a portion of their *vignas*, or their villas. The names of the women Priscilla, Cyriaca, and Lucina are honored with such remembrance, and are attached to three of the catacombs. Sometimes a piece of land was thus occupied which was surrounded by property belonging to those who were not Christian. This seems to have been the case, for instance, in regard to the cemetery of St. Callixtus; for (and this is one of the recent discoveries of the Cavaliere de Rossi) the paths of this cemetery, crossing and recrossing in three, four, and five stages, are all limited to a definite and confined area,—and this area is not determined by the quality of the ground, but apparently by the limits of the field overhead. There can be no other probable explanation of this but that Christians would not extend their burial-place under land that was not in their possession. Many other facts, as we shall see in other connections, go to establish beyond the slightest doubt the Christian origin and occupation of the catacombs.

Descending from the level of the ground by a flight of steps into one of the narrow underground passages, one sees on either side, by the light of the taper with which he is provided, range upon range of tombs cut, as has been described, in the walls that border the pathway. Usually the arrangement is careful, but with an indiscriminate mingling of larger and smaller graves, as if they had been made one after another for young and old, according as they might be brought for burial. Now and then a system of regularity is introduced, as if the *fossor*,

or digger, who was a recognized officer of the early Church, had had the leisure for preparing graves before they were needed. Here, there is a range of little graves for the youngest children, so that all infants should be laid together, then a range for older children, and then one for the grown up. Sometimes, instead of a grave suitable for a single body, the excavation is made deep enough into the rock to admit of two, three, or four bodies being placed side by side,—family graves. And sometimes, instead of the simple *loculus*, or coffin-like excavation, there is an arch cut out of the tufa, and sunk back over the whole depth of the grave, the outer side of which is not cut away, so that, instead of being closed in front by a perpendicular slab of marble or by tiles, it is covered on the top by a horizontal slab. Such a grave is called an *arcosolium*, and its somewhat elaborate construction leads to the conclusion that it was rarely used in the earliest period of the catacombs.* The *arcosolia* are usually wide enough for more than one body; and it would seem, from inscriptions that have been found upon their covering-slabs, that they were not infrequently prepared during the lifetime of persons who had paid beforehand for their graves. It is not improbable that the expenses of some one or more of the cemeteries may have been borne by the richer members of the Christian community, for the sake of their poorer brothers in the faith. The example of Nicodemus was one that would be readily followed.

But beside the different forms of the

* There is one puzzling circumstance in the cemetery of S. Domitilla. All the graves in this cemetery are *arcosolia*, and yet the date of its construction is early. The Cavaliere de Rossi suggests that the cemetery was begun at the expense of the Domitilla whose name it bears, the niece of Domitian, previously to her banishment; that her position enabled her to have it laid out from the beginning on a regular plan, and to introduce this more expensive and elaborate form of grave, which was continued for the sake of uniformity in the later excavations.

graves, by which their general character was varied, there were often personal marks of affection and remembrance affixed to the narrow excavations, which give to the catacombs their most peculiar and touching interest. The marble facing of the tomb is engraved with a simple name or date; or where tiles take the place of marble, the few words needed are scratched upon their hard surface. It is not too much to say that we know more of the common faith and feeling, of the sufferings and rejoicings of the Christians of the first two centuries from these inscriptions than from all other sources put together. In another paper we propose to treat more fully of them. As we walk along the dark passage, the eye is caught by the gleam of a little flake of glass fastened in the cement which once held the closing slab before the long since rifled grave. We stop to look at it. It is a broken bit from the bottom of a little jar (*ampulla*); but that little glass jar once held the drops of a martyr's blood, which had been carefully gathered up by those who learned from him how to die, and placed here as a precious memorial of his faith. The name of the martyr was perhaps never written on his grave; if it were ever there, it has been lost for centuries; but the little dulled bit of glass, as it catches the rays of the taper borne through the silent files of graves, sparkles and gleams with a light and glory not of this world. There are other graves in which martyrs have lain, where no such sign as this appears, but in its place the rude scratching of a palm-branch upon the rock or the plaster. It was the sign of victory, and he who lay within had conquered. The great rudeness in the drawing of the palm, often as if, while the mortar was still wet, the mason had made the lines upon it with his trowel, is a striking indication of the state of feeling at the time when the grave was made. There was no pomp or parade; possibly the burial of him or of her who had died for the faith was in secret; those who carried the corpse of their beloved to

the tomb were, perhaps, in this very act, preparing to follow his steps,—were, perhaps, preparing themselves for his fate. Their thoughts were with their Lord, and with his disciple who had just suffered for his sake,—with their Saviour who was coming so soon. What matter to put a name on the tomb? They could not forget where they had laid the torn and weary limbs away. *In pace*, they would write upon the stone; a palm-branch should be marked in the mortar, the sign of suffering and triumph. Their Lord would remember his servant. Was not his blood crying to God from the ground? And could they doubt that the Lord would also protect and avenge? In those first days there was little thought of relics to be carried away,—little thought of material suggestions to the dull imagination, and pricks to the failing memory. The eternal truths of their religion were too real to them; their faith was too sincere; their belief in the actual union of heaven and earth, and of the presence of God with them in the world, too absolute to allow them to feel the need of that lower order of incitements which are the resort of superstition, ignorance, and conventionalism in religion. In the earlier burials, no differences, save the ampulla and the palm, or some equally slight sign, distinguished the graves of the martyrs from those of other Christians.

It is not to be supposed that the normal state of the Christian community in Rome, during the first three centuries, was that of suffering and alarm. A period of persecution was the exception to long courses of calm years. Undoubtedly, during most of the time, the faith was professed under restraint, and possibly with a sense of insecurity which rendered it attractive to ardent souls, and preserved something of its first sincerity. It must be remembered that the first Christian converts were mostly from among the poorer classes, and that, however we might have admired their virtues, we might yet have been offended by much that was coarse and unrefined in the ex-

ternal exhibitions of their religion. The same features which accompany the religious manifestations of the uncultivated in our own days, undoubtedly, with somewhat different aspect, presented themselves at Rome. The enthusiasms, the visions, the loud preaching and praying, the dull iteration and reiteration of inspired truth till all the inspiration is driven out, were all probably to be heard and witnessed in the early Christian days at Rome. Not all the converts were saints,—and none of them were such saints as the Catholic painters of the last three centuries have prostituted Art and debased Religion in producing. The real St. Cecilia stood in the beauty of holiness before the disciples at Rome far purer and lovelier than Raphael has painted her. Domenichino has outraged every feeling of devotion, every sense of truth, every sympathy for the true suffering of the women who were cruelly murdered for their faith, in his picture of the Martyrdom of St. Agnes. It is difficult to destroy the effect that has been produced upon one's own heart by these and innumerable other pictures of declining Art,—pictures honored by the Roman Church of to-day,—and to bring up before one's imagination, in vivid, natural, and probable outline, the life and form of the converts, saints, and martyrs of the first centuries. If we could banish all remembrance of all the churches and all the pictures contained in them, built and painted since the fourteenth century, we might hope to gain some better view of the Christians who lived above the catacombs, and were buried in them. It is from the catacombs that we must seek all that is left to enable us to construct the image that we desire.

On other graves beside those of the martyrs there are often found some little signs by which they could be easily recognized by the friends who might wish to visit them again. Sometimes there is the impression of a seal upon the mortar; sometimes a ring or coin is left fastened into it; often a *terra-cotta* lamp is set in the cement at the head of the grave.

Touching, tender memorials of love and piety! Few are left now in the opened catacombs; but here and there one may be seen in its original place,—the visible sign of the sorrow and the faith of those who seventeen or eighteen centuries ago rested upon that support on which we rest to-day, and found it, in hardest trial, unfailing.

But the galleries of the catacombs are not wholly occupied with graves. Now and then they open on either side into chambers (*cubicula*) of small dimension and of various form, scooped out of the rock, and furnished with graves around their sides,—the burial-place arranged beforehand for some large family, or for certain persons buried with special honor. Other openings in the rock are designed for chapels, in which the burial and other services of the Church were performed. These, too, are of various sizes and forms; the largest of them would hold but a small number of persons;* but not unfrequently two stand opposite each other on the passage-way, as if one were for the men and the other for the women who should be present at the services. Entering the chapel through a narrow door whose threshold is on a level with the path, we see at the opposite side a recess sunk in the rock, often semicircular, like the apsis of a church, and in this recess an *arcosolium*,—which served at the same time as the grave of a martyr and as the altar of the little chapel. It seems, indeed, as if in many cases the chapel had been formed not so much for the general purpose of holding religious service within the catacombs, as for that of celebrating worship over the remains of the martyr whose body had been transferred from its original grave to this new tomb. It was thus that the custom, still prevalent in the Roman Church, of requiring that some relics shall be contained within an altar before it is held to be consecrated, probably began. Perhaps it was with some reference to

* These chapels are generally about ten feet square. Some are larger, and a few smaller than this.

that portion of the Apocalypse in which St John says, "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren that should be killed as they were should be fulfilled."* At any rate, these words must have dwelt in the memories of the Christians who came to worship God in the presence of the dead by whom they were surrounded in the catacombs. But they knelt before the altar-tombs, not as before altars consecrated with relics of saints, but as before altars dedicated to God and connected with the memory of their own honored and beloved dead, whom he had called from them into his holy presence.

It is impossible to ascertain the date at which these chapels were first made; probably some time about the middle of the second century they became common. In many of the catacombs they are very numerous, and it is in them that the chief ornaments and decorations, and the paintings which give to the catacombs an especial value and importance in the history of Art, and which are among the most interesting illustrations of the state of religious feeling and belief in the early centuries, are found. Some of the chapels are known to be of comparatively late date, of the fourth and perhaps of the fifth century. In several even of earlier construction is found, in addition to the altar, a niche cut out in the rock, or a ledge projecting from it, which seems to have been intended to

serve the place of the credence table, for holding the articles used in the service of the altar, and at a later period for receiving the elements before they were handed to the priest for consecration. The earliest services in the catacombs were undoubtedly those connected with the communion of the Lord's Supper. The mystery of the mass and the puzzles of transubstantiation had not yet been introduced among the believers; but all who had received baptism as followers of Christ, all save those who had fallen away into open and manifest sin, were admitted to partake of the Lord's Supper. Possibly upon some occasions these chapels may have been filled with the sounds of exhortation and lamentation. In the legends of the Roman Church we read of large numbers of Christians being buried alive, in time of persecution; in these underground chambers where they had assembled for worship and for counsel. But we are not aware of any proof of the truth of these stories having been discovered in recent times. This, and many other questionable points in the history and in the uses of the catacombs, may be solved by the investigations which are now proceeding; and it is fortunate for the interests, not only of truth, but of religion, that so learned and so honest-minded a man as the Cavaliere de Rossi should have the direction of these explorations.

Few of the chapels that are to be seen now in the catacombs are in their original condition. As time went on, and Christianity became a corrupt and imperial religion, the simple truths which had sufficed for the first Christians were succeeded by doctrines less plain, but more adapted to touch cold and materialized imaginations, and to inflame dull hearts. The worship of saints began, and was promoted by the heads of the Church, who soon saw how it might be diverted to the purposes of personal and ecclesiastical aggrandizement. Consequently the martyrs were made into a hierarchy of saintly protectors of the strayed flock of Christ, and round their graves in the

* Revelations, vi. 9-11. It seems probable that another custom of the Roman Church took its rise in the catacombs,—that of burning candles on the altar; a custom simple in its origin, now turned into a form of superstition, and often abused to the profit of priests.

catacombs sprang up a harvest of tales, of visions, of miracles, and of superstitions. As the Church sank lower and lower, as the need of a heavenly advocate with God was more and more impressed upon the minds of the Christians of those days, the idea seems to have arisen that neighborhood of burial to the grave of some martyr might be an effectual way to secure the felicity of the soul. Consequently we find in these chapels that the later Christians, those perhaps of the fifth and sixth centuries, disregarding the original arrangements, and having lost all respect for the Art, and all reverence for the memorial pictures which made the walls precious, were often accustomed to cut out graves in the walls above and around the martyr's tomb, and as near as possible to it. The instances are numerous in which pictures of the highest interest have been thus ruthlessly defaced. No sacredness of subject could resist the force of the superstition; and we remember one instance where, in a picture of which the part that remains is of peculiar interest, the body of the Good Shepherd has been cut through for the grave of a child,—so that only the feet and a part of the head of the figure remain.

There is little reason for supposing, as has frequently been done, that the catacombs, even in times of persecution, afforded shelter to any large body of the faithful. Single, specially obnoxious, or timid individuals, undoubtedly, from time to time, took refuge in them, and may have remained within them for a considerable period. Such at least is the story, which we see no reason to question, in regard to several of the early

Popes. But no large number of persons could have existed within them. The closeness of the air would very soon have rendered life insupportable; and supposing any considerable number had collected near the outlet, where a supply of fresh air could have reached them, the difficulty of obtaining food and of concealing their place of retreat would have been in most instances insurmountable. The catacombs were always places for the few, not for the many; for the few who followed a body to the grave; for the few who dug the narrow, dark passages in which not many could work; for the few who came to supply the needs of some hunted and hidden friend; for the few who in better times assembled to join in the service commemorating the last supper of their Lord.

It is difficult, as we have said before, to clear away the obscuring fictions of the Roman Church from the entrance of the catacombs; but doing this so far as with our present knowledge may be done, we find ourselves entering upon paths that bring us into near connection and neighborhood with the first followers of the founders of our faith at Rome. The reality which is given to the lives of the Christians of the first centuries by acquaintance with the memorials that they have left of themselves here quickens our feeling for them into one almost of personal sympathy. "Your obedience is come abroad unto all men," wrote St. Paul to the first Christians of Rome. The record of that obedience is in the catacombs. And in the vast labyrinth of obscure galleries one beholds and enters into the spirit of the first followers of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

[To be continued.]

THE NEST.

MAY.

WHEN oaken woods with buds are pink,
 And new-come birds each morning sing,—
 When fickle May on Summer's brink
 Pauses, and knows not which to fling,
 Whether fresh bud and bloom again,
 Or hoar-frost silvering hill and plain,—

Then from the honeysuckle gray
 The oriole with experienced quest
 Twitches the fibrous bark away,
 The cordage of his hammock-nest,—
 Cheering his labor with a note
 Rich as the orange of his throat.

High o'er the loud and dusty road
 The soft gray cup in safety swings,
 To brim ere August with its load
 Of downy breasts and throbbing wings,
 O'er which the friendly elm-tree heaves
 An emerald roof with sculptured eaves.

Below, the noisy World drags by
 In the old way, because it must,—
 The bride with trouble in her eye,
 The mourner following hated dust:
 Thy duty, winged flame of Spring,
 Is but to love and fly and sing.

Oh, happy life, to soar and sway
 Above the life by mortals led,
 Singing the merry months away,
 Master, not slave of daily bread,
 And, when the Autumn comes, to flee
 Wherever sunshine beckons thee!

PALINODE.—DECEMBER.

LIKE some lorn abbey now, the wood
 Stands roofless in the bitter air;
 In ruins on its floor is strewed
 The carven foliage quaint and rare,
 And homeless winds complain along
 The columned choir once thrilled with song.

And thou, dear nest, whence joy and praise
 The thankful oriole used to pour,
 Swing'st empty while the north winds chase
 Their snowy swarms from Labrador:
 But, loyal to the happy past,
 I love thee still for what thou wast.

Ah, when the Summer graces flee
 From other nests more dear than thou,
 And, where June crowded once, I see
 Only bare trunk and disleaved bough,
 When springs of life that gleamed and gushed
 Run chilled, and slower, and are hushed,—

I'll think, that, like the birds of Spring,
 Our good goes not without repair,
 But only flies to soar and sing
 Far off in some diviner air,
 Where we shall find it in the calms
 Of that fair garden 'neath the palms.

EBEN JACKSON.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thine earthly task hast done.

THE large tropical moon rose in full majesty over the Gulf of Mexico, that beneath it rolled a weltering surge of silver, which broke upon the level sand of the beach with a low, sullen roar, prophetic of storms to come. To-night a south wind was heavily blowing over Gulf and prairie, laden with salt odors of weed and grass, now and then crossed by a strain of such perfume as only tropic breezes know,—a breath of heavy, passionate sweetness from orange-groves and rose-gardens, mixed with the miasmatic sighs of rank forests, and mile on mile of tangled cane-brake, where jewel-tinted snakes glitter and emit their own sickly-sweet odor, and the deep blue bells of luxuriant vines wave from their dusky censers steams of poisonous incense.

I endured the influence of all this as long as I dared, and then turned my

pony's head from the beach, and, loitering through the city's hot streets, touched him into a gallop as the prairie opened before us, and followed the preternatural, colossal shadow of horse and man cast by the moon across the dry dull grass and bitter yellow chamomile growth of the sand, till I stopped at the office door of the Hospital, when, consigning my horse to a servant, I commenced my nightily round of the wards.

There were but few patients just now, for the fever had not yet made its appearance, and until within a week the unwontedly clear and cool atmosphere had done the work of the physician. Most of the sick were doing well enough without me; some few needed and received attention; and these disposed of, I betook myself to the last bed in one of the long wards, quite apart from the oth-

ers, which was occupied by a sailor, a man originally from New England, whose hard life and continual exposure to all climates and weathers had at length resulted in slow tubercular consumption.

It was one of the rare cases of this disease not supervening upon an original strumous diathesis, and, had it been properly cared for in the beginning, might have been cured. Now there was no hope; but the case being a peculiar and interesting one, I kept a faithful record of its symptoms and progress for publication. Besides, I liked the man; rugged and hardy by nature, it was curious to see what strange effects a long, wasting, and painful disease produced upon him. At first he could not be persuaded to be quiet; the muscular energies were still unaffected, and, with continual hemorrhage from the lungs, he could not understand that work or exercise could hurt him. But as the disease gained ground, its characteristic languor unstrung his force; the hard and sinewy limbs became attenuated and relaxed; his breath labored; a hectic fever burnt in his veins like light flame every afternoon, and subsided into chilly languor toward morning; profuse night-sweats increased the weakness; and as he grew feebler, offering of course less resistance to the febrile symptoms, they were exacerbated, till at times a slight delirium showed itself; and so, without haste or delay, he "made for port," as he said.

His name was Eben Jackson, and the homely appellation was no way belied by his aspect. He never could have been handsome, and now fifteen years of rough-and-tumble life had left their stains and scars on his weather-beaten visage, whose only notable features were the deep-set eyes retreating under shaggy brows, that looked one through and through with the keen glance of honest instinct; while a light tattooing of red and blue on either cheek-bone added an element of the grotesque to his homeliness. He was a natural and simple man, with whom conventionalities and the world's scale went for nothing,—without vanity as

without guile.—But it is best to let him speak for himself. I found him that night very feverish, yet not wild at all.

"Hello, Doctor!" said he, "I'm all afire! I've ben thinkin' about my old mother's humstead up to Simsbury, and the great big well to the back door; how I used to tilt that 'are sweep up, of a hot day, till the bucket went 'way down to the bottom and come up drippin' over,—such cold, clear water! I swear, I'd give all Madagascar for a drink on't!"

I called the nurse to bring me a small basket of oranges I had sent out in the morning, expressly for this patient, and squeezing the juice from one of them on a little bit of ice, I held it to his lips, and he drank eagerly.

"That's better for you than water, Jackson," said I.

"I dunno but 'tis, Doctor; I dunno but 'tis; but there a'n't nothin' goes to the spot like that Simsbury water. You ha'n't never v'yaged to them parts, have ye?"

"Bless you, yes, man! I was born and brought up in Hartford, just over the mountain, and I've been to Simsbury, fishing, many a time."

"Good Lord! You don't never desert a feller, ef the ship is a-goin' down!" fervently ejaculated Eben, looking up as he did sometimes in his brief delirium, when he said the Lord's Prayer, and thought his mother held his folded hands; but this was no delirious aspiration. He went on:

"You see, Doctor, I've had somethin' in the hold a good spell 't I wanted to break bulk on, but I didn't know as I ever was goin' to see a shipmet agin; and now you've jined convoy jist in time, for Davy Jones's a'n't fur off. Are you calculatin' to go North afore long?"

"Yes, I mean to go next spring," said I. Jackson began to fumble with weak and trembling hands about his throat, to undo his shirt-collar,—he would not let me help him,—and presently, flushed and panting from the effort, he drew out a length of delicate Panama chain fastened rudely together by a link of

copper wire, and suspended on it a little old-fashioned ring of reddish gold, twisted of two wires, and holding a very small dark garnet. Jackson looked at it as I have seen many a Catholic look at his reliquary in mortal sickness.

"Well," said he, "I've carried that 'are gimerack nigh twenty long year round my old scrag, and when I'm sunk I want you to take it off, Doctor. Keep it safe till you go to Connecticut, and then some day take a tack over to Simsbury. Don't ye go through the Gap, but go 'long out on the turnpike over the mountain, and down t'other side to Avon, and so nor'ard till jist arter you git into Simsbury town you see an old red house 'longside o' the mountain, with a big ellum-tree afore the door, and a stone well to the side on't. Go 'long in and ask for Hetty Buel, and give her that 'are thing, and tell her where you got it, and that I ha'n't never forgot to wish her well allus, though I couldn't write to her."

There was Eben Jackson's romance! It piqued my curiosity. The poor fellow was wakeful and restless,—I knew he would not sleep, if I left him,—and I encouraged him to go on talking.

"I will, Jackson, I promise you. But wouldn't it be better for you to tell me something about where you have been all these long years? Your friends will like to know."

His eye brightened; he was like all the rest of us, pleased with any interest taken in him and his; he turned over on his pillow, and I lifted him into a half-sitting position.

"That's ship-shape, Doctor! I don't know but what I had oughter spin a yarn for you; I'm kinder on a watch to-night; and Hetty won't never know what I did do, if I don't send home the log 'long i' the cargo.

"Well, you see I was born in them parts, down to Canton, where father belonged; but mother was a Simsbury woman, and afore I was long-togged, father he moved onter the old humstead up to Simsbury, when gran'ther Peck died. Our farm was right 'longside o' Miss

Buel's; you'll see't when you go there; but there a'n't nobody there now. Mother died afore I come away, and lies safe to the leeward o' Simsbury meetin'-house. Father he got a stroke a spell back, and he couldn't farm it; so he sold out and went West, to Parmely Larkum's, my sister's, to live. But I guess the house is there, and that old well.—How etarnal hot it's growin'! Doctor, give me a drink!

"Well, as I was tellin', I lived there next to Miss Buel's, and Hetty'n' I went to deestrict-school together, up to the cross-roads. We used to hev' ovens in the sand together, and roast apples an' ears of corn in 'em; and we used to build cubby-houses, and fix 'em out with broken chinny and posies. I swan't makes me feel curus when I think what children du contrive to get pleased, and likewise riled about! One day I rec'lect Hetty'd stepped onto my biggest clam-shell and broke it, and I up and hit her a switch right across her pretty lips. Now you'd 'a' thought she would cry and run, for she wasn't bigger than a baby, much; but she jest come up and put her little fat arms round my neck, and says,—

"I'm so sorry, Eben!"

"And that's Hetty Buel! I declare I was beat, and I havn't never got over bein' beat about that. So we growed up together, always out in the woods between schools, huntin' checker-berries, and young winter-greens, and prince's piney, and huckleberries, and saxifrax, and birch, and all them woodsy things that children hanker arter; and by-m-by we got to goin' to the 'Cademy; and when Hetty was seventeen she went in to Hartford to her Aunt Smith's for a spell, to do chores, and get a little Seminary larnin', and I went to work on the farm; and when she come home, two year arter, she was growed to be a young woman, and though I was five year older'n her, I was as sheepish a land-lubber as ever got stuck a-goin' to the mast-head, whenever I sighted her.

"She wasn't very much for looks neither; she had black eyes, and she was

pretty behaved ; but she wasn't no gret for beauty, anyhow, only I thought the world of her, and so did her old grandmother ;—for her mother died when she wa'n't but two year old, and she lived to old Miss Buel's 'cause her father had married agin away down to Jersey.

" Arter a spell I got over bein' so mighty sheepish about Hetty ; her ways was too kindly for me to keep on that tack. We took to goin' to singin'-school together ; then I always come home from quiltin'-parties and conference-meetin's with her, because 'twas handy, bein' right next door ; and so it come about that I begun to think of settlin' down for life, and that was the start of all my troubles. I couldn't take the home farm ; for 'twas such poor land, father could only jest make a live out on't for him and me. Most of it was pastur', gravelly land, full of mullens and stones ; the rest was principally woodsy,—not hickory, nor oak neither, but hemlock and white birches, that a'n't of no account for timber 'nor firin', longside of the other trees. There was a little strip of a medder-lot, and an orchard up on the mountain, where we used to make redstreak cider that beat the Dutch ; but we hadn't pastur' land enough to keep more'n two cows, and altogether I knew 'twasn't any use to think of bringin' a family on to't. So I wrote to Parmely's husband, out West, to know about Government lands, and what I could do ef I was to move out there and take an allotment ; and gettin' an answer every way favorable, I posted over to Miss Buel's one night arter milkin' to tell Hetty. She was settin' on the south door-step, braidin' palm-leaf ; and her grandmother was knittin' in her old chair, a little back by the window. Sometimes, a-lyin' here on my back, with my head full o' sounds, and the hot wind and the salt sea-smell a-comin' in through the winders, and the poor fellers groanin' overhead, I get clear away back to that night, so cool and sweet ; the air full of treely smells, dead leaves like, and white-blows in the ma'sh below ; and wood-robins singin' clear fine whistles in the woods ; and the big sweet-

brier by the winder all a-flowered out ; and the drippin' little beads of dew on the clover-heads ; and the tinklin' sound of the mill-dam down to Squire Turner's mill.

" I set down by Hetty ; and the old woman bein' as deaf as a post, it was as good as if I'd been there alone. So I mustered up my courage, that was sinkin' down to my boots, and told Hetty my plans, and asked her to go along. She never said nothin' for a minute ; she flushed all up as red as a rose, and I see her little fingers was shakin', and her eye-winkers shiny and wet ; but she spoke presently, and said,—

" 'I can't, Eben !'

" I was shot betwixt wind and water then, I tell you, Doctor ! 'Twa'n't much to be said, but I've allers noticed afloat that real dangersome squalls comes on still ; there's a dumb kind of a time in the air, the storm seems to be waitin' and holdin' its breath, and then a little low whisper of wind,—a cat's paw we call 't, —and then you get it real 'arnest. I'd rather she'd have taken on, and cried, and scolded, than have said so still, 'I can't, Eben.'

" 'Why not, Hetty ?' says I.

" 'I ought not to leave grandmother,' said she.

" I declare, I hadn't thought o' that ! Miss Buel was a real infirm woman without kith nor kin, exceptin' Hetty ; for Jason Buel he'd died down to Jersey long before ; and she hadn't means. Hetty nigh about kept 'em both since Miss Buel had grown too rheumatic to make cheese and see to the hens and cows, as she used to. They didn't keep any men-folks now, nor but one cow ; Hetty milked her, and drove her to pastur', and fed the chickens, and braided hats, and did chores. The farm was all sold off ; 'twas poor land, and didn't fetch much ; but what there was went to keep 'em in vittles and firin'. I guess Hetty arnt most of what they lived on, arter all.

" 'Well,' says I, after a spell of thinkin', 'can't she go along too, Hetty ?'

" 'Oh, no, Eben ! she's too old ; she

never could get there, and she never could live there. She says very often she wouldn't leave Simsbury for gold untold; she was born here, and she's bound to die here. I know she wouldn't go.'

"Ask her, Hetty!"

"No, it wouldn't be any use; it would only fret her always to think I staid at home for her, and you know she can't do without me."

"No more can't I," says I. "Do you love her the best, Hetty?"

"I was kinder sorry I'd said that; for she grew real white, and I could see by her throat she was chokin' to keep down somethin'. Finally she said,—

"That isn't for me to say, Eben. If it was right for me to go with you, I should be glad to; but you know I can't leave grandmother."

"Well, Doctor, I couldn't say no more. I got up to go. Hetty put down her work and walked to the big ellum by the gate with me. I was most too full to speak, but I catched her up and kissed her soft little tremblin' lips, and her pretty eyes, and then I set off for home as if I was goin' to be hanged.

"Young folks is obstreperous, Doctor. I've been a long spell away from Hetty, and I don't know as I should take on so now. That night I never slept. I lay kickin' and tumblin' all night, and before mornin' I'd resolved to quit Simsbury, and go seek my fortin' beyond seas, hopin' to come back to Hetty, arter all, with riches to take care on her right there in the old place. You'd a' thought I might have had some kind of feelin' for my old father, after seein' Hetty's faithful ways; but I was a man and she was a woman, and I take it them is two different kind o' craft. Men is allers for themselves first, an' Devil take the hindmost; but women lives in other folks's lives, and ache, and work, and endure all sorts of stress o' weather afore they'll quit the ship that's got crew and passengers aboard.

"I never said nothin' to father,—I couldn't a' stood no jawin',—but I made up my kit, an' next night slung it over

my shoulder, and tramped off. I couldn't have gone without biddin' Hetty good-bye; so I stopped there, and told her what I was up to, and charged her to tell father.

"She tried her best to keep me to home, but I was set in my way; so when she found that out, she run up stairs an' got a little Bible, and made me promise I'd read it sometimes, and then she pulled that 'are little ring off her finger and give it to me to keep.

"Eben," says she, "I wish you well always, and I sha'n't never forget you!"

"And then she put up her face to me, as innocent as a baby, to kiss me good-bye. I see she choked up when I said the word, though, and I said, kinder laughin';—

"I hope you'll get a better husband than me, Hetty!"

"I swear! she give me a look like the judgment-day, and stoopin' down she pressed her lips onto that ring, and says she, 'That is my weddin'-ring, Eben!' and goes into the house as still and white as a ghost; and I never see her again, nor never shall.—Oh, Doctor! give me a drink!"

I lifted the poor fellow, fevered and gasping, to an easier position, and wet his hot lips with fresh orange-juice.

"Stop, now, Jackson!" said I, "you are tired."

"No, I a'n't, Doctor! No, I a'n't! I'm bound to finish now. But Lord deliver us! look there! one of the Devil's own imps, I b'lieve!"

I looked on the little deal stand where I had set the candle, and there stood one of the quaint, evil-looking insects that infest the island, a praying Mantis. Raised up against the candle, with its fore-legs in the attitude of supplication that gives it the name, its long green body relieved on the white stearin', it was eyeing Jackson, with its head turned first on one side and then on the other, in the most elvish and preternatural way. Presently it moved upward, stuck one of its fore-legs cautiously into the flame, burnt it of course and drew it back, eyed it, first

from one angle, then from another, with deliberate investigation, and at length conveyed the injured member to its mouth and sucked it steadily, resuming its stare of blank scrutiny at my patient, who did not at all fancy the interest taken in him.

I could not help laughing at the strange manœuvres of the creature, familiar as I was with them.

"It is only one of our Texan bugs, Jackson," said I; "it is harmless enough."

"It's got a pesky look, though, Doctor! I thought I'd seen enough curus creturs in the Marquesas, but that beats all!"

Seeing the insect really irritated and annoyed him, I put it out of the window, and turned the blinds closely to prevent its reentrance, and he went on with his story.

"So I tramped it to Hartford that night, got a lodgin' with a first cousin I had there, worked my passage to Boston in a coaster, and after hangin' about Long Wharf day in and day out for a week, I was driv' to ship myself aboard of a whaler, the Lowisy Miles, Twist, cap'en; and I writ from there to Hetty, so's she could know my bearin's so fur, and tell my father.

"It would take a week, Doctor, to tell you what a rough-an'-tumble time I had on that 'are whaler. There's a feller's writ a book about v'yagin' afore the mast that'll give ye an idee on't; he had an ed-dication so's he could set it off, and I fell foul of his book down to Valparaiso more'n a year back, and I swear I wanted to shake hands with him. I heerd he was gone ashore somewhere down to Boston, and hed cast anchor for good. But I tell you he's a brick, and what he said's gospel truth. I thought I'd got to hell afore my time when we see blue water. I didn't have no peace exceptin' times when I was to the top, lookin' out for spouters; then I'd get nigh about into the clouds that was allers a-hangin' down close to the sea mornin' and night, all kinds of colors, red an' purple an' white; and 'stead of thinkin' o' whales, I'd get my head full o' Simsbury, and get a precious knock with the butt end of a handspike

when I come down, 'cause I'd never sighted a whale till arter they see'd it on deck.

"We was bound to the South Seas after sperm whales, but we was eight months gettin' there, and we took sech as we could find on the way. The cap'en he scooted round into one port an' another arter his own business,—down to Caracas, into Rio; and when we'd rounded the Horn and was nigh about dead of cold an' short rations, and hadn't killed but three whales, we put into Valparaiso to get vittled, and there I laid hold o' this little trinket of a chain, and spliced Hetty's ring on to't, lest I should be stranded somewhere and get rid of it onawares.

"We cruised about in them seas a good year or more, with poor luck, and the cap'en growin' more and more outrageous continually. Them waters aren't like the Gulf, Doctor,—nor like the Northern Ocean, nohow; there a'n't no choppin' seas there, but a great, long, everlastin', lazy swell, that goes rollin' and fallin' away like the toll of a big bell, in endless blue rollers; and the trades blow through the sails like singin', as warm and soft as if they blowed right out o' sunshiny gardens; and the sky's as blue as summer all the time, only jest round the dip on't there's allers a hull fleet o' hazy round-topped clouds, so thin you can see the moon rise through 'em; and the waves go rippin' off the cut-water as peaceful as a mill-pond, day and night. Squalls is sca'e some times o' the year; but when there is one, I tell you a feller hears thunder! The clouds settle right down onto the mast-head, black and thick, like the settlin's of an ink-bottle; the lightnin' hisses an' cuts fore and aft; and corporants come flightin' down onto the boom or the top, gret balls o' light; and the wind roars louder than the seas; and the rain comes down in spouts,—it don't fall fur enough to drop; you'd think heaven and earth was come together, with hell betwixt 'em;—and then it'll all clear up as quiet and calm as a Simsbury Sunday; and you wouldn't know it could be squally, if 'twan't for the sail that you

hadn't had a chance to furl was drove to ribbons, and here an' there a stout spar snapped like a cornstalk, or the bulwarks stove by a heavy sea. There's queer things to be heerd, too, in them parts: cries to wind'ard like a drowndin' man, and you can't never find him; noises right under the keel; bells ringin' off the land like, when you a'n't within five hundred miles of shore; and curus hails out o' ghost-ships that sails agin' wind an' tide.—Strange! strange! I declare for't! seems as though I heerd my old mother a-singin' Mear now!"

I saw Jackson was getting excited, so I gave him a little soothing draught and walked away to give the nurse some orders. But he made me promise to return and hear the story out; so, after half an hour's investigation of the wards, I came back and found him composed enough to permit his resuming where he had left off.

"Howsomever, Doctor, there wa'n't no smooth sailin' nor fair weather with the cap'en; 'twas always squally in his latitude, and I begun to get mutinous and think of desartin'. About eighteen months arter we set sail from Valparaiso, I hadn't done somethin' I'd been ordered, or I'd done it wrong, and Cap'en Twist come on deck, ragin' and roarin', with a handspike in his fist, and let fly at my head. I see what was comin', and put my arm up to fend it off; and gettin' the blow on my fore-arm, it got broke acrost as quick as a wink, and I dropped. So they picked me up, and havin' a mate aboard who knew some dootorin', I was spliced and bound up, and put under hatches on the sick-list. I tell you I was dog-tired them days, lyin' in my berth, hearin' the rats and mice scuttle round the bulkheads and skitter over the floor. I couldn't do nothin', and finally I be-thought myself of Hetty's Bible and contrived to get it out o' my chist,—and when I could get a bit of a glim I'd read it. I'm a master-hand to remember things, and what I read over and over in that 'are dog-hole of cabin never got clean out of my head, no, nor never will;

and when the Lord above calls all hands on deck to pass muster, ef I'm ship-shape afore him, it'll be because I follered his signals and larnt 'em out of that 'are log. But I didn't foller 'em then, nor not for a plaguy long cruise yet!

"One day, as I laid there readin' by the light of a bit of tallow dip the mate gave me, who should stick his head into the hole he called a cabin, but old Twist! He'd got an idee I was shammin'; and when he saw me with a book, he cussed, and swore, and raved, and finally hauled it out o' my hand and flung it up through the hatchway clean and clear overboard.

"I tell ye, Doctor, if I'd 'a' had a sound arm, he'd 'a' gone after it; but I had to take it out in ratin' at him, and that night my mind was made up; I was bound to desert at the first land. And it come about that a fortnight after my arm had jined, and I could haul shrouds agin, we sighted the Marquesas, and bein' near about out o' water, the cap'en laid his course for the nearest land, and by day-break of the second day we lay to in a small harbor, on the south side of an island where ships wa'n't very prompt to go commonly. But old Twist didn't care for cannibals nor wild beasts, when they stood in his way; and there wasn't but half a cask of water aboard, and that a hog wouldn't 'a' drank, only for the name on't. So we pulled ashore after some, and findin' a spring near by, was takin' it out, hand over hand, as fast as we could bale it up, when all of a sudden the mate see a bunch of feathers over a little bush near by, and yelled out to run for our lives, the savages was come.

"Now I had made up my mind to run away from the ship that very day, and all the while I'd been baling the water up I had been tryin' to lay my course so as to get quit of the boat's crew, and be off; but natur' is stronger than a man thinks. When I heerd the mate sing out, and see the men begin to run, I turned and run too, full speed, down to the shore; but my foot caught in some root or hole, I fell flat down, and hittin' my head aginst a stone near by, I lay as

good as dead ; and when I come to, the boat was gone, and the ship makin' all sail out of harbor, and a crew of wild Indian women were a-lookin' at me as I've seen a set of Simsbury women-folks look at a baboon in a caravan ; but they treated me better !

"Findin' I was helpless, for I'd sprained my ankle in the fall, four of 'em picked me up, and carried me away to a hut, and tended me like a baby ; and when the men, who'd come over to that side of the island 'long with 'em, and gone a-fishin', come back, I was safe enough ; for women are women all the world over, soft-hearted, kindly creturs, that like anything that's in trouble, 'specially if they can give it a lift out on't. So I was nursed, and fed, and finally taken over the ridge of rocks that run acrost the island to their town of bamboo huts ; and now begun to look about me, for here I was, stranded, as one may say, out o' sight o' land.

"Ships didn't never touch there, I knew by their ways, their wonderin' and takin' sights at me. As for Cap'en Twist, he wouldn't come back for his own father, unless he was short o' hands for whalin'. I was in for life, no doubt on't ; and I'd better look at the fair-weather side of the thing. The island was as pretty a bit of land as ever lay betwixt sea and sky ; full of tall cocoanut palms, with broad, feathery tops, and bunches of brown nuts ; bananas hung in yellow clumps ready to drop off at a touch ; and big bread-fruit trees stood about everywhere, lookin' as though a punkin-vine had climbed up into 'em and hung half-ripe punkins off of every bough ; beside lots of other trees that the natives set great store by, and live on the fruit of 'em ; and flyin' through all, such pretty birds as you never see except in them parts ; but one brown thrasher'd beat the whole on 'em singin' ; fact is, they run to feathers ; they don't sing none.

"It was as sightly a country as ever Adam and Eve had to themselves ; but it wa'n't home. Howsomever, after a while

the savages took to me mighty. I was allers handy with tools, and by good luck I'd come off with two jack-knives and a loose awl in my jacket-pocket, so I could beat 'em all at whittlin' ; and I made figgers on their bows an' pipe-stems, of things they never see,—roosters, and horses, Miss Buel's old sleigh, and the Albany stage, driver'n' all, and our yoke of oxen a-ploughin',—till nothin' would serve them but I should have a house o' my own, and be married to their king's daughter ; so I did.

"Well, Doctor, you kinder wonder I forgot Hetty Buel. I didn't forget her, but I knew she wa'n't to be had anyhow ; I thought I was in for life ; and Wailua was the prettiest little craft that ever you set eyes on, as straight as a spar, and as kindly as a Christian ; and besides, I had to, or I'd have been killed, and broiled, and eaten, whether or no ! And then in that 'are latitude it a'n't just the way 'tis here ; you don't work ; you get easy, and lazy, and sleepy ; somethin' in the air kind of hushes you up ; it makes you sweat to think, and you're too hazy to, if it didn't ; and you don't care for nothing much but food and drink. I hadn't no spunk left ; so I married her after their fashion, and I liked her well enough ; and she was my wife, after all.

"I tell ye, Doctor, it goes a gret way with men-folks to think anything's their'n, and nobody else's. But when I married her, I took the chain with Hetty Buel's ring off my neck, and put 'em in a shell, and buried the shell under my doorway. I couldn't have Wailua touch that.

"So there I lived fifteen long year, as it might be, in a kind of a curus dream, doin' nothin' much, only that when I got to know the tongue them savages spoke, little by little I got pretty much the steerin' o' the hull crew, till by-'n-by some of 'em got jealous, and plotted and planned to kill me, because the king, Wailua's father, was gettin' old, and they thought I wanted to be king when he died, and they couldn't stan' that no way.

"Somehow or other Wailua got word of what was goin' on, and one night she woke me out of sleep an' told me I must run for't, and she would hide me safe till things took a turn. So I scratched up the shell with Hetty's ring in't, and afore morning I was over t'other side of the island, in a kind of a cave overlookin' the sea, near by to a grove of bananas and mam mee apples, and not fur from the harbor where I'd landed; and safe enough, for nobody but Wailua knew the way to't.

"Well, the sixth day I sot in the port-hole of that cave I see a sail in the offing. I declare, I thought I should 'a' choked! I catched off my tappa cloth and h'isted it on a pole, but the ship kep' on stiddy out to sea. My heart beat up to my eyes, but I held on ag'inst hope, and I declare I prayed; words come to me that I hadn't said since I was a boy to Simsbury, and the Lord he heerd; for, as true as the compass, that ship lay to, tacked, put in for the island, and afore night I was aboard of the Lysander, a Salem whaler, with my mouth full of grog and ship-biscuit, and my body in civilized toggery. I own I felt queer to go away so and leave Wailua; but I knew 'twas gettin' her out of danger, for the old king was just a-goin' to die, and if ever I'd have gone back, we should both have been murdered. Besides, we didn't always agree; she had to walk straighter than her wild natur' agreed with, because she was my wife; and we hadn't no children to hold us together; and I couldn't 'a' taken her aboard of the whaler, if she'd wanted to go. I guess it was best; anyhow, so it was.

"But this wasn't to be the end of my v'yagin'. The Lysander foundered just off Valparaiso; and though all hands was saved in the boats, when we got to port there wasn't no craft there bound any nearer homeward than an English merchant-ship, for Liverpool, by way of Madeira. So I worked a passage to Funchal, and there I got aboard of a Southampton steamer, bound for Cuba, that put in for coal. But when I come to Havana I was nigh about tuckered out;

for goin' round the Horn in the Lemon, — that 'are English ship, — I'd ben on duty in all sorts o' weather; and I'd lived lazy and warm so long I expect it was too tough for me, and I was pestered with a hard cough, and spit blood, so't I was laid up a long spell in the hospital at Havana. And there I kep' a-thinkin' over Hetty's Bible, and I b'lieve I studied that 'are chart till I found out the way to port, and made up my log all square for the owner; for I knowed well enough where I was bound; but I did hanker to get home to Simsbury afore shovin' off.

"Well, finally, there come into the harbor a Mystic ship that was a-goin' down the Gulf for a New York owner. I'd known Seth Crane, the cap'en of her, away back in old Simsbury times. He was an Avon boy; and when I sighted that vessel's name, as I was crawlin' along the quay one day, and, seein' she was Connecticut-built, boarded her, and see Seth, I was old fool enough to cry right out,—I was so shaky. And Seth he was about as scart as ef he'd seen the dead, havin' heerd up to Avon, fifteen year ago nearly, that the Lowisy Miles had been run down off the Sandwich Islands by a British man-of-war, and all hands lost, exceptin' one o' the boys. However, he come to his bearin's after a while, and told me about our folks, and howt Hetty Buel wasn't married, but keepin' dees-trict school, and her old grandmother alive yet.

"Well, I kinder heartened up, and agreed to take passage with Seth.—Good Lord, Doctor! what's that?"

A peculiar and oppressive stillness had settled down on everything in and out of the hospital while Jackson was going on with his story. I noticed it only as the hush of a tropic midnight; but as he spoke, I heard—apparently out on the prairie—a heavy jarring sound like repeated blows, drawing nearer and nearer the building.

Jackson sprung upright on his pillows, the hectic passed from either gaunt and sallow cheek, leaving the red and blue tattoo marks visible in most ghastly dis-

tinctness, while the sweat poured in drops down his hollow temples.

The noise drew still nearer. All the patients in the ward awoke and quitted their beds, hastily. The noise was at hand,—blows of great violence and power; and a certain malign rapidity shook the walls from one end of the hospital to the other,—blow upon blow, like the fierce attacks of a catapult, only with no like result. The nurse, a German Catholic, fell on his knees and told his beads, glancing over his shoulder in undisguised horror; the patients cowered together, groaning and praying; and I could hear the stir and confusion in the ward below. In less than a minute's space the singular sound passed through the house, and in hollow, jarring echoes died out toward the bay.

I looked at Eben;—his jaw had fallen; his hands were rigid and locked together; his eyes were rolled upward, fixed and glassy; a stream of scarlet blood trickled over his gray beard from the corner of his mouth;—he was dead! As I laid him back on the pillow and turned to restore some quiet to the ward, a Norther came sweeping down the Gulf like a rush of mad spirits; tore up the white crests of the sea and flung them on the beach in thundering surf; burst through the heavy fog that had trailed upon the moon's track and smothered the island in its soft pestilential brooding; and in one mighty pouring out of cold pure ether changed earth and sky from torrid to temperate zone.

Vainly did I endeavor to calm the terror of my patients, excited still more by the elemental uproar without; vainly did I harangue them, in the plainest terms to which science is reducible, on atmospheric vibrations, acoustics, reverberations, and volcanic agencies; they insisted on some supernatural power having produced the recent fearful sounds. Neither common nor uncommon sense could prevail with them; and when they discovered, by the appearance of the extra nurse I had sent for, to perform the last offices for Jackson, that he was dead, a renewed and irrepressible horror at-

tacked them, and it was broad day before composure or stillness was regained in any part of the building except my own rooms, to which I betook myself as soon as possible, and slept till sunrise, too soundly for any mystical visitation whatever to have disturbed my rest.

The next day, in spite of the brief influence of the Norther, the first case of yellow fever showed itself in the hospital; before night seven had sickened, and one, already reduced by chronic disease, died.

I had hoped to bury Jackson decently, in the cemetery of the city, where his vexed mortality might rest in peace under the oleanders and china-trees, shut in by the hedge of Cherokee roses that guards the enclosure from the prairie, a living wall of glassy green, strewn with ivory-white buds and blossoms, fair and pure; but on applying for a burial-spot, the city authorities, panic-stricken cowards that they were, denied me the privilege even of a prairie grave, outside the cemetery hedge, for the poor fellow. In vain did I represent that he had died of lingering disease, and that nowise contagious; nothing moved them. It was enough that there was yellow fever in the ward where he died. I was forthwith strictly ordered to have all the dead from the hospital buried on the sand-flats at the east end of the island.

What a place that is it is scarcely possible to describe. Wide and dreary levels of sand, some four or five feet lower than the town, and flooded by high tides; the only vegetation a scanty, dingy gray, brittle, crackling growth,—bitter sandworts and the like; over and through which the abominable tawny sand-crabs are constantly executing diabolic waltzes on the tips of their eight legs, vanishing into the ground like imps as you approach; curlews start from behind the loose drifts of sand and float away with heart-broken cries seaward; little sandpipers twitter plaintively, running through the weeds; and great, sulky, gray cranes droop their motionless heads over the still salt pools along the shore.

To this blank desolation I was forced

to carry poor Jackson's body, with that of the fever-patient, just at sunset. As the Dutchman who officiated as hearse, sexton, bearer, and procession, stuck his spade into the ground, and withdrew it full of crumbling shells and fine sand, the hole it left filled with bitter black ooze. There, sunk in the ooze, covered with the shifting sand, bewailed by the wild cries of sea-birds, noteless and alone, I left Eben Jackson, and returned to the mass of pestilence and wretchedness within the hospital walls.

In the spring I reached home safely. None but the resident on a Southern sand-bank can fully appreciate the verdure and bloom of the North. The great elms of my native town were full of tender buds, like a clinging mist in their graceful branches; earlier trees were decked with little leaves, deep-creased, and silvery with down; the wide river in a fluent track of metallic lustre weltered through green meadows that on either hand stretched far and wide; the rolling land beyond was spread out in pastures, where the cattle luxuriated after the winter's stalling; and on many a slope and plain the patient farmer turned up his heavy sods and clay, to moulder in sun and air for seed-time and harvest; and the beautiful valley that met the horizon on the north and south rolled away eastward and westward to a low blue range of hills, that guarded it with granite walls and bristling spears of hemlock and pine.

This is not my story; and if it were, I do not know that I should detail my home-coming. It is enough to say, that I came after a five years' absence, and found all that I had left nearly as I had left it;—how few can say as much!

Various duties and some business arrangements kept me at work for six or seven weeks, and it was June before I could fulfil my promise to Eben Jackson. I took the venerable old horse and chaise that had carried my father on his rounds for years, and made the best of my way out toward Simsbury. I was alone, of course; even Cousin Lizzy, charming as

five years had made the little girl of thirteen whom I had left behind on quitting home, was not invited to share my drive; there was something too serious in the errand to endure the presence of a gay young lady. But I was not lonely; the drive up Talcott Mountain, under the rude portcullis of the toll-gate, through fragrant woods, by trickling brooks, past huge boulders that scarce a wild vine dare cling to, with its feeble, delicate tendrils, is all exquisite, and full of living repose; and turning to descend the mountain, just where a brook drops headlong with clattering leap into a steep black ravine, and comes out over a tiny green meadow, sliding past great granite rocks, and bending the grass-blades to a shining track, you see suddenly at your feet the beautiful mountain valley of the Farmington river, trending away in hill after hill,—rough granite ledges crowned with cedar and pine,—deep ravines full of heaped rocks,—and here and there the formal white rows of a manufacturing village, where Kühleborn is captured and forced to turn water-wheels, and Undine picks cotton or grinds hardware, dammed into utility.

Into this valley I plunged, and inquiring my way of many a prim farmer's wife and white-headed school-boy, I edged my way northward under the mountain side, and just before noon found myself beneath the "great ellum," where, nearly twenty years ago, Eben Jackson and Hetty Buel had said good-bye.

I tied my horse to the fence and walked up the worn footpath to the door. Apparently no one was at home. Under this impression I knocked vehemently, by way of making sure; and a weak, cracked voice at length answered, "Come in!" There, by the window, perhaps the same where she sat so long before, crouched in an old chair covered with calico, her bent fingers striving with mechanical motion to knit a coarse stocking, sat old Mrs. Buel. Age had worn to the extreme of attenuation a face that must always have been hard-featured, and a few locks of snow-white

hair, straying from under the bandanna handkerchief of bright red and orange that was tied over her cap and under her chin, added to the old-world expression of her whole figure. She was very deaf; scarcely could I make her comprehend that I wanted to see her grand-daughter; at last she understood, and asked me to sit down till Hetty should come from school; and before long, a tall, thin figure opened the gate and came slowly up the path.

I had a good opportunity to observe the constant, dutiful, self-denying Yankee girl,—girl no longer, now that twenty years of unrewarded patience had lined her face with unmistakable graving. But I could not agree with Eben's statement that she was not pretty; she must have been so in her youth; even now there was beauty in her deep-set and heavily fringed dark eyes, soft, tender, and serious, and in the noble and pensive Greek outline of the brow and nose; her upper lip and chin were too long to agree well with her little classic head, but they gave a certain just and pure expression to the whole face, and to the large thin-lipped mouth, flexible yet firm in its lines. It is true, her hair was neither abundant, nor wanting in gleaming threads of gray; her skin was freckled, sallow, and devoid of varying tint or freshness; her figure angular and spare; her hands red with hard work; and her air at once sad and shy;—still, Hetty Buel was a very lovely woman in my eyes, though I doubt if Lizzy would have thought so.

I hardly knew how to approach the painful errand I had come on, and with true masculine awkwardness I cut the matter short by drawing out from my pocket-book the Panama chain and ring, and placing them in her hands. Well as I thought I knew the New England character, I was not prepared for so quiet a reception of this token as she gave it. With a steady hand she untwisted the wire fastening of the chain, slipped the ring off, and, bending her head, placed it reverently on the ring-finger of her left hand;—brief, but potent ceremony; and

over without preface or comment, but over for all time.

Still holding the chain, she offered me a chair, and sat down herself,—a little paler, a little more grave, than on entering.

"Will you tell me how and where he died, Sir?" said she,—evidently having long considered the fact in her heart as a fact; probably having heard Seth Crane's story of the Louisa Miles's loss.

I detailed my patient's tale as briefly and sympathetically as I knew how. The episode of Wailua caused a little flushing of lip and cheek, a little twisting of the ring, as if it were not to be worn, after all; but as I told of his sacred care of the trinket for its giver's sake, and the not unwilling forsaking of that island wife, the restless motion passed away, and she listened quietly to the end; only once lifting her left hand to her lips, and resting her head on it for a moment, as I detailed the circumstances of his death, after supplying what was wanting in his own story, from the time of his taking passage in Crane's ship, to their touching at the island, expressly to leave him in the Hospital, when a violent hemorrhage had disabled him from further voyaging.

I was about to tell her I had seen him decently buried,—of course omitting descriptions of the how and where,—when the grandmother, who had been watching us with the impatient querulousness of age, hobbled across the room to ask "what that 'are man was a-talkin' about."

Briefly and, calmly, in the key long use had suited to her infirmity, Hetty detailed the chief points of my story.

"Dew tell!" exclaimed the old woman; "Eben Jackson a'n't dead on dry land, is he? Left means, eh?"

I walked away to the door, biting my lip. Hetty, for once, reddened to the brow; but replaced her charge in the chair and followed me to the gate.

"Good day, Sir," said she, offering me her hand,—and then slightly hesitating,— "Grandmother is very old. I thank you, Sir! I thank you kindly!"

As she turned and went toward the house, I saw the glitter of the Panama chain about her thin and sallow throat, and, by the motion of her hands, that she was retwisting the same wire fastening that Eben Jackson had manufactured for it.

Five years after, last June, I went to Simsbury with a gay picnic party. This time Lizzy was with me; indeed, she generally is now.

I detached myself from the rest, after we were fairly arranged for the day, and wandered away alone to "Miss Buel's."

The house was closed, the path grassy, a sweetbrier bush had blown across the door, and was gay with blossoms; all was still, dusty, desolate. I could not be satisfied with this. The meeting-house was as near as any neighbor's, and the graveyard would ask me no curious questions; I entered it doubting; but there, "on the leeward side," near to the grave of "Bethia Jackson, wife of John Eben Jackson," were two new stones, one dated but a year later than the other, recording the deaths of "Temperance Buel, aged 96," and "Hester Buel, aged 44."

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

[Continued.]

II.

Is it illusion? or does there a spirit from perfecter ages,
Here, even yet, amid loss, change, and corruption, abide?
Does there a spirit we know not, though seek, though we find, comprehend not,
Here to entice and confuse, tempt and evade us, abide?
Lives in the exquisite grace of the column disjointed and single,
Haunts the rude masses of brick garlanded gayly with vine,
E'en in the turret fantastic surviving that springs from the ruin,
E'en in the people itself? Is it illusion or not?
Is it illusion or not that attracteth the pilgrim Transalpine,
Brings him a dullard and dunce hither to pry and to stare?
Is it illusion or not that allures the barbarian stranger,
Brings him with gold to the shrine, brings him in arms to the gate?

I.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHAT do the people say, and what does the government do?—you Ask, and I know not at all. Yet fortune will favor your hopes; and I, who avoided it all, am fated, it seems, to describe it.
I, who nor meddle nor make in politics,—I, who sincerely Put not my trust in leagues nor any suffrage by ballot, Never predicted Parisian millenniums, never beheld a New Jerusalem coming down dressed like a bride out of heaven Right on the Place de la Concorde,—I, ne'ertheless, let me say it, Could in my soul of souls, this day, with the Gaul at the gates, shed One true tear for thee, thou poor little Roman republic!

France, it is foully done ! and you, my stupid old England,—
You, who a twelvemonth ago said nations must choose for themselves, you
Could not, of course, interfere,—you, now, when a nation has chosen—

Pardon this folly ! *The Times* will, of course, have announced the occasion,
Told you the news of to-day ; and although it was slightly in error
When it proclaimed as a fact the Apollo was sold to a Yankee,
You may believe when it tells you the French are at Civita Vecchia.

II.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

“DULCE” it is, and “*decorum*,” no doubt, for the country to fall,—to
Offer one’s blood an oblation to Freedom, and die for the Cause ; yet
Still, individual culture is also something, and no man
Finds quite distinct the assurance that he of all others is called on,
Or would be justified, even, in taking away from the world that
Precious creature, himself. Nature sent him here to abide here ;
Else why sent him at all ? Nature wants him still, it is likely.
On the whole, we are meant to look after ourselves ; it is certain
Each has to eat for himself, digest for himself, and in general
Care for his own dear life, and see to his own preservation ;
Nature’s intentions, in most things uncertain, in this most plain and decisive :
These, on the whole, I conjecture the Romans will follow, and I shall.

So we cling to the rocks like limpets ; Ocean may bluster,
Over and under and round us ; we open our shells to imbibe our
Nourishment, close them again, and are safe, fulfilling the purpose
Nature intended,—a wise one, of course, and a noble, we doubt not.
Sweet it may be and decorous, perhaps, for the country to die ; but,
On the whole, we conclude the Romans won’t do it, and I shan’t.

III.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WILL they fight ? They say so. And will the French ? I can hardly,
Hardly think so ; and yet —— He is come, they say, to Palo,
He is passed from Monterone, at Santa Severa
He hath laid up his guns. But the Virgin, the Daughter of Roma,
She hath despised thee and laughed thee to scorn,—the Daughter of Tiber !
She hath shaken her head and built barricades against thee !

Will they fight ? I believe it. Alas, ‘tis ephemeral folly,
Vain and ephemeral folly, of course, compared with pictures,
Statues, and antique gems,—indeed : and yet indeed too,
Yet methought, in broad day did I dream,—tell it not in St. James’s,
Whisper it not in thy courts, O Christ Church !—yet did I, waking,
Dream of a cadence that sings, *Si tombent nos jeunes héros, la Terre en produit de nouveaux contre vous tous prêts à se battre* ;
Dreamt of great indignations and angers transcendental,
Dreamt of a sword at my side and a battle-horse underneath me.

IV.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Now supposing the French or the Neapolitan soldier
Should by some evil chance come exploring the Maison Serny,

(Where the family English are all to assemble for safety,) Am I prepared to lay down my life for the British female ? Really, who knows ? One has bowed and talked, till, little by little, All the natural heat has escaped of the chivalrous spirit. Oh, one conformed, of course ; but one doesn't die for good manners, Stab or shoot, or be shot, by way of a graceful attention. No, if it should be at all, it should be on the barricades there ; Should I incarnadine ever this inky pacifical finger, Sooner far should it be for this vapor of Italy's freedom, Sooner far by the side of the damned and dirty plebeians.

Ah, for a child in the street I could strike ; for the full-blown lady— Somehow, Eustace, alas, I have not felt the vocation.

Yet these people of course will expect, as of course, my protection, Vernon in radiant arms stand forth for the lovely Georgina, And to appear, I suppose, were but common civility. Yes, and Truly I do not desire they should either be killed or offended.

Oh, and of course you will say, "When the time comes, you will be ready." Ah, but before it comes, am I to presume it will be so ? What I cannot feel now, am I to suppose that I shall feel ? Am I not free to attend for the ripe and indubious instinct ? Am I forbidden to wait for the clear and lawful perception ? Is it the calling of man to surrender his knowledge and insight, For the mere venture of what may, perhaps, be the virtuous action ? Must we, walking o'er earth, discerning a little, and hoping Some plain visible task shall yet for our hands be assigned us,— Must we abandon the future for fear of omitting the present, Quit our own fireside hopes at the alien call of a neighbor, To the mere possible shadow of Deity offer the victim ? And is all this, my friend, but a weak and ignoble repining, Wholly unworthy the head or the heart of Your Own Correspondent ?

V.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YES, we are fighting at last, it appears. This morning, as usual, Murray, as usual, in hand, I enter the Caffè Nuovo ; Seating myself with a sense as it were of a change in the weather, Not understanding, however, but thinking mostly of Murray, And, for to-day is their day, of the Campidoglio Marbles, *Caffè-latte !* I call to the waiter,—and *Non c' è latte*, This is the answer he makes me, and this the sign of a battle. So I sit ; and truly they seem to think any one else more Worthy than me of attention. I wait for my milkless *nero*, Free to observe undistracted all sorts and sizes of persons, Blending civilian and soldier in strangest costume, coming in, and Gulping in hottest haste, still standing, their coffee,—withdrawing Eagerly, jangling a sword on the steps, or jogging a musket Slung to the shoulder behind. They are fewer, moreover, than usual, Much, and silenter far ; and so I begin to imagine Something is really afloat. Ere I leave, the Caffè is empty, Empty too the streets, in all its length the Corso Empty, and empty I see to my right and left the Condotti : Twelve o'clock, on the Pincian Hill, with lots of English,

Germans, Americans, French,—the Frenchmen, too, are protected.
 So we stand in the sun, but afraid of a probable shower;
 So we stand and stare, and see, to the left of St. Peter's,
 Smoke, from the cannon, white,—but that is at intervals only,—
 Black, from a burning house, we suppose, by the Cavalleggiere;
 And we believe we discern some lines of men descending
 Down through the vineyard-slopes, and catch a bayonet gleaming.
 Every ten minutes, however,—in this there is no misconception,—
 Comes a great white puff from behind Michel Angelo's dome, and
 After a space the report of a real big gun,—not the Frenchman's?—
 That must be doing some work. And so we watch and conjecture.

Shortly, an Englishman comes, who says he has been to St. Peter's,
 Seen the Piazza and troops, but that is all he can tell us;
 So we watch and sit, and, indeed, it begins to be tiresome.—
 All this smoke is outside; when it has come to the inside,
 It will be time, perhaps, to descend and retreat to our houses.

Half-past one, or two. The report of small arms frequent,
 Sharp and savage indeed; that cannot all be for nothing:
 So we watch and wonder; but guessing is tiresome, very.
 Weary of wondering, watching, and guessing, and gossiping idly,
 Down I go, and pass through the quiet streets with the knots of
 National Guards patrolling, and flags hanging out at the windows,
 English, American, Danish,—and, after offering to help an
 Irish family moving *en masse* to the Maison Serny,
 After endeavoring idly to minister balm to the trembling
 Quinquagenarian fears of two lone British spinsters,
 Go to make sure of my dinner before the enemy enter.
 But by this there are signs of stragglers returning; and voices
 Talk, though you don't believe it, of guns and prisoners taken;
 And on the walls you read the first bulletin of the morning.—
 This is all that I saw, and all I know of the battle.

VI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

VICTORY! VICTORY!—Yes! ah, yes, thou republican Zion,
 Truly the kings of the earth are gathered and gone by together;
 Doubtless they marvelled to witness such things, were astonished, and so forth.
 Victory! Victory! Victory!—Ah, but it is, believe me,
 Easier, easier far, to intone the chant of the martyr
 Than to indite any paean of any victory. Death may
 Sometimes be noble; but life, at the best, will appear an illusion.
 While the great pain is upon us, it is great; when it is over,
 Why, it is over. The smoke of the sacrifice rises to heaven,
 Of a sweet savor, no doubt, to somebody; but on the altar,
 Lo, there is nothing remaining but ashes and dirt and ill odor.

So it stands, you perceive; the labial muscles, that swelled with
 Vehement evolution of yesterday Marseillaises,
 Articulations sublime of defiance and scorning, to-day col-
 Lapse and languidly mumble, while men and women and papers
 Scream and re-scream to each other the chorus of Victory. Well, but
 I am thankful they fought, and glad that the Frenchmen were beaten.

VII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

So I have seen a man killed ! An experience that, among others !
 Yes, I suppose I have ; although I can hardly be certain,
 And in a court of justice could never declare I had seen it.
 But a man was killed, I am told, in a place where I saw
 Something ; a man was killed, I am told, and I saw something.

I was returning home from St. Peter's ; Murray, as usual,
 Under my arm, I remember ; had crossed the St. Angelo bridge ; and
 Moving towards the Condotti, had got to the first barricade, when
 Gradually, thinking still of St. Peter's, I became conscious
 Of a sensation of movement opposing me,—tendency this way
 (Such as one fancies may be in a stream when the wave of the tide is
 Coming and not yet come,—a sort of poise and retention) ;
 So I turned, and, before I turned, caught sight of stragglers
 Heading a crowd, it is plain, that is coming behind that corner.
 Looking up, I see windows filled with heads ; the Piazza,
 Into which you remember the Ponte St. Angelo enters,
 Since I passed, has thickened with curious groups ; and now the
 Crowd is coming, has turned, has crossed that last barricade, is
 Here at my side. In the middle they drag at something. What is it ?
 Ha ! bare swords in the air, held up ! There seem to be voices
 Pleading and hands putting back ; official, perhaps ; but the swords are
 Many, and bare in the air,—in the air ! They descend ! They are smiting,
 Hewing, chopping ! At what ? In the air once more upstretched ! And
 Is it blood that's on them ? Yes, certainly blood ! Of whom, then ?
 Over whom is the cry of this furor of exultation ?

While they are skipping and screaming, and dancing their caps on the points of
 Swords and bayonets, I to the outskirts back, and ask a
 Mercantile-seeming bystander, "What is it ?" and he, looking always
 That way, makes me answer, "A Priest, who was trying to fly to
 The Neapolitan army,"—and thus explains the proceeding.

You didn't see the dead man ? No ;—I began to be doubtful ;
 I was in black myself, and didn't know what mightn't happen ;—
 But a National Guard close by me, outside of the hubbub,
 Broke his sword with slashing a broad hat covered with dust,—and
 Passing away from the place with Murray under my arm, and
 Stooping, I saw through the legs of the people the legs of a body.

You are the first, do you know, to whom I have mentioned the matter.
 Whom should I tell it to, else ?—these girls ?—the Heavens forbid it !—
 Quidnuncs at Monaldini's ?—idlers upon the Pincian ?

If I rightly remember, it happened on that afternoon when
 Word of the nearer approach of a new Neapolitan army
 First was spread. I began to bethink me of Paris Septembers,
 Thought I could fancy the look of the old 'Ninety-two. On that evening,
 Three or four, or, it may be, five, of these people were slaughtered.
 Some declare they had, one of them, fired on a sentinel ; others
 Say they were only escaping ; a Priest, it is currently stated,
 Stabbed a National Guard on the very Piazza Colonna :
 History, Rumor of Rumors, I leave it to thee to determine !

But I am thankful to say the government seems to have strength to

Put it down ; it has vanished, at least ; the place is now peaceful.
 Through the Trastevere walking last night, at nine of the clock, I
 Found no sort of disorder ; I crossed by the Island-bridges,
 So by the narrow streets to the Ponte Rotto, and onwards
 Thence, by the Temple of Vesta, away to the great Coliseum,
 Which at the full of the moon is an object worthy a visit.

VIII.—GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA ——.

ONLY think, dearest Louisa, what fearful scenes we have witnessed!—

* * * * *

George has just seen Garibaldi, dressed up in a long white cloak, on Horseback, riding by, with his mounted negro behind him : This is a man, you know, who came from America with him, Out of the woods, I suppose, and uses a *lasso* in fighting, Which is, I don't quite know, but a sort of noose, I imagine ; This he throws on the heads of the enemy's men in a battle, Pulls them into his reach, and then most cruelly kills them : Mary does not believe, but we heard it from an Italian.

Mary allows she was wrong about Mr. Claude *being selfish* ; He was *most* useful and kind on the terrible thirtieth of April.

Do not write here any more ; we are starting directly for Florence : We should be off to-morrow, if only Papa could get horses ; All have been seized everywhere for the use of this dreadful Mazzini.

P. S.

Mary has seen thus far.—I am really so angry, Louisa,— Quite out of patience, my dearest ! What can the man be intending ? I am quite tired ; and Mary, who might bring him to in a moment, Lets him go on as he likes, and neither will help nor dismiss him.

IX.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

IT is most curious to see what a power a few calm words (in Merely a brief proclamation) appear to possess on the people. Order is perfect, and peace ; the city is utterly tranquil ; And one cannot conceive that this easy and *nonchalant* crowd, that Flows like a quiet stream through street and market-place, entering Shady recesses and bays of church, *osteria* and *caffè*, Could in a moment be changed to a flood as of molten lava, Boil into deadly wrath and wild homicidal delusion.

Ah, 'tis an excellent race,—and even in old degradation, Under a rule that enforces to flattery, lying, and cheating, E'en under Pope and Priest, a nice and natural people. Oh, could they but be allowed this chance of redemption !—but clearly That is not likely to be. Meantime, notwithstanding all journals, Honor for once to the tongue and the pen of the eloquent writer ! Honor to speech ! and all honor to thee, thou noble Mazzini !

X.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

I AM in love, meantime, you think ; no doubt, you would think so. I am in love, you say ; with those letters, of course, you would say so.

I am in love, you declare. I think not so; yet I grant you
 It is a pleasure, indeed, to converse with this girl. Oh, rare gift,
 Rare felicity, this! she can talk in a rational way, can
 Speak upon subjects that really are matters of mind and of thinking,
 Yet in perfection retain her simplicity; never, one moment,
 Never, however you urge it, however you tempt her, consents to
 Step from ideas and fancies and loving sensations to those vain
 Conscious understandings that vex the minds of man-kind.
 No, though she talk, it is music; her fingers desert not the keys; 'tis
 Song, though you hear in her song the articulate vocables sounded,
 Syllabled singly and sweetly the words of melodious meaning.

XI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Ah, let me look, let me watch, let me wait, unbiased, unprompted!
 Bid me not venture on aught that could alter or end what is present!
 Say not, Time flies, and occasion, that never returns, is departing!
 Drive me not out, ye ill angels with fiery swords, from my Eden,
 Waiting, and watching, and looking! Let love be its own inspiration!
 Shall not a voice, if a voice there must be, from the airs that environ,
 Yea, from the conscious heavens, without our knowledge or effort,
 Break into audible words? Let love be its own inspiration!

XII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHEREFORE and how I am certain, I hardly can tell; but it is so.
 She doesn't like me, Eustace; I think she never will like me:
 Is it my fault, as it is my misfortune, my ways are not her ways?
 Is it my fault, that my habits and modes are dissimilar wholly?
 'Tis not her fault, 'tis her nature, her virtue, to misapprehend them:
 'Tis not her fault, 'tis her beautiful nature, not even to know me.
 Hopeless it seems,—yet I cannot, hopeless, determine to leave it:
 She goes,—therefore I go; she moves,—I move, not to lose her.

XIII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

OH, 'tisn't manly, of course, 'tisn't manly, this method of wooing;
 'Tisn't the way very likely to win. For the woman, they tell you,
 Ever prefers the audacious, the wilful, the vehement hero;
 She has no heart for the timid, the sensitive soul; and for knowledge,—
 Knowledge, O ye gods!—when did they appreciate knowledge?
 Wherefore should they, either? I am sure I do not desire it.

Ah, and I feel too, Eustace, she cares not a tittle about me!
 (Care about me, indeed! and do I really expect it?)
 But my manner offends; my ways are wholly repugnant;
 Every word that I utter estranges, hurts, and repels her;
 Every moment of bliss that I gain, in her exquisite presence,
 Slowly, surely, withdraws her, removes her, and severs her from me.
 Not that I care very much!—any way, I escape from the boy's own
 Folly, to which I am prone, of loving where it is easy.
 Yet, after all, my Eustace, I know but little about it.
 All I can say for myself, for present alike and for past, is,

Mary Trevellyn, Eustace, is certainly worth your acquaintance.
You couldn't come, I suppose, as far as Florence, to see her ?

XIV.—GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA ——.

* * * * To-morrow we're starting for Florence,
Truly rejoiced, you may guess, to escape from republican terrors ;
Mr. C. and Papa to escort us ; we by *vettura*
Through Siena, and Georgy to follow and join us by Leghorn.
Then — Ah, what shall I say, my dearest ? I tremble in thinking !
You will imagine my feelings,—the blending of hope and of sorrow !
How can I bear to abandon Papa and Mamma and my sisters ?
Dearest Louisa, indeed it is very alarming ; but trust me
Ever, whatever may change, to remain your loving Georgina.

P. S. BY MARY TREVELLYN.

* * * * "Do I like Mr. Claude any better ?"
I am to tell you,—and, "Pray, is it Susan or I that attract him ?"
This he never has told, but Georgina could certainly ask him.
All I can say for myself is, alas ! that he rather repels me.
There ! I think him agreeable, but also a little repulsive.
So be content, dear Louisa ; for one satisfactory marriage
Surely will do in one year for the family you would establish,
Neither Susan nor I shall afford you the joy of a second.

P. S. BY GEORGINA TREVELLYN.

Mr. Claude, you must know, is behaving a little bit better ;
He and Papa are great friends ; but he really is too *shilly-shally*,—
So unlike George ! Yet I hope that the matter is going on fairly.
I shall, however, get George, before he goes, to say something.
Dearest Louisa, how delightful, to bring young people together !

Is it to Florence we follow, or are we to tarry yet longer,
E'en amid clamor of arms, here in the city of old,
Seeking from clamor of arms in the Past and the Arts to be hidden,
Vainly 'mid Arts and the Past seeking our life to forget ?

Ah, fair shadow, scarce seen, go forth ! for anon he shall follow,—
He that beheld thee, anon, whither thou leadest, must go !
Go, and the wise, loving Muse, she also will follow and find thee !
She, should she linger in Rome, were not dissevered from thee !

[To be continued.]

A WELSH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

I HAD been knocking about London, as the phrase goes, for more months than I choose to mention, when, my purse presenting unmistakable symptoms of a coming state of collapse, I began seriously to look about me for the means of replenishing it. Luckily, I had not to wait long for an opportunity. One morning, as I sat in the box of a coffee-room in Holborn, running my eye over the advertisement columns of the "Times," I met with one which promised novelty, at least; I had had too much experience in such matters to anticipate from it any very great pecuniary compensation. The said advertisement was to the effect, that a gentleman who combined literary tastes with business habits was required to edit a paper published in a town in South Wales; and it went on to state, that application, personally or by letter, might be made to the proprietor of the said journal at M—.

That I possessed some taste for literature I was well enough assured; but as for my "business habits," perhaps the least said about them, the better. This condition of candidateness, however, I quietly shirked, while counting over my few remaining coins, scarcely more than sufficient, after paying my landlady, to defray my expenses to M—, some one hundred and sixty miles distant. Determining, then, to assume a commercial virtue, though I had it not, I quitted the metropolis, and in due time reached the land of leeks, with a light heart, and seven and sixpence sterling in my pocket.

A queer little Welsh town was M—, with an androgynous population,—or so it seemed to me, who had never before beheld women wearing men's hats and coats, and men with head-coverings and other articles of apparel of a very ambiguous description. It chanced to be market-day when I arrived, so that I had a capital opportunity of observing the

population for whose edification my "literary tastes" were, I hoped, to be called into requisition. But at the very outset a tremendous difficulty stared me in the face. Nine out of every ten of the people I met or passed spoke in a language that to me was as unintelligibly mysterious as the cuneiform characters on Mr. Layard's Nineveh sculptures. It was a hard, harsh, guttural dialect, which even those who were to the manner born seemed to jerk out painfully and spasmodically from their lingual organs. This was especially obvious during a bargain, where an excited market-man was endeavoring to pass off a tough old gander as a tender young goose, to some equally excited customer. It was dissonant enough to *my* ear, but I fancy it would have driven a sensitive Italian to distraction. After listening to the horrible jargon for some time, I could easily believe the story which poor William Maginn used to tell with such unction, of the origin of the Welsh language. It was to this effect.—When the Tower of Babel was being built, the workmen all spoke one tongue. Just at the very instant when the "confusion" occurred, a mason, trowel in hand, called for a brick. This his assistant was so long in handing to him, that he incontinently flew into a towering passion, and discharged from the said trowel a quantity of mortar, which entered the other's windpipe just as he was stammering out an excuse. The air, rushing through the poultice-like mixture, caused a spluttering and gurgling, which, blending with the half-formed words, became that language ever since known as Welsh.—I think it my duty to advise the reader never to tell this anecdote to any descendants of Cadwallader, who are peculiarly sensitive on the subject, and so hot-blooded, that it is not at all unlikely the injudicious story-teller might be deprived of any future opportunity of insulting the

Ap-Shenkins, the Ap-Joneses, and the race of very irascible Taffys in general.

I had, however, little time to study either language or character; so, after a plain dinner at the Merlin's Head, the chief inn of the place, I set out for the purpose of seeing the newspaper proprietor. Fortified by a letter of introduction and some testimonials, I entered his shop,—he was a bookseller and stationer,—and inquired for Mr. F—.

"That's my name," said a red-faced man behind the counter. I handed him the introductory note, he glanced at it and then at me, thrust it into his waist-coat pocket, and, as soon as he had served the customer with whom he was engaged, led the way into a little room adjoining the place of business.

Mr. F— owned the newspaper; but, as he never ventured in a literary way beyond reading proofs of advertisements, he was compelled to employ an editor to do the leaders, select from the exchanges, prepare the local news, and get up the reporting. He was, however, a practical printer, and, in the main, a good fellow. After looking at my testimonials and asking a few questions, my services were accepted, and I was duly installed as editor of the "M— Beacon," a small, but rather influential county sheet. I ought to observe, that, as it circulated chiefly in places where English was generally spoken, my ignorance of Welsh was of but little importance, especially as the foreman of the printing-office was a Cambrian, who could correct any errors I might make in Taffy's orthography, which, prodigal as it is of consonants and penurious of vowels, and, as it regards pronunciation, embarrassing to the last degree, might drive Elihu Burritt back to his smithy in an agony of despair.

Thus assisted, I got on tolerably well, though at first I made some awful mistakes in the names of places mentioned by witnesses in courts of justice and elsewhere. For instance, at the assizes, a man swore that he resided at a place

which he pronounced Monothosluin, and so I spelt it in my report. "Cot pless me, Sur!—sure inteed, and you have not spelt hur right," remarked Mr. Morgan, the foreman; and for my edification he set it up thus,—*Mynyddysllwyn*. I almost turned my tongue into a corkscrew, trying to speak the word as he did, and I fairly gave up in despair. After that, I made it a rule, when I did not know how to spell some unpronounceable word, to huddle a number of consonants together in most admired disorder, and I was then usually nearer correctness than if I had orthographized by ear.

I had been installed in the editorial chair some six months when Mr. F— informed me it was necessary I should visit Abergavenny, a town some twenty-five miles distant, for the purpose of reporting the proceedings at the Cymreiggddyon.

"And what the deuse is that?" I inquired.

I learned that it was a Triennial Musical Festival, so called,—at which all the musical talent of Wales would be present; in short, that it was a very grand occasion indeed, would be patronized by the aristocracy of the Principality, and full reports of each of the three days' proceedings were absolutely necessary.

Here again the Welsh difficulty started up; but as the Cymreiggddyon would be quite a novelty, I determined to trust to Chance and Circumstance,—two allies of mine who have gallantly aided me in many a tough battle of literary life.

Remembering the words of Goldsmith,—“The young noble who is whirled through Europe in his chariot sees society at a peculiar elevation, and draws conclusions widely different from him who makes the grand tour on foot,” I determined to make my way to Abergavenny either by means of my own legs or through the chance aid of those of a Welsh pony. So, one bright morning, with stick in hand, knapsack on shoulder, and a wandering artist for

a companion, I started for the iron district, as that part of Wales is termed. Wildly romantic were the roads we traversed; and after having threaded many a glen, leaped frequent torrents, ascended and descended mountains with impossible names, and plodded wearily across dreary moors, glad enough were we to observe, in the less thinly scattered cottages, indications of a town.

The clouds had been gathering ominously during the latter half of our long day of travel,—and as the sun set blood-red behind a heavy bank of vapor, it cast lurid reflections on large bodies of dense mist, which sailed heavily athwart the crests of the mountains, with low, ragged, trailing edges, that were too surely the precursors of a storm. Just before the orb finally disappeared, its slant rays streamed through some dark purple bars on the horizon's verge, and for an instant tinged the opposite distant mountains with strange supernatural hues. The Blorenge and the Sugar Loaf glowed like huge carbuncles, while the pale green light which bathed their bases gleamed faintly like a setting of aqua-marina. My artist companion incontinently fell into professional raptures, and raved of "effect," and "Turner," and "Ruskin," heedless of my advice that he had better hasten onward, lest night should overtake us in that wild region, where sheep-tracks, scarcely visible even by daylight, were our sole guides. At length, however, I managed to start him, and on we stalked, the decreasing twilight and the distant reverberations of thunder among the mountains hastening our steps, until they became almost a trot.

But soon the trot declined once more into a walk, and a slow one too,—for we entered a gloomy pass or gorge, whose rocky walls on either side effectually excluded what little light yet lingered in the sky. Cautiously picking our way, we slowly travelled on, until at length we became sensible of a faint red flush in the narrow strip of sky overhead. It seemed as though the sun had just

wheeled back to give a forgotten message to some starry-night-watcher,—or so my companion intimated. But, unfortunately for his theory, the dull red glare above us, which every moment deepened in intensity, was evidently the reflection of earthly, not heavenly fire. I had seen too many conflagrations to doubt that for an instant. Presently a dull, confused sound fell on our ears, and at a sudden turn round an angle of our mountain road we stood speechless as we gazed on a spectacle which Milton might have conceived and Martin painted.

"Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the wanderers entering Padalon,"

murmured the artist, as he gazed on the strange scene. And strange indeed was it to our startled eyes. We stood on the end and summit of a mountain spur, some two thousand feet above the valley, or rather basin, below, from the centre of which burst forth a thousand fires, whose dull roar—dulled by distance—was like "the noise of the sea on an iron-bound shore." The extent of space covered by those strange, fierce fires must have amounted to many acres, —in fact, did so, as we afterwards ascertained,—and the effect produced by them may be partially imagined when it is remembered that these flames were of all hues, from rich ruby-red, to the pale lurid light of burning sulphur. Fancy all the gems of Aladdin's Palace or Sinbad's Valley in fierce flashing combustion, immensely magnified, and you may form some faint idea of the scene in that Welsh valley.

Stretching out, like spokes of a gigantic wheel, from their fiery centre, were huge embankments, like those of Titanic railways, whose summits and sides, especially towards their extremities, glowed in patches with all the hues of the rainbow. As I gazed wonderingly on one of these,—a real mountain of light, far surpassing the Koh-i-Noor,—I observed a dark figure gliding along its summit, pushing something before it, like

a black imp conveying an unfortunate soul from one part of Tophet to another. At the extremity of the ridge the imp stopped, and suddenly there shot down the steep, not a tortured ghost, but a shower of radiant gems even more brilliant than those to which I have already referred.

"What, in the name of all that's wonderful, is *that?* " said my friend, Mr. Vandyke Brown; and I was also trying to account for the phenomena, when a voice close to my ear—a voice which I was certain belonged neither to Mr. B. nor myself—uttered the mysterious word,—

"Sl-aa-g!"

I looked round, and, sure enough, there stood a being who might very easily be mistaken for a new arrival from the bottomless pit. Such, however, it was evident he was not. Though he was black enough, in all conscience, he had neither horns, hoof, nor tail, and he was redolent rather of 'bacco than brimstone; a queer old hat, in the band of which was stuck an unlighted candle, covered a mass of matted red hair; his eyes were glaring and rimmed with red; and there was a gash in his face where his mouth should have been. A loose flannel shirt, which had once been red, a pair of indescribable trowsers, and thick-soled shoes, completed his dress,—an attire which I at once recognized as that common among the coal-miners of the district.

"Deed and truth, Sur, they is cinder-heaps and slag from the iron-works, Sur; and yon is Merthyr-Tydvil, sure."

Piloted by our dusky guide,—not exactly, though, like Campbell's "*Morning brought by Night,*"—we soon reached the town,—which is named after a young lady of legendary times named Tydfil, a Christian martyr, of which Merthyr-Tydvil is a corruption,—and made the best of our way to the Bush Inn, where we treated our sable friend to some *cwrt-dach*,—*Anglicé*, strong ale; and after a hearty supper of Welsh rabbit, which Tom Ingoldsby calls a "bunny without any bones," and "custard with mustard,"

—which, as made in the Principality, it much resembles,—I took a stroll through the town. It was a dull-looking place enough, and as dirty as dull; every house was built with dingy gray stones, without any reference whatever to cleanliness or ventilation; and as to the civilization of the inhabitants, I saw enough to convince me, that, to see real barbarism, an Englishman need only visit that part of Great Britain called Wales. It was eight in the evening, and the day-laborers at the furnaces had just left work. The doors of all the cottages were open, and, as I passed them, in almost every one was to be seen a perfectly naked stalwart man rubbing himself down with a dirty rough towel, while his wife and grown-up daughters or sisters, almost as nude and filthy as himself, stood listlessly by, or prepared his supper.

Glad to escape from such disgusting objects, I hurried back to the Bush and to bed. But not to rest, though; for during that long, miserable night, the eternal rattle of machinery, clattering of hammers, whirling of huge wheels, and roaring of blast-furnaces completely murdered sleep. Never, for one instant, did these sounds cease,—nor do they, it is said, the long year through; for if any accident happens at one of the five great iron-works, there are four others which rest not day nor night. Little, however, is this heeded by the people of Merthyr; *they* are lulled to repose by the clatter of iron bars and the thumping of trip-hammers, but are instantaneously awakened by the briefest intervals of silence.

Glad enough was I, the next morning early, to cross an ink-black stream and leave the town, and pleasant was it to breathe the free, fresh mountain air, after inhaling the foul smoke of the iron-works. Towards the close of the afternoon, after a delightful walk, a great portion of it on the banks of the picturesque river Usk, we came in sight of Abergavenny, where the Cymreiggddyón was to be held.

The first of the glorious three days was duly ushered in with the firing of

cannon, ringing of bells, and all kinds of extravagant jubilation. It wasn't quite as noisy as a Fourth of July, but much more discordant. Strings of flags were suspended across the streets,—flags with harps of all sorts and sizes displayed thereon,—flags with Welsh mottoes, English mottoes, Scotch mottoes, and no mottoes at all. In front of the Town Hall was almost an acre of transparent painting,—meant, that is, to be so after dark, but mournfully opaque and pictorially mysterious in the full glare of sunshine. As far as I could make it out, it was the full-length portrait—taken from life, no doubt—of an Ancient Welsh Bard. He was depicted as a baldheaded, elderly gentleman, with upturned eyes, apparently regarding with reverence a hole in an Indian-ink cloud through which slanted a gamboge sunbeam, and having a white beard, which streamed like a (horse-hair) "meteor on the troubled air." This venerable minstrel was seated on a cairn of rude stones, his white robe clasped at his throat and round his waist by golden brooches, and with a harp, shaped like that of David in old Bible illustrations, resting on the sward before him. In the background were some Druidical remains, by way of audience; and the whole was surrounded by a botanical border, consisting of leeks, oak-leaves, laurel, and mistletoe, which had a very rare and agreeable effect. Nor were these hieroglyphical decorations without a deep meaning to a Cambrian; for while the oak-leaf typified the durability of Welsh minstrelsy, the mistletoe its mysterious origin, and the laurel its reward, the national leek was pleasantly suggestive of its usual culinary companions, Welsh mutton and toasted cheese.

As in America, so in Wales, almost every public matter is provocative of a procession, and the proceedings of the Festival commenced with one. No doubt, it was to the eyes of the many, who from scores of miles round had travelled to witness it, a very imposing and serious demonstration; but anything more ridicu-

lously amusing it was never my good fortune to see. I had, however, to keep all my fun to myself, for Welshmen are not to be trifled with. Any one who wishes to be convinced of this need only walk into a Welsh village, singing the old child-doggerel of

"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece
of beef," etc.,

and, my life on it, he will not leave it without striking proofs of Welsh sensitiveness, and voluble illustrations of some Jenny Jones's displeasure. By no means inclined to subject myself to such inconvenient experiences, I prudently kept my eyes wide open and my mouth shut,—or if I spoke, I merely asked questions, by which means I acquired necessary information and passed off for a gratified stranger and an admiring spectator.

All the resources of the town and its neighborhood, and indeed of the county itself, had been exhausted to give due effect to the parade, of which I regret to say that I cannot hope to give any adequate description. All the usual elements of processions were to be seen. Bands of music,—there were at least a dozen of them, all playing different pieces at one and the same moment, which had a somewhat distracting effect on those sensitively-eared people who weakly prefer one air at a time and do not appreciate tuneful tornadoes. As the procession went by at a brisk pace, it was curious enough to notice how the last wailing notes of "A noble race was Shenko," played by a band in advance, blended with the brisk music of "My name's David Price, and I'm come from Llangollen," performed by a company in the rear. In fact, it was a genuine Welsh musical medley, and the daring genius who would have occupied himself in "untwisting all the links which tied its hidden soul of harmony," would have had about as difficult and distressing a task as he who tried to make ropes out of sea-sand.

Of course, these bands were made up

of divers instruments, but the national harp was head and chief of them all, as might naturally have been expected in such a place and at such a time. There were harps of all sorts and shapes; some of the Welsh urchins had even Jewsharps between their teeth. There were Irish harps, English harps, and Welsh harps. There was no Caledonian harp, though; but a remarkably dirty fellow in the procession seemed to be making up for the lack of one stringed instrument by bringing another,—the Scotch fiddle!—on which he perpetually played the tune of “God bless the gude Duke of Argyle!” There were harps with one, two, and three sets of strings,—harps with gold strings, silver strings, brass strings,—strings of cat-gut and brass,—strings red, and brown, and white. I looked sharp for the “harp of a thousand strings,” but it was nowhere to be seen; and surmising that such is only played on by the spirits of just men made perfect, I ceased to search further for it in *that* procession,—for though the men composing it might be just enough, they were evidently a long way from perfection. And when it is remembered that all these harps were twang-twanging away furiously, and that their strings were being swept over with no Bochsa fingers, few will wonder that I longed for cotton-wool, and blessed the memory of Paganini, who had only one string to his bow.

Harps, however, would be of little value, were there no bards to sing and no minstrels to play. Walter Scott was decidedly wrong, when, speaking of his minstrel, he says,—

“The *last* of all the bards was he.”

Nonsense! I saw at least fifty in that procession,—regular, legitimate bards,—each one having a bardic bald pate, a long white bardic beard, flowing bardic robes, bardic sandals, a bardic harp in his hand, and an ancient bardic name. There was Bard Alaw, Bard Llewellyn, Bard Ap-Tudor, Bard Llyyddmunnddgynn, (pronounce it, if you can, Reader,—I can’t,) and I am afraid to say how

many more, in face of the high poetical authority I have just cited and refuted. Talk of the age of poetry having passed away, when three-score and ten bards can be seen at one time in a little Welsh town! These men of genius were headed by Bard Alaw, whose unpoetical name, I almost hesitate to write it, was Williams,—Taliesin Williams,—the Welsh given name alone redeeming it from obscurity. I found, too, to my disenchantment, that all the other bards were Joneses and Morgans, Pryces and Robertses, when they were met in everyday life, before and after these festivals; and that they kept shops, and carried on mechanical trades. Only fancy Bard Ap-Tudor shaving you, or Bard Llyynnsllumpllyynn measuring you for a new pair of trowsers!

After the bards and minstrels came the gentry of the county, the clergy, and distinguished strangers, before and behind whom banners floated and flags streamed. On many of these banners were fancy portraits of Saint David, the Patron Saint of Wales, always with a harp in his hand. But the Saint must have had a singularly varied expression of countenance, or else his portrait-painters must have been mere blockheads, for no two of their productions were alike. I saw smiling Davids, frowning Davids, mild Davids, and ferocious Davids,—Davids with oblique eyes, red noses, and cavernous mouths,—and Davids as blind as bats, or with great goggle-orbs, aquiline nasal organs, blue at the tips, and lips made for a lisp. One David had a brown Welsh wig on his head, and was anachronistically attired in a snuff-colored coat, black small-clothes, gray, coarse, worsted stockings, high-low boots, with buckles, and he wore on his head a three-cornered hat, and used spectacles as big as tea-saucers. On my remarking to a bystander, that I was not aware knee-breeches were worn in the time of the ancient kings, I was condescendingly informed that *this* David was not the celebrated Monarch-Minstrel, but a Mr. Pryce David, the

founder of the Cymreiggddyon Society. But the most amusing David was one depicted on a banner carried in front of a company of barbers belonging to the order of Odd Fellows. In that magnificent work of art David was represented bewailing the death of Absalom, that unhappy young man being seen hanging by his hair from a tree. Out of the mouth of David issued a scroll, on which was inscribed the following touching verse :—

“Oh, Absalom ! Oh, Absalom !

Oh, Absalom, my son !

If thou hadst worn a good Welsh wig,
Thou hadst not been undone !”

It was with no little trouble that I elbowed my way into the great temporary hall where the exercises were to be held ; but by dint of much pressing forward, I at length reached the reporters' bench. Directly in front was a raised platform, and on two sides of the tent galleries had been erected for the bards and orators. On the platform table were arranged prizes to be given for the best playing, singing, and speaking,—and also for articles of domestic Welsh manufacture, such as plaids, flannels, and the like. A large velvet and gilded chair was placed on a dais for the president, and on either side of this, seats for ladies and visitors. In a very short time every corner of the spacious area was crammed.

And a pretty and a cheerful spectacle was presented wherever the eye turned. As in almost all other gatherings of the kind, the fair sex were greatly in the majority ; and during the interval which elapsed between the opening of the doors and the beginning of business, the clatter of female tongues was prodigious. The sex generally are voluble when in crowds; but as for Welsh women, their loquacity was far beyond anything of the kind I had ever conceived of. And there were some wonderfully handsome specimens of girlhood, womanhood, and matronhood among that great gathering; though I am compelled to admit that in Wales beauty forms the exception, rather than the rule.

But the bards are in their places,—the front rows of either gallery ; the president has taken his seat ; the leading ladies of the county are in their chairs ; and while the large audience are settling down into their places, let us glance at two or three of the celebrities present.

On the foremost seat, to the right of the chairman, sits a lady who is evidently a somebody, since all the gentlemen, on entering, pay her especial respect. She is rather past the middle age, but has worn well ; her eye is still bright, her cheek fresh-colored, and her skin smooth. Evidently she takes much interest in the proceedings,—and little wonder,—for it is mainly owing to her exertions that the Festival has not become one of the things that were. Her name ? You may see it embroidered in dahlias on yonder broad strip of white cotton, stretching across the breadth of the hall, nearly over her head. These blossoms form the letters and words, GWENNEN GWENT, or “The Bee of Gwent,”—Gwent being the ancient name of that portion of Glamorgan. The title is apt enough ; for Lady Hall—that is her matter-of-fact name—is proverbially one of the busiest of her sex in all that relates to the welfare of her poorer neighbors. She is wife of Sir Benjamin Hall, member of Parliament for the largest parish in London, St. Mary-le-bone, and whose county residence is at Llanover Court, near Abergavenny. That tall, aristocratic man near her is her husband ; but he looks somewhat out of place there. As a member of the House of Commons, he is prominent ; but evidently his present position is not at all to his taste.

On the left of the chairman is another lady, whose name is well known in literary circles. She is not Welsh by birth, though she is so by marriage,—she being united to one of the great iron-masters. She has a large face, open and cheerful-looking, if not handsome. The forehead is broad and white,—the eyes dark and lustrous. Formerly she was known to the reading world as Lady Charlotte Lindsay ; now she is Lady Charlotte

Guest; a woman than whom very few archaeologists are better acquainted with the Welsh language and its ancient literature. She is the author of that very learned work, "The Mabinogion," a collection of early Welsh legends. This book was printed a few years since by the pale-faced, intelligent-looking man who is standing behind her chair,—Mr. Rees,—a printer in an obscure Welsh hamlet, named Llandovery. He has, with perfect propriety, been termed the Welsh Elzevir; and certainly a finer specimen of typography than that furnished by the "Mabinogion" can scarcely be produced.

The chairman is a pompous old nobody. Him I need not describe. The presiding and directing spirit of the place is a tall, slender gentleman with snow-white hair, dark, flashing eyes, and a graceful bearing; it is the Rev. Thomas Price, or, as his Welsh title has it, *Carnuhanawc*. He is a thorough believer in the ultra-excellence of everything Welsh,—Welsh music, Welsh flannels, Welsh scenery, Welsh mutton; and so far as regards the latter, I am quite of his opinion. After a very animated speech, he directs the competitors on the triple harp to stand forward and begin a harmonious contest.

There are three,—an old blind man, a young man, and a girl some fourteen years of age. Every one cheers the latter lustily, and "wishes she may get it." So do I, of course; and I listen with great interest as Miss Winifred Jenkins commences her performance, which she does without blush or hesitation, and with quite an I-know-all-about-it sort of air. I forget the particular piece the young lady played; but upon it she extemporized so many variations, that long before she came to an ending I had lost all remembrance of the text from which she had deduced her melodious sermon. There was, I thought, more mechanical tact than expression in her performance, but it was enthusiastically applauded for all that; and with an awkward curtsy—much like Sydney Smith's little servant-maid

Bunch's "bobbing to the centre of the earth"—the red-cheeked little harpist vanished.

Next came the young man; but several of the harp-strings at once snapped in consequence of his fierce fingering, and he broke down amidst howls of guttural disapprobation. So far as competition was concerned, he was, in sporting parlance, nowhere!

The old blind gentleman followed, and I do not think that I ever witnessed a more melancholy spectacle. Apollo playing on his stringed instrument presents a very graceful appearance; but fancy a Welsh Orpheus with a face all seamed and scarred by smallpox,—a short, fiery button in the middle of his countenance, serving for a nose,—a mouth awry and toothless,—and two long, dirty, bony hands, with claw-like fingers tipped with dark crescents,—and I do not think the picture will be a pleasant one. If the horrible-looking old fellow had concealed his ghastly eyes by colored glasses, the effect would not have been so disagreeable; but it was absolutely frightful to see him rolling his head, as he played, and every now and then staring with the whites of his eyes full in the faces of his unseen audience. At length, greatly to my relief, he gave the last decisive twang, and was led away by his wife. It is almost needless to say that the musical "Bunch" took the prize.

"Penillion Singing" was the next attraction. This was something like an old English madrigal done into Welsh, and, as a specimen of vocalization, pleasing enough,—as pleasing, that is, as Welsh singing *can* be to an English ear; but how different from the soft, liquid Italian trillings, the flexible English warblings, the melodious ballads of Scotland, or the rollicking songs of Ireland! There was only one of the many singers I heard at the Festival who at all charmed me, and that was a little vocalist of much repute in Southern Wales for her bird-like voice and brilliancy of execution. Her professional name was pretty enough, —*Eos Vach Morganwg*,—"The Little

Nightingale of Glamorgan." Her renderings of some simple Welsh melodies were delicious; they as far excelled the outpourings of the other singers as the compositions of Mendelssohn or Bellini surpass a midnight feline concert. I have heard Chinese singing, and have come to the conclusion, that, next to it, Welsh prize-vocalism is the most ear-distracting thing imaginable.

So it went on; Welsh, Welsh, Welsh, nothing but Welsh, until I was heartily sick of it. Then, the singing part of the performance being concluded, the bardic portion of the business commenced. It was conducted in this manner:—

The names of several subjects were written on separate slips of paper, and these being placed in a box, each bard took one folded up and with but brief preparation was expected to extemporize a poem on the theme he had drawn. The contest speedily commenced, and to me this part of the proceedings was far and away the most entertaining. Of course, being, as I said, ignorant of the language, I could not understand the *matter* of the improvisations; but as for the *manner*, just imagine a mad North American Indian, a howling and dancing Dervise, an excited Shaker, a violent case of fever-and-ague, a New York auctioneer, and a pugilist of the Tom Hyer school, all fused together, and you may form some faint idea of a Welsh bard in the agony of inspiration. Such roaring, such eye-rolling, such thumping of fists and stamping of feet, such joint-dislocating action of the arms, such gyrations of the head, such spasmodic jerkings-out of the language of the ancient Britons, I never heard before, and fervently pray that I never may again. And, let it be remembered, the grotesque costume of the bard wonderfully heightened the effect. His long beard, made of tow, became matted with the saliva which ran down upon it from the corners of his mouth; his make-believe bald scalp was accidentally wiped to one side, as he mopped away the perspiration from his forehead with a red cotton handkerchief;

and a nail in the gallery front catching his ancient robe, in a moment of frenzy, a fearful rending sound indicated a solution of continuity, and exposed a modern blue *unbardic* pair of breeches with bright brass buttons beneath,—an incident in keeping with the sham nature of all the proceedings. For a mortal half hour this exhibition lasted, and when the impassioned speaker sat down, panting and perspiring, the multitude stamped, clapped, and hallooed, and went into such paroxysms of frenzy, that Bedlam broke loose could alone be compared with it.

During the three days the Festival lasted, such scenes as I have described were repeated,—the only changes being in the persons of the singers and spouters. Glad enough was I when all was over, and my occupation as reporter gone, for that time at least. With the aid of a Welsh friend I managed to make a highly florid report of the proceedings, which occupied no less than eight columns of the "M——Beacon." As several of the speakers were only too glad to give me, *sub rosâ*, copies of their speeches in their native language, and as none knew of that fact but ourselves, I gained no little reputation as an accomplished Welsh scholar. The result of this was, that presents of Welsh Bibles, hymn-books, histories, topographies, and the like, by the score, were forwarded to me,—some out of respect for my talents as a great Welsh linguist, others for review in the newspaper. I was neither born to such greatness, nor did I ever achieve it; it was literally thrust on me; so also were sundry joints of the delicious Liliputian Welsh mutton, which latter I am not ashamed to say I thoroughly understood, appreciated, and digested. The ancient *litter-ature*, I am sorry to confess, I sold as waste paper, at so much per pound; but to show that some lingering regard for at least two of Cambria's institutions yet reigns in this —— bosom, I am just about to begin upon a Welsh rabbit, and wash it down with a pitcher of *curw dach*.

CORNUCOPIA.

THERE's a lodger lives on the first floor,
 (My lodgings are up in the garret,)
 At night and at morn he taketh a horn
 And calleth his neighbors to share it,—
 A horn so long, and a horn so strong,
 I wonder how they can bear it.

I don't mean to say that he drinks,
 For that were a joke or a scandal ;
 But, every one knows it, he night and day blows it ;—
 I wish he'd blow out like a candle !
 His horn is so long, and he blows it so strong,
 He would make Handel fly off the handle.

By taking a horn I don't hint
 That he swigs either rum, gin, or whiskey ;
 It's *we* who drink in his din worse than gin,
 His strains that attempt to be frisky,
 But are grievously sad.—A donkey, I add,
 Is as musical, braying in *his* key.

It's a puzzle to know what he's at;
 I could pity him, if it were madness :
 I never yet knew him to play a tune through,
 And it gives me more anger than sadness
 To hear his horn stutter and stammer to utter
 Its various abortions of badness.

At his wide open window he stands,
 Overlooking his bit of a garden ;
 One can see the great ass at one end of his brass
 Blaring out, never asking your pardon :
 This terrible blurting he thinks is not hurting,
 As long as his own ear-drums harden.

He thinks, I've no doubt, it is sweet,
 While thus Time and Tune he is flaying ;
 The little house-sparrows feel all through their marrows
 The jar and the fuss of his playing,—
 The windows all shaking, the babies all waking,
 The very dogs howling and baying.

One note out of twenty he hits,
 And, cheered, blows *pianos* like *fortes*.
 His time is his own. He goes sounding alone,
 (A sort of Columbus or Cortés,)
 On a perilous ocean, without any notion
 Whereabouts in the dim deep his port is.

Like a man late from club, he has lost
 His key, and around stumbles moping,
 Touching this, trying that, now a sharp, now a flat,
 Till he strikes on the note he is hoping,
 And a terrible blare at the end of the air
 Shows he's got through at last with his groping.

There,—he's finished,—at least, for a while ;
 He is tired, or come to his senses ;
 And out of his horn shakes the drops that were borne
 By the winds of his musical frenzies.
 There's a rest, thank our stars, of ninety-nine bars,
 Ere the tempest of sound recommences.

When all the bad players are sent
 Where all their false notes are protested,
 I am sure that Old Nick will play him a trick,
 When his bad trump and he are arrested,
 And down in the regions of Discord's own legions
 His head with two French horns be crested.

MY JOURNAL TO MY COUSIN MARY.

March, 1855.

OF all the letters of condolence I have received since my misfortune, yours has consoled me most. It surprises me, I confess, that a far-away cousin—of whom I only remember that she had the sweetest of earthly smiles—should know better how to reach the heart of my grief and soothe it into peace, than any nearest of kin or oldest of friends. But so it has been, and therefore I feel that your more intimate acquaintance would be something to interest me and keep my heart above despair.

My sister Catalina, my devoted nurse, says I must snatch at anything likely to do that, as a drowning man catches at straws, or I shall be overwhelmed by this calamity. But is it not too late ? Am I not overwhelmed ? I feel that life is a revolting subject of contemplation in my circumstances, a poor thing to look forward to. Death itself looks pleasanter.

Call up to your mind what I was, and what my circumstances were. I was healthy and strong. I could run, and wrestle, and breast strong winds, and cleave rough waters, and climb steep hills,—things I shall henceforth be able only to remember,—yes, and to sigh to do again.

I was thoroughly educated for my profession. I was panting to fulfil its duties and rise to its honors. I was beginning to make my way up. I had gained one cause,—my first and last,—and my friends thought me justified in entertaining the highest hopes.

It had always been an object of ambition with me to—well, I will confess—to be popular in society ; and I know I was not the reverse.—So much, Mary, for what I was. Now see what I am.

I am, and shall forever be,—so the doctors tell me,—a miserable, sickly, helpless being, without hope of health or independence. My object in life can only

be—to be comfortable, if possible, and not to be an intolerable trial to those about me! Worth living for,—isn't it?

An athlete, eager and glowing in the race of life, transformed by a thunderbolt into a palsied and whining cripple for whom there is no Pool of Bethesda,—that is what has befallen me!

I suppose you read the shocking details of the collision in the papers. Catalina and I sat, of course, side by side in the cars. We had that day met in New York, after a separation of years. She had just returned from Europe. I went to meet and escort her home, and, as we whirled over the Jersey sands, I told her of all my plans and hopes. She listened at first with her usual lively interest; but as I went on, she looked me full in the face with an air of exasperated endurance, as if what I proposed to accomplish were beyond reason. I own that I was in a fool's paradise of buoyant expectation. At last she interrupted me.

"Ah, yes! No doubt! You'll do those trifles, of course! And, perhaps, among your other plans and intentions is that of living forever? It is an easy thing to resolve upon;—better not stop short of it."

At this instant came the crash, and I knew nothing more until I heard people remonstrating with Kate for persisting in trying to revive a dead man, (myself,) while the blood was flowing profusely from her own wound. I heard her indignantly deny that I was dead, and, with her customary irritability, tell them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for saying so. They still insisted that I was "a perfect jelly," and could not possibly survive, even if I came to consciousness. She contradicted them energetically. Yet they pardoned, and liked her. They knew that a fond heart keenly resents evil prophecies of its beloved ones. Besides, whatever she does or says, people always like Kate.

After a physician arrived, it was found that the jellying of my flesh was not the worst of it; for, in consequence of some injury to my spine, my lower limbs were paralyzed. My sister, thank Heaven,

had received only a slight cut upon the forehead.

Of course I don't mean to bore you with a recital of all my sufferings through those winter months. I don't ask your compassion for such trifles as bodily pain; but for what I am, and must forever be in this life, my own heart aches for pity. Let yours sympathize with it.

I thought to be so active, so useful, perhaps so distinguished as a man, so blest as husband and father!—for you must know how from my boyhood up I have craved, what I have never had, a home.

Now that I have been thrust out of active life and forced to make up my mind to perfect passiveness, I have become a bugbear to myself. I cannot endure the thought of ever being the peevish egotist, the exacting tyrant, which men are apt to become when they are thrown upon woman's love and long-suffering, as I am.

My only safeguard is, I believe, to keep up interests out of myself, and I beg of you to help me. I believe implicitly in your expressed desire to be of some service to me, and I ask you to undertake the troublesome task of correspondence with a sick man, and almost a stranger. I will, however, try to make you acquainted with myself and my surroundings, so thoroughly that the latter difficulty will soon be obviated.

First, let me present my sister,—named Catalina,—called Kate, Catty, or Lina, according to the fancy of the moment, or the degree of sentimentality in the speaker. You have not seen her since she was a child, so that, of course, you cannot imagine her as she is now. But you know the circumstances in which our parents left us. You remember, that, after living all his life in careless luxury, my father died penniless. Our mother had secured her small fortune for Kate; and at her death, just before my father's, she gave me—an infant a few weeks old—into my sister's young arms, with full trust that I should be taken care of by her. You know of

all my obligations to her in my babyhood and for my education, which she drudged at teaching for years to obtain for me. I could never repay her for such devotion, but I hoped to make her forget all her trials, and only retain the happy consciousness of having had the making of such a famous man! I expected to place her in affluence, at least.

And now what can I bring to her but grief and gray hairs? I am dependent upon her for my daily bread; I occupy all her time, either in nursing or sewing for me; I try her temper hourly with my sick-man's whims; and I doom her to a future of care and economy. Yet I believe in my soul that she blesses me every time she looks upon me!

Thackeray says women like to be martyred. I hardly think it is the pursuit of pleasure which leads them to self-denial. Men, at any rate, do not often seek enjoyment in that form. If women do make choice of such a class of delights, even instinctively, they need advance no other claim to superiority over men. The higher the animal, the higher its propensities.

Kate the other day was asserting a wife's right to the control of her own property, and incidentally advocating the equality of the sexes,—a touchy point with her. I put in,—

"Tell me, then, Lina, why animals form stronger attachments to men than to women. Your dog, your parrot, even your cat, already prefers me to you. How can you account for it, unless by allowing that there is more in us to respect and love?"

"I account for it," said she, with her most decided nod, "by affinity. There is more affinity between you and brutes. It is the sons of God who find the daughters of men fair. We draw angels from the skies;—even your jealous, reluctant sex has borne witness to that."

"Pshaw! only those anomalous creatures, the poets. But please yourself with such fancies; they encourage a pretty pride that becomes your sex. Conscious forever of being your lords,

we feel that the higher you raise yourselves, the higher you place us. You can't help owning that angelic woman-kind submits—and gladly—to us."

"Nonsense! conceited nonsense!"

"But don't they?"

"Some do; but I do not."

"Why, all my life you have been to me a most devoted, obedient servant, Kate."

"Yes, I have my pets," she answered, "and I care for them. I am housemaid to my bird; my cat makes her bed of my lap and my best silk dress; I am purveyor to my dog, head-scratcher to my parrot, and so forth. It is my pleasure to be kind. Higher natures always are so,—yes, Charlie, even minutely solicitous for the welfare of the objects of their care; for are not the very hairs of our head all numbered by the Most Beneficent?"

She began in playful insolence, but ended with tearful eyes, and a grateful, humble glow upon her face. Its like I had never seen before in her rather imperious countenance. I gazed at her with interest. She saw me, and was irritated to be caught with moistened eyes. She scorns crying, like a man.

"Come, come!" said she, childishly and snappishly, "what are you looking at?"

Of course you cannot have any idea of her personal appearance from memory, and I will try to give you one by description.

Though over thirty, she is generally considered very handsome, and is in the very prime of her beauty; for it is not of the fragile, delicate order. She has jet-black, very abundant hair, hazel eyes, and a complexion that is very fair, without being blonde. A bright, healthy color in cheek and lip makes her look as fresh as a rose. Her nose is the doubtful feature. It is—hum!—*Roman*, and some fastidious folks think a *trifle* too large. But I think it suits well her keen eyes and slightly haughty mouth. She has fine hands, a tall figure, and an independent "grand action," that is not want-

ing in grace, but is more significant of prompt energy.

The study of woman is a new one to me. I often see Kate's friends and gossips,—for I occupy the parlor as sick-room,—and I lie philosophizing upon them by the hour, puzzling myself to solve the problem of their idiosyncrasies. Lady Mary Wortley Montague said, that, in all her travels, she had met with but two kinds of people,—men and women. I begin to think that one sex will never be thoroughly comprehended by the other, notwithstanding the desperate efforts the novelists are making now-a-days. They all go upon the same plan. They take some favorite woman, watch her habits keenly, dissect her, analyze her very blood and marrow,—then patch her up again, and set her in motion by galvanism. She stalks through three volumes and—drops dead. I have seen Kate laugh herself almost into convulsions over the knowing remarks upon the sex in Thackeray, Reade, and others. And I must confess that the women I know resemble those of no writer but Shakespeare.

We take our revenge for this irritating incapacity by saying that neither can women create ideal men at all resembling reality. But *halte là!* Was it not said at first that Rochester *must* be a man's man? Is not the little Professor Paul Emanuel an actual masculine creature? Heathcliff was a fiend,—but a male fiend.

But where am I wandering? To come back to my sister. She is a fair specimen of the quick, impulsive, frank class of women. She says she belongs to the *genus irritabile*. She is easily excited to every good emotion, and also to the nobler failings of anger, indignation, and pride. But she is so far above any meanness or littleness, that she don't know them when she sees them. They pass with her for what they are not, and she is spared the humiliation of knowing what her species is capable of. Kate's nature is very charming, but there is a gentler, calmer order of beings in the sex. I once was greatly attracted by one of them; and

you, I think, belong to that order. However, I should not class you with her,—for Kate says she was a "deceitful thing." She may have been so, for aught I know; but I hold it as my creed, that there are some women all softness, all gentleness, all purity, all loveableness, and yet all strength of principle. Kate says, if there are men all courage, all chivalry, all ardor, and all virtue, I may be right.

The Germans say, "Give the Devil a hair, and he will get your whole head." Luckily it is the same with the good angels. I have seen a hundred examples to prove it true. I will give the one nearest my heart.

Lina's generous aspiration at the birth of her baby brother was the hair. Since then, the angel of generosity has drawn her on from one self-denying deed to another, until he has possessed her utterly. Her self-sacrifice was completed some weeks ago. I will tell you how,—for her light shall not be hidden under a bushel.

When I arrived at this, her little cottage home, after the accident, it was found impossible to get me up stairs. So I have since occupied the parlor as my sick-room,—having converted a large airy china-closet into a recess for a bed, and banished the dishes to the kitchen dresser. During the day I occupy a soft hair-cloth-covered couch, and from it I can command, not a view, but a hearing, of the two porches, the hall, and the garden.

The day after my return was a soft, warm day; and though it was in February, the windows were all open. I heard a light carriage drive up to the front door, and supposing it to be the doctor, I awaited his entrance with impatience. After some time I discovered that he was with Kate in the garden, and I could hear their voices. I listened with all my ears, that I might steal his true opinion of myself; for I concluded that Kate was having a private consultation, and arranging plans by which I was to be bolstered up with prepared accounts, and not told the plain facts of the case. I had before suspected that they did not tell me the worst. I could just catch my name

now and then, but no more ; and I wished heartily that they were a little nearer the windows. They must be, I thought, quite at the bottom of the garden. Suddenly I perceived that the voice addressing my sister was one of impassioned persuasion, and I heard the words, "Be calm and reasonable,"—"Not forever." Then Kate said, with a burst of sobs, "Only in heaven."

"It is all over with me, then," I thought, aghast. But having settled it, after a struggle, to be the best thing both for me and Kate, I began to listen again. They were quite silent for some moments. Then I heard sounds which surprised me, —low, loving tones,—and I desperately wrench'd myself upon my elbows to look out. The agony of such effort was more tolerable than the agony of suspense. They were not far off, as I supposed, but close under the window, standing in the little box-tree arbor, screen'd from all eyes but mine; and no doubt Kate believed herself safe enough from these, as I had never been capable of such exertion since the accident. Their low tones had deceived me as to their distance.

I was mistaken in another respect. It was not the doctor with Kate, but a fine-looking man, whose emotion declared him her lover. His arm held her, and hers rested upon his shoulder, as she looked up at him and spoke earnestly. His face expressed the greatest alarm and grief. I do not know where she found the resolution, while looking upon it, to do what she did; for, Mary,—I can hardly bear to write it,—I heard her forever renounce her love and happiness for my sake.

I might then have cried out against this self-sacrifice ; but there is something sacred in such an interview, and I could not thrust myself upon it. I wish now that I had done so. But then I listened in silence—grief-struck—to the rejection of him she loved,—to the farewells. I saw the long-clasped hands severed with an effort and a shudder ; I saw my proud sister offer and give a kiss far more fervent than that which she received in return ;—for she felt that this was a

final parting, and her heart was full of love and sorrow ; while in his there lingered both hope and anger,—hope that I would recover, and release her,—resentment because she could sacrifice him to me.

And yet, after the parting, Kate had but just turned from him, when a change came over his countenance, at first of enthusiastic admiration, then of a yet more burning pain. He walked quickly after her, caught her in his arms, and dashing away tears, that they might not fall upon her face, he kissed her passionately, and said, "It is hard that I must say it, but you are right, Lina ! Oh, my God ! *must* I lose such a woman ?"

Kate, trembling, panting, stamped her foot and cried, "Go, go!—I cannot stand it!—go!" Ah, Mary ! that poor, pale face ! He went. Kate made one quick, terrified, instantly restrained motion of recall, which he did not see ; but I did, and I fainted with the pang it gave me.

When I recovered consciousness, I found my sister bending over me, blaming herself for neglecting me for so long a time, and calling herself a cruel, faithless nurse, with acute self-reproach !—There's woman for you !

I told her what I had overheard, and protested against what she had done. She said I must not talk now,—I was too ill ; she would listen to me to-morrow. The next day I broached the subject again, as she sat by my side, reading the evening paper. She put her finger on a paragraph and handed it to me. I read that one of the steamships had sailed at twelve o'clock that day. "He is in it," Kate said, and left the room.—He is in Europe by this time.

Helpless wretch that I am !

Are not Kate's whole head and heart, and all, under the dominion of Heaven's best angels ?

II.

March, 1855.

AND now, dear Mary, I intend to let you into our household affairs. This illness has brought me one blessing,—a

home. It has plunged me into the bosom of domestic life, and I find things there exceedingly amusing. Things commonplace to others are very novel and interesting to me, from my long residence in hotels, and perfect ignorance of how the pot was kept boiling from which my dinners came.

But before you enter the house, take a look at the outside, and let me localize myself in your imagination. Bosky Dell is a compact little place of ten acres, covered mostly with a dense grove, and cut into two unequal parts by a brawling, rocky stream. The house—a little cottage, draped with vines, and porched—sits on a slope, with an orchard on one side, a tiny lawn bordered with flowers on another, the shade of the grove darkening the windows of a third, and on the fourth a kitchen-garden with strawberry-beds and grape-trellises. It is a pretty little place, and full of cosy corners. My favorite one I must describe.

It is a porch on the south side of the house, between two projections. Consequently both ends of it are closed; one, by the parlor wall, in which there is a window,—and the other, by the kitchen window and wall. It is quite shut in from winds, and the sun beams pleasantly upon it, these chilly March days. There is just room enough for my couch, Kate's rocking-chair, and a little table. Here we sit all the morning,—Kate sewing, I reading, or watching the sailing clouds, the swelling tree-buds in the grove, and the crocus-sprinkled grass, which is growing greener every day.

Thus, while busy with me, Kate can still have an eye to her kitchen, and we both enjoy the queer doings and sayings of our "culled help," Saide. She became Kate's servant under an inducement which I will give in her own words.

"Massy! Miss Catline, when *I* does a pusson a good turn, seems like *I* wants to keep on doin' 'em good turns. I didn't do so drefle much for you, but *I* jes got one chance to help you a bit, and seems like *I* couldn't be satisfiedon to let you

alone no more."—A novel reason to hear given, but a true one in philosophy.

This "chance" was when my sister was attacked with cholera once, in the first panic caused by it, of late years. All her friends had fled to the country, and she was quite alone in a boarding-house. I was at college. She would have been left to die alone, so great was the fear of the disease, if Saide, who was cook in the establishment, had not boiled over with indignation, and addressed her selfish mistress in this fashion:—

"That ar' young lady's not to have no care, nohow, took of her, a'n't she? She's to be lef' there a-sufferin' all alone that-a-way, is she? I guess so too! Hnh! Now I'se gwine to nuss her, and I don't keer if you don't know nothin' about *culinin'*, you must get yer own dinnas and breakwusses and suppas. That's the plain English of it,—leastways till she's well ag'in."

She devoted herself night and day to Kate for several weeks, and then accompanied her to this house, as a matter of course. She is a privileged personage. She often pops her head out of the kitchen window to favor us with her remarks. As they always make us laugh, she won't take reproofs upon that subject. Kate says her impertinence is intolerable, but suffers it rather than resort to severity with her old benefactress. I enjoy it.

She manages to turn her humor to account in various ways. I heard her exclaim,—

"Laws-a-me! Dere goes de best French-chayny gold-edged tureen all to smash! Pieces not big enough to save! Laws now, do let me study how to tell de folks, so's to set 'em larfin'. Dere's great 'easion to find suthin' as 'll do it, 'cause dey thinks a heap o' dis yere ole chayny. Mr. Charley now,—he's easy set off; but Miss Catline,—she takes suthin' purty 'eute! Laws, I has to fly roun' to git dat studied out!"

Kate overheard this;—how could she scold?

Saide can never think unless she is "flyin' roun'"; and whenever there is a

great tumult in the kitchen, pans kicked about, tongs falling, dishes rattling, and table shoved over the floor, something pretty good, in the shape either of a *bonne-bouche* or a *bon-mot*, is sure to turn up.

This morning there was a furious hubbub, that threatened to drown my voice. Saide was evidently "flyin' roun'," and Kate, who could not hear half that I read, got out of patience.

"What is the matter?" she asked, raising the sash of the window.

"I on'y wants the currender, (colander,) Miss Catline,—dat's all, Miss."

"Well, does it take a whirlwind to produce it?"

"Oh, laws, Miss Catline! Don't be *dat* funny now, don't!—yegh! yegh!—I'se find it presentry. Ise on'y a little frustrated, (flustered,) Miss, with de 'fusion, and Ise jes a-studyin'. Never mind me, Miss,—dat's all, indeed it is,—and you'll have a fuss-rate minch-pie for dinner. I guess so, too!—yegh! yegh!"—And so we had.

Kate's domestics stand in much awe of her, but feel at least equal love. So that hers is a household kept in good order, with very little of the vexation, annoyance, and care, I hear so many of her married friends groaning about.

April.

For a month nearly, Kate has forbidden my writing, and the first part of this letter was not sent; so I will finish it now. My sister thought the effort of holding a pen, in my recumbent position, was too wearying to me; but now I am stronger, and can sit up supported by pillows. I hasten to tell you of another most important addition to my comfort, which has been made since I wrote last. I am so eager with the news, that I can hardly hold a steady pen. Isn't this a fine state for a promising young lawyer to be reduced to? He is wild with excitement, because some one has given him a new go-cart!

Ben, the gardener, was that indulgent individual. He made for me, with his

own industrious hands, what he calls a "jaunting-car-r-r-r." It is a large wheeled couch on springs. I am a house-prisoner no longer!

I think the first ride I took in it was the most exciting event of my life. I was not exactly conscious of being mortally tired of looking from the same porch, over the same garden, into the same grove, and up to the same quarter of the heavens, for so many months; but when the change came unexpectedly, it was *transporting* happiness.

I suppose it may be so when we enter a future life. While here, we think we do not want to go elsewhere,—even to a better land; but when we reach that shore, we shall probably acknowledge it to be a lucky change.

Ben drew me carefully down the garden-path. I inhaled the breath of the tulips and hyacinths, as we passed them. I longed to stay there in that fairy land, for they brought back all the unspeakably rapturous feelings of my boyhood. Strange that such delight, after we become men, never visits us except in moments brief as lightning-flashes,—and then generally only as a memory,—not, as when we were children, in the form of a hope! When we are boys, and sudden joy stirs our hearts, we say, "Oh, how grand life will be!" When we are men, and are thus moved, it is, "Ah, how bright life was!"

Ben did not pause in the hyacinth-bed with me. He was anxious to prove the excellence of his vehicle; so he dragged me on in it, until we had nearly reached the boundary of our grounds, where the two tall, ragged old cedar-trees marked the extreme point of the evergreen shrubbery, and the view of the neighborhood lies before us. He stopped there and said,—

"Ye'll mappen like to look abroad a bit, and Ise go on to the post-office. Miss Kathleen bid me put you here fornenst the landskip, and then leave ye. She was greatly fashed at the coompany cooming just then. I must go, Sir."

"All right, Ben. You need not hurry."

The fresh morning wind whisked up to me and kissed my face bewitchingly, as Ben removed his tall, burly form from the narrow opening between the two trees, and left me alone there in the shade, with nothing between me and the view.

That moment revealed to me the joy of all liberated prisoners. My eyes flew over the wide earth and the broad heavens. After a sweeping view of both in their vast unity, I began to single out particulars. There lay the village in the lap of the hills, in summer time "bosomed high in tufted trees," but now only half veiled by the gauze-like green of the budding foliage. The apple orchards, still white with blossoms, and green with wheat or early grass, extended up the hills, and encroached upon the dense brown forests. There was the little red brick turret which crowned the village church, and my eye rested lovingly upon it. Not that it was anything to me; but Kate and all the women I respect love it, or what it stands for, and through them I hope to experience that warm love of worship, and of the places dedicated to it, which seems native to them, and much to be desired for us. I have cared little for such things hitherto. Their beauty and happiness are just beginning to dawn upon me.

—“Dear Jesus, can it be?

Wait we till all things go from us or e'er we go to thee?

Ay, sooth! We feel such strength in weal, thy love may seem withheld:

But what are we in agony? *Dumb*, if we cry not ‘God!’”

Behind the village I can see the blue hazy line of a far-distant horizon, as the valley opens in that direction. I know the sea lies there, and sometimes I fancy that *mirage* lifts its dark waters to my sight.

In a wooded nook on my right stands the little brown mill, with its huge wheel, and wide blue pond, and foamy waterfall. On that day I heard its drone, and saw the geese bathing, and throwing up the bright sparkling drops with their wings, until they fell like fountains.

On my left lay “a little lane serene,” with stone fences half hid by blackberry-bushes,—

—“A little lane serene,
Smooth-heaped from wall to wall with un-
broken snows,
Or in the summer blithe with lamb-cropped
green,
Save the one track, where naught more rude
is seen

Than the plump wain at even
Bringing home four months' sunshine bound
in sheaves.”

I thought of those lines there and then, and they enhanced even the joy of Nature. They tinged her for me with the magic colors of poetry.

When I had thus scrutinized earth, I looked up to heaven. It had been so long shut from me by the network of the grove, that it was like escaping from confining toils, to look straight into Heaven's face, with nothing between, not even a cloud.

I have never seen a sweeter, calmer picture than that I gazed upon all the morning, and for which the two huge old cedars formed a rugged, but harmonious frame.

I have lived out of doors since. When it is cold, I am wrapped in a wadded robe Kate has made for me,—a capital thing, loose, and warm, and silky-soft. To an invalid with nerves all on edge, that is much. I never found out, until Kate enveloped me in its luxurious folds, what it was that rasped my feelings so, every morning, when I was dressed; I then knew it must have been my flashy woollen dressing-gown. I envy women their soft raiment, and I rather dread the day when I shall be compelled to wear coats again. (Let me cheat myself, if I can.)

III.

May, 1855.

You wish to know more of Ben. I am glad of it. You shall be immediately gratified.

He is a true Scot, tall and strong and sandy-haired, with quick gray eyes, and a grave countenance, which relaxes only upon very great provocation.

Before I came here, he was known

simply as a most careful, industrious, silent, saving machine, which cared not a jot for anybody in particular, but never wanted any spur to its own mechanical duty. It was never known to do a turn of work not legitimately its own, though mathematically exact in its proper office. But after I came here with my sister, a helpless cripple, we found out that the mathematical machine was a man, with a soft, beating heart. He was called upon to lift me from the carriage, and he did it as tenderly as a woman. He took me up as a mother lifts her child from the cradle, and I reposed passively in his strong arms, with a feeling of perfect security and ease.

From that day to this, Ben has been a most devoted friend to me. He watches for opportunities to do me kindnesses, and takes from his own sacred time to make me comforts. He has had me in his arms a hundred times, and carries me from bed to couch like a baby. I positively blush in writing this to you. You have known me to be a man for years, and here I am in arms again!

Ben's decent, well-controlled self-satisfaction, which almost amounts to dignity, is gone like a puff of smoke, at the word "Shanghai." Poor fellaw! He once had the hen-fever badly, and he don't like to recall his sufferings.

The first I knew of it was by his starting and changing color one day, when I was reading the news from China to Kate in the garden, he being engaged in tying up a rose-bush close by. Kate saw his confusion, and smiled. Ben, catching the expression of her face, looked inconceivably sheepish. He dropped his ball of twine, and was about to go away, but thinking better of it, he suddenly turned and said, with a grin and a blush,—

"Ye'll be telling on me, Miss Kathleen! so Ise be aforehond wi' ye, and let Mr. Charlie know the warst frae my ain confession, if he will na grudge me a quarter hour."

I signified my wish to hear, and with much difficulty and many questions wrung from him his "confession." Kate

afterwards gave me her version, and the facts were these:—

He persuaded Kate to let him buy a pair of Shanghais.

"But don't do it unless you are sure of its being worth while," Kate charged him; "because I can't afford to be making expensive experiments."

Ben counted out upon his fingers the numberless advantages.

"First, the value o' the eggs for sale, (mony aye had fetched a dollar,) forbye the economy in size for cooking, one shell hauding the meat o' twa common eggs. Second, the size o' the chickens for table, each hen the weight o' a turkey. Third, for speculation. Let the neebors buy, and she could realize sixty dollar on the brood o' twal' chicks; for they fetched ten dollar the pair, and could be had for nae less onywheres. Every hen wad hae twa broods at the smallest."

Kate doubted, but handed over the money. The next day she was awaked from a nap on the parlor sofa by a most unearthly music. There was one bar of four notes, first and third accented; bar second, a *crescendo* on a long swelled note, then a *decrescendo* equally long.

"Why," she cried, "is that our little bull-calf practising singing? I shall let Barnum know about him. He'll make my fortune!"

Ben knocked at the door, presented a radiant grin, and invited inspection of his Shanghais. Kate went with him to the cellar. There stood two feathered bipeds on their tip-toes, with their giraffe necks stretched up to my sister's swinging shelf where the cream and butter were kept. It spoke well for the size of their crows certainly, that, during the two minutes Ben was away, they had each devoured a "print" of butter, about half a pound!

"Saw ye ever the like o' thae birds, Miss Kathleen?" began Ben, proudly.

"My butter, my butter!" cried Kate.

Ben ran to the rescue, and having removed everything to the high shelf, he came back, saying,—

"It was na their fault. I tak shame

for not minding that they are so gay tall.
But did ye ever see the like o' yon
rooster?"

Indeed, she never had! The frightful
monster, with its bob-tail and boa-con-
strictor neck! But she said nothing.

Ben named them the Emperor and
Empress. They were not to be allowed
to walk with common fowls, and he soon
had a large, airy house made for them.
He watched these creatures with incess-
ant devotion, and one morning he was
beside himself with delight, for, by a most
hideous roaring on the part of the Em-
peror, and a vigorous cackling, which
Ben, very descriptively, called "scraugh-
ing," by the Empress, it was announced
that she had laid an egg!

Etiquette required Kate to call and ad-
mire this promise of royal offspring, and
she was surprised into genuine admiration
when she saw the prodigy. Her nose had
to lower its scornful turn, her lips to re-
lax their skeptical twist. It was an egg
indeed! Ben was nobly justified in his
purchase. His step was light that day.
Kate heard him singing, over and over
again, a verse from an old song which he
had brought with him from the land o'
cakes:—

"I hae a hen wi' a happity leg,
(Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me noo,)
And ilkay day she lays me an egg
(And I canna come ilkay day to woo!)"

Wooing any lass would, just now, have
been quite as secondary an affair with
the singer as in the song,—a something
par parenthèse.

But, alas! Ben's face was more dubious
the next day, and before the week
was over it was yard-long. The Em-
press, after that one great effort, laid no
more eggs, but duly began her second
duty, sitting. There was no doubt that
she meant to have but one chick,—out of
rivalry, perhaps, with the Pynchon hen.
It was gratifying, perhaps, to have her
so aristocratic, but it was not exactly
profitable as a speculation.

"Ben," said Kate, dryly, "I don't know
that that egg was wonderfully large, as
it contained the whole brood!"

Poor Ben! That was not all. The
clumsy, heavy Empress stepped upon
her egg, and broke it in the second week
of its existence; but, faithful to its mem-
ory, she refused to forego the duties of
maternity, and would persist in staying
on her nest. As the season advanced,
Ben lost hope of the second brood he
had counted upon. In short, his Em-
press had the legitimate "hen-fever,"
and it carried her off, though Ben tried
numberless remedies in common use for
vulgar fowls, such as pumping upon her,
whirling her by one leg, tying red flan-
nel to her tail, and so forth. Of course
such indignities were fatal to royalty, and
Ben gave up all hopes of a pure race of
Shanghais.

The Emperor was then set at liberty,
and for one short half-hour strutted like
a giant-hero among the astounded hens.
But no sooner did the former old cock—
who had game blood in him, repute said
—return from a distant excursion into
the cornfields with his especial favorites
about him, and behold the mighty majes-
ty of the monster, than his pride and ire
blazed up. He put his head low, ruffled
out his long neck-feathers, his eyes winked
and snapped fire with rage, he set out
his wings, took a short run, and, throwing
up his spurs with fury, struck the stupid,
staring Emperor a blow under the ear
which laid him low. Alas for royalty,
opposed to force of will!

"And you had to pocket the loss,
Kate?" I said.

"It was my gain," she replied. "Ben
had always been dictatorial before; but
after that, I had only to smile to remind
him of his fallibility, and I have been
mistress here ever since."

So far had I written when your wel-
come letter arrived. Kate found me
this morning sighing over it, pen in
hand, ready to reply. She put on her
imperious look, and said she forbade my
writing, if I grew gloomy over it. She
feared my letters were only the outpour-
ings of a disappointed spirit. Indul-
gence in grief she considered weak,
foolish, unprincipled, and egotistical.

"I can't help being egotistical," I replied, "when I see no one, and am shut up in the 'little world of me,' as closely as mouse in trap. And with myself for a subject, what can my letters be but melancholy?"

"Anybody can write amusing letters, if they choose," said Kate, reckless both of fact and grammar.

"Unless I make fun of you, what else have I to laugh at?"

"Well, do! Make fun of me to your heart's content! Who cares?"

"You promise to laugh with us, and not be offended?"

"I promise not to be offended. My laughing depends upon your wit."

"There is no mirth left in me, Kate. I am convinced that I ought to say with Jacques, 'Tis good to be sad, and say nothing."

"Then I shall answer as Rosalind did,—'Why, then, 'tis good to be a post!' No, no, Charlie, do be merry. Or if you cannot, just now, at least encourage 'a most humorous sadness,' and that will be the first step to real mirth."

"I shall never be merry again, Lina, till you let me recall Mr. ——. That care weighs me down, and I truly believe retards my recovery."

"Hush, Charlie!" she said, imperiously.

"Now, dear Kate, do not be obstinate. My position is too cruel. With the alleviation of knowing your happiness secure, I could bear my lot. But now it is intolerable, utterly!"

She was silent.

"You must give me that consolation."

"To say I would ever leave you, Charlie, while you are so helpless, would be to tell a lie, for I could not do it. Mr. —— is a civil engineer. He is always travelling about. I should have no settled home to take you to. How can you suppose I would abandon you? Do you think I could find any happiness after doing it? Let us be silent about this."

"I will not, Kate. I am sure, that, besides being a selfish, it would be a foolish thing to submit to you in this matter. I shall linger, perhaps, until your youth is

gone, and then have the pang, far worse than any other I could suffer, of leaving you quite alone in the world. Do listen to reason!"

She sat thinking. At last she said, "Well, wait one year."

"That would be nonsensical procrastination. Does not the doctor declare that a year will not better my condition?"

"But he cannot be sure. And I promise you, Charlie, that, if Mr. —— asks me then, I will think about it,—and if you are better, go with him. More I will not promise."

"A year from last February, you mean?"—A pause.

"Encroacher! Yes, then."

"And you will write to him to say so?"

"Indeed! That would be pretty behavior!"

"But as you rejected him decidedly, he may form new"—She clapped her hand upon my mouth.

"Dare to say it!" she cried.

I removed her hand, and said, eagerly, "Now, Kate, do not trifle. I must have some certainty that I am not wrecking your happiness. I cannot wait a year in suspense. I am a man. I have not the patience of your incomprehensible sex."

"I have more than patience to support me, Charlie," she whispered. "He insisted upon refusing to take a positive answer then, and said he should return again next spring, to see if I were in the same mind. So be at ease!"

I sighed, unsatisfied.

"I am sure he will come," she said, turning quite away, that I might not dwell upon her warm blush.

"There is Ben with the horse. Are you ready?" she asked, glad to change the subject.

I was always ready for that. I had enjoyed the "jaunting-car-r-r" so much, that my sister, resolved to gratify me further, had made comfortable arrangements for longer excursions. I found that I could sit up, if well supported by pillows; and so Kate had her "cabriolet" brought out and repaired.

She had not the least idea of what a cabriolet might be, when she named her vehicle so; but it sounded fine and foreign, and was a sort of witty contrast to the misshapen affair it represented. It was indescribable in form, but had qualities which recommended it to me. It was low, wide-seated, high-backed, broad, and long. The front wheels turned under, which was a lucky circumstance, as Kate was to be driver. Ben could not be spared from his work, and I was out of the question.

We have a horse to match this unique affair, called "Old Soldier,"—an excellent name for him; though, if Kate reads this remark, she will take mortal offence at it. She calls the venerable fellow her charger, because he makes such bold charges at the steep hills,—the only occasions upon which the cunning beast ever exerts himself in the least, well knowing that he will be instantly reined in. Kate has a horror of going out of a walk, on either ascent or descent, because "up-hill is such hard pulling, and down-hill so dangerous!"

Old Soldier can discern a grade of five feet to the mile of either. If I did not know his history, (an old omnibus horse,) I should say he must have practised surveying for years. He accommodates himself most obligingly to his mistress's whims, and walks carefully most of the time, except when he is ambitious of great praise at little cost, when he makes the charges aforesaid.

"He is so considerate, usually!" Kate says; "he knows we don't like tearing up and down hills; but now and then his spirit runs away with him!"—I wish it would some day with us. No hope of it!

We stop every two miles to water the horse, and though we are exceedingly moderate in our donations, we are a fortune to the hostlers. I carry the purse, as Kate is quite occupied in holding the reins, and keeping a sharp look-out that her charger don't run off. Not that he ever showed a disposition that way,—being generally quite agreeable, if we wish him to stand ever so long a time; but

Kate, says he is very nervous, and he *might* be startled, and then we *might* find it impossible to stop him,—a thing easy enough hitherto.

I am obliged to keep the purse in my hand all the time, there being such frequent use for it. Kate says,—

"Give the man a half-dime, Charlie, if you can find one. A three-cent piece looks mean, you know; and a fip mounts up so, it is rather extravagant. That is the twelfth fip that man has had this week, and for only holding up a bucket a half-minute at a time; for Soldier only takes one swallow."

She will pay every time we stop, if it is six times a day.

"Shall I give the man a half-dollar at once?" I ask, "and let that do for a week?"

"No, indeed! How mean I should feel, sneaking off without paying!"

When the roadside shows a patch of tender grass, Kate eyes it, and checks Soldier's pace. He knows what that means, and edges toward the tempting herbage.

"Poor fellow!" his driver says,—"it is like our having to pass a plate of peaches. Let him have a bite."

And so we wait while he grazes awhile. It is the same thing when we cross a brook, and Soldier pauses in it to cool his feet and look at his reflection in the water.

"Perhaps he wants a drink. We won't hurry him. We will let him see that we can afford to wait."

If he had not come to that conclusion from the very start, he must have believed human beings were miracles of patience and forbearance.

I could write a fine dissertation upon Kate's foolish fondness and her blind indulgence. I could show that these are the great failings of her sex, and prove how very much more rational *my* sex would be in like circumstances. But I find it too pleasant to be the recipient of such favors myself just now, to find fault. Wait until I do not need woman's tenderness, and then I'll abuse it famously. I

will say then, that she is weak, foolish, imprudent; I will say, she kills with kindness, spoils with indulgence, and all that; but just now I will say nothing.

In one thing I think her kindness very sensible,—she uses no check-rein. I think with Sir Francis Head, that all horses are handsomer with their heads held as Nature pleases. I pity the poor

creatures when I see them turning to one side and the other, to find a little relief in change of position. To restrain horses thus, who have heavy loads to pull, is the height of folly, as a waste of power.

You take no interest in these remarks, perhaps; but treasure them. If ever, Cousin Mary, you *drive a dray*, they will serve you.

[To be continued.]

THY PSYCHE.

LIKE a strain of wondrous music rising up in cloister dim,
Through my life's unwritten measures thou dost steal, a glorious hymn !
All the joys of earth and heaven in the singing meet, and flow
Richer, sweeter, for the wailing of an undertone of woe.
How I linger, how I listen for each mellow note that falls,
Clear as chime of angels floating downward o'er the jasper walls !

Every night, when winds are moaning round my chamber by the sea,
Thine's the face that through the darkness latest looks with love at me ;
And I dream, ere thou departest, thou dost press thy lips to mine ;—
Then I sleep as slept the Immortals after draughts of Hebe's wine !
And I clasp thee, out of slumber when the rosy day is born,
As the soul, with rapture waking, clasps the resurrection morn.

'Twas thy soul-wife, 'twas thy Psyche, one uplifted, radiant day,
Thou didst call me ;—how divinely on thy brow Love's glory lay !
Thou my Cupid,—not the boy-god whom the Thespians did adore,
But the man, so large, so noble, truer god than Venus bore.
I thy Psyche ;—yet what blackness in this thread of gold is wove !
Thou canst never, never lead me, proud, before the throne of Jove !
All the gods might toil to help thee through the longest summer day ;—
Still would watch the fatal Sisters, spinning in the twilight gray ;
And their calm and silent faces, changeless looking through the gloom,
From eternity, would answer, " Thou canst ne'er escape thy doom ! "
Couldst thou clasp me, couldst thou claim me, 'neath the soft Elysian skies,
Then what music and what odor through their azure depths would rise !
Roses all the Hours would scatter, every god would bring us joy,
So, in perfect loving blended, bliss would never know alloy !

O my heart ! the vision changes ; fades the soft celestial blue ;
Dies away the rapturous music, thrilling all my pulses through !
Lone I sit within my chamber ; storms are beating 'gainst the pane,
And my tears are falling faster than the chill December rain ;—
Yet, though I am doomed to linger, joyless, on this earthly shore,
Thou art Cupid !—I am Psyche !—we are wedded evermore !

DR. WICHERN AND HIS PUPILS.

"WOULD you like to spend a day at Horn and visit the *Rauhe Haus*?" inquired my friend, Herr X., of me, one evening, as we sat on the bank of the Inner Alster, in the city of Hamburg. I had already visited most of the "lions" in and about Hamburg, and had found in Herr X. a most intelligent and obliging cicerone. So I said, "Yes," without hesitation, though knowing little more of the *Rauhe Haus* than that it was a reform school of some kind.

"I will call for you in the morning," said my friend, as we parted for the night.

The morning was clear and bright, and I had hardly despatched my breakfast when Herr X. appeared with his carriage. Entering it without delay, we were driven swiftly over the pavements, till we came to the old city-wall, now forming a fine drive, when my friend, turning to the coachman, said,—

"Go more slowly."

"The scenery in this vicinity we Hamburgers think very beautiful," he continued, turning to me.

To my eye, accustomed to our New England hills, it was much too flat to merit the appellation of beautiful, though Art had done what it could to improve upon Nature; so I assented to his encomiums upon the landscape, but, desirous of changing the subject, added,—

"This *Rauhe Haus*, where we are going, I know but little of; will you give me its history?"

"Most willingly," he replied. "You must know that our immense commerce, while it affords ample occupation for the enterprising and industrious, draws hither also a large proportion of the idle, depraved, and vicious. For many years, it was one of the most difficult questions with which our Senate has had to grapple, to determine what should be done with the hordes of vagrant children who swarmed about our quays, and were harbored in the filthy dens which before

the great fire of 1842 were so abundant in the narrow streets. These children were ready for crime of every description, and in audacity and hardihood far surpassed older vagabonds.

In 1830, Dr. Wichern, then a young man of twenty-two, having completed his theological studies at Göttingen and Berlin, returned home, and began to devote himself to the religious instruction of the poor. He established Sabbath-schools for these children, visited their parents at their homes, and sought to bring them under better influences. He succeeded in collecting some three or four hundred of them in his Sabbath-schools; but he soon became convinced that they must be removed from the evil influences to which they were subjected, before any improvement could be hoped for in their morals. In 1832, he proposed to a few friends, who had become interested in his labors, the establishment of a House of Rescue for them. The suggestion met their approval; but whence the means for founding such an institution were to come none of them knew; their own resources were exceedingly limited, and they had no wealthy friends to assist them.

About this time, a gentleman with whom he was but slightly acquainted brought him three hundred dollars, desiring that it should be expended in aid of some new charitable institution. Soon after, a legacy of \$17,500 was left for founding a House of Rescue. Thus encouraged, Wichern and his friends went forward. A cottage, roughly built and-thatched with straw, with a few acres of land, was for sale at Horn, about four miles from the city, and its situation pleasing them, they appropriated their legacy to the purchase of it. Hither, in November, 1833, Dr. Wichern removed with his mother, and took into his household, adopting them as his own children, three of the worst boys he could find in Ham-

burg. In the course of a few months he had increased the number to twelve, all selected from the most degraded children of the city.

"His plan was the result of careful and mature deliberation. He saw that these depraved and vicious children had never been brought under the influence of a well-ordered family, and believing, that, in the organization of the family, God had intended it as the best and most efficient institution for training children in the ways of morality and purity, he proposed to follow the Divine example. The children were employed, at first, in improving the grounds, which had hitherto been left without much care; the banks of a little stream, which flowed past the cottage, were planted with trees; a fish-pond into which it discharged its waters was transformed into a pretty sylvan lake; and the barren and unproductive soil, by judicious cultivation, was brought into a fertile condition.

"In 1834, the numerous applications he received, and the desire of extending the usefulness of the institution, led him to erect another building for the accommodation of a second family of boys. The work upon it was almost wholly performed by his first pupils. I should have remarked, that, during the first year, a high fence, which surrounded the premises when they were purchased, was removed by the boys, by Dr. Wichern's direction, as he desired to have *love* the only bond by which to retain them in his family. When the new house was finished and dedicated, the original family moved into it, and were placed under the charge of two young men from Switzerland, named Baumgärtner and Byckmeyer.

"Workshops for the employment of the boys soon became necessary, and means were contributed for their erection. New pupils were offered, either by their parents, or by the city authorities, and new families were organized. These required more "house-fathers," as they were called, and for their training a separate house was needed. Dr. Wichern has been very

successful in obtaining assistants of the right description. They are young men of good education, generally versed in some mechanical employment, and whose zeal for philanthropic effort leads them to place themselves under training here, for three or four years, without salary. They are greatly in demand all over Germany for home missionaries and superintendents of prisons and reformatory institutions. You have heard, I presume, of the Inner Mission?"

I assented, and he continued.

"These young men are its most active promoters. The philanthropy of Wichern was not satisfied, until he had established also several families of vagrant girls at his Rough House.—But see, we are approaching our destination. This is the *Rauhe Haus*."

As he spoke, our carriage stopped. We alighted, and rarely has my eye been greeted by a pleasanter scene. The grounds, comprising about thirty-two acres, presented the appearance of a large landscape-garden. The variety of choice forest-trees was very great, and mingled with them were an abundance of fruit-trees, now laden with their golden treasures, and a profusion of flowers of all hues. Two small lakes, whose borders were fringed with the willow, the weeping-elm, and the alder, glittered in the sunlight,—their finny inhabitants occasionally leaping in the air, in joyous sport. Fourteen buildings were scattered over the demesne,—one, by its spire, seeming to be devoted to purposes of worship.

"Let us go to the *Mutter-Haus*," (Mother-House,) said my friend; "we shall probably find Dr. Wichern there."

So saying, he led the way to a plain, neat building, situated nearly centrally, though in the anterior portion of the grounds. This is Dr. Wichern's private residence, and here he receives reports from the Brothers, as the assistants are called, and gives advice to the pupils. We were ushered into the superintendent's office, and found him a fine, noble-looking man, with a clear, mild eye, and

an expression of great decision and energy. My friend introduced me, and Dr. Wichern welcomed us both with great cordiality.

"Be seated for a moment, gentlemen," said he; "I am just finishing the proofs of our *Fliegende Blätter*," (Flying Leaves, a periodical published at the Rauhe Haus,) "and will presently show you through our buildings."

We waited accordingly, interesting ourselves, meanwhile, with the portraits of benefactors of the institution which decorated the walls.

In a few minutes Dr. Wichern rose, and merely saying, "I am at your service, gentlemen," led the way to the original Rough House. It is situated in the southeastern corner of the grounds, and is overshadowed by one of the noblest chestnut-trees I have ever seen. The building is old and very humble in appearance, but of considerable size. In addition to accommodations for the House-Father and his family of twelve boys, several of the Brothers of the Mission reside here, and there are also rooms for a probationary department for new pupils.

"Here," said the Doctor, "we began the experiment whose results you see around you. When, with my mother and sister and three of the worst boys to be found in Hamburg, I removed to this house in 1833, there was need of strong faith to foresee the results which God has wrought since that day."

"What were the means you found most successful in bringing these turbulent and intractable spirits into subjection?" I inquired.

"Love, the affection of a parent for his children," was his reply. "These wild, hardened boys were inaccessible to any emotion of fear; they had never been treated with kindness or tenderness; and when they found that there was no opportunity for the exercise of the defiant spirit they had summoned to their aid, when they were told that all the past of their lives was to be forgotten and never brought up against them, and that here, away from temp-

tation, they might enter upon a new life, their sullen and intractable natures yielded, and they became almost immediately docile and amiable."

"But," I asked, "is there not danger, that, when removed from these comfortable homes, and subjected again to the iron gripe of poverty, they will resume their old habits?"

"None of us know," replied Dr. Wichern, solemnly, "what we may be left to do in the hour of temptation; but the danger is, nevertheless, not so great as you think. Our children are fed and clothed like other peasant children; they are not encouraged to hope for distinction, or an elevated position in society; they are taught that poverty is not in itself an evil, but, if borne in the right spirit, may be a blessing. Our instruction is adapted to the same end; we do not instruct them in studies above their rank in life; reading, writing, the elementary principles of arithmetic, geography, some of the natural sciences, and music, comprise the course of study. In the calling they select, we do what we can to make them intelligent and competent. Our boys are much sought for as apprentices by the farmers and artisans of the vicinity."

"Many of them, I suppose," said I, "had been guilty of petty thefts before coming here; do you not find trouble from that propensity?"

"Very seldom; the perfect freedom from suspicion, and the confidence in each other, which we have always maintained, make theft so mean a vice, that no boy who has a spark of honor left will be guilty of it. In the few instances which do occur, the moral sense of the family is so strong, that the offender is entirely subdued by it. An incident, illustrative of this, occurs to me. Early in our history, a number of our boys undertook to erect a hut for some purpose. It was more than half completed, and they were delighted with the idea of being able soon to occupy it, when it was discovered that a single piece of timber, contributed by one of

the boys, had been obtained without leave. As soon as this was known, one of the boys seized an axe, and demolished the building, in the presence of the offender, the rest looking on and approving; nor could they afterward be induced to go on with it. At one time, several years since, there were two or three petty thefts committed, (and a good deal of prevarication naturally followed,) mainly by new pupils, of whom a considerable number had been admitted at once. Finding ordinary reproof unavailing, I announced that family worship would be suspended till the delinquents gave evidence of penitence. The effect of this measure was far beyond my expectation. Many of the boys would meet in little groups, in the huts, for prayers among themselves; and ere long the offenders came humbly suing for pardon and the resumption of worship."

During this conversation, we had left the Rough House and visited the new Lodge, erected in 1853, for a family of boys and a circle of Brothers, and the "Beehive," (*Bienenkorb*), erected in 1841, in the northeast corner of the grounds, the home of another family. Turning westward, we came to the chapel, and a group of buildings connected with it, including the school-rooms, the preparatory department for girls, the library, dwellings for two families of girls, the kitchen, store-rooms, and offices. It was the hour of recess, and from the school-rooms rushed forth a joyous company of children, plainly clad, and evidently belonging to the peasant class; but though the marks of an early career of vice were stamped on many of their countenances, yet there were not a few bright eyes, and intelligent, thoughtful faces. Seeing Dr. Wichern, they came at once to him, with the impulsiveness of childhood, but with so evident a sense of propriety and decorum, that I could not but compare their conduct with that of many pupils in our best schools, and not to the advantage of the latter. The Doctor received them cordially, and had a kind word for each, generally in reference to their improve-

ment in behavior, or their influence over others.

"This," said he, turning to me, as a bright, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy seized his hand, "is one of our peace boys."

I did not understand what he meant by the term, and said so.

"Our peace boys," he replied, "are selected from the most trustworthy and exemplary of our pupils, to aid in superintending the others. They have no authority to command, or even to reprove; but only to counsel and remind. To be selected for this duty is one of their highest rewards."

"There must be among so many boys," I remarked, "and particularly those taken from such sources, a considerable number of *born-destructives*,—children in whom the propensity to break, tear, and destroy is almost ineradicable; how do you manage these?"

"In the earlier days of our experiment," he replied, "we had much trouble from this source; but at last we hit upon the plan of allowing each boy a certain sum of pocket-money, and deducting from this, in part at least, the estimated value of whatever he destroyed. From the day this rule was adopted all destructible articles seemed to have lost a great part of their fragility."

"Do the pupils often run away?" I asked.

"Very seldom, of late years; formerly we were occasionally troubled in that way. It was, of course, easy for them to do it, as no fences or other methods of restraint were used,—our reliance being upon affection, to retain them. If they made their escape, we usually sought them out, and persuaded them to return, and they seldom repeated the offence. Some years ago, one of our boys, who had repeatedly tried our patience by his waywardness, ran away. I pursued him, found him, and persuaded him to return. It was Christmas eve when we arrived, and this festival was always celebrated in my mother's chamber. As we entered the room, the children were singing the Christmas hymns. As he appeared, they

manifested strong disapprobation of his conduct. They were told that they might decide among themselves how he should be punished. They consulted together quietly for a few moments, and then one, who had himself been forgiven some time before for a like fault, came forward, and, bursting into tears, pleaded that the offender might be pardoned. The rest joined in the petition, and, extending to him the hand of fellowship, soon turned their festival into a season of rejoicing over the returned prodigal. The pardon thus accorded was complete; no subsequent reference was made to his misconduct; and the next day, to show our confidence in him, a confidence which we never had occasion to retract, we sent him on an errand to a considerable distance."

"How did they behave at the time of the great fire?" I inquired; "the excitement must surely have reached you."

"No event in our whole history," answered Dr. Wichern, his fine countenance lighting up as he spoke, "so fully satisfied me of the success which had attended our labors, as their behavior on that occasion. On the second day of the fire, the boys, some of whom had relatives and friends in the burning district, became so much excited by the intelligence brought by those who had escaped from the flames, that they began to implore me to permit them to go and render assistance. I feared, at first, the consequences of exposing them to the temptations to escape and plunder by which they would be beset; but at length permitted a company of twenty-two to go with me, on condition that they would keep together as much as possible, and return with me at an appointed time. They promised to do this, and they fulfilled their promise to the letter. Their conduct was in the highest degree heroic; they rushed into danger, for the sake of preserving lives and property, with a coolness and bravery which put to shame the labors of the boldest firemen; occasionally they would come to the place of rendezvous to reassure their teacher, and then in a moment

they were away again, laboring as zealously as ever, and utterly refusing any compensation, however urgently pressed upon them. When they returned home, another band was sent out under the direction of one of the house-fathers, and exerted themselves as faithfully as their predecessors had done. But their sacrifices and toils did not end here. Among the thousands whom that fearful conflagration left homeless, not a few came here for shelter and food. With these our boys shared their meals, and gave up to them their beds,—themselves sleeping upon the ground, and this for months."

I could not wonder at the enthusiasm of the good man over such deeds as these on the part of boys whom he had rescued from a degradation of which we can hardly form an idea. It was a triumph of which an angel might have been proud.

I was desirous of learning something of the industrial occupations of the pupils, and made some inquiries respecting them.

"A considerable portion of our boys," said Dr. Wichern, "are engaged in agricultural, or rather, horticultural pursuits. As we practise spade husbandry almost exclusively, and devote our grounds to gardening purposes, we can furnish employment to quite a number. For those who prefer mechanical pursuits, we have a printing-office, book-bindery, stereotype-foundry, lithographing and wood-engraving establishment, paint-shop, silk-weaving manufactory, and shoe-shop, as well as those trades which are carried on for the most part out of doors, such as masonry and carpentry. The girls are mostly employed in household duties, and are in great demand as servants and assistants in the households of our farmers."

Passing westward, we came next to the bakery and the farmer's residence, catching a glimpse through the trees of the Fisherman's Hut, at a little distance, near the bank of the larger of the two sylvan lakes on the premises, where another family are gathered, and then approach-

ed a large building of more pretension than the rest.

"This," said Dr. Wichern, "is the home of the Brothers of our Inner Mission, and the school-room for our boarding-school boys, the children of respectable and often wealthy parents, who have proved intractable at home."

"What," I asked, "do you include in the term, Inner Mission?"

"I must take a round-about method of answering your inquiry. When we found it necessary to form new families, our greatest difficulty was in procuring suitable persons to become house-fathers of these families. It was easy enough to obtain honest, intelligent men and women, who possessed a fair education and a sufficient knowledge of some of the mechanic arts for the situation; but we felt that much more than this was necessary. We wanted men and women who would act a parent's part, and perform a parent's duty to the children under their care; and these, we found, must be trained for the place. We then began our circles of Brothers, to furnish house-fathers and assistants for our families. We required in the candidates for this office an irreproachable character; that they should be free from physical defect; of good health and robust constitution; that they should give evidence of piety, and of special adaptation to this calling; that they should understand farming, or some one of the trades practised in the establishment, or possess sufficient mechanical talent to acquire a knowledge of them readily; that they should have already a certain amount of education, and an amiable and teachable disposition; and that they should be not under twenty years of age, and exempt from military service."

"And do you find a sufficient number who can fulfil conditions so strict?" I inquired.

"Candidates are never wanting," was his reply, "though the demand for their services is large."

"What is your course of training?"

"Mainly practical; though we have a

course of special instruction for them, occupying twenty hours a week, in which, during their four years' residence with us, they are taught sacred and profane history, German, English, geography, vocal and instrumental music, and the science of teaching. Instruction on religious subjects is also given throughout the course. For the purpose of practical training, they are attached, at first, to families as assistants, and after a period of apprenticeship they undertake in rotation the direction. They teach the elementary classes; visit the parents of the children, and report to them the progress which their pupils have made; maintain a watchful supervision over them, after they leave the Rauhe Haus; and assist in religious instruction, and in the correspondence. By the system of monthly rotation we have adopted, each Brother is brought in contact with all the pupils, and is thus enabled to avail himself of the experience acquired in each family."

"You spoke of a great demand for their services; I can easily imagine that men so trained should be in demand; but what are the callings they pursue after leaving you? for you need but a limited number as house-fathers and teachers."

"The Inner Mission," he replied, "has a wide field of usefulness. It furnishes directors and house-fathers for reform schools organized on our plan, of which there are a number in Germany; overseers, instructors, and assistants in agricultural and other schools; directors and subordinate officers for prisons; directors, overseers, and assistants in hospitals and infirmaries; city and home missionaries; and missionaries to colonies of emigrants in America."

"What is your annual expenditure above the products of your farm and workshops?" I asked.

"Somewhat less than fifty dollars a head for our entire population," was the reply.

It was by this time high noon, and as we returned to the Mutter-Haus, the

benevolent superintendent insisted that we should remain and partake with him of the mid-day meal. We complied, and presently were summoned to the dining-hall, where we found a small circle of the Brothers, and the two head teachers. After a brief but appropriate grace, we took our seats, being introduced by the director.

"At supper all our teachers assemble here," said Dr. Wichern, "and with them those children whose birthday it is; but at dinner the Brothers remain with their own families."

The table was abundantly supplied with plain but wholesome food, and the cheerful conversation which ensued gave evidence that the cares of their position had not exerted a depressing influence on their spirits. Each seemed thoroughly in love with his work, and in harmony with all the rest. Dr. Wichern mentioned that I was from America.

"Have you," inquired one of the Brothers, "any institutions like this in your country?"

"We have," I answered, "Reform Schools, Houses of Refuge, Juvenile Asylums, and other reformatory institutions; but I am afraid I must say, nothing like this. We are making progress, however, in Juvenile Reform, and I hope that ere long we, too, may have a Rough House whose influence shall pervade our country, as yours has done Central Europe."

"Dr. Wichern," inquired another, "have our friends visited the 'God's Acre?'"*

"Not yet," was the reply; "but I will go thither with them after we have dined, if they can remain so long."

We assented, and one of the Brothers remarked,—

"Our boys have taken especial pains to beautify that favorite spot, this season."

"This disposition to adorn the resting-place of the body, so common among us, is becoming popular in your country, I believe," said our host, courteously.

I replied, that it was,—that in our larger towns the place of burial was generally rendered attractive, but that in the rural districts the burying-grounds were yet neglected and unsightly; and ventured the opinion, that this neglect might be partly traceable to the iconoclastic tendencies of our Puritan ancestors.

Dr. Wichern thought not; the neglect of the earthly home of the dead resulted from the prevalence of indifference to the glorious doctrine of the Resurrection; and whatever a people might profess, he could not but believe them infidel at heart, if they were entirely neglectful of the resting-place of their dead.

The close of our repast precluded further discussion, and at our host's invitation we accompanied him to the rural cemetery, where such of the pupils and Brothers as died during their connection with the school were buried. An English writer has very appropriately called the Rauhe Haus a "Home among the Flowers"; but the title is far more appropriate to this beautiful spot. Whatever a pure and exquisite taste could conceive as becoming in a place consecrated to such a purpose, willing hands have executed; and early every Sabbath morning, Dr. Wichern says, the pupils resort hither to see that everything necessary is done to keep it in perfect order. The air seemed almost heavy with the perfume of flowers; and though the home of the living pupils of the Rauhe Haus is plain in the extreme, the palace of their dead surpasses in splendor that of the proudest of earthly monarchs. One could hardly help coveting such a resting-place.

It was with reluctance that we at last turned our faces homeward, and bade the excellent director farewell. The world has seen, in this nineteenth century, few nobler spirits than his. Possessed of uncommon intellect, he combines with it executive talent of no ordinary character, and a capacity for labor which seems almost fabulous. His duties as the head of the Inner Mission, whose scope comprises the organization

* The German name of a grave-yard.

and management of reformatory institutions of all kinds, throughout Germany, as well as efforts analogous to those of our city missions, temperance societies, etc., might well be supposed to be sufficient for one man; but these are supplementary to his labors as director of the Rauhe Haus, and editor of the *Fliegende Blätter*, and the other literature, by no means inconsiderable, of the Inner Mission. Dr. Wichern is highly esteemed and possesses almost unbounded influence throughout Germany; and that influence, potent as it is, even with the princes and crowned heads of the German States, is uniformly exerted in behalf of the poor, the unfortunate, the ignorant, and the degraded. When the history of philanthropy shall be written, and the just meed of commendation bestowed on the benefactors of humanity, how much more exalted a place will he receive, in the memory and gratitude of the world, than the perfidious and audacious despot who, born the same year, in the neighboring city of the Hague, has won his way to the throne of France by deeds of selfishness and cruelty! Even to-day, who would not rather be John Henry Wichern, the director of the Rauhe Haus at Horn, than Louis Napoleon, emperor of France?

Would that on our own side of the Atlantic a Wichern might arise, whose abilities should be sufficient to unite in one common purpose our reformatory enterprises, and rescue from infamy and sin the tens of thousands of children who now, apt scholars in crime, throng the purlieus of vice in our large cities, and are already committing deeds whose desperate wickedness might well cause hardened criminals to shudder. The existence of a popular government depends, we are often told, upon the intelligence and virtue of the people. What hope, then, can we have of the perpetuity of our institutions, when those who

are to control them have become monsters of iniquity ere they have reached the age of manhood?

The forces of Good and Evil are ever striving for the mastery in human society. Happy is that philanthropist, and honored should he be with a nation's gratitude, who can rescue these juvenile offenders from the power of evil, and from the fearful suggestings of temptation and want, and enlist them on the side of virtue and right! We rear monuments of marble and bronze to those heroes who on the battle-field and in the fierce assault have kept our nation's fame untarnished, and added new laurels to the renown of our country's prowess; but more enduring than marble, more lasting than brass, should be the monument reared to him who, in the fierce contest with the powers of evil, shall rescue the soul of the child from the grasp of the tempter, and change the brutalized and degraded offspring of crime and lust into a youth of generous, active, and noble impulses. But though earthly fame may be denied to such a benefactor of his race, his record shall be on high; and at that grand assize where all human actions shall be weighed, His voice, whose philanthropy exceeded, infinitely, the noblest deeds of benevolence of the sons of earth, shall be heard, saying to these humble laborers in the vineyard of our God, "Friends, come up higher!"

Those who are interested in knowing what has been accomplished by the reformatory institutions of Europe will find a full and entertaining account of most of them in a volume recently published, entitled "Papers on Preventive, Correctional, and Reformatory Institutions and Agencies in Different Countries," by Henry Barnard, LL.D. Hartford: F. C. Brownell, 1857. Dr. Barnard has done a good work in collecting these valuable documents.

BEAUTY.

FOND lover of the Ideal Fair,
My soul, eluded everywhere,
Is lapsed into a sweet despair.

Perpetual pilgrim, seeking ever,
Baffled, enamored, finding never ;
Each morn the cheerful chase renewing,
Misled, bewildered, still pursuing ;
Not all my lavished years have bought
One steadfast smile from her I sought,
But sidelong glances, glimpsing light,
A something far too fine for sight,
Veiled voices, far off thridding strains,
And precious agonies and pains :
Not love, but only love's dear wound
And exquisite unrest I found.

At early morn I saw her pass
The lone lake's blurred and quivering glass ;
Her trailing veil of amber mist
The unbending beaded clover kissed ;
And straight I hasted to waylay
Her coming by the willowy way ;—
But, swift companion of the Dawn,
She left her footprints on the lawn,
And, in arriving, she was gone.
Alert I ranged the winding shore ;
Her luminous presence flashed before ;
The wild-rose and the daisies wet
From her light touch were trembling yet ;
Faint smiled the conscious violet ;
Each bush and brier and rock betrayed
Some tender sign her parting made ;
And when far on her flight I tracked
To where the thunderous cataract
O'er walls of foamy ledges broke,
She vanished in the vapory smoke.

To-night I pace this pallid floor,
The sparkling waves curl up the shore,
The August moon is flushed and full ;
The soft, low winds, the liquid lull,
The whitened, silent, misty realm,
The wan-blue heaven, each ghostly elm,
All these, her ministers, conspire
To fill my bosom with the fire
And sweet delirium of desire.

Enchantress ! leave thy sheeny height,
 Descend, be all mine own this night,
 Transfuse, enfold, entrance me quite !
 Or break thy spell, my heart restore,
 And disenchant me evermore !

THE GRINDWELL GOVERNING MACHINE.

ON the other side of the Atlantic there is a populous city called Grandville. It is, as its name indicates, a great city,—but it is said that it thinks itself a good deal greater than it really is. I meant to say that Grandville was its original name, and the name by which even at the present day it is called by its own citizens. But there are certain wits, or it may be, vulgar people, who by some process have converted this name into Grindwell.

I may be able, in the course of this sketch, to give a reason why so sounding and aristocratic a name as Grandville has been changed into the plebeian one of Grindwell. I might account for it by adducing similar instances of changes in the names of cities through the bad pronunciation and spelling of foreigners. For instance, the English nickname Livorno Leghorn, the Germans insist on calling Venice Venedig, and the French convert Washington into the Chinese word Voss-Hang-Tong. And so it may be that the name Grindwell has originated among us Americans simply from miscalling or misspelling the foreign name of Grandville.

I incline to think, however, that there is a better reason for the name.

For a good many years Grandville has been famous for a great machine, of a very curious construction, which is said to regulate the movements of the whole city, and almost to convert the men, women, and children into cranks, wheels, and pinions. As a model of this machine does not exist in our Patent Office at Washington, I shall beg the reader's in-

dulgence while I attempt to give some account of it. It may be thought a very curious affair, though I believe there is little about it that is original or new. The idea of it was handed down from remote generations.

In America I know that many persons may consider the Grindwell Governing Machine a humbug,—an obsolete, absurd, and tyrannous institution, wholly unfitted to the nineteenth century. A machine that proposes to think and act for the whole people, and which is rigidly opposed to the people's thinking and acting for themselves, is likely to find little favor among us. With us the doctrine is, that each one should think for himself,—be an individual mind and will, and not the spoke of a wheel. Every American voter or votress is allowed to keep his or her little intellectual wind-mill, coffee-mill, pepper-mill, loom, steam-engine, hand-organ, or whatever moral manufacturing or grinding apparatus he or she likes. Each one may be his own Church or his own State, and yet be none the less a good and useful citizen, and the union of the States be in none the more danger. But it is not so in Grindwell. The rules of the Grindwell machine allow no one to do his own grinding, unless his mill-wheel is turned by the central governing power. He must allow the big State machine to do everything,—he paying for it, of course. A regular programme prescribes what he shall believe and say and do; and any departure from this order is considered a violation of the laws, or at least a reprehensible invasion of the time-honored customs of the city.

The Grindwell Governing Machine (though a patent has been taken out for it in Europe, and it is thought everything of by royal heads and the gilded flies that buzz about them) is really an old machine, nearly worn out, and every now and then patched up and painted and varnished anew. If a committee of our knowing Yankees were sent over to gain information with regard to its actual condition, I am inclined to think they would bring back a curious and not very favorable report. It wouldn't astonish me, if they should pronounce the whole apparatus of the State rotten from top to bottom, and only kept from falling to pieces by all sorts of ingenious contrivances of an external and temporary nature,—here a wheel, or pivot, or spring to be replaced,—there a prop or buttress to be set up,—here a pipe choked up,—there a boiler burst,—and so on, from one end of the works to the other. However, the machine keeps a-going, and many persons think it works beautifully.

Everything is reduced to such perfect system in its operations, that the necessity for individual opinion is almost superseded, and even private consciences are laid upon the shelf,—just as people lay by an antiquated timepiece that no winding-up or shaking can persuade into marking the hours,—for have they not the clock on the Government railroad station opposite, which they can at any time consult by stepping to the window? For instance, individual honesty is set aside and replaced by a system of rewards and punishments. Honesty is an old-fashioned coat. The police, like a great sponge, absorbs the private virtue. It says to conscience, "Stay there,—don't trouble yourself,—I will act for you."

You drop your purse in the street. A rogue picks it up. In his private conscience he says, "Honesty is a very good thing, perhaps, but it is by no means the best policy,—it is simply no policy at all,—it is sheer stupidity. What can be more politic than for me to pocket this windfall and turn the corner quick?"—

So preacheth his crooked fag-end of a conscience, that *very, very* small still voice, in very husky tones; but he knows that a policeman, walking behind him, saw him pick up the purse, which alters the case,—which, in fact, completely sets aside his fag-end of a husky-voiced conscience, and makes virtue his necessity, and necessity his virtue. External morality is hastily drawn on as a decent overcoat to hide the tag-rags of his roguishness, while he magnanimously restores the purse to the owner.

Jones left his umbrella in a cab one night. Discovering that he hadn't it under his arm, he rushed after the cabman; but he was gone. Jones had his number, however, and with it proceeded the next day to the police-office, feeling sure that he would find his umbrella there. And there, in a closet appropriated to articles left in hackney-coaches,—a perfect limbo of canes, parasols, shawls, pocket-books, and what-not,—he found it, ticketed and awaiting its lawful owner. The explanation of which mystery is, that the cabmen in Grindwell are strictly amenable to the police for any departure from the system which provides for the security of private property, and a yearly reward is given to those of the coach-driving fraternity who prove to be the most faithful restorers of articles left in their carriages. Surely, the result of system can no farther go than this,—that Monsieur Vaurien's moral sense, like his opinions, should be absorbed and overruled by the governing powers.

What a capital thing it is to have the great governmental head and heart thinking and feeling for us! Why, even the little boys, on winter afternoons, are restricted by the policemen from sliding on the ice in the streets, for fear the impetuous little fellows should break or dislocate some of their bones, and the hospital might have the expense of setting them; so patriarchal a regard has the machine for its young friends!

I might allude here to a special department of the machine, which once had great power in overruling the thoughts

and consciences of the people, and which is still considered by some as not altogether powerless. I refer to the Ecclesiastic department of the Grindwell works. This was formerly the greatest labor-saving machinery ever invented. But however powerful the operation of the Church machinery upon the grandmothers and grandfathers of the modern Grindwellites, it has certainly fallen greatly into disuse, and is kept a-going now more for the sake of appearances than for any real efficacy. The most knowing ones think it rather old-fashioned and cumbrous,—at any rate, not comparable to the State machinery, either in its design or its mode of operation. And as in these days of percussion-caps and Minie rifles we lay by an old matchlock or crossbow, using it only to ornament our walls,—or as the powdered postilion with his horn and his boots is superseded by the locomotive and the electric telegraph,—so the old rusty Church wheels are removed into buildings apart from the daily life of the people, where they seem to revolve harmlessly and without any necessary connection with the State wheels.

Not that I mean to say that it works smoothly and well at all times,—this Grindwell machine. How can such an old patched and crumbling apparatus be expected always to work well? And how can you hope to find, even in the most enslaved or routine-ridden community, entire obedience to the will of the monarch and his satellites? Unfortunately for the cause of order and quiet, there will always be found certain tough lumps, in the shape of rebellious or non-conformist men, which refuse to be melted in the strong solvents or ground up in the swift mills of Absolutism. Government must look after these impediments. If they are positively dangerous, they must be destroyed or removed. If only suspected, or known to be powerless or inactive, they must at least be watched.

And here, again, the machine of government shows a remarkable ingenuity of organization.

For instance, it is said that there are pipes laid all along the streets, like hose, leading from a central reservoir. Nobody knows exactly what they are for; but if any one steps upon them, up sprits something like a stream of gas, and takes the form of a *gendarme*,—and the unlucky street-walker must pay dear for his carelessness. Telegraph wires radiate like cobwebs from the chamber of the main-spring, and carry intelligence of all that is going on in the houses and streets. Man-traps are laid under the pavements,—sometimes they are secretly introduced under your very table or bed,—and if anything is said against that piece of machinery called the main-spring, or against the head engineer, the trap will nab you and fly away with you, like the spider that carried off Margery Mopp. If a number of people get together to discuss the meaning of and the reasons for the existence of the main-spring, or any of the big wheels immediately connected therewith, the ground under them will sometimes give way, and they will suddenly find themselves in unfurnished apartments not to their liking. And if any one should be so rash as to put his hand on the wheels, he is cut to pieces or strangled by the silent, incessant, fatal whirl of the engine.

The head engineer keeps his machine, and the city on which it acts, as much in the dark as possible. He has a special horror of sunshine. He seems to think that the sky is one great burning lens, and his machine-rooms and the city a vast powder-magazine.

There are certain articles thought to be especially dangerous. Newspapers are strictly forbidden,—unless first steeped in a tincture of asbestos of a very dull color, expressly manufactured and supplied by the Governing Machine. When properly saturated with the essence of dulness and death, and brought down from a glaring white and black to a decidedly ashy-gray neutral color, a few small newspapers are permitted to be circulated, but with the greatest caution. They sometimes take fire, it is said,—

these journals,—when brought too near any brain overcharged with electricity. Two or three times, it is said, the Governing Machine has been put out of order by the newspapers and their readers bringing too much electro-magnetism (or something like it) to bear on parts of the works;—the machine had even taken fire and been nearly burnt up, and the head engineer got so singed that he never dared to take the management of the works again.

So it is thought that nothing is so unfavorable to the working of the wheels as light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and, generally, all the imponderable and uncatchable essences that float about in the air; and these, it is thought, are generated and diffused by these villainous newspapers. Certain kinds of books are also forbidden, as being electric conductors. Most of the books allowed in the city of Grindwell are so heavy, that they are thought to be usually non-conductors, and therefore quite safe in the hands of the people.

It is at the city gates that most vigilance is required with regard to the prohibited articles. There the poor fellows who keep the gates have no rest night or day,—so many suspicious-looking boxes, bundles, bales, and barrels claim admittance. Quantities of articles are arrested and prevented from entering. Nothing that can in any way interfere with the great machine can come in. Newspapers and books from other countries are torn and burnt up. Speaking-trumpets, ear-trumpets, spectacles, microscopes, spy-glasses, telescopes, and, generally, all instruments and contrivances for extending the sphere of ordinary knowledge, are very narrowly examined before they are admitted. The only trumpets freely allowed are of a musical sort, fit to amuse the people,—the only spectacles, green goggles to keep out the glare of truth's sunshine,—the magnifying-glasses, those which exaggerate the proportions of the imperial governor of the machinery. All sorts of moral lightning-rods and telegraph-wires are arrest-

ed, and lie in great piles outside the city walls.

But in spite of the utmost vigilance and care of the officers at the gates and the sentinels on the thick walls, dangerous articles and dangerous people will pass in. A man like Kossuth or Mazzini going through would produce such a current of the electric fluid, that the machine would be in great danger of combustion. Remonstrances were sometimes sent to neighboring cities, to the effect that they should keep their light and heat to themselves, and not be throwing such strong reflections into the weak eyes of the Grindwellites, and putting in danger the governmental powder-magazine,—as the machine-offices were sometimes called. An inundation or bad harvest, producing a famine among the poor, causes great alarm, and the government officers have a time of it, running about distributing alms, or raising money to keep down the price of bread. Thousands of servants in livery, armed with terrific instruments for the destruction of life, are kept standing on and around the walls of the city, ready at a moment's notice to shoot down any one who makes any movement or demonstration in a direction contrary to the laws of the machine. And to support this great crowd of liveried lackeys, the people are squeezed like sponges, till they furnish the necessary money.

The respectable editors of the daily papers go about somewhat as the dogs do in August, with muzzles on their mouths. They are prohibited from printing more than a hundred words a day. Any reference to the sunshine, or to any of the subtle and imponderable substances before mentioned, is considered contrary to the order of the machine; to compensate for which, there is great show of gas-light (under glass covers) throughout the city. Gas and moonshine are the staple subjects of conversation. Besides lighting the streets and shops, the chief use of fire seems to be for cooking, lighting pipes and cigars, and fireworks to amuse the working classes.

Great attention is paid to polishing

and beautifying the outer case of the machine, and the outer surface generally of the city of Grindwell. Where any portion of the framework has fallen into dilapidation and decay, the gaunt skeleton bones of the ruined structure are decked and covered with leaves and flowers. Old rusty boilers that are on the verge of bursting are newly painted, varnished, and labelled with letters of gold. The main-spring, which has grown old and weak, is said to be helped by the secret application of steam,—and the fires are fed with huge bundles of worthless bank-bills and other paper promises. The noise of the clanking piston and wheels is drowned by orchestras of music; the roofs and sides of the machine buildings are covered all over with roses; and the smell of smoke and machine oil is prevented by scattering delicious perfumes. The minds of the populace are turned from the precarious condition of things by all sorts of public amusements, such as mask balls, theatres, operas, public gardens, etc.

But all this does not preserve some persons from the continual apprehension that there will be one day a great and terrific explosion. Some say the city is sleeping over volcanic fires, which will sooner or later burst up from below and destroy or change the whole upper surface. The actual state of things might be represented on canvas by a gaping, laughing crowd pressing around a Punch-and-Judy exhibition in the street, beneath a great ruined palace in the process of repairing, where the rickety scaffolding, the loose stones and mortar, and in fact the whole rotten building, may at any moment topple down upon their heads.

But while such grave thoughts are passing in the minds of some people, I must relate one or two amusing scenes which lately occurred at the city gates.

Travellers are not prohibited from going and coming; but on entering, it is necessary to be sure that they bring with their passports and baggage no prohibited or dangerous articles. A young man

from our side of the Atlantic, engaged in commerce, had been annoyed a good deal by the gate-officers opening and searching his baggage. The next time he went to Grindwell, he brought, besides his usual trunks and carpet-bags, a rather large and very mysterious-looking box. After going through with the trunks and bags, the officers took hold of this box.

"Gentlemen," said the young practical joker, "I have great objections to having that box opened. Yet it contains, I assure you, nothing contraband, nothing dangerous to the peace of the Grindwell government or people. It is simply a toy I am taking to a friend's house as a Christmas present to his little boy. If I open it, I fear I shall have difficulty in arranging it again as neatly as I wish,—and it would be a great disappointment to my little friend Auguste Henri, if he should not find it neatly packed. It would show at once that it had been opened; and children like to have their presents done up nicely, just as they issued from the shop. Gentlemen, I shall take it as a great favor, if you will let it pass."

"Sir," said the head officer, "it is impossible to grant the favor you ask. The government is very strict. Many prohibited articles have lately found their way in. We are determined to put a stop to it."

"Gentlemen," said the young man, "take hold of that box,—lift it. You see how light it is; you see that there can be no contraband goods there,—still less, anything dangerous. I pray you to let it pass."

"Impossible, Sir!" said the officer. "How do I know that there is nothing dangerous there? The weight is nothing. Its lightness rather makes it the more suspicious. Boxes like this are usually heavy. This is something out of the usual course. I'm afraid there's electricity here. Gentlemen officers, proceed to do your duty!"

So a crowd of custom-house officers gathered around the suspected box, with their noses bent down over the lid, await-

ing the opening. One of them was about to proceed with hammer and chisel.

"Stop," said the young merchant, "I can save you a great deal of trouble. I can open it in an instant. Allow me—by touching a little spring here"—

As he said this, he pressed a secret spring on the side of the box. No sooner was it done than the lid was thrown back with sudden and tremendous violence, as if by some living force, and up jumped a hideous and shaggy monster which knocked the six custom-house officers flat on their backs. It was an enormous Punchinello on springs, who had been confined in the box like the Genie in the Arabian story, and by the broad grin on his face he seemed delighted with his liberty and his triumph over his inquisitors. The six officers lay stunned by the blow; and while others ran up to see what was the matter, the young traveller persuaded Mr. Punch back again into his box, and, shutting him down, took advantage of the confusion to carry it off with the rest of his baggage, and reach a cab in safety. When the officers recovered their senses, the practical joker had escaped into the crowded city. They could give no clear account of what had happened; but I verily believe they thought that Lucifer himself had knocked them down, and was now let loose in the city of Grindwell.

Another amusing incident occurred afterwards at the city gates. An American lady, who was a great lover of Art, had purchased a bronze bust of Plato somewhere on the Continent. She had it carefully boxed, and took it along with her baggage. She got on very well until she reached the city of Grindwell. Here she was stopped, of course, and her baggage examined. Finding nothing contraband, they were about to let her pass, when they came to the box containing the ancient philosopher's head.

"What's this?" they asked. "What's in this box, so heavy?"

"A bust," said the lady.

"A bust? so heavy? a bust in a lady's baggage?—Impossible!"

"I assure you, it is nothing but a bust."

"Pray, whose bust may it be, Madam?"

"The bust of Plato."

"Plato? Plato? Who's Plato? Is he an Italian?"

"He was a Greek philosopher."

"Why is it so heavy?"

"It is a bronze bust."

"We beg your pardon, Madam; but we fear there's something wrong here. This Plato may be a conspirator,—a Carbonaro,—a member of some secret society,—a red-republican,—a conductor of the electric fluid. How can we answer for this Plato? We don't like this heavy box;—these very heavy boxes are suspicious. Suppose it should be some infernal-machine. Madam, we have our doubts. This box must be detained till full inquiries are made."

There was no help for it. The box was detained. "It must be so, Plato!" After waiting several hours, it was brought forward in presence of the entire company of inquisitors, and cautiously opened. Seeing no Plato, but only some sawdust, they grew still more suspicious. Having placed the box on the ground, they all retired to a safe distance, as if awaiting some explosion. They evidently took it for an infernal-machine. In their eyes everything was a machine of some sort or other. After waiting some time, and finding that it didn't burst, nor emit even a smell of sulphur, the boldest man of the party approached it very cautiously, and upset it with his foot and ran.

All this while the lady and her friends stood by, silent spectators of this farce. The only danger of explosion was on their part, with laughter at the whole scene. They contrived, however, to keep their countenances, though less rigidly than the Greek philosopher in the box did his.

When the custom-house officials found, that, though the box was upset, nothing occurred, they grew more bold, and, approaching, saw a piece of the bronze head peering above the sawdust. Then, for the first time, they began to feel ashamed of themselves. So replacing the sawdust

and the cover, they allowed the box to pass into the city, and tried, by avoiding to speak of the affair among themselves, to forget what donkeys they had been.

The Grindwell government has many such alarms, and never appears entirely at its ease. It is fully aware of the combustible nature of the component parts of the Governing Machine. There is consequently great outlay of means to insure its safety. An immense number of public spies and functionaries are constantly employed in looking after the fires and lights about the city. Heavy restrictions are laid on all substances containing electricity, and great care is taken lest this subtle fluid should condense in spots and take the form of lightning. Fortunately, the unclouded sunshine seldom comes into Grindwell, else there would be the same fears with regard to light.

So long as this perpetual surveillance is kept up, the machine seems to work on well enough in the main; but the moment there is any remissness on the part of the police,—bang! goes a small explosion somewhere,—or, crack! a bit of the machinery,—and out rush the engineers with their bags of cotton-wool or tow to stop up the chinks, or their bundles of paper money to keep up the steam, or their buckets of oil and *soft soap* to pour upon the wheels.

One eccentric gentleman of my acquaintance persists in predicting that any day there may be a general blow-up, and the whole concern, engineers, financiers, priests, soldiers, and flunkies, all go to smash. He evidently wishes to see it; though, as far as personal comfort goes, one would rather be out of the way at such a time.

Most people seem to think, that, considering all things, the present head engineer is about the best man that could be found for the post he occupies. There are, however, a number of the Grindwell people—I can't say how many, for they are afraid to speak—who feel more and more that they are living in a stifled and altogether abnormal condition, and wish for an indefinite supply of the light, heat, air, and electricity which they see some of the neighboring cities enjoying.

What the result is to be no one can yet tell. We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with—a *crust*; some say, a very thin crust, such as might be got up by a skilful *patisserie*, and over which gilded court-flies, and even *scarabæi*, may crawl with safety, but which must inevitably cave in beneath the boot-heels of a real, true, thinking man. We cannot forget that there are measureless catacombs and caverns yawning beneath the streets and houses of modern Grindwell.

SAINTS, AND THEIR BODIES.

EVER since the time of that dyspeptic heathen, Plotinus, the saints have been “ashamed of their bodies.” What is worse, they have usually had reason for the shame. Of the four famous Latin fathers, Jerome describes his own limbs as misshapen, his skin as squalid, his bones as scarcely holding together; while Gregory the Great speaks in his Epistles of his own large size, as contrasted with his weakness and infirmities. Three of

the four Greek fathers—Chrysostom, Basil, and Gregory of Nazianzen—ruined their health early, and were wretched invalids for the remainder of their days. Three only of the whole eight were able-bodied men,—Ambrose, Augustine, and Athanasius; and the permanent influence of these three has been far greater, for good or for evil, than that of all the others put together.

Robust military saints there have

doubtless been, in the Roman Catholic Church: George, Michael, Sebastian, Eustace, Martin,—not to mention Hubert the Hunter, and Christopher the Christian Hercules. But these have always held a very secondary place in canonization. If we mistake not, Maurice and his whole Theban legion were sainted together, to the number of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six; doubtless they were stalwart men, but there never yet has been a chapel erected to one of them. The mediæval type of sanctity was a strong soul in a weak body; and it could be intensified either by strengthening the one or by further debilitating the other. The glory lay in contrast, not in combination. Yet, to do them justice, they conceded a strong and stately beauty to their female saints,—Catherine, Agnes, Agatha, Barbara, Cecilia, and the rest. It was reserved for the modern Pre-Raphaelites to attempt the combination of a maximum of saintliness with a minimum of pulmonary and digestive capacity.

But, indeed, from that day to this, the saints by spiritual laws have usually been sinners against physical laws, and the artists have merely followed the examples they found. Vasari records, that Carotto's masterpiece of painting, "The Three Archangels," at Verona, was criticized, because the limbs of the angels were too slender, and Carotto, true to his conventional standard, replied, "Then they will fly the better." Saints have been flying to heaven for the same reason ever since,—and have commonly flown very early.

Indeed, the earlier some such saints cast off their bodies the better, they make so little use of them. Chittagutta, the Buddhist saint, dwelt in a cave in Ceylon. His devout visitors one day remarked on the miraculous beauty of the legendary paintings, representing scenes from the life of Buddha, which adorned the walls. The holy man informed them, that, during his sixty years' residence in the cave, he had been too much absorbed in meditation to notice

the existence of the paintings, but he would take their word for it. And in this non-intercourse with the visible world there has been an apostolical succession, from Chittagutta, down to the Andover divinity-student who refused to join his companions in their admiring gaze on that wonderful autumnal landscape which spreads itself before the Seminary Hill in October, but marched back into the Library, ejaculating, "Lord, turn thou mine eyes from beholding vanity!"

It is to be reluctantly recorded, in fact, that the Protestant saints have not ordinarily had much to boast of, in physical stamina, as compared with the Roman Catholic. They have not got far beyond Plotinus. We do not think it worth while to quote Calvin on this point, for he, as everybody knows, was an invalid for his whole lifetime. But we do take it hard, that the jovial Luther, in the midst of his ale and skittles, should have deliberately censured Juvenal's *mens sana in corpore sano*, as a pagan maxim!

If Saint Luther fails us, where are the advocates of the body to look for comfort? Nothing this side of ancient Greece, we fear, will afford adequate examples of the union of saintly souls and strong bodies. Pythagoras the sage we doubt not to have been identical with Pythagoras the inventor of pugilism, and he was, at any rate, (in the loving words of Bentley,) "a lusty proper man, and built as it were to make a good boxer." Cleanthes, whose sublime "Prayer" is, to our thinking, the highest strain left of early piety, was a boxer likewise. Plato was a famous wrestler, and Socrates was unequalled for his military endurance. Nor was one of these, like their puny follower Plotinus, too weak-sighted to revise his own manuscripts.

It would be tedious to analyze the causes of this modern deterioration of the saints. The fact is clear. There is in the community an impression that physical vigor and spiritual sanctity are incompatible. We knew a young Orthodox divine who lost his parish by swim-

ming the Merrimac River, and another who was compelled to ask a dismissal in consequence of vanquishing his most influential parishioner in a game of tenpins; it seemed to the beaten party very unclerical. We further remember a match, in a certain sea-side bowling-alley, in which two brothers, young divines, took part. The sides being made up, with the exception of these two players, it was necessary to find places for them also. The head of one side accordingly picked his man, on the presumption (as he afterwards confessed) that the best preacher would naturally be the worst bowler. The athletic capacity, he thought, would be in inverse ratio to the sanctity. We are happy to add, that in this case his hopes were signally disappointed. But it shows which way the popular impression lies.

The poets have probably assisted in maintaining the delusion. How many cases of consumption Wordsworth must have accelerated by his assertion, that "the good die first"! Happily, he lived to disprove his own maxim. We, too, repudiate it utterly. Professor Peirce has proved by statistics that the best scholars in our colleges survive the rest; and we hold that virtue, like intellect, tends to longevity. The experience of the literary class shows that all excess is destructive, and that we need the harmonious action of all the faculties. Of the brilliant roll of the "young men of 1830," in Paris,—Balzac, Soulié, De Musset, De Bernard, Sue, and their compaeres,—it is said that nearly every one has already perished, in the prime of life. What is the explanation? A stern one: opium, tobacco, wine, and licentiousness. "All died of softening of the brain or spinal marrow, or swelling of the heart." No doubt, many of the noble and the pure were dying prematurely at the same time; but it proceeded from the same essential cause: physical laws disobeyed and bodies exhausted. The evil is, that what in the debauchee is condemned, as suicide, is lauded in the devotee, as saintship. The *delirium tre-*

mens of the drunkard conveys scarcely a sterner moral lesson than the second childishness of the pure and abstemious Southey.

But, happily, times change, and saints with them. Our moral conceptions are expanding to take in that "athletic virtue" of the Greeks, *ἀρετὴ γυμναστικὴ*, which Dr. Arnold, by precept and practice, defended. The modern English "Broad Church" aims at breadth of shoulders, as well as of doctrines. Kingsley paints his stalwart Philammons and Amyas Leighs, and his critics charge him with laying down a new definition of the saint, as a man who fears God and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Our American saintship, also, is beginning to have a body to it, a "Body of Divinity," indeed. Look at our three great popular preachers. The vigor of the paternal blacksmith still swings the sinewy arm of Beecher;—Parker performed the labors, mental and physical, of four able-bodied men, until even his great strength temporarily yielded;—and if ever dyspepsia attack the burly frame of Chapin, we fancy that dyspepsia will get the worst of it.

This is as it should be. One of the most potent causes of the ill-concealed alienation between the clergy and the people, in our community, is the supposed deficiency, on the part of the former, of a vigorous, manly life. It must be confessed that our saints suffer greatly from this moral and physical *anæmia*, this bloodlessness, which separates them, more effectually than a cloister, from the strong life of the age. What satirists upon religion are those parents who say of their pallid, puny, sedentary, lifeless, joyless little offspring, "He is born for a minister," while the ruddy, the brave, and the strong are as promptly assigned to a secular career! Never yet did an ill-starred young saint waste his Saturday afternoons in preaching sermons in the garret to his deluded little sisters and their dolls, without living to repent it in maturity. These precocious little sentimentalists wither away like

blanched potato-plants in a cellar; and then comes some vigorous youth from his out-door work or play, and grasps the rudder of the age, as he grasped the oar, the bat, or the plough-handle. We distrust the achievements of every saint without a body; and really have hopes of the Cambridge Divinity School, since hearing that it has organized a boat-club.

We speak especially of men, but the same principles apply to women. The triumphs of Rosa Bonheur and Harriet Hosmer grew out of a free and vigorous training, and they learned to delineate muscle by using it.

Everybody admires the physical training of military and naval schools. But these same persons never seem to imagine that the body is worth cultivating for any purpose, except to annihilate the bodies of others. Yet it needs more training to preserve life than to destroy it. The vocation of a literary man is far more perilous than that of a frontier dragoon. The latter dies at most but once, by an Indian bullet; the former dies daily, unless he be warned in time and take occasional refuge in the saddle and the prairie with the dragoon. What battle-piece is so pathetic as Browning's "Gramarian's Funeral"? Do not waste your gymnastics on the West Point or Annapolis student, whose whole life will be one of active exercise, but bring them into the professional schools and the counting-rooms. Whatever may be the exceptional cases, the stern truth remains, that the great deeds of the world can be more easily done by illiterate men than by sickly ones. Wisely said Horace Mann, "All through the life of a pure-minded but feeble-bodied man, his path is lined with memory's gravestones, which mark the spots where noble enterprises perished, for lack of physical vigor to embody them in deeds." And yet more eloquently it has been said by a younger American thinker, (D. A. Wasson,) "Intellect in a weak body is like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket,—the richer he would be, under other circumstances, by so much the greater his danger now."

Of course, the mind has immense control over physical endurance, and every one knows that among soldiers, sailors, emigrants, and woodsmen, the leaders, though more delicately nurtured, will often endure hardship better than the followers,—"because," says Sir Philip Sidney, "they are supported by the great appetites of honor." But for all these triumphs of nervous power a reaction lies in store, as in the case of the superhuman efforts often made by delicate women. And besides, there is a point beyond which no mental heroism can ignore the body,—as, for instance, in seasickness and toothache. Can virtue arrest consumption, or self-devotion set free the agonized breath of asthma, or heroic energy defy paralysis? More formidable still are those subtle results of disease, which cannot be resisted, because their source is unseen. Voltaire declared that the fate of a nation had often depended on the good or bad digestion of a prime-minister; and Motley holds that the gout of Charles V. changed the destinies of the world.

But so blinded, on these matters, is our accustomed mode of thought, that Mr. Beecher's recent lecture on the Laws of Nature has been met with strong objections from a portion of the religious press. These newspapers agree in asserting that admiration of physical strength belonged to the barbarous ages of the world. So it certainly did, and so much the better for those ages. They had that one merit, at least; and so surely as an exclusively intellectual civilization ignored it, the arm of some robust barbarian prostrated that civilization at last. What Sismondi says of courage is preëminently true of that bodily vigor which it usually presupposes: that, although it is by no means the first of virtues, its loss is more fatal than that of all others. "Were it possible to unite the advantages of a perfect government with the cowardice of a whole people, those advantages would be utterly valueless, since they would be utterly without security."

Physical health is a necessary condi-

tion of all permanent success. To the American people it has a stupendous importance, because it is the only attribute of power in which they are losing ground. Guaranty us against physical degeneracy, and we can risk all other perils,—financial crises, Slavery, Romanism, Mormonism, Border Ruffians, and New York assassins; “domestic malice, foreign levy, nothing” can daunt us. Guaranty us health, and Mrs. Stowe cannot frighten us with all the prophecies of Dred; but when her sister Catherine informs us that in all the vast female acquaintance of the Beecher family there are not a dozen healthy women, we confess ourselves a little tempted to despair of the republic.

The one drawback to satisfaction in our Public-School System is the physical weakness which it reveals and helps to perpetuate. One seldom notices a ruddy face in the school-room, without tracing it back to a Transatlantic origin. The teacher of a large school in Canada went so far as to declare to us, that she could recognize the children born this side the line by their invariable appearance of ill-health joined with intellectual precocity,—stamina wanting, and the place supplied by equations. Look at a class of boys or girls in our Grammar Schools; a glance along the line of their backs affords a study of geometrical curves. You almost long to reverse the position of their heads, as Dante has those of the false prophets, and thus improve their figures; the rounded shoulders affording a vigorous chest, and the hollow chest an excellent back.

There are statistics to show that the average length of human life is increasing; but it is probable that this results from the diminution of epidemic diseases, rather than from any general improvement in *physique*. There are facts also to indicate an increase of size and strength with advancing civilization. It is known that two men of middle size were unable to find a suit of armor large enough among the sixty sets owned by Sir Samuel Meyrick. It is also known that the strong-

est American Indians cannot equal the average strength of wrist of Europeans, or rival them in ordinary athletic feats. Indeed, it is generally supposed that any physical deterioration is local, being peculiar to the United States. Recently, however, we have read, with great regret, in the “Englishwoman’s Review,” that “it is allowed by all, that the appearance of the English peasant, in the present day, is very different to [from] what it was fifty years ago; the robust, healthy, hard-looking countrywoman or girl is as rare now as the pale, delicate, nervous female of our times would have been a century ago.” And the writer proceeds to give alarming illustrations, based upon the appearance of children in English schools, both in city and country.

We cannot speak for England, but certainly no one can visit Canada without being struck with the spectacle of a more athletic race of people than our own. On every side one sees rosy female faces and noble manly figures. In the shop-windows, in winter weather, hang snow-shoes, “gentlemen’s and ladies’ sizes.” The street-corners inform you that the members of the “Curling Club” are to meet to-day at “Dolly’s,” and the “Montreal Fox-hounds” at St. Lawrence Hall to-morrow. And next day comes off the annual steeple-chase, at the “Mile-End Course,” ridden by gentlemen of the city with their own horses; a scene, by the way, whose exciting interest can scarcely be conceived by those accustomed only to “trials of speed” at agricultural exhibitions. Everything indicates out-door habits and athletic constitutions.

We are aware that we may be met with the distinction between a good idle constitution and a good working constitution,—the latter of which often belongs to persons who make no show of physical powers. But this only means that there are different temperaments and types of physical organization, while, within the limits of each, the distinction between a healthy and a diseased condition still holds; and we insist on that alone.

Still more specious is the claim of the Fourth-of-July orators, that, health or no health, it is the sallow Americans, and not the robust English, who are really leading the world. But this, again, is a question of temperaments. The Englishman concedes the greater intensity, but prefers a more solid and permanent power. It is the noble masonry and vast canals of Montreal, against the Aladdin's palaces of Chicago. "I observe," admits the Englishman, "that an American can accomplish more, at a single effort, than any other man on earth; but I also observe that he exhausts himself in the achievement. Kane, a delicate invalid, astounds the world by his two Arctic winters,—and then dies in tropical Cuba." The solution is simple; nervous energy is grand, and so is muscular power; combine the two, and you move the world.

We shall assume, as admitted, therefore, the deficiency of physical health in America, and the need of a great amendment. But into the general question of cause and cure we do not propose to enter. In view of the vast variety of special theories, and the inadequacy of any one, (or any dozen,) we shall forbear. To our thinking, the best diagnosis of the universal American disease is to be found in Andral's famous description of the cholera: "Anatomical characteristics, insufficient;—cause, mysterious;—nature, hypothetical;—symptoms, characteristic;—diagnosis, easy;—treatment, very doubtful."

Every man must have his hobby, however, and it is a great deal to ride only one hobby at a time. For the present we disavow all minor ones. We forbear giving our pet arguments in defence of animal food, and in opposition to tobacco, coffee, and india-rubbers. We will not criticize the old-school physician whom we once knew, who boasted of not having performed a thorough ablution for twenty-five years; nor will we question the physiological orthodoxy of Miss Sedgwick's New England artist, who represented the Goddess of Health with a pair

of flannel drawers on. Still less should we think of debating (or of tasting) Kennedy's Medical Discovery, or R. R. R., or the Cow Pepsin. We know our aim, and will pursue it with a single eye.

"The wise for cure on *exercise* depend," saith Dryden,—and that is our hobby.

A great physician has said, "I know not which is most indispensable for the support of the frame,—food or exercise." But who, in this community, really takes exercise? Even the mechanic commonly confines himself to one set of muscles; the blacksmith acquires strength in his right arm, and the dancing-master in his left leg. But the professional or business man, what muscles has he at all? The tradition, that Phidippides ran from Athens to Sparta, one hundred and twenty miles, in two days, seems to us Americans as mythical as the Golden Fleece. Even to ride sixty miles in a day, to walk thirty, to run five, or to swim one, would cost most men among us a fit of illness, and many their lives. Let any man test his physical condition, we will not say by sawing his own cord of wood, but by an hour in the gymnasium or at cricket, and his enfeebled muscular apparatus will groan with rheumatism for a week. Or let him test the strength of his arms and chest by raising and lowering himself a few times upon a horizontal bar, or hanging by the arms to a rope, and he will probably agree with Galen in pronouncing it *robustum validumque laborem*. Yet so manifestly are these things within the reach of common constitutions, that a few weeks or months of judicious practice will renovate his whole system, and the most vigorous exercise will refresh him like a cold bath.

To a well-regulated frame, mere physical exertion, even for an uninteresting object, is a great enjoyment, which is, of course, enhanced by the excitement of games and sports. To almost every man there is joy in the memory of these things; they are the happiest associations of his boyhood. It does not

occur to him, that he also might be as happy as a boy, if he lived more like one. What do most men know of the "wild joys of living," the daily zest and luxury of out-door existence, in which every healthy boy beside them revels?—skating, while the orange sky of sunset dies away over the delicate tracery of gray branches, and the throbbing feet pause in their tingling motion, and the frosty air is filled with the shrill sound of distant steel, the resounding of the ice, and the echoes up the hillsides?—sailing, beating up against a stiff breeze, with the waves thumping under the bow, as if a dozen sea-gods had laid their heads together to resist it?—climbing tall trees, where the higher foliage, closing around, cures the dizziness which began below, and one feels as if he had left a coward beneath and found a hero above?—the joyous hour of crowded life in football or cricket?—the gallant glories of riding, and the jubilee of swimming?

The charm which all have found in Tom Brown's "School Days at Rugby" lies simply in this healthy boy's-life which it exhibits, and in the recognition of physical culture, which is so novel to Americans. At present, boys are annually sent across the Atlantic simply for bodily training. But efforts after the same thing begin to creep in among ourselves. A few Normal Schools have gymnasiums (rather neglected, however); the "Mystic Hall Female Seminary" advertises riding-horses; and we believe the new "Concord School" recognizes boating as an incidental;—but these are all exceptional cases, and far between. Faint and shadowy in our memory are certain ruined structures lingering Stonehenge-like on the Cambridge "Delta,"—and mysterious pits adjoining, into which Freshmen were decoyed to stumble, and of which we find that vestiges still remain. Tradition spoke of Dr. Follen and German gymnastics; but the beneficent exotic was transplanted prematurely, and died. The only direct encouragement of athletic exercises which stands out in our memory of academic life was a certain inestima-

ble shed on the "College Wharf," which was for a brief season the paradise of swimmers, and which, after having been deliberately arranged for their accommodation, was suddenly removed, the next season, to make room for coal-bins. Manly sports were not positively discouraged in our day,—but that was all.

Yet earlier reminiscences of the same beloved Cambridge suggest deeper gratitude. Thanks to thee, W. W.,—first pioneer, in New England, of true classical learning,—last wielder of the old English birch,—for the manly British sympathy which encouraged to activity the bodies, as well as the brains, of the numerous band of boys who played beneath the stately elms of that pleasant play-ground! Who among modern pedagogues can show such an example of vigorous pedestrianism in his youth as thou in thine age? and who now grants half-holidays, unasked, for no other reason than that the skating is good and the boys must use it while it lasts?

We cling still to the belief, that the Persian *curriculum* of studies—to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth—is the better part of a boy's education. As the urchin is undoubtedly physically safer for having learned to turn a somerset and fire a gun, perilous though these feats appear to mothers,—so his soul is made healthier, larger, freer, stronger, by hours and days of manly exercise and copious draughts of open air, at whatever risk of idle habits and bad companions. Even if the balance is sometimes lost, and play prevails, what matter? We rejoice to have been a schoolmate of him who wrote

"The hours the idle schoolboy squandered
The man would die ere he'd forget."

Only keep in a boy a pure and generous heart, and, whether he work or play, his time can scarcely be wasted. Which really has done most for the education of Boston,—Dixwell and Sherwin, or Sheridan and Braman?

Should it prove, however, that the cultivation of active exercises diminishes

the proportion of time given by children to study, we can only view it as an added advantage. Every year confirms us in the conviction, that our schools, public and private, systematically overtask the brains of the rising generation. We all complain that Young America grows to mental maturity too soon, and yet we all contribute our share to continue the evil. It is but a few weeks since we saw the warmest praises, in the New York newspapers, of a girl's school, in that city, where the appointed hours of study amounted to nine and a quarter daily, and the hours of exercise to a bare unit. Almost all the Students' Manuals assume that American students need stimulus instead of restraint, and urge them to multiply the hours of study and diminish those of out-door amusements and of sleep, as if the great danger did not lie that way already. When will parents and teachers learn to regard mental precocity as a disaster to be shunned, instead of a glory to be coveted? We could count up a dozen young men who have graduated at Harvard College, during the last twenty years, with high honors, before the age of eighteen; and we suppose that nearly every one of them has lived to regret it. "Nature," says Tissot, in his *Essay on the Health of Men of Letters*, "is unable successfully to carry on two rapid processes at the same time. We attempt a prodigy, and the result is a fool." There was a child in Languedoc who at six years was of the size of a large man; of course, his mind was a vacuum. On the other hand, Jean Philippe Baratier was a learned man in his eighth year, and died of apparent old age at twenty. Both were monstrosities, and a healthy childhood would be equidistant from either.

One invaluable merit of out-door sports is to be found in this, that they afford the best cement for childish friendship. Their associations outlive all others. There is many a man, now perchance hard and worldly, whom we love to pass in the street simply because in meeting him we meet spring flowers and autumn

chestnuts, skates and cricket-balls, cherry-birds and pickerel. There is an indescribable fascination in the gradual transference of these childish companionships into maturer relations. We love to encounter in the contests of manhood those whom we first met at football, and to follow the profound thoughts of those who always dived deeper, even in the river, than our efforts could attain. There is a certain governor, of whom we personally can remember only, that he found the Fresh Pond heronry, which we sought in vain; and in memory the august sheriff of a neighboring county still skates in victorious pursuit of us, (fit emblem of swift-footed justice!) on the black ice of the same lovely lake. Our imagination crowns the Cambridge poet, and the Cambridge sculptor, not with their later laurels, but with the willows out of which they taught us to carve whistles, shriller than any trump of fame, in the happy days when Mount Auburn was Sweet Auburn still.

Luckily, boy-nature is too strong for theory. And we admit, for the sake of truth, that physical education is not so entirely neglected among us as the absence of popular games would indicate. We suppose, that, if the truth were told, this last fact proceeds partly from the greater freedom of field-sports in this country. There are few New England boys who do not become familiar with the rod or gun in childhood. We take it, that, in the mother country, the monopoly of land interferes with this, and that game laws, by a sort of spontaneous pun, tend to introduce games.

Again, the practice of match-playing is opposed to our habits, both as a consumer of time and as partaking too much of gambling. Still, it is done in the case of "firemen's musters," which are, we believe, a wholly indigenous institution. We have known a very few cases where the young men of neighboring country parishes have challenged each other to games of base-ball, as is common in England; and there was, if we mistake not, a recent match at football between the boys

of the Fall River and the New Bedford High Schools. And within a few years regattas and cricket-matches have become common events. Still, these public exhibitions are far from being a full exponent of the athletic habits of our people; and there is really more going on among us than this meagre "pentathlon" exhibits.

Again, a foreigner is apt to infer, from the more desultory and unsystematized character of our out-door amusements, that we are less addicted to them than we really are. But this belongs to the habit of our nation, impatient, to a fault, of precedents and conventionalisms. The English-born Frank Forrester complains of the total indifference of our sportsmen to correct phraseology. We should say, he urges, "for large flocks of wild fowl,—of swans, a *whiteness*,—of geese, a *gaggle*,—of brent, a *gang*,—of duck, a *team* or a *plump*,—of widgeon, a *trip*,—of snipes, a *wisp*,—of larks, an *exaltation*.—The young of grouse are *cheepers*,—of quail, *squeakers*,—of wild duck, *flappers*." And yet, careless of these proprieties, Young America goes "gunning" to good purpose. So with all games. A college football-player reads with astonishment Tom Brown's description of the very complicated performance which passes under that name at Rugby. So cricket is simplified; it is hard to organize an American club into the conventional distribution of point and cover-point, long slip and short slip, but the players persist in winning the game by the most heterodox grouping. This constitutional independence has its good and evil results, in sports as elsewhere. It is this which has created the American breed of trotting horses, and which won the Cowes regatta by a mainsail as flat as a board.

But, so far as there is a deficiency in these respects among us, this generation must not shrink from the responsibility. It is unfair to charge it on the Puritans. They are not even answerable for Massachusetts; for there is no doubt that athletic exercises, of some sort, were far

more generally practised in this community before the Revolution than at present. A state of almost constant Indian warfare then created an obvious demand for muscle and agility. At present there is no such immediate necessity. And it has been supposed that a race of shopkeepers, brokers, and lawyers could live without bodies. Now that the terrible records of dyspepsia and paralysis are disproving this, we may hope for a reaction in favor of bodily exercises. And when we once begin the competition, there seems no reason why any other nation should surpass us. The wide area of our country, and its variety of surface and shore, offer a corresponding range of physical training. Take our coasts and inland waters alone. It is one thing to steer a pleasure-boat with a rudder, and another to steer a dory with an oar; one thing to paddle a birch-canoe, and another to paddle a ducking-float; in a Charles River club-boat, the post of honor is in the stern,—in a Penobscot *bateau*, in the bow; and each of these experiences educates a different set of muscles. Add to this the constitutional American receptiveness, which welcomes new pursuits without distinction of origin,—unites German gymnastics with English sports and sparring, and takes the red Indians for instructors in paddling and running. With these various aptitudes, we certainly ought to become a nation of athletes.

We have shown, that, in one way or another, American schoolboys obtain active exercise. The same is true, in a very limited degree, even of girls. They are occasionally, in our larger cities, sent to gymnasiums,—the more the better. Dancing-schools are better than nothing, though all the attendant circumstances are usually unfavorable. A fashionable young lady is estimated to traverse her three hundred miles a season on foot; and this needs training. But out-door exercise for girls is terribly restricted, first by their costume, and secondly by the remarks of Mrs. Grundy. All young female animals unquestionably require

as much motion as their brothers, and naturally make as much noise; but what mother would not be shocked, in the case of her girl of twelve, by one-tenth part the activity and uproar which are recognized as being the breath of life to her twin brother? Still, there is a change going on, which is tantamount to an admission that there is an evil to be remedied. Twenty years ago, if we mistake not, it was by no means considered "proper" for little girls to play with their hoops and balls on Boston Common; and swimming and skating have hardly been recognized as "lady-like" for half that period of time.

Still it is beyond question, that far more out-door exercise is habitually taken by the female population of almost all European countries than by our own. In the first place, the peasant women of all other countries (a class non-existent here) are trained to active labor from childhood; and what traveller has not seen, on foreign mountain-paths, long rows of maidens ascending and descending the difficult ways, bearing heavy burdens on their heads, and winning by the exercise such a superb symmetry and grace of figure as were a new wonder of the world to Cisatlantic eyes? Among the higher classes, physical exercises take the place of these things. Miss Beecher glowingly describes a Russian female seminary in which nine hundred girls of the noblest families were being trained by Ling's system of calisthenics, and her informant declared that she never beheld such an array of girlish health and beauty. Englishwomen, again, have horsemanship and pedestrianism, in which their ordinary feats appear to our healthy women incredible. Thus, Mary Lamb writes to Miss Wordsworth, (both ladies being between fifty and sixty,) " You say you can walk fifteen miles with ease; that is exactly my stint, and more fatigues me"; and then speaks pityingly of a delicate lady who could accomplish only "four or five miles every third or fourth day, keeping very quiet between." How few American ladies, in the fulness of

their strength, (if female strength among us has any fulness,) can surpass this English invalid!

But even among American men, how few carry athletic habits into manhood! The great hindrance, no doubt, is absorption in business; and we observe that this winter's hard times and consequent leisure have given a great stimulus to outdoor sports. But in most places there is the further obstacle, that a certain stigma of boyishness goes with them. So early does this begin, that we remember, in our teens, to have been slightly reproached with juvenility, because, though a Senior Sophister, we still clung to football. Juvenility! We only wish we had the opportunity now. Full-grown men are, of course, intended to take not only as much, but far more active exercise than boys. Some physiologists go so far as to demand six hours of out-door life daily; and it is absurd in us to complain that we have not the healthy animal happiness of children, while we forswear their simple sources of pleasure.

Most of the exercise habitually taken by men of sedentary pursuits is in the form of walking. We believe its merits to be greatly overrated. Walking is to real exercise what vegetable food is to animal; it satisfies the appetite, but the nourishment is not sufficiently concentrated to be invigorating. It takes a man out-doors, and it uses his muscles, and therefore of course it is good; but it is not the best kind of good. Walking, for walking's sake, becomes tedious. We must not ignore the *play-impulse* in human nature, which, according to Schiller, is the foundation of all Art. In female boarding-schools, teachers uniformly testify to the aversion of pupils to the prescribed walk. Give them a sled, or a pair of skates, or a row-boat, or put them on horseback, and they will protract the period of exercise till the teacher in turn grumbles. Put them into a gymnasium, with an efficient teacher, and they will soon require restraint, instead of urging. Gymnastic exercises have two disadvantages: one, in being commonly per-

formed under cover (though this may sometimes prove an advantage as well); another, in requiring apparatus, and at first a teacher. These apart, perhaps no other form of exercise is so universally invigorating. A teacher is required, less for the sake of stimulus than of precaution. The tendency is almost always to dare too much; and there is also need of a daily moderation in commencing exercises; for the wise pupil will always prefer to supple his muscles by mild exercises and calisthenics, before proceeding to harsher performances on the bars and ladders. With this precaution, strains are easily avoided; even with this, the hand will sometimes blister and the body ache, but perseverance will cure the one and Russia Salve the other; and the invigorated life in every limb will give a perpetual charm to those seemingly aimless leaps and somersets. The feats once learned, a private gymnasium can easily be constructed, of the simplest apparatus, and so daily used; though nothing can wholly supply the stimulus afforded by a class in a public institution, with a competent teacher. In summer, the whole thing can partially be dispensed with; but we are really unable to imagine how any person gets through the winter happily without a gymnasium.

For the favorite in-door exercise of dumb-bells we have little to say; they are not an enlivening performance, nor do they task a variety of muscles,—while they are apt to strain and fatigue them, if used with energy. Far better, for a solitary exercise, is the Indian club, a lineal descendant of that antique one in whose handle rare medicaments were fabled to be concealed. The modern one is simply a rounded club, weighing from four pounds upwards, according to the strength of the pupil; grasping a pair of these by the handles, he learns a variety of exercises, having always before him the feats of the marvellous Mr. Harrison, whose praise is in the "Spirit of the Times," and whose portrait adorns the back of Dr. Trall's Gymnastics. By the latest bulletins, that gentleman measured

forty-two and a half inches round the chest, and employed clubs weighing no less than forty-seven pounds.

It may seem to our non-resistant friends to be going rather far, if we should indulge our saints in taking boxing lessons; yet it is not long since a New York clergyman saved his life in Broadway by the judicious administration of a "cross-counter" or a "flying crook," and we have not heard of his ex-communication from the Church Militant. No doubt, a laudable aversion prevails, in this country, to the English practices of pugilism; yet it must be remembered that sparring is, by its very name, a "science of self-defence"; and if a gentleman wishes to know how to hold a rude antagonist at bay, in any emergency, and keep out of an undignified scuffle, the means are most easily afforded him by the art which Pythagoras founded. Apart from this, boxing exercises every muscle in the body, and gives a wonderful quickness to eye and hand. These same remarks apply, though in a minor degree, to fencing also.

Billiards is a graceful game, and affords, in some respects, admirable training; but is hardly to be classed among athletic exercises. Tenpins afford, perhaps, the most popular form of exercise among us, and have become almost a national game, and a good one, too, so far as it goes. The English game of bowls is less entertaining, and is, indeed, rather a sluggish sport, though it has the merit of being played in the open air. The severer British sports, as tennis and rackets, are scarcely more than names, to us Americans.

Passing now to out-door exercises, (and no one should confine himself to in-door ones,) we hold with the Thalesian school, and rank water first. Vishnu Sarma gives, in his apologetics, the characteristics of the fit place for a wise man to live in, and enumerates among its necessities first "a Rajah" and then "a river." Democrats as we are, we can dispense with the first, but not with the second. A square mile even of pond

water is worth a year's schooling to any intelligent boy. A boat is a kingdom. We personally own one,—a mere flat-bottomed "float," with a centre-board. It has seen service,—it is eight years old,—has spent two winters under the ice, and been fished in by boys every day for as many summers. It grew at last so hopelessly leaky, that even the boys disdained it. It cost seven dollars originally, and we would not sell it to-day for seventeen. To own the poorest boat is better than hiring the best. It is a link to Nature; without a boat, one is so much the less a man.

Sailing is of course delicious; it is as good as flying to steer anything with wings of canvas, whether one stand by the wheel of a clipper-ship, or by the clumsy stern-oar of a "gundalow." But rowing has also its charms; and the Indian noiselessness of the paddle, beneath the fringing branches of the Assaboth or Artichoke, puts one into Fairyland at once, and Hiawatha's *cheemaun* becomes a possible possession. Rowing is peculiarly graceful and appropriate as a feminine exercise, and any able-bodied girl can learn to handle one light oar at the first lesson, and two at the second; this, at least, we demand of our own pupils.

Swimming has also a birdlike charm of motion. The novel element, the free action, the abated drapery, give a sense of personal contact with Nature which nothing else so fully bestows. No later triumph of existence is so fascinating, perhaps, as that in which the boy first wins his panting way across the deep gulf that severs one green bank from another, (ten yards, perhaps,) and feels himself thence-forward lord of the watery world. The Athenian phrase for a man who knew nothing was, that he could "neither read nor swim." Yet there is a vast amount of this ignorance; the majority of sailors, it is said, cannot swim a stroke; and in a late lake disaster, many able-bodied men perished by drowning, in calm water, only half a mile from shore. At our watering-places

it is rare to see a swimmer venture out more than a rod or two, though this proceeds partly from the fear of sharks,—as if sharks of the dangerous order were not far more afraid of the rocks than the swimmers of being eaten. But the fact of the timidity is unquestionable; and we were told by a certain clerical frequenter of a watering-place, himself a robust swimmer, that he had never met but two companions who would venture boldly out with him, both being ministers, and one a distinguished Ex-President of Brown University. We place this fact to the credit of the bodies of our saints.

But space forbids us thus to descend on the details of all active exercises. Riding may be left to the eulogies of Mr. N. P. Willis, and cricket to Mr. Lillywhite's "Guide." We will only say, in passing, that it is pleasant to see the rapid spread of clubs for the latter game, which a few years since was practised only by a few transplanted Englishmen and Scotchmen; and it is pleasant also to observe the twin growth of our indigenous American game of base-ball, whose briskness and unceasing activity are perhaps more congenial, after all, to our national character, than the comparative deliberation of cricket. Football, bating its roughness, is the most glorious of all games to those whose animal life is sufficiently vigorous to enjoy it. Skating is just at present the fashion for ladies as well as gentlemen, and needs no apostle; the open weather of the current winter has been unusually favorable for its practice, and it is destined to become a permanent institution.

A word, in passing, on the literature of athletic exercises; it is too scanty to detain us long. Five hundred books, it is estimated, have been written on the digestive organs, but we shall not speak of half a dozen in connection with the muscular powers. The common Physiologies recommend exercise in general terms, but seldom venture on details; unhappily, they are written, for the most part, by men who have already lost their

own health, and are therefore useful as warnings rather than examples. The first real book of gymnastics printed in this country, so far as we know, was the work of the veteran Salzmann, translated and published in Philadelphia, in 1802, and sometimes to be met with in libraries,—an odd, desultory book, with many good reasonings and suggestions, and quaint pictures of youths exercising in the old German costume. Like Dr. Follen's gymnasium, at Cambridge, it was probably transplanted too early, and produced no effect. Next came, in 1836, the book which is still, after twenty years, the standard, so far as it goes,—Walker's "Manly Exercises,"—a thoroughly English book, and needing adaptation to our habits, but full of manly vigor, and containing good and copious directions for skating, swimming, boating, and horsemanship. The only later general treatise worth naming is Dr. Trall's recently published "Family Gymnasium,"—a good book, yet not good enough. On gymnastics proper it contains scarcely anything; and the essays on rowing, riding, and skating are so meagre, that they might almost as well have been omitted, though that on swimming is excellent. The main body of the book is devoted to the subject of calisthenics, and especially to Ling's system; all this is valuable for its novelty, although we cannot imagine how a system so tediously elaborate and so little interesting can ever be made very useful for American pupils. Miss Beecher has an excellent essay on calisthenics, with very useful figures, at the end of her "Physiology." And on proper gymnastic exercises there is a little book so full and admirable, that it atones for the defects of all the others,—"Paul Preston's Gymnastics,"—nominally a child's book, but so spirited and graphic, and entering so admirably into the whole extent of the subject, that it ought to be reprinted and find ten thousand readers.

In our own remarks, we have purposely confined ourselves to those phys-

ical exercises which partake most of the character of sports. Field-sports alone we have omitted, because these are so often discussed by abler hands. Mechanical and horticultural labors lie out of our present province. So do the walks and labors of the artist and the man of science. The out-door study of natural history alone is a vast field, even yet very little entered upon. In how many American towns or villages are to be found *local collections* of natural objects, such as every large town in Europe affords, and without which the foundations of thorough knowledge cannot be laid? We can scarcely point to any. We have innumerable fragmentary and aimless "Museums,"—collections of South-Sea shells in inland villages, and of aboriginal remains in seaport towns,—mere curiosity-shops, which no man confers any real benefit by collecting; while the most ignorant person may be a true benefactor to science by forming a cabinet, however scanty, of the animal and vegetable productions of his own township. We have often heard Professor Agassiz lament this waste of energy, and we would urge upon all our readers to do their share to remedy the defect, while they invigorate their bodies by the exercise which the effort will give, and the joyous open-air life into which it will take them.

For, after all, the secret charm of all these sports and studies is simply this,—that they bring us into more familiar intercourse with Nature. They give us that *vitam sub divo* in which the Roman exulted,—those out-door days, which, say the Arabs, are not to be reckoned in the length of life. Nay, to a true lover of the open air, night beneath its curtain is as beautiful as day. We personally have camped out under a variety of auspices,—before a fire of pine logs in the forests of Maine, beside a blaze of faya-boughs on the steep side of a foreign volcano, and beside no fire at all, (except a possible one of Sharp's rifles,) in that domestic volcano, Kansas; and every such re-

membrance is worth many nights of indoor slumber. We never found a week in the year, nor an hour of day or night, which had not, in the open air, its own special beauty. We will not say, with Reade's Australians, that the only use of a house is to sleep in the lee of it; but there is method in even that madness. As for rain, it is chiefly formidable indoors. Lord Bacon used to ride with uncovered head in a shower, and loved "to feel the spirit of the universe upon his brow"; and we once knew an enthusiastic hydro-pathic physician who loved to expose himself in thunder-storms at midnight, without a shred of earthly clothing between himself and the atmosphere. Some prudent persons may possibly regard this as being rather an extreme, while yet their own extreme of avoidance of every breath from heaven is really the more extravagantly unreasonable of the two.

It is easy for the sentimentalists to say, "But if the object is, after all, the enjoyment of Nature, why not go and enjoy her, without any collateral aim?" Because it is the universal experience of man, that, if we have a collateral aim, we enjoy her far more. He knows not the

beauty of the universe, who has not learned the subtle mystery, that Nature loves to work on us by *indirections*. Astronomers say, that, when observing with the naked eye, you see a star less clearly by looking at it, than by looking at the next one. Margaret Fuller's fine saying touches the same point,—"Nature will not be stared at." Go out merely to enjoy her, and it seems a little tame, and you begin to suspect yourself of affectation. We know persons who, after years of abstinence from athletic sports or the pursuits of the naturalist or artist, have resumed them, simply in order to restore to the woods and the sunsets the zest of the old fascination. Go out under pretence of shooting on the marshes or botanizing in the forests; study entomology, that most fascinating, most neglected of all the branches of natural history; go to paint a red maple-leaf in autumn, or watch a pickerel-line in winter; meet Nature on the cricket ground or at the regatta; swim with her, ride with her, run with her, and she gladly takes you back once more within the horizon of her magic, and your heart of manhood is born again into more than the fresh happiness of the boy.

BY THE DEAD.

PRIDE that sat on the beautiful brow,
Scorn that lay in the arching lips,
Will of the oak-grain, where are ye now?
I may dare to touch her finger-tips!
Deep, flaming eyes, ye are shallow enough;
The steadiest fire burns out at last.
Throw back the shutters,—the sky is rough,
And the winds are high,—but the night is past.

Mother, I speak with the voice of a man;
Death is between us,—I stoop no more;
And yet so dim is each new-born plan,
I am feebler than ever I was before,—

Feebler than when the western hill
 Faded away with its sunset gold.
 Mother, your voice seemed dark and chill,
 And your words made my young heart very cold.

You talked of fame,—but my thoughts would stray
 To the brook that laughed across the lane ;
 And of hopes for me,—but your hand's light play
 On my brow was ice to my shrinking brain ;
 And you called me your son, your only son,—
 But I felt your eye on my tortured heart
 To and fro, like a spider, run,
 On a quivering web ;—'twas a cruel art !

But crueller, crueller far, the art
 Of the low, quick laugh that Memory hears !
 Mother, I lay my head on your heart ;
 Has it throbbed even once these fifty years ?
 Throbbed even once, by some strange heat thawed ?
 It would then have warmed to her, poor thing,
 Who echoed your laugh with a cry !—O God,
 When in my soul will it cease to ring ?

Starlike her eyes were,—but yours were blind ;
 Sweet her red lips,—but yours were curled ;
 Pure her young heart,—but yours,—ah, you find
 This, mother, is not the only world !
 She came,—bright gleam of the dawning day ;
 She went,—pale dream of the winding-sheet.
 Mother, they come to me and say
 Your headstone will almost touch her feet !

You are walking now in a strange, dim land :
 Tell me, has pride gone with you there ?
 Does a frail white form before you stand,
 And tremble to earth, beneath your stare ?
 No, no !—she is strong in her pureness now,
 And Love to Power no more defers.
 I fear the roses will never grow
 On your lonely grave as they do on hers !

But now from those lips one last, sad touch,—
 Kiss it is not, and has never been ;
 In my boyhood's sleep I dreamed of such,
 And shuddered,—they were so cold and thin !
 There,—now cover the cold, white face,
 Whiter and colder than statue stone !
 Mother, you have a resting-place ;
 But I am weary, and all alone !

AARON BURR.*

THE life of Aaron Burr is an admirable subject for a biographer. He belonged to a class of men, rare in America, who are remarkable, not so much for their talents or their achievements, as for their adventures and the vicissitudes of their fortunes. Europe has produced many such men and women: political intriguers; royal favorites; adroit courtiers; adventurers who carried their swords into every scene of danger; courtesans who controlled the affairs of states; persevering schemers who haunted the purlieus of courts, plotted treason in garrets, and levied war in fine ladies' boudoirs.

In countries where all the social and political action is concentrated around the throne, where a pretty woman may decide the policy of a reign, a royal marriage plunge nations into war, and the disgrace of a favorite cause the downfall of a party, such persons find an ample field for the exercise of the arts upon which they depend for success. The history and romance of Modern Europe are full of them; they crowd the pages of Macaulay and Scott. But the full sunlight of our republican life leaves no lurking-place for the mere trickster. Doubtless, selfish purposes influence our statesmen, as well as the statesmen of other countries; but such purposes cannot be accomplished here by the means which effect them elsewhere. He who wishes to attract the attention of a people must act publicly and with reference to practical matters; but the ear of a monarch may be reached in private. Therefore there is a certain monotony in the lives of most of our public men; they may be read in the life of one. It is, generally, a simple story of a poor youth, who was born in humble station, and who, by painful

effort in some useful occupation, rose slowly to distinguished place,—who displayed high talents, and made an honorable use of them. Aaron Burr, however, is an exception. His adventures, his striking relations with the leading men of his time, his romantic enterprises, the crimes and the talents which have been attributed to him, his sudden elevation, and his protracted and agonizing humiliation have attached to his name a strange and peculiar interest. Mr. Parton has done a good service in recalling a character which had well-nigh passed out of popular thought, though not entirely out of popular recollection.

As to the manner in which this service has been performed, it is impossible to speak very highly. The book has evidently cost its author great pains; it is filled with detail, and with considerable gossip concerning the hero, which is piquant, and, if true, important. The style is meant to be lively, and in some passages is pleasant enough; but it is marked with a flippancy, which, after a few pages, becomes very disagreeable. It abounds with the slang usually confined to sporting papers. According to the author, a civil man is "as civil as an orange," a well-dressed man is "got up regardless of expense," and an unobserved action is done "on the sly." He affects the intense, and, in his pages, newspapers "go rabid and foam personalities," are "ablaze with victories" and "bristling with bulletins,"—the public is in a "delirium,"—the politicians are "maddened,"—letters are written in "hot haste," and proclamations "sent flying." He appears to be on terms of intimacy with historical personages such as few writers are fortunate enough to be admitted to. He approves a remark of George II. and patronizingly exclaims, "Sensible King!" He has occasion to mention John Adams, and sa-

* *The Life and Times of Aaron Burr.* By J. PARTON. New York: Mason, Brothers. 1857.

lutes him thus: "Glorious, delightful, honest John Adams! An American John Bull! The Comic Uncle of this exciting drama!" He then calls him "a high-mettled game-cock," and says "he made a splendid show of fight."

Such little foibles and vanities might easily be pardoned, if the book had no more important defects. It professes to explain portions of our history hitherto not perfectly understood, and it contains many statements for the truth of which we must rely upon the good sense and accuracy of the writer; yet it is full of errors, and often evinces a disposition to exaggeration little calculated to produce confidence in its reliability.

Our space will not permit us to point out all the mistakes which Mr. Parton has made, and we will mention only a few which attracted our attention upon the first perusal of his book. His hero was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel when only twenty-one years of age, and the author says that he was "the youngest man who held that rank in the Revolutionary army, or who has ever held it in an army of the United States." Alexander Hamilton and Brockholst Livingston both reached that rank at twenty years of age.—Mr. Parton tells us that Burr's rise in politics was more "rapid than that of any other man who has played a conspicuous part in the affairs of the United States"; and that "in four years after fairly entering the political arena, he was advanced, first, to the highest honor of the bar, next, to a seat in the National Council, and then, to a competition with Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Clinton, for the Presidency itself" He could hardly have crowded more errors into a single paragraph. Burr never attained the highest honor of the bar. His first appearance in politics was as a member of the Legislature of New York, in 1784, when twenty-eight years old; five years after, he was appointed Attorney-General; in 1791 he was elected to the Senate of the United States; and in 1801, at the age of forty-five, *seventeen* years after he fairly

entered public life, he became Vice-President. Hamilton was a member of Congress at twenty-five, and at thirty-two was Secretary of the Treasury; Jefferson wrote the great Declaration when only thirty-two years old; and the present Vice-President is a much younger man than Burr was when he reached that station. The statement, that Burr was the rival of Washington and Adams for the Presidency, is absurd. Under the Constitution, at that time, each elector voted for two persons,—the candidate who received the greatest number of votes (if a majority of the whole) being declared President, and the one having the next highest number Vice-President. In 1792, at which time Burr received one vote in the Electoral College, *all* the electors voted for Washington; consequently the vote for Burr, upon the strength of which Mr. Parton makes his magnificent boast, was palpably for the Vice-Presidency. In 1796, the Presidential candidates were Adams and Jefferson, for one or the other of whom every elector voted,—the votes for Burr, in this instance thirty in number, being, as before, only for the Vice-Presidency. Even in 1800, when the votes for Jefferson and Burr in the Electoral College were equal, it is notorious that this equality was simply the result of their being supported on the same ticket,—the former for the office of President, and the latter for that of Vice-President. Mr. Parton says, that, in the House of Representatives, Burr would have been elected on the first ballot, if a majority would have sufficed; and that Mr. Jefferson never received more than fifty-one votes in a House of one hundred and six members. Had he taken the trouble to examine Gales's "Annals of Congress" for 1799–1801, he would have found that the House consisted of one hundred and four members, two seats being vacant; and that on the first ballot Jefferson received fifty-five votes, a majority of six.—We are several times told that Robert R. Livingston was one of the framers of the Constitution. Mr.

Livingston was not a member of the Constitutional Convention; the only person of the name in that body was William Livingston, Governor of New Jersey.—Mr. Parton comes into conflict with other writers upon matters affecting his hero, as to which he would have done well if he had given his authority. Matthew L. Davis, Burr's first biographer and intimate friend, says that Burr's grandfather was a German; Parton, speaking of the family at the time of the birth of Burr's father, says that it was Puritan and had flourished in New England for three generations. Mr. Parton makes Burr a witness of a dramatic interview between Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Prevost shortly after the discovery of Arnold's treason, the particulars of which Davis says Burr obtained from the latter lady after she became his wife.—Our author is not consistent in his own statements. Upon one page he describes Mrs. Prevost, about the time of her marriage, as "the beautiful Mrs. Prevost"; a few pages farther on he says she was "not beautiful, being past her prime." He informs us that it is the fashion to underrate Jefferson, that the polite circles and writers of the country have never sympathized with him,—and in the very same paragraph he remarks that "Thomas Jefferson has been for fifty years the victim of incessant eulogy."

This carelessness in reciting facts is associated with a certain confusion of mind. Mr. Parton does not appear to have the power of distinguishing between conflicting statements of the same thing. He describes Hamilton as honest and generous, and then accuses him of malignity and dishonorable intrigue. He says that Wilkinson, at that time a general in the United States service, may have thought of hastening the dissolution of the Union "without being in any sense a traitor." How an officer can meditate the destruction of a government which he has sworn to protect, and not be in any sense of the word a traitor, will puzzle minds not educated in what the author calls "the Burr school." But the

most curious exhibition which Mr. Parton makes of this mental and moral confusion occurs in a passage where he attempts to prove his assertion, that "Burr has done the state some service, though they know it not." This service, of which the state has continued so obstinately ignorant, consists mainly in having invented filibustering, and in having brought duelling into disgrace by killing Hamilton. "That was a benefit," our moralist gravely remarks concerning this last claim to gratitude. Certainly; just such a benefit as Captain Kidd conferred upon the world; he brought piracy into disgrace by being hanged for it. As to the invention of filibustering, we are hardly disposed to rank Burr with Fulton and Morse for his valuable discovery; but perhaps the shades of Lopez and De Boulbon, and the living "gray-eyed man of destiny," will worship him as the founder of their order.

It is impossible to define Mr. Parton's opinion of his hero. It is not very clear to himself. He is inclined to admire him, and is quite sure that he has been harshly dealt with. In the Preface he intimates that it is his purpose to exhibit Burr's good qualities,—for, as he says, "it is the good in a man who goes astray that ought most to alarm and warn his fellow-men." The converse of which proposition we suppose the author thinks equally true, and that it is the evil in a man who does not go astray which ought most to delight and attract his fellow-men. At the end of the volume Mr. Parton makes a summary of Burr's character,—says that he was too good for a politician, and not great enough for a statesman,—that Nature meant him for a schoolmaster,—that he was a useful Senator, an ideal Vice-President, and would have been a good President,—and that, if his Mexican expedition had succeeded, he would have run a career similar to that of Napoleon. We do not dare attack this extraordinary eulogy. To describe a man as not great enough for a statesman, yet fitted to make a good President, as a natural-born schoolmaster and at the same

time a Napoleon, argues a boldness of conception which makes criticism dangerous.

Mr. Parton occasionally assumes an air of impartiality, and mildly expresses his disapprobation of Burr's vices; but in every instance where those vices were displayed he earnestly defends him. In the contest with Jefferson, Parton insists that Burr acted honorably; in the duel with Hamilton, Burr was the injured party; in his amours he was not a bad man; so that, although we are told that Burr had faults, we look in vain for any exhibition of them. In the cases where we have been accustomed to think that his passions led him into crime, he either displayed the strictest virtue, or, at most, sinned in so gentlemanlike a manner, with so much kindness and generosity, as hardly to sin at all.

There are three ways of writing a biography: one is, to make a simple narrative and leave the reader to form his own opinion; another, to present the facts so as to illustrate the author's conception of his hero's character; a third, and the most common way, to proceed like an advocate, to suppress everything which can be suppressed, to sneer at everything which cannot be answered, to put the most favorable construction upon all dubious matters, and to throw the strongest light upon every fortunate circumstance. Mr. Parton has tried all three modes, and failed in all. He is an unskilful delineator of character, a poor story-teller, and a worse advocate. His book, despite its spasmodic style, lacks vigor. It indicates a want of firmness and precision of thought. It leaves a mixed impression on the mind. We venture to say, that two thirds of its readers will close the volume with an indefinite contradictory opinion that Burr was a sort of villainous saint, and that the other third, by no means the most inattentive readers, will not be able to form any opinion whatever.

There are four periods or events in the life of Burr which are worthy of attention: his career in the army; his po-

litical course and contest with Jefferson; the duel; and the Mexican expedition. Upon the first and most pleasing portion of his life we cannot dwell. He entered the service shortly after the battle of Bunker Hill, and in two years rose to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy. Though engaged in several important battles, he did not have an opportunity to display great military talents, if he possessed them. He was distinguished, but not more so than many other young men. He resigned in the spring of 1779,—as he alleged, on account of ill health, but more probably because the failure of the Lee and Conway intrigue had disappointed his hopes of promotion.

As an indication of character, the most important circumstance of Burr's military life was his quarrel with Washington. This difficulty is said to have grown out of some scandalous affair in which Burr was engaged, a belief which is strengthened by his intrigue with the beautiful and unfortunate Margaret Moncrieffe a few months after. But aside from any such cause, there was ground enough for difference in the characters of the two men. Discipline compelled Washington to hold his subordinates at a distance of implied, if not asserted inferiority; and Burr never met a man to whom he thought himself inferior. Mr. Parton's explanation is, that "Hamilton probably implanted a dislike for Burr in Washington's breast." The only difficulty with this theory is one which the author's suppositions often encounter,—it has no foundation in fact. At the time that Burr was in Washington's family, Hamilton was probably not acquainted with the General; he did not enter his staff until nine months after Burr had left it.

Burr entered public life at the only period in our history when a man of his stamp of mind could have played a conspicuous part. At the close of the Revolution, in addition to the Tories, there were already two political factions in New York. As early as 1777 the Whigs had divided upon the election for Governor, and George Clinton was chosen

over Philip Schuyler. The division then created continued after the peace, but the differences were, at first, purely personal. Schuyler was the leader of a party made up of a few great families, most prominent among which were the Van Rensselaers and Livingstons. The Van Rensselaers have never been particularly distinguished except as the possessors of a great estate; the Livingstons, on the other hand, second only to the great Dutch family in wealth, far surpassed them in political power and reputation. The Van Rensselaers and Schuylers were connected with the Livingstons by marriage; and this powerful association, made more powerful by the banishment of the wealthy inhabitants of New York city and Long Island, was still further strengthened by the connection with it of Alexander Hamilton, who married a daughter of Philip Schuyler, and John Jay, who married a daughter of William Livingston. The Schuyler faction excited that opposition which wealth and social and political influence always excite. A party arose which was composed of men of every condition and shade of opinion,—those who were galled by the exclusiveness of the aristocracy,—those who had joined the opposition to Washington,—the young men who had made their reputation during the war and were eager for professional and political promotion,—and all those who were converts to the new doctrines of government which the dispute with England had originated. At the head of these was George Clinton. Though a man of liberal education, and trained to a liberal profession, he had not the showy and attractive accomplishments which distinguished his rivals; but he possessed in an extraordinary degree those more sturdy qualities of mind and character which, in a country where distinction is in the gift of the people, are always generously rewarded. He had great aptitude for business, a clear and rapid judgment, and high physical and moral courage. He was faithful to his friends, and though an unyielding, he was a magnanimous foe. At a time

when politics were looked upon almost wholly as the means of personal and family aggrandizement, and the motives of party conduct such as flow from the passions of men, he, more than any of his opponents, adhered to a consistent and not illiberal theory of public action.

At the outset of his political career, Burr acted upon the policy which always governed him. He attached himself closely to neither party. When the political issues grew broader, he was careful not to connect himself with any measure. He did not heartily oppose the abolition of the Tory disabilities, nor the adoption of the Constitution. He was a Clintonian, but not so decidedly as to prevent him from attempting to defeat Clinton. With a few adherents, he stood between the two parties and maintained a position where he could avail himself of any overtures which might be made to him; yet he was careful to be so far identified with one side as to be able to claim some political association whenever it became necessary to do so. His success in this artful course was remarkable. Nominally a Clintonian, in 1789 he supported Yates, and a few months afterwards took office under Clinton. In 1791, while holding a place under a Republican governor, he persuaded a Federal legislature to send him to the Senate of the United States. In the Senate he sided with the opposition, but so moderately that some Federalists were willing to support him for Governor. The Republicans nominated him for the Vice-Presidency, and shortly after, the Federalists in Congress, almost in a body, voted for him for the Presidency. During all this time, his name was not associated with any important measure except a fraudulent banking-scheme in New York.

The occasion of his elevation to the Vice-Presidency is a perfect illustration of the accidental circumstances and unimportant services to which he was generally indebted for advancement. From the commencement of the Presidential canvass of 1800, it was evident that the

action of New York would control the election. That State then had twelve votes in the Electoral College; but the electors were chosen by the Legislature, —not, as at present, by the people. The parties in New York were nearly equal, and the result in the Legislature was very doubtful. The city of New York sent twelve members to the Assembly, and usually determined the political complexion of that body. Thus the contest in the nation was narrowed down to a single city, and that not a large one. This gave Burr a favorable field for the exercise of his peculiar talents. His energy, tact, unscrupulousness, and art in conciliating the hostile and animating the indifferent made him unequalled in political finesse. He did not hesitate to use any means in his power. Some one in his pay overheard the discussion in a Federal caucus, and revealed to him the plans of his opponents. He had become unpopular, and had brought odium upon his party by a corrupt speculation; he therefore declined presenting his own name, and made a ticket comprehending the most distinguished persons in the Republican ranks. George Clinton, Gen. Gates, and Brockholst Livingston were placed at the head of it. The most urgent solicitations were necessary to persuade these gentlemen to consent to a nomination for places which were beneath their pretensions, but Burr answered every objection and overcame every scruple. The respectability of the candidates and the vigorous prosecution of the canvass carried the city by a considerable majority, and insured the election of Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Parton finds in this abundant material for extravagant eulogy of Burr. But most people will be surprised to learn that such services constituted a claim to the Vice-Presidency. If being an adroit politician entitles a person to high office, there is not a town in New York which cannot furnish half a dozen statesmen whose exploits have been far more remarkable than Burr's.

Burr's nomination, however, was not

solely due to his labors at this election, but in part also to his subsequent address. The importance of New York made it desirable to select the candidate for the Vice-Presidency from that State. A caucus of the Republican members of Congress directed Mr. Gallatin to ascertain who would be the most acceptable candidate. He wrote to Commodore Nicholson, asking him to discover the sentiments of the leading men in the State. The names of Livingston, George Clinton, and Burr had been suggested. Livingston was deaf, and Nicholson is said to have determined to recommend Clinton. Burr, however, saw him afterwards, and persuaded him to substitute his name instead of Clinton's in the letter which he had prepared to send to Philadelphia. Col. Burr was accordingly placed upon the Republican ticket.

The tie vote between Jefferson and Burr, which unexpectedly occurred in the Electoral College, has given rise to the assertion that Burr endeavored to defeat Jefferson and secure his own election. Mr. Parton devotes a chapter to the refutation of this charge, but does not succeed in making a very strong argument. The evidence of Burr's treachery is as positive as from the nature of the case it can be. Of course, he made no open pledges; it was unnecessary, and it would have been impolitic to do so. The main fact cannot be denied, that for several weeks before and after the election went to the House of Representatives, Burr was openly supported by the Federalists in opposition to Jefferson. Burr knew it; everybody knew it. Why was this support given? It will require plain proof to satisfy any one who is familiar with the motives of political action, that a party would have so earnestly advocated the election of any man without good reason to suppose that he would make an adequate return for its support. There was but one course which Burr, in honor, could take; he should have emphatically refused to permit his name to be used. A word from him would have ended the matter; but that word was

not spoken. The evidence on the other side consists of some statements made several years after, by parties concerned, which are by no means so direct and unequivocal as might be wished,—and of a series of depositions taken in some law-suits instituted by Col. Burr to investigate the truth of this charge. One circumstance, which seems to have escaped the notice of our biographer, casts suspicion upon all these documents. Burr applied to Samuel Smith, a United States Senator from Maryland, for his testimony. Smith gives the following account of the transaction:—"Col. Burr called on me. I told him that I had written my deposition, and would have a fair copy made of it. He said, 'Trust it to me and I will get Mr. —— to copy it.' I did so, and, on his returning it to me, *I found words not mine interpolated in the copy.*" It is not worth while to discuss a defence which was made out by forgery.

His election to the Vice-Presidency terminated Burr's official career. He was deserted by his party, and denounced by the Republican press. Burning with resentment, he turned upon his enemies, and, supported by the Federalists, became a candidate for the Governorship of New York, in opposition to the Republican nominee. Hamilton, who alone among the Federal statesmen had openly opposed Burr during the contest for the Presidency, again separated from his party, and earnestly denounced him. Burr was defeated by an enormous majority. His disappointment and anger at being again foiled by Hamilton prompted him to the most notorious and unfortunate act of his life.

In speaking of his duel with Gen. Hamilton, we do not intend to judge Col. Burr's conduct by the rules by which a more enlightened public opinion now judges the duellist. He and his adversary acted according to the custom of their time; by that standard let them be measured. Mr. Parton thinks that the challenge was as "near an approach to a reasonable and inevitable action as an

action can be which is intrinsically wrong and absurd." By this we understand him to say that the course of Col. Burr was in accordance with the etiquette which then governed men of the world in such affairs. We think differently.

During the election for Governor, Dr. Cooper, of Albany, heard Hamilton declare that he was opposed to Burr, and made a public statement to that effect. Gen. Schuyler denied the truth of this assertion, which Dr. Cooper then reiterated in a published letter, saying that Hamilton and Judge Kent had both characterized Burr as "a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government," and that "he could detail a *still more despicable opinion* which Gen. Hamilton had expressed of Mr. Burr." Nearly two months after this letter was written, Burr addressed a note to Hamilton asking for an unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expression which would justify Dr. Cooper's assertion. The dispute turned upon the words "more despicable," and as to them there obviously were many difficulties. Cooper thought that the expression, "a dangerous man and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government," conveyed a despicable opinion; but many persons might think that such language did not go beyond the reasonable limits of political animadversion. Burr himself made no objection to that particular phrase; he did not allude to it except by way of explanation. The use of such language was common. In his celebrated attack upon John Adams, Hamilton had spoken of Mr. Jefferson as an "ineligible and dangerous candidate." The same words had been publicly applied to Burr himself, two years before. He did not see anything despicable in the opinion then expressed. A man may be unfit for office from lack of capacity, and dangerous on account of his principles. The most rigid construction of the Code of Honor has never compelled a person to fight every fool whom he thought unworthy of public station, and every dem-

agogue whose views he considered unsound. If Dr. Cooper, then, was able to discover a despicable opinion where most people could find none, might he not have seen what he called a *more despicable opinion* in some remark equally innocent? Burr did not ask what were the precise terms of the remark to which Cooper alluded; he demanded that Hamilton should disavow Cooper's construction of that expression. He took offence, not at what had been said, but at the inference which another had drawn from what had been said. The justification of such an inference devolved upon Cooper, not Hamilton,—who by no rule of courtesy could be interrogated as to the justice of another's opinions. These difficulties presented themselves to the mind of Hamilton. He stated them in his reply, declared that he was ready to answer for any precise or definite opinion which he had expressed, but refused to explain the import which others had placed upon his language. Unfortunately, the last line of his note contained an intimation that he expected a challenge. Burr rudely retorted, reiterating his demand in most insolent terms. The correspondence then passed into the hands of Nathaniel Pendleton on the part of Hamilton, and William P. Van Ness, a man of peculiar malignity of character, upon the part of Burr. The responsibility of his position weighing upon Hamilton's mind, before the final step was taken, he voluntarily stated that the conversation with Dr. Cooper "related exclusively to political topics, and did not attribute to Burr any instance of dishonorable conduct," and again offered to explain any specific remark. This generous, unusual, and, according to strict etiquette, unwarranted proposition removed at once Burr's cause of complaint. Had he been disposed to an honorable accommodation, he would have received Hamilton's proposal in the spirit in which it was made. But, embarrassed by this liberal offer, he at once changed his ground, abandoned Cooper's remark, which had previously

been the sole subject of discussion, and peremptorily insisted that Gen. Hamilton should deny *ever* having made remarks from which inferences derogatory to him could fairly have been drawn. This demand was plainly unjustifiable. No person would answer such an interrogatory. It showed that Burr's desire was, not to satisfy his honor, but to goad his adversary to the field. It establishes the general charge, which Parton virtually admits, that it was not passion excited by a recent insult which impelled him to revenge, but hatred engendered during years of rivalry and stimulated by his late defeat. Burr must long have known Hamilton's feelings towards him. Those feelings had been freely expressed; and Burr's letters discover that he was fully aware of the distrust and hostility with which he was regarded by his political associates and opponents. A man has no claim to satisfaction for an insult given years ago. The entire theory of the duello makes it impossible for one to ask redress for an injury which he has long permitted to go unredressed. The question being, not whether the practice of duelling is wrong, but whether Burr was wrong according to that practice, we have no difficulty in concluding that the challenge was given upon vague and unjustifiable grounds, and that Gen. Hamilton would have been excusable, if he had refused to meet him.

It may be said, that, if Hamilton accepted an improper challenge, he should receive the same condemnation as the one who gave it. But, even on general grounds, some qualification should be made in favor of the challenged party. His is a different position from that of the challenger. A sensitive man, though he think that he is improperly questioned, may have some delicacy about making his own judgment the rule of another's conduct. Besides, there were many considerations peculiar to this case. The menacing tone of Burr's first note made it evident that he meant to force the quarrel to a bloody issue. Hamilton, jealous of his reputation for courage, could not

run the risk of appearing anxious to avoid a danger so apparent. Moreover, he was conscious, that, during his life, he had said many things which might give Burr cause for offence, and he was unwilling to avail himself of a technical, though reasonable objection, to escape the consequences of his own remarks. Neither could he apologize for what he still thought was true. These considerations were doubly powerful with Hamilton. His early manhood had been passed in camps; his early fame had been won in the profession of arms. He was a man of the world. He had never disengaged duelling; he himself had been engaged in the affair between Laurens and Lee; and a few years before, his own son had fallen in a duel. Neither his education nor his professions nor his practice could excuse him. It was too late to take shelter behind his general disapproval of a custom which was recognized by his professional brethren and had been countenanced by himself. It is true that he would have shown a higher courage by braving an ignorant and brutal public opinion, but it would be unjust to censure him for not showing a degree of courage which no man of his day displayed. He and Burr are to be measured by their own standard, not by ours; and tried by that test, it is easy to see a difference between one who accepts and one who sends an unjustifiable challenge; it is the difference which exists between an error and a crime.

There was an interval of two weeks between the message and the meeting. This was required by Hamilton to finish some important law business. When he went to White Plains to try causes, he was in the habit of staying at a friend's house. The last time he visited there, a few days before his death, he said, upon leaving, "I shall probably never come here again." During this period he invited Col. Wm. Smith, and his wife, who was the only daughter of John Adams, to dine with him. Some rare old Madeira which had been given to him was produced on this occasion, and it was after-

wards thought that it was his intention by this slight act to express his desire to bury all personal differences between Mr. Adams and himself. These, and various other little incidents, show that he felt his death to be certain; yet all his business in court and out was marked by his ordinary clearness and ability, all his intercourse with his family and friends by his usual sweetness and cheerfulness of disposition.

On the Fourth of July, Hamilton and Burr met at the annual banquet of the Society of Cincinnati. Hamilton presided. No one was afterwards able to remember that his manner gave any indication of the dreadful event which was so near at hand. He joined freely in the conversation and badinage of such occasions, and towards the close of the feast sang a song,—the only one he knew,—the ballad of the Drum. But many remembered that Burr was silent and moody. He did not look towards Hamilton until he began to sing, when he fixed his eyes upon him and gazed intently at him until the song was ended.

Hamilton was living at the Grange, his country-seat, near Manhattanville. The place is still unchanged. His office was in a small house on Cedar Street, where he likewise found lodgings when necessary. The night previous to the duel was passed there. We have been told by an aged citizen of New York, that Hamilton was seen long after midnight walking to and fro in front of the house.

During these last hours both parties wrote a few farewell lines. In no act of their lives does the difference in the characters of Hamilton and Burr show itself so distinctly as in these parting letters. Hamilton was oppressed by the difficulties and responsibilities of his situation. His duty to his creditors and his family forbade him rashly to expose a life which was so valuable to them; his duty to his country forbade him to leave so evil an example; he was not conscious of ill-will towards Col. Burr; and his nature revolted at the thought of destroying

human life in a private quarrel. These thoughts, and the considerations of pride and ambition which nevertheless controlled him, are beautifully expressed in language which is full of pathos and manly dignity. He had made his will the day before. He was distressed lest his estate should prove insufficient to pay his debts, and, after committing their mother to the filial protection of his children, he besought them, as his last request, to vindicate his memory by making up any deficiency which might occur. Burr's letters to Theodosia and her husband are mainly occupied with directions as to the disposal of his property and papers. The tone of them does not differ greatly from that of his ordinary correspondence. They do not contain a word such as an affectionate father or a patriotic citizen would have written at such a time. They do not express a sentiment such as a generous and thoughtful man would naturally feel on the eve of so momentous an occurrence. There are no misgivings as to the propriety of his conduct, nor a whisper of regret at the unfortunate circumstances which, as he professed to think, compelled him to seek another's blood. He addressed to his daughter a few lines of graceful compliment, and, in striking contrast with Hamilton's injunction to his children, Burr's last request with regard to Theodosia is, that she shall acquire a "critical knowledge of Latin, English, and all branches of natural philosophy."

The combatants met on the 11th of July, 1804, at a place beneath the heights of Weehawken, upon the New Jersey side of the Hudson,—the usual resort, at that time, for such encounters. Burr fired the moment the word was given, raising his arm deliberately and taking aim. The ball struck Hamilton on the side, and, as he reeled under the blow, his pistol was discharged into the air. "I should have shot him through the heart," said Burr, afterwards, "but, at the moment I was about to fire, my aim was confused by a vapor." Burr stepped forward with a gesture of re-

gret, when he saw his adversary fall; but his second hurried him from the field, screening him with an umbrella from the recognition of the surgeon and bargemen.

Hamilton was carried to the house of Mr. Bayard, in the suburbs of the city. The news flew through the town, producing intense excitement. Bulletins were posted at the Tontine, and changed with every new report. Crowds soon gathered around Mr. Bayard's house, and in the grounds. So deep was the feeling, that visitors were permitted to pass one by one through the room where Gen. Hamilton was lying. From the first, there was no hope of his recovery. This opinion of the most eminent surgeons in the city was concurred in by the surgeons of two French frigates in the harbor, who were consulted. Gen. Hamilton was a man of slight frame, and a disorder, from which he had recently suffered, prevented the use of the ordinary remedies. He retained his composure to the last; nor was his fortitude disturbed until his seven children approached his bedside. He gave them one look, and, closing his eyes, did not open them again while they remained in the room. He expired at two o'clock on the day after the duel.

He was not the only victim. His oldest daughter, a girl of twenty, whose education he had carefully directed, and whose musical talents gave him great pleasure, never recovered from the shock of her father's death. In her disordered fancy, she visited by night the fatal ground at Weehawken, and told her friends that she crossed the river and returned before morning. Her mind soon gave way entirely; and only last spring death released her from a total, though gentle insanity of fifty years' duration.

The sudden and tragic death of Alexander Hamilton produced a universal feeling of sympathy and sorrow. As the leader of the bar, the advocate of the Constitution, the statesman who had given the law to American commerce, the most accomplished soldier in the army, and connected with the still recent glo-

ries of the Revolution,—his name had become familiar to every ear, and was associated with every subject of popular interest. His career was, in all respects, an extraordinary one. He came here a stranger, without fortune or powerful family connections. While yet a school-boy, he had borne a creditable part in the discussion of public affairs. At an age when the ambition of most young soldiers is satisfied, if, by the performance of their ordinary duties as subalterns, they have attracted the regard of their superiors, he was in a position of responsibility, and occupied with the most serious and complicated matters of war. He was one of the youngest and at the same time one of the most influential members of the Constitutional Convention. To this distinction in affairs and arms he added equal distinction at the bar. It will be difficult to find in our history, or in that of England, an instance of such eminence in three departments of action so distinct and dissimilar. Although it may be said of Hamilton, that he had not the intuitive perception, which Jefferson possessed, of the necessities imposed upon the country by its anomalous condition, yet, as a statesman under an established government, he was surpassed by no man of his generation. His talents were of the kind which most attracts the sympathies and impresses the understandings of others. He was a grave man, occupied with business affairs, but not unequal to occasions which required the display of taste and eloquence. His solid qualities of mind inspired universal confidence in the soundness of his views upon all questions which were not the subject of political dispute. There were many plain Republicans of that day who were firmly attached to the principles which Jefferson advocated, but who thought that Jefferson was a dreamer and an enthusiast, and that Hamilton was a far safer man in the ordinary affairs of government.

The grief which the death of Hamilton caused in the nation reacted upon Burr; and when the correspondence was pub-

lished, a storm of condemnation burst upon him. Indictments were found against him in New York and New Jersey. In every pulpit, upon every platform, where the virtues and services of Hamilton were celebrated, the features of his malignant foe were displayed in dramatic contrast. He was compared to Richard III. and Catiline, to Saul, and to the wretch who fired the temple of Diana. This feeling was not confined to orators and clergymen, nor to this country. It reached other communities, and was shared by men of the world like Talleyrand, and retired students like Jeremy Bentham. The former, a few years before his death, related to an American gentleman, that Burr, on his arrival in Paris, in 1810, sent to him and requested an interview. The French statesman could not well refuse to receive an American of such distinction, with whom he was personally acquainted, and by whom he had formerly been hospitably entertained, and told the gentleman who brought the message,—“Say to Col. Burr, that I will receive him to-morrow; but tell him also, that Gen. Hamilton’s likeness always hangs over my mantel.” Burr did not call upon him. Talleyrand directed that after his death the miniature should be sent to Hamilton’s descendants, with some newspaper scraps relating to him, which he had thrust into the lining. When Burr was in England, he became intimate with Bentham. The latter, in his “Memoirs and Correspondence,” makes a brief allusion to the acquaintance, in which the following passage occurs: “Burr gave me an account of his duel with Hamilton. He was sure of being able to kill him: *so I thought it little better than a murder.*”

Previously to his retirement from the Vice-Presidency, in March, 1805, Burr had formed the design of seeking a home in the Southwest. Little more than a year before, Louisiana had been annexed, and then offered a wide field to an ambitious man. Encouraged by some acquaintances, he projected various politi-

cal and financial speculations. In April, he repaired to Pittsburg, and started upon a journey down the Ohio and the Mississippi. On the way, curiosity led him to the house of Herman Blennerhassett, and he thus accidentally made the acquaintance of a man whose name has become historic by its association with his own. Blennerhassett was an Irishman by birth; he had inherited a considerable fortune, and was a man of education. Beguiled by the belief that in the retirement of the American forests he would find the solitude most congenial to the pursuit of his favorite studies, he purchased an island in the Ohio River near the mouth of the Little Kanawha. He expended most of his property in building a house and adorning his grounds. The house was a plain wooden structure; and the shrubbery, in its best estate, could hardly have excited the envy of Shenstone. Men of strong character are not dependent upon certain conditions of climate and quiet for the ability to accomplish their purposes. But Blennerhassett was not a man of strong character; neither was he an exception to this rule. He was, at the best, but an idle student; and his zeal for science never carried him beyond a little desultory study of Astronomy and Botany and some absurd experiments in Chemistry. His figure was awkward, his manners were ungracious, and he was so near-sighted that he used to take a servant hunting with him, to show him the game. His credulity and want of worldly knowledge exposed him to the practices of the shrewd frontiers-men among whom he lived. He soon became involved in debt, and at the time of Burr's visit his situation made him a ready volunteer for any enterprise which promised to repair his shattered fortunes. That the enterprise was impracticable, and that he was unfit for it, only made it more attractive to his imaginative and simple mind. The fancy of Wirt has thrown a deceptive romance around the career of Blennerhassett, yet there is enough of truth in

the account of the misfortunes which Burr brought upon him and his amiable wife to justify the sympathy with which they have been regarded.

Soon after his arrival at New Orleans Burr seems to have formed bolder designs. From this time we find in his correspondence, and that of his friends, vague hints of some great undertaking. This proved to be a project for an expedition against Mexico, and the establishment there of an Empire which was to include the States west of the Alleghanies; subsidiary to this, and connected with it, was a plan for the colonization of a large tract of land upon the Washita.

It is difficult to believe that a design so absurd can have been entertained by a man of common sense; yet it is certain that it was seriously undertaken by Burr. His conduct in carrying it out furnishes the best measure of his talents and a signal exhibition of his folly and his vices. His high standing, his reputation as a soldier, attracted the vulgar, and brought him into intercourse with the most intelligent people of the Territory. The fascination of his manners, and the skill in the arts of intrigue which long discipline had given him, enabled him to sustain the impression which the prestige of his name everywhere produced. The details of his political conduct could not have been accurately known in a region so remote. The affair with Hamilton had not injured his reputation in communities where such affairs were common and often applauded. The circumstances of the time, to his superficial glance, seemed to be encouraging. A large portion of the country had lately passed under our flag;—many of the inhabitants spoke a foreign language, and retained foreign customs and predilections;—the American settlers were an adventurous race, and eager for an opportunity to indulge their martial spirit;—Mexico was uneasy under the Spanish yoke;—and some indications of a war between the United States and Spain held out a faint hope that the initiatory steps of his enterprise might be taken with the connivance of the gov-

ernment. To recruit an army among the hardy citizens of Kentucky and Tennessee, to excite the jealousies of the French in Louisiana, to subdue feeble and demoralized Mexico, and create a new and stable empire, did not appear difficult to the sanguine imagination of a man who was without means or powerful friends, and who at no time had sufficient confidence in those with whom he was engaged to fully inform them of his plans. But he pursued his purposes with a tenacity which leaves no doubt of his sincerity, and an audacity and unscrupulousness seldom equalled. A few whom he thought it safe to trust were admitted to his secrets. Upon those in whom he did not dare to confide he practised every species of deception. He told some, that his intentions were approved by the government,—others, that his expedition was against Mexico only, and that he was sure of foreign aid. He represented to the honest, that he had bought lands, and wished to form a colony and institute a new and better order of society; the ignorant were deluded with a fanciful tale of Southern conquest, and a magnificent empire, of which he was to be king, and Theodosia queen after his death. So thoroughly was this deception carried out, that it is difficult to determine who were actually engaged with him. Without doubt, many acceded to his plans only because they did not know what his plans really were. He made rapid journeys from New Orleans to Natchez, Nashville, Lexington, Louisville, and St. Louis. In the winter of 1805 he returned to Washington, and in the following summer again went down the Ohio. Wherever he went, he threw out complaints against the government,—charged it with imbecility,—boasted that with two hundred men he could drive the President and Congress into the Potomac,—freely prophesied a dissolution of the Union, and published in the local journals articles pointing out the advantages which would result from a separation of the Western from the Eastern States. Gen. Eaton had been

denounced in Congress, and had a claim against the government; Burr tempted him with an opportunity to redress his wrongs and satisfy his claim. Commodore Truxton had been struck from the Navy list; he offered him a high command in the Mexican navy. He took every occasion to flatter the vanity of the people; attended militia parades, and praised the troops for their discipline and martial bearing. Large donations of land were freely promised to recruits; men were enlisted; Blennerhassett's Island was made the rendezvous; and provisions were gathered there.

At length his movements began to cause some anxiety to the public officers. The United States District Attorney attempted to indict him at Frankfort, Kentucky, but the grand-jury refused to find a bill. Henry Clay defended him in these proceedings, and in reference to his connection with the case, Mr. Parton makes a characteristic display of the spirit in which his book is written, and of his unfitness for the ambitious task he has undertaken. He quotes the following passage from Collins's "Historical Sketches of Kentucky":—“Before Mr. Clay took any active part as the counsel of Burr, he required of him an explicit disavowal, [avowal,] upon his honor, that he was engaged in no design contrary to the laws and peace of the country. This pledge was promptly given by Burr, in language the most broad, comprehensive, and particular. He had no design, he said, to intermeddle with or disturb the tranquillity of the United States, nor its territories, nor any part of them. He had neither issued nor signed nor promised a commission to any person for any purpose. He did not own a single musket, nor bayonet, nor any single article of military stores,—nor did any other person for him, by his authority or knowledge. His views had been explained to several distinguished members of the administration, were well understood and approved by the government. They were such as every man of honor and every good citizen must approve.” Upon this paragraph Mr. Parton makes the fol-

lowing extraordinary comments:—"Mr. Clay, there is reason to believe, went to his grave in the belief that each of these assertions was an unmitigated falsehood, and the writer of the above adduces them merely as remarkable instances of cool, impudent lying. On the contrary, with one exception, all of Burr's allegations were strictly true; and even that one was true in a *Burrian* sense. He did *not* own any arms or military stores: by the terms of his engagement with his recruits, every man was to join him armed, just as every backwoodsman was armed whenever he went from home. He had *not* issued nor promised any commissions: the time had not come for that. Jefferson and his cabinet undoubtedly knew his views and intentions, up to the point where they ceased to be lawful."

To this miserable tissue of sophistry and misrepresentation the only reply we have to make is, that Burr's statements were the unmitigated falsehoods which Henry Clay believed them to be. For at that very time stores were collected on Blennerhassett's Island; other persons were bringing arms for Burr's service and with his knowledge; the winter previous he had offered commissions to Eaton and Truxton; and a month before this statement was made, his agent had arrived at Wilkinson's camp with the direct proposition to that officer, that he should attack the Spaniards, hurry his country into a war, and enter upon a career of conquest which was to result in dismembering the Union. And yet Burr solemnly declared upon his honor that he was engaged in no design "contrary to the laws and peace of the country," and that "his views were such as every man of honor and every good citizen must approve,"—and Parton says these averments were true. We have no wish to deal harshly with this writer; but such an impudent defence of a palpable falsehood is a disgrace to American letters.

Every well-informed person knows the miserable issue of this ill-contrived conspiracy. The only emotion which it now excites in the student is wonder that the

thought of it could ever have entered a sane mind. A wilder or more chimerical scheme never disturbed the dreams of a schoolboy; yet no one has ever pressed a reasonable undertaking with more earnestness and confidence than Burr his visionary purpose. He exhibited, throughout, an infatuation and a degree of incompetency for great achievements, which would cover the enterprise with ridicule, were it not for the misfortunes which it brought upon himself and others.

We do not desire to linger over the last period of Burr's life. His deadliest foe could not have wished for him so terrible a punishment as that which afflicted his long and ignominious old age.

In 1808 he went to Europe to obtain aid for his Mexican expedition. While in England, he made another display of his adroitness and boldness in falsehood. The English government became suspicious of him; whereupon he had the hardihood to claim, that, although he had borne arms against Great Britain and had held office in an independent state, he was still a British subject. Mr. Parton says, that this "was an amusing instance of Burr's lawyerlike audacity." Less partial judges will probably find a harsher term to apply to it.

After his return to this country, Burr resumed his profession in New York, but never regained his former position at the bar. The standard of legal acquirements was higher than it had been in his youth, and the obloquy which rested upon him excluded him from the respectable departments of practice. During all this time, by far the longest period of his professional life, he never displayed any signal ability. His society was shunned,—or sought only by a few personal admirers, or by the profligate and the curious. When seventy-eight years of age, he wheedled Madame Jumel, an eccentric and wealthy widow, into a marriage. On the bridal trip he obtained possession of some of her property, and squandered it in an idle speculation. A continuance of such practices led to a

separation, and his wife afterwards made application for a divorce, upon a charge which Mr. Parton says is now known to have been false, but which we have reason to believe was true, and which was so disgusting that we cannot even hint at it.

It is our duty to notice one chapter in this book, which, more than anything else it contains, has given it notoriety. We refer to its defence of, or, to speak more mildly, its apology for, Burr's libertinism. All the faults of the author which we have had occasion to notice, examples of which are scattered through the volume, are concentrated in these few pages,—his inconsistency, his inaccuracy, his disposition to draw inferences from facts which they directly contradict, and to rely on evidence which has nothing to do with the case in hand. He argues at great length upon the assumption, that Burr's correspondence with women was unfit for publication, and then, in contradiction to Burr's own positive declaration, asserts that there were "no letters necessarily criminating ladies." To prove this, he publishes two letters, one of which is an apology, written by Burr in his seventy-fourth year, for having addressed a young woman in an improper manner, and the other is a letter from a female, couched in language much warmer than an innocent woman could use. Mr. Parton attacks Davis because that writer stated that Burr left his correspondence to be disposed of by him, and eulogizes his hero because he ordered that the letters should be burned. To establish this position, he quotes Burr's will, which directed Davis "to destroy, or to deliver to all persons interested, such letters, as may, *in his estimation*, be calculated to affect injuriously the feelings of individuals against whom I have no complaint,"—thus giving Mr. Davis all the discretionary power with which he claims to have been invested, and making him the judge as to what letters should be destroyed. We have no more space to expose Mr. Parton's blunders and sophistry. The evidence of Burr's debauchery, of his heart-

less vanity, of his utter disregard of the considerations which usually govern even the worst of men, does not rest upon the admissions of Davis alone. Those who are familiar with a scandalous book called the "Secret History of St. Domingo," which consists of a series of letters addressed to Col. Burr by Madame D'Auvigne, will need no further illustration of his influence over women, nor of the character of those with whom he was most intimately associated. The night before his duel with Hamilton, he committed all the letters of his female correspondents to the care and perusal of Theodosia, saying that she would "find in them something to amuse, much to instruct, and more to forgive." When in Europe, he kept a journal in which he recorded his various amorous adventures. This book, as published, is one which no gentleman would place in the hands of a lady, and the editor tells us that the most improper portions of the diary have been expurgated; yet this journal was written, not to amuse a scandal-loving public, not for purposes of gain, but for the private perusal of Theodosia. What can be said of a man who could expose the lascivious expressions of abandoned females and retail his own debaucheries to a gentle and innocent woman, and that woman his own daughter? The mere statement beggars invective. It shows a mind so depraved as to be unconscious of its depravity.

The character of Burr is not difficult to analyze. His life was consistent, and at the beginning a wise man might have foretold the end. Our author complains that Burr's reputation has suffered from the disposition to exaggerate his faults. This may be true; but it is likewise true that he has been benefited by the same disposition to exaggeration. A character is more dramatic which unites great talents with great vices, and therefore he has been represented both as a worse and a greater man than he really was. Burr cannot be called great in any sense. His successes, such as they were, never appear to have been obtained by high

mental effort. He has left not a single measure, no speech, no written discussion of the various important subjects that came before him, to which one can point as an exhibition of superior talents. A certain description of ability cannot be denied to him. He did well whatever could be done by address, courage, and industry, joined to moderate talents. His chief power lay in the fascination of personal intercourse. His countenance was pleasing, and illuminated by eyes of singular beauty and vivacity; his bearing was lofty; his self-possession could not be disturbed; he had the tact of a woman, and an intellect which was active and equal to all ordinary occasions. But even in society his range was a narrow one, and he seems to have been successful mainly because he avoided positive effort. It is usual to speak of him as a remarkable conversationalist; but if by that term we mean to describe a person who is distinguished for his eloquence, grace of expression, information, force and originality of thought, Burr was not a good converser. A distinguished gentleman, who, while young, was much noticed by Burr, being asked in what his personal attraction consisted, replied, "In his manner of listening to you. He seemed to give your thought so much value by the air with which he received it, and to find so much more meaning in your words than you had intended. No flattery was equal to it." We think that this anecdote reveals the entire power of the man. He was strong through the weakness of others, rather than in his own strength. Therefore he was most attractive to young or inferior people. He was not on terms of intimacy with any leading man of his time, unless it was Jeremy Bentham, and the precise nature of their relations is not understood. The philosopher, who could not then boast many disciples, was favorably disposed toward Burr, because the latter had ordered a London bookseller to send him Bentham's works as fast as they were published. Upon acquaintance, he must have been pleased with

a gentleman with whom he could have had no cause for dispute, who could supply him with information as to new and interesting forms of society and government, and whose adventurous and romantic career differed so widely from his own life of study and thought.

Burr's conduct in his various public situations affords a perfect measure of his abilities. As a soldier, he was brave, a good disciplinarian, watchful of details, and an excellent executive officer. At the head of a brigade he would have been useful; but he did not possess the foresight, the breadth of mental vision, nor the magnetism of nature awakening the enthusiasm of arms, which are necessary to a great commander. He was an adroit lawyer, an adept in the fence of his profession, skilful to avail himself of the errors of an opponent, and to play upon the foibles of judge or jury; but he had not the faculty for generalization and analysis, nor the nice discrimination in the application of general principles to particular instances, which must be combined in a great lawyer. He cannot by any figure of speech be called a statesman. As a politician, he was one of the first to discover and one of the most skilful in the use of those unworthy arts which have brought the pursuit of politics into disrepute; but we doubt whether he could have succeeded upon the broader field of the present day. Perfectly competent to manage a single city, he would have failed in an attempt to govern a party. His talents were well defined by Jefferson, who spoke of him as a great man in little things, and a small man in great things.

One of the qualities most frequently attributed to Burr is fortitude; upon this characteristic his biographer frequently dwells. And indeed, when one reads of the misfortunes which came upon him,—the disappointments which he encountered,—his poverty abroad,—his terrible afflictions, and dreary old age,—and how gallantly he bore up under all,—unblenching, unmurmuring, struggling cheerfully and patiently to

the end,—one cannot repress a feeling of admiration for the courage which endured so much misery, and of pity for the faults which brought that misery upon him. Such a feeling would be justified, if we could believe that fortitude was a positive trait in his character. That is to say, if he had been properly sensible of the odium which covered his name, and had really felt the sorrows which visited him,—if these things had moved him as they do others, and he had still gone on calmly and bravely to the end, hiding the wounds which tortured him, and giving no sign of pain,—he would, indeed, have been worthy of admiration; he would have been a hero. But we think it will appear, upon a closer examination, that his fortitude was a negative, not a positive quality; it was insensibility, not courage. He did not suffer, because he did not feel. The emotional part of our nature he did not possess; at least, it did not show itself in any of the forms which it usually takes,—in love of country, or of kindred,—in the opinions which he professed, or in the subjects which occupied his thoughts. The first act of his manhood was to join in the resistance of his countrymen to foreign oppression. But it was no love of liberty that urged him to arms. He went to the camp at Cambridge from the mere love of adventure. The sacred spirit which gave nobility to so many,—which transformed mechanics, tradesmen, village lawyers, and plain countrygentlemen into statesmen, philosophers, diplomatists, and great captains,—which united the children of many races into one nation, and roused a simple people to deeds of lofty heroism,—awakened no enthusiasm in him. He was in the very flush of youth, yet to his most intimate friends he did not breathe a word of even moderate interest in the cause for which he had drawn his sword. His political life was passed during the first twenty years of our national existence, when men's minds were exercised in the effort to adapt one government to the various and apparently conflicting

interests of many communities widely separated by distance, climate, and ancient differences; but these complicated and momentous subjects, so absorbing to all thoughtful men, never weighed upon his mind. He was in Europe when Napoleon was at the height of his power, when his armies swept from the Danube to the Guadalquivir; but that strange story, which the giddiest school-girl cannot read with divided attention, drew no remark from his lips. It is said that he was fond of his daughter;—it was a fondness of the head, not of the heart. He admired her because she was beautiful and intelligent;—had she been plain and dull, he would not have cared for her. He made no return for the affection, warm and generous, which her noble heart lavished upon him, liberal as the sunlight. Had that earnest love touched, for a single instant, a responsive chord in his heart, he could never have written those foul, foul words to make her blush at the record of her father's shame. Nowhere does he express regret for the misfortunes which he brought upon others,—the bereaved family of Hamilton,—the ruin of Blennerhassett,—the victims of his passions and his ambition. He spoke freely, as if they were indifferent matters, of things which most men would have concealed. He laughed at his trial, —alluded to Hamilton as “my friend Hamilton, whom I shot,”—and used to repeat some doggerel lines upon the duel, which he had seen in a strolling exhibition. It is said that he was courteous and amiable, and that he did many kind and generous acts. His courtesy and amiability did not restrain him from perfidy and debauchery; neither did he ever do a kind act when an unkind one would have served his purposes better.

As we have seen, Mr. Parton has described Aaron Burr as suited to many very incongruous conditions in life. If we were to select an epoch in history and a form of society for which he was best adapted, we should place him in France during the Regency and the reign of Louis XV. There, where a

successful *bon-mot* established a claim to office, and a well-turned leg did more for a man than the best mind in Europe, Burr would have risen to distinction. He might have shone in the literary circles at Sceaux, and in the *petits soupers* at the Palais Royal. Among the wits, the *littérateurs*, the fashionable men and women of the time, he would have found society congenial to his tastes, and sufficient employment for his talents. He would have exhibited in his own life and character their vices and their superficial virtues, their extravagance, libertinism, and impiety, their politeness, courage, and wit. He might have borne a distinguished part in the petty statesmanship, the intriguing di-

plomacy, and the wild speculations of that period. But here, among the stern rebels of the Revolution and the practical statesmen of the early Republic, this trickster and shallow politician, this visionary adventurer and boaster of ladies' favors, was out of place. He has given to his country nothing except a pernicious example. The full light, which shows us that his vices may have been exaggerated, shows likewise that his talents have surely been overestimated. The contrast which gave fascination to his career is destroyed; and for a partial vindication of his character he will pay the penalty which he would most have dreaded, that of being forgotten.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.

A LYRIC conception—my friend, the Poet, said—hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine,—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart,—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head,—then a long sigh,—and the poem is written.

It is an impromptu, I suppose, then, if you write it so suddenly,—I replied.

No,—said he,—far from it. I said written, but I did not say *copied*. Every such poem has a soul and a body, and it is the body of it, or the copy, that men read and publishers pay for. The soul of it is born in an instant in the poet's soul. It comes to him a thought, tangled in the meshes of a few sweet words,—words that have loved each other from the cradle of the language, but have never been wedded until now. Whether it will ever fully embody itself in a bridal

train of a dozen stanzas or not is uncertain; but it exists potentially from the instant that the poet turns pale with it. It is enough to stun and scare anybody, to have a hot thought come crashing into his brain, and ploughing up those parallel ruts where the wagon trains of common ideas were jogging along in their regular sequences of association. No wonder the ancients made the poetical impulse wholly external. *Mήνυ μέλεις, Θεά.* Goddess,—Muse,—divine afflatus,—something outside always. I never wrote any verses worth reading. I can't. I am too stupid. If I ever copied any that were worth reading, I was only a medium.

[I was talking all this time to our boarders, you understand,—telling them what this poet told me. The company listened rather attentively, I thought, considering the literary character of the remarks.]

The old gentleman opposite all at once asked me if I ever read anything bet-

ter than Pope's "Essay on Man"? Had I ever perused McFingal? He was fond of poetry when he was a boy,—his mother taught him to say many little pieces,—he remembered one beautiful hymn;—and the old gentleman began, in a clear, loud voice, for his years,—

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens,"—

He stopped, as if startled by our silence, and a faint flush ran up beneath the thin white hairs that fell upon his cheek. As I looked round, I was reminded of a show I once saw at the Museum,—the Sleeping Beauty, I think they called it. The old man's sudden breaking out in this way turned every face towards him, and each kept his posture as if changed to stone. Our Celtic Bridget, or Biddy, is not a foolish fat scullion to burst out crying for a sentiment. She is of the serviceable, red-handed, broad-and-high-shouldered type; one of those imported female servants who are known in public by their amorphous style of person, their stoop forwards, and a headlong and as it were precipitous walk,—the waist plunging downwards into the rocking pelvis at every heavy footfall. Bridget, constituted for action, not for emotion, was about to deposit a plate heaped with something upon the table, when I saw the coarse arm stretched by my shoulder arrested,—motionless as the arm of a terra-cotta caryatid; she couldn't set the plate down while the old gentleman was speaking!

He was quite silent after this, still wearing the slight flush on his cheek. Don't ever think the poetry is dead in an old man because his forehead is wrinkled, or that his manhood has left him when his hand trembles! If they ever *were* there, they *are* there still!

By and by we got talking again.—Does a poet love the verses written through him, do you think, Sir?—said the divinity-student.

So long as they are warm from his mind, carry any of his animal heat about them, *I know* he loves them,—I answer-

ed. When they have had time to cool, he is more indifferent.

A good deal as it is with buckwheat cakes,—said the young fellow whom they call John.

The last words, only, reached the ear of the economically organized female in black bombazine.—Buckwheat is skerce and high,—she remarked. [Must be a poor relation sponging on our lady,—pays nothing,—so she must stand by the guns and be ready to repel boarders.]

I liked the turn the conversation had taken, for I had some things I wanted to say, and so, after waiting a minute, I began again.—I don't think the poems I read you sometimes can be fairly appreciated, given to you as they are in the green state.

—You don't know what I mean by the *green state*? Well, then, I will tell you. Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while; and some are good for nothing until they have been long kept and *used*. Of the first, wine is the illustrious and immortal example. Of those which must be kept and used I will name three,—meerschaum pipes, violins, and poems. The meerschaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud-compelling deities. It comes to us without complexion or flavor,—born of the sea-foam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as *pallida Mors* herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the Great Vegetable had sucked up from an aere and curdled into a drachm are diffused through its thirsting pores. First a discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing, umber tint spreading over the whole surface.

Nature true to her old brown autumnal hue, you see,—as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! he who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awakening the

old joys that hang around it, as the smell of flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina!

[Don't think I use a meerschaum myself, for *I do not*, though I have owned a calumet since my childhood, which from a naked Pict (of the Mohawk species) my grandsire won, together with a tomahawk and beaded knife-sheath; paying for the lot with a bullet-mark on his right cheek. On the maternal side I inherit the loveliest silver-mounted tobacco-stopper you ever saw. It is a little box-wood Triton, carved with charming liveliness and truth; I have often compared it to a figure in Raphael's "Triumph of Galatea." It came to me in an ancient shagreen case,—how old it is I do not know,—but it must have been made since Sir Walter Raleigh's time. If you are curious, you shall see it any day. Neither will I pretend that I am so unused to the more perishable smoking contrivance, that a few whiffs would make me feel as if I lay in a ground-swell on the Bay of Biscay. I am not unacquainted with that fusiform, spiral-wound bundle of chopped stems and miscellaneous incombustibles, the *cigar*, so called, of the shops,—which to "draw" asks the suction-power of a nursling infant Hercules, and to relish, the leathery palate of an old Silenus. I do not advise you, young man, even if my illustration strikes your fancy, to consecrate the flower of your life to painting the bowl of a pipe, for, let me assure you, the stain of a reverie-breeding narcotic may strike deeper than you think for. I have seen the green leaf of early promise grow brown before its time under such Nicotian regimen, and thought the umbered meerschaum was dearly bought at the cost of a brain enfeebled and a will enslaved.]

Violins, too,—the sweet old Amati!—the divine Straduarius! Played on by ancient *maestros* until the bow-hand lost its power and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast, who made it whisper his hidden love, and cry his inarticulate longings,

and scream his untold agonies, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his dying hand to the cold *virtuoso*, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended; and back again to orgies in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were shut up in it; then again to the gentle *dilettante* who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him softly as in the days of the old *maestros*. And so given into our hands, its pores all full of music; stained, like the meerschaum, through and through, with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies that have kindled and faded on its strings.

Now I tell you a poem must be kept and used, like a meerschaum, or a violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum;—the more porous it is, the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our own humanity,—its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves. So you see it must take time to bring the sentiment of a poem into harmony with our nature, by staining ourselves through every thought and image our being can penetrate.

Then again as to the mere music of a new poem; why, who can expect anything more from that than from the music of a violin fresh from the maker's hands? Now you know very well that there are no less than fifty-eight different pieces in a violin. These pieces are strangers to each other, and it takes a century, more or less, to make them thoroughly acquainted. At last they learn to vibrate in harmony, and the instrument becomes an organic whole, as

if it were a great seed-capsule that had grown from a garden-bed in Cremona, or elsewhere. Besides, the wood is juicy and full of sap for fifty years or so, but at the end of fifty or a hundred more gets tolerably dry and comparatively resonant.

Don't you see that all this is just as true of a poem? Counting each word as a piece, there are more pieces in an average copy of verses than in a violin. The poet has forced all these words together, and fastened them, and they don't understand it at first. But let the poem be repeated aloud and murmured over in the mind's muffled whisper often enough, and at length the parts become knit together in such absolute solidarity that you could not change a syllable without the whole world's crying out against you for meddling with the harmonious fabric. Observe, too, how the drying process takes place in the stuff of a poem just as in that of a violin. Here is a Tyrolese fiddle that is just coming to its hundredth birthday,—(Pedro Klauss, Tyrol, fecit, 1760,)—the sap is pretty well out of it. And here is the song of an old poet whom Næra cheated:—

"Nox erat, et cœlo fulgebat Luna sereno
Inter minora sidera,
Cum tu magnorum numen læsura deorum
In verba jurabas mea."

Don't you perceive the sonorousness of these old dead Latin phrases? Now I tell you that every word fresh from the dictionary brings with it a certain succulence; and though I cannot expect the sheets of the "Pactolian," in which, as I told you, I sometimes print my verses, to get so dry as the crisp papyrus that held those words of Horatius Flaccus, yet you may be sure, that, while the sheets are damp, and while the lines hold their sap, you can't fairly judge of my performances, and that, if made of the true stuff, they will ring better after a while.

[There was silence for a brief space, after my somewhat elaborate exposition of these self-evident analogies. Presently a person turned towards me—I do not choose to designate the individual—

and said that he rather expected my pieces had given pretty good "sahtisfaction."—I had, up to this moment, considered this complimentary phrase as sacred to the use of secretaries of lyceums, and, as it has been usually accompanied by a small pecuniary testimonial, have acquired a certain relish for this moderately tepid and unstimulating expression of enthusiasm. But as a reward for gratuitous services, I confess I thought it a little below that blood-heat standard which a man's breath ought to have, whether silent, or vocal and articulate. I waited for a favorable opportunity, however, before making the remarks which follow.]

—There are single expressions, as I have told you already, that fix a man's position for you before you have done shaking hands with him. Allow me to expand a little. There are several things, very slight in themselves, yet implying other things not so unimportant. Thus, your French servant has *dévalisé* your premises and got caught. *Excusez*, says the *sergent-de-ville*, as he politely relieves him of his upper garments and displays his bust in the full daylight. Good shoulders enough,—a little marked,—traces of smallpox, perhaps,—but white. . . . *Crac!* from the *sergent-de-ville's* broad palm on the white shoulder! Now look! *Vogue la galère!* Out comes the big red V—mark of the hot iron;—he had blistered it out pretty nearly,—hadn't he?—the old rascal *VOLEUR*, branded in the galleys at Marseilles! [Don't! What if he has got something like this?—nobody supposes I invented such a story.]

My man John, who used to drive two of those six equine females which I told you I had owned,—for, look you, my friends, simple though I stand here, I am one that has been driven in his "keridge,"—not using that term, as liberal shepherds do, for any battered old shabby-genteel go-cart that has more than one wheel, but meaning thereby a four-wheeled vehicle *with a pole*,—my man John, I say, was a retired soldier. He

retired unostentatiously, as many of Her Majesty's modest servants have done before and since. John told me, that when an officer thinks he recognizes one of these retiring heroes, and would know if he has really been in the service, that he may restore him, if possible, to a grateful country, he comes suddenly upon him, and says, sharply, "Strap!" If he has ever worn the shoulder-strap, he has learned the reprimand for its ill adjustment. The old word of command flashes through his muscles, and his hand goes up in an instant to the place where the strap used to be.

[I was all the time preparing for my grand *coup*, you understand; but I saw they were not quite ready for it, and so continued,—always in illustration of the general principle I had laid down.]

Yes, odd things come out in ways that nobody thinks of. There was a legend, that, when the Danish pirates made descents upon the English coast, they caught a few Tartars occasionally, in the shape of Saxons, that would not let them go,—on the contrary, insisted on their staying, and, to make sure of it, treated them as Apollo treated Marsyas, or as Bartholinus has treated a fellow-creature in his title-page, and, having divested them of the one essential and perfectly fitting garment, indispensable in the mildest climates, nailed the same on the church-door as we do the banns of marriage, *in terrorem*.

[There was a laugh at this among some of the young folks; but as I looked at our landlady, I saw that "the water stood in her eyes," as it did in Christiana's when the interpreter asked her about the spider, and that the school-mistress blushed, as Mercy did in the same conversation, as you remember.]

That sounds like a cock-and-bull-story, —said the young fellow whom they call John. I abstained from making Hamlet's remark to Horatio, and continued.

Not long since, the church-wardens were repairing and beautifying an old Saxon church in a certain English village, and among other things thought the

doors should be attended to. One of them particularly, the front-door, looked very badly, crusted, as it were, and as if it would be all the better for scraping. There happened to be a microscopist in the village who had heard the old pirate story, and he took it into his head to examine the crust on this door. There was no mistake about it; it was a genuine historical document, of the Ziska drum-head pattern,—a real *cutis humana*, stripped from some old Scandinavian filibuster,—and the legend was true.

My friend, the Professor, settled an important historical and financial question once by the aid of an exceedingly minute fragment of a similar document. Behind the pane of plate-glass which bore his name and title burned a modest lamp, signifying to the passers-by that at all hours of the night the slightest favors (or fevers) were welcome. A youth who had freely partaken of the cup which cheers and likewise inebriates, following a moth-like impulse very natural under the circumstances, dashed his fist at the light and quenched the meek luminary,—breaking through the plate-glass, of course, to reach it. Now I don't want to go into *minutiae* at table, you know, but a naked hand can no more go through a pane of thick glass without leaving some of its cuticle, to say the least, behind it, than a butterfly can go through a sausage-machine without looking the worse for it. The Professor gathered up the fragments of glass, and with them certain very minute but entirely satisfactory documents which would have identified and hanged any rogue in Christendom who had parted with them.—The historical question, *Who did it?* and the financial question, *Who paid for it?* were both settled before the new lamp was lighted the next evening.

You see, my friends, what immense conclusions, touching our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, may be reached by means of very insignificant premises. This is eminently true of manners and forms of speech; a movement or a phrase often tells you all you

want to know about a person. Thus, "How's your health?" (commonly pronounced *hadith*)—instead of, How do you do? or, How are you? Or calling your little dark entry a "hall," and your old rickety one-horse wagon a "kerridge." Or telling a person who has been trying to please you that he has given you pretty good "sahtisfahction." Or saying that you "remember of" such a thing, or that you have been "stoppin'" at Deacon Somebody's,—and other such expressions. One of my friends had a little marble statuette of Cupid in the parlor of his country-house,—bow, arrows, wings, and all complete. A visitor, indigenous to the region, looking pensively at the figure, asked the lady of the house "if that was a statoo of her deceased infant?" What a delicious, though somewhat voluminous biography, social, educational, and æsthetic in that brief question!

[Please observe with what Machiavellian astuteness I smuggled in the particular offence which it was my object to hold up to my fellow-boarders, without too personal an attack on the individual at whose door it lay.]

That was an exceedingly dull person who made the remark, *Ex pede Herculem*. He might as well have said, "From a peck of apples you may judge of the barrel." *Ex PEDE*, to be sure! Read, instead, *Ex ungue minimi digiti pedis, Herculem, ejusque patrem, matrem, avos et proavos, filios, nepotes et pronepotes!* Talk to me about your δόξα ποῦ στῶ! Tell me about Cuvier's getting up a megatherium from a tooth, or Agassiz's drawing a portrait of an undiscovered fish from a single scale! As the "O" revealed Giotto,—as the one word "moi" betrayed the Stratford-atte-Bowe-taught Anglais,—so all a man's antecedents and possibilities are summed up in a single utterance which gives at once the gauge of his education and his mental organization.

Possibilities, Sir?—said the divinity-student; can't a man who says *Haōw?* arrive at distinction?

Sir,—I replied,—in a republic all things

are possible. But the man *with a future* has almost of necessity sense enough to see that any odious trick of speech or manners must be got rid of. Doesn't Sidney Smith say that a public man in England never gets over a false quantity uttered in early life? Our public men are in little danger of this fatal misstep, as few of them are in the habit of introducing Latin into their speeches,—for good and sufficient reasons. But they are bound to speak decent English,—unless, indeed, they are rough old campaigners, like General Jackson or General Taylor; in which case, a few scars on Priscian's head are pardoned to old fellows that have quite as many on their own, and a constituency of thirty empires is not at all particular, provided they do not swear in their Presidential Messages.

However, it is not for me to talk. I have made mistakes enough in conversation and print. "Don't" for doesn't,—base misspelling of *Clos Vougeot*, (I wish I saw the label on the bottle a little oftener,)—and I don't know how many more. I never find them out until they are stereotyped, and then I think they rarely escape me. I have no doubt I shall make half a dozen slips before this breakfast is over, and remember them all before another. How one does tremble with rage at his own intense momentary stupidity about things he knows perfectly well, and to think how he lays himself open to the impertinences of the *captatores verborum*, those useful but humble scavengers of the language, whose business it is to pick up what might offend or injure, and remove it, hugging and feeding on it as they go! I don't want to speak too slightlying of these verbal critics;—how can I, who am so fond of talking about errors and vulgarisms of speech? Only there is a difference between those clerical blunders which almost every man commits, knowing better, and that habitual grossness or meanness of speech which is unendurable to educated persons, from anybody that wears silk or broadcloth.

[I write down the above remarks this morning, January 26th, making this record of the date that nobody may think it was written in wrath, on account of any particular grievance suffered from the invasion of any individual *scarabaeus grammaticus*.]

—I wonder if anybody ever finds fault with anything I say at this table when it is repeated? I hope they do, I am sure. I should be very certain that I had said nothing of much significance, if they did not.

Did you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges,—and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, “It’s done brown enough by this time”? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled,—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like Lepine watches; (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern live timekeepers to slide into it;) black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, larvae, perhaps, more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and

blinded community of creeping things, than all of them that enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

—The young fellow whom they call John saw fit to say, in his very familiar way,—at which I do not choose to take offence, but which I sometimes think it necessary to repress,—that I was coming it rather strong on the butterflies.

No, I replied; there is meaning in each of those images,—the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes that are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God’s minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and color—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings, had not the stone been lifted.

You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.

—Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other. As soon as his breath comes back, he very probably begins to expend it in hard words. These are the best evidence a man can have that he has said something it was time to say. Dr. Johnson was disappointed in the effect of one of his pamphlets. "I think I have not been attacked enough for it," he said;—"attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds."

—If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called *the hydrostatic paradox of controversy?*

Don't know what that means?—Well, I will tell you. You know, that, if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was of the size of a pipe-stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way,—*and the fools know it.*

—No, but I often read what they say about other people. There are about a dozen phrases that all come tumbling along together, like the tongs, and the shovel, and the poker, and the brush, and the bellows, in one of those domestic avalanches that everybody knows. If you get one, you get the whole lot.

What are they?—Oh, that depends a good deal on latitude and longitude. Epithets follow the isothermal lines pretty accurately. Grouping them in two families, one finds himself a clever, genial, witty, wise, brilliant, sparkling, thoughtful, distinguished, celebrated, illustrious scholar and perfect gentleman, and first writer of the age; or a dull, foolish, wicked, pert, shallow, ignorant, insolent, traitorous, black-hearted outcast, and disgrace to civilization.

What do I think determines the set of phrases a man gets?—Well, I should say a set of influences something like these:—1st. Relationships, political, religious, social, domestic. 2d. Oysters; in

the form of suppers given to gentlemen connected with criticism. I believe in the school, the college, and the clergy; but my sovereign logic for regulating public opinion—which means commonly the opinion of half a dozen of the critical gentry—is the following: *Major proposition.* Oysters *au naturel.* *Minor proposition.* The same "scalloped." *Conclusion.* That—(here insert entertainer's name) is clever, witty, wise, brilliant,—and the rest.

—No, it isn't exactly bribery. One man has oysters, and another epithets. It is an exchange of hospitalities; one gives a "spread" on linen, and the other on paper,—that is all. Don't you think you and I should be apt to do just so, if we were in the critical line? I am sure I couldn't resist the softening influences of hospitality. I don't like to dine out, you know,—I dine so well at our own table, [our landlady looked radiant,] and the company is so pleasant [a rustling movement of satisfaction among the boarders]; but if I did partake of a man's salt, with such additions as that article of food requires to make it palatable, I could never abuse him, and if I had to speak of him, I suppose I should hang my set of jingling epithets round him like a string of sleigh-bells. Good feeling helps society to make liars of most of us,—not absolute liars, but such careless handlers of truth that its sharp corners get terribly rounded. I love truth as chiefest among the virtues; I trust it runs in my blood; but I would never be a critic, because I know I could not always tell it. I might write a criticism of a book that happened to please me; that is another matter.

—Listen, Benjamin Franklin! This is for you, and such others of tender age as you may tell it to.

When we are as yet small children, long before the time when those two grown ladies offer us the choice of Hercules, there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold

—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll* or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.

The schoolmistress was polite enough to say that she was pleased with this, and that she would read it to her little flock the next day. But she should tell the children, she said, that there were better reasons for truth than could be found in mere experience of its convenience and the inconvenience of lying.

Yes,—I said,—but education always begins through the senses, and works up to the idea of absolute right and wrong. The first thing the child has to learn about this matter is, that lying is unprofitable,—afterwards, that it is against the peace and dignity of the universe.

—Do I think that the particular form of lying often seen in newspapers, un-

der the title, “From our Foreign Correspondent,” does any harm?—Why, no,—I don’t know that it does. I suppose it doesn’t really deceive people any more than the “Arabian Nights” or “Gulliver’s Travels” do. Sometimes the writers compile *too* carelessly, though, and mix up facts out of geographies, and stories out of the penny papers, so as to mislead those who are desirous of information. I cut a piece out of one of the papers, the other day, that contains a number of improbabilities, and, I suspect, misstatements. I will send up and get it for you, if you would like to hear it.—Ah, this is it; it is headed

“OUR SUMATRA CORRESPONDENCE.”

“This island is now the property of the Stamford family,—having been won, it is said, in a raffle, by Sir —— Stamford, during the stock-gambling mania of the South-Sea Scheme. The history of this gentleman may be found in an interesting series of questions (unfortunately not yet answered) contained in the ‘Notes and Queries.’ This island is entirely surrounded by the ocean, which here contains a large amount of saline substance, crystallizing in cubes remarkable for their symmetry, and frequently displays on its surface, during calm weather, the rainbow tints of the celebrated South-Sea bubbles. The summers are oppressively hot, and the winters very probably cold; but this fact cannot be ascertained precisely, as, for some peculiar reason, the mercury in these latitudes never shrinks, as in more northern regions, and thus the thermometer is rendered useless in winter.

“The principal vegetable productions of the island are the pepper tree and the bread-fruit tree. Pepper being very abundantly produced, a benevolent society was organized in London during the last century for supplying the natives with vinegar and oysters, as an addition to that delightful condiment. [Note received from Dr. D. P.] It is said, however, that, as the oysters were of the kind called *natives* in England, the natives of

Sumatra, in obedience to a natural instinct, refused to touch them, and confined themselves entirely to the crew of the vessel in which they were brought over. This information was received from one of the oldest inhabitants, a native himself, and exceedingly fond of missionaries. He is said also to be very skilful in the *cuisine* peculiar to the island.

"During the season of gathering the pepper, the persons employed are subject to various incommodities, the chief of which is violent and long-continued sternutation, or sneezing. Such is the vehemence of these attacks, that the unfortunate subjects of them are often driven backwards for great distances at immense speed, on the well-known principle of the æolipile. Not being able to see where they are going, these poor creatures dash themselves to pieces against the rocks or are precipitated over the cliffs, and thus many valuable lives are lost annually. As, during the whole pepper-harvest, they feed exclusively on this stimulant, they become exceedingly irritable. The smallest injury is resented with ungovernable rage. A young man suffering from the *pepper-fever*, as it is called, cudgelled another most severely for appropriating a superannuated relative of trifling value, and was only pacified by having a present made him of a pig of that peculiar species of swine called the *Peccavi* by the Catholic Jews, who, it is well known, abstain from swine's flesh in imitation of the Mahometan Buddhists.

"The bread-tree grows abundantly. Its branches are well known to Europe and America under the familiar name of *maccaroni*. The smaller twigs are called *vermicelli*. They have a decided animal flavor, as may be observed in the soups containing them. Maccaroni, being tubular, is the favorite habitat of a very dangerous insect, which is rendered peculiarly ferocious by being boiled. The government of the island, therefore, never allows a stick of it to be exported without being accompanied by a piston with

which its cavity may at any time be thoroughly swept out. These are commonly lost or stolen before the maccaroni arrives among us. It therefore always contains many of these insects, which, however, generally die of old age in the shops, so that accidents from this source are comparatively rare.

"The fruit of the bread-tree consists principally of hot rolls. The buttered-muffin variety is supposed to be a hybrid with the cocoa-nut palm, the cream found on the milk of the cocoa-nut exuding from the hybrid in the shape of butter, just as the ripe fruit is splitting, so as to fit it for the tea-table, where it is commonly served up with cold" —

—There,—I don't want to read any more of it. You see that many of these statements are highly improbable.—No, I shall not mention the paper.—No, neither of them wrote it, though it reminds me of the style of these popular writers. I think the fellow that wrote it must have been reading some of their stories, and got them mixed up with his history and geography. I don't suppose *he* lies; —he sells it to the editor, who knows how many squares off "Sumatra" is. The editor, who sells it to the public —By the way, the papers have been very civil—haven't they?—to the—the —what d'ye call it?—"Northern Magazine,"—isn't it?—got up by some of those Come-outers, down East, as an organ for their local peculiarities.

—The Professor has been to see me. Came in, glorious, at about twelve o'clock, last night. Said he had been with "the boys." On inquiry, found that "the boys" were certain baldish and grayish old gentlemen that one sees or hears of in various important stations of society. The Professor is one of the same set, but he always talks as if he had been out of college about ten years, whereas [Each of these dots was a little nod, which the company understood, as the reader will, no doubt.] He calls them sometimes "the boys," and sometimes "the old fellows." Call him by the latter title, and see how he likes it.—Well, he

came in last night, glorious, as I was saying. Of course I don't mean vinously exalted; he drinks little wine on such occasions, and is well known to all the Johns and Patricks as the gentleman that always has indefinite quantities of black tea to kill any extra glass of red claret he may have swallowed. But the Professor says he always gets tipsy on old memories at these gatherings. He was, I forget how many years old when he went to the meeting; just turned of twenty now,—he said. He made various youthful proposals to me, including a duet under the landlady's daughter's window. He had just learned a trick, he said, of one of "the boys," of getting a splendid bass out of a door-panel by rubbing it with the palm of his hand,—offered to sing "The sky is bright," accompanying himself on the front-door, if I would go down and help in the chorus. Said there never was such a set of fellows as the old boys of the set he has been with. Judges, mayors, Congress-men, Mr. Speakers, leaders in science, clergymen better than famous, and famous too, poets by the half-dozen, singers with voices like angels, financiers, wits, three of the best laughers in the Commonwealth, engineers, agriculturists,—all forms of talent and knowledge he pretended were represented in that meeting. Then he began to quote Byron about Santa Croce, and maintained that he could "furnish out creation" in all its details from that set of his. He would like to have the whole boodle of them, (I remonstrated against this word, but the Professor said it was a diabolish good word, and he would have no other,) with their wives and children, shipwrecked on a remote island, just to see how splendidly they would reorganize society. They could build a city,—they have done it; make constitutions and laws; establish churches and lyceums; teach and practise the healing art; instruct in every department; found observatories; create commerce and manufactures; write songs and hymns, and sing 'em, and make instruments to accompany the songs with; lastly, publish a journal almost as good as

the "Northern Magazine," edited by the Come-outers. There was nothing they were not up to, from a christening to a hanging; the last, to be sure, could never be called for, unless some stranger got in among them.

—I let the Professor talk as long as he liked; it didn't make much difference to me whether it was all truth, or partly made up of pale Sherry and similar elements. All at once he jumped up and said,—

Don't you want to hear what I just read to the boys?

I have had questions of a similar character asked me before, occasionally. A man of iron mould might perhaps say, No! I am not a man of iron mould, and said that I should be delighted.

The Professor then read—with that slightly sing-song cadence which is observed to be common in poets reading their own verses—the following stanzas; holding them at a focal distance of about two feet and a half, with an occasional movement back or forward for better adjustment, the appearance of which has been likened by some impertinent young folks to that of the act of playing on the trombone. His eyesight was never better; I have his word for it.

MARE RUBRUM.

FLASH out a stream of blood-red wine!—
For I would drink to other days;
And brighter shall their memory shine,
Seen flaming through its crimson blaze.
The roses die, the summers fade;
But every ghost of boyhood's dream
By Nature's magic power is laid
To sleep beneath this blood-red stream.

It filled the purple grapes that lay
And drank the splendors of the sun
Where the long summer's cloudless day
Is mirrored in the broad Garonne;
It pictures still the bacchant shapes
That saw their hoarded sunlight shed,—
The maidens dancing on the grapes,—
Their milk-white ankles splashed with red.

Beneath these waves of crimson lie,
In rosy fetters prisoned fast,
Those flitting shapes that never die,
The swift-winged visions of the past.

Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim,
Each shadow rends its flowery chain,
Springs in a bubble from its brim,
And walks the chambers of the brain.

Poor Beauty! time and fortune's wrong
No form nor feature may withstand,—
Thy wrecks are scattered all along,
Like emptied sea-shells on the sand;—
Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain,
The dust restores each blooming girl,
As if the sea-shells moved again
Their glistening lips of pink and pearl.

Here lies the home of school-boy life,
With creaking stair and wind-swept hall,
And, scarred by many a truant knife,
Our old initials on the wall;
Here rest—their keen vibrations mute—
The shout of voices known so well,

The ringing laugh, the wailing flute,
The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell.

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid
Life's blossomed joys, untimely shed;
And here those cherished forms have strayed
We miss awhile, and call them dead.
What wizard fills the maddening glass?
What soil the enchanted clusters grew,
That buried passions wake and pass
In beaded drops of fiery dew?

Nay, take the cup of blood-red wine,—
Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,
Filled from a vintage more divine,—
Calm'd, but not chilled by winter's snow!
To-night the palest wave we sip
Rich as the priceless draught shall be
That wet the bride of Cana's lip,—
The wedding wine of Galilee!

CHILD-LIFE BY THE GANGES.

WE are told—and, being philosophers, we will amuse ourselves by believing—that there are towns in India, somewhere between Cape Comorin and the Himalayas, wherein everything is *butcha*,—that is, “a little chap”; where inhabitants and inhabited are alike in the estate of urchins; where little Brahmins extort little offerings from little dupes at the foot of little altars, and ring little bells, and blow little horns, and pound little gongs, and mutter little rigmaroles before stupid little Krishnas and Sivas and Vishnus, doing their little wooden best to look solemn, mounted on little bulls or snakes, under little canopies; where little Brahminee bulls, in all the little insolence of their little sacred privileges, poke their little noses into the little rice-baskets of pious little maidens in little bazaars, and help their little selves to their little hearts' content, without “begging your little pardons,” or “by your little leaves”; where dirty little fakirs and yogees hold their dirty little arms above their dirty little heads, until their dirty little muscles are shrunk

to dirty little rags, and their dirty little finger-nails grow through the backs of their dirty little hands,—or wear little ten-penny nails thrust through their little tongues till they acquire little chronic impediments in their decidedly dirty little speech,—or, by means of little hooks through the little smalls-of-their-backs, circumgyrate from little *churruk*-posts for the edification of infatuated little crowds and the honor of horrid little goddesses; where plucky little widows perform their little suttées for defunct little husbands, grilling on little funeral piles; where mangy little Pariah dogs defile the little dinners of little high-caste folks, by stealing hungry little sniffs from sacred little pots; where omnivorous little adjutant-birds gobble up little glass bottles, and bones, and little dead cats, and little old slippers, and bits of little bricks, in front of little shops in little bazaars; where vociferous little *circars* are driving little bargains with obese little *banyans*, and consequential little *chowkedars*—that is, policemen—are bullying inoffensive little poor people, and

calling them *sooa-logue*,—that is, pigs;—where—where, in fine, everything in heathen human-nature happens *butcha*, and the very fables with which the little story-tellers entertain the little loafers on the corners of the little streets, are full of *little* giants and *little* dwarfs. Let us pursue the little idea, and talk *butcha* to the end of this chapter.

When, in Calcutta, you have smitten the dry rock of your lonely life with the magic rod of connubial love, and that well-spring of pleasure, a new baby, has leaped up in the midst of your wilderness of exile, the demonstration, if any, with which your servants will receive the glad tidings, will depend wholly on the “denomination of the imbecile offspring,” as our eleemosynary widow, Mrs. Diana Theodosia Comfort Green, would call it. If it happen to be only a girl, there will be a trace of pity in the silent salaam with which the grim *durwan* salutes you as you roll into your *palkee* at the gate to proceed to the *godowns* where they are weighing the saltpetre and the gunny-bags. As he touches his forehead with his joined palms, he thinks of the difference that color makes to the bavivorous crocodiles of Ganges. Perhaps your gray-beard *circar*, privileged by virtue of high caste and faithful service, will take upon himself to condole with you: “*Khodabund*,” he will say, “better luck next time; Heaven is not always with one’s paternal hopes; let us trust that my lord may live to say it might have been worse; let us pray that the *baba*’s bridal necklace may be as gay as rubies and as light as lilies, and that she may die before her husband.”

But if to the existing number of your *suntoshums*—the jewels that hang on the Mem Sahib’s bosom—a man-child is added, ah, then there is merry-making in the verandas, and happy salaaming on the stairs; and in the fulness of his Hindoo Sary-Gampness, which counts the Sahib blessed that hath “his quiver full of *sich*,” he says, *Ap-ki kullejee kaisa burri ho-jaga!* *Khodá rukho ki*

beebi-ka kullejee bhee itni burri hogā,—Gurreeb-purwan! “How large my lord’s liver is about to grow! God grant to the Mem Sahib, my exalted lady, a liver likewise large,—O favored protector of the poor!” The happiness and honors which should follow upon the birth of a male child being figuratively comprehended in that enlargement of the liver whence comes the good digestion for which alone life is worth the living.

Many and grievous perils do environ baby-life by the Ganges,—perils of *dry* nurses, perils by wolves, perils by crocodiles, perils by the Evil Eye, perils by kidnappers, perils by cobras, perils by devils.

You are living at one of the up-country stations, where the freer air of the jungle imparts to babes and sucklings a voracious appetite. Besides your own *dhye*, brought from Calcutta, there is not another wet-nurse to be had, for love or money. Immediately Dhye strikes for higher wages. The Baba Sahib, she says, has defiled her rice; yesterday he put his foot into her curry; to-day he washes the monkey’s tail in her consecrated *lotah*. What shall she do? she has lost caste; the presents to the Brahmins, that her reinstatement will cost her, will consume all her earnings from the beginning. *Gurreeb-purwan*, O munificent and merciful! what shall she do? She strikes for higher wages.—But you are hard-hearted and hard-headed; you will not pay,—by Gunga, not another pice! by Latchmee, not one cowry more!—Oh, then she will leave; with a heavy heart she will turn her back on the blessed baby; she will pour dust upon her head before the Mem Sahib, at whose door her disgrace shall lie, and she will return to her kindred.—Not she! the durwan, grim and incorruptible, has his orders; she cannot pass the gate.—Oho! then immediately she dries up; no “fount,” and Baby famishing. You try ass’s milk; it does not agree with Baby; besides, it costs a rupee a pint. You try a goat; she does not agree with Baby, for she

butts him treacherously, and, leaping over his prostrate body, scampers, like Leigh Hunt's pig in Smithfield Market, up all manner of figurative streets. Then you send for Dhye, and say, "Milk, or I shave your head!" Milk or death! And, lo, a miracle!—the "fount" again!—Baby is saved.

What was, then, the conjuration and the mighty magic? In the folds of her saree the *dhye* conceals leaves of *chambeli*, the Indian jessamine, roots of *dhallapee*, the jungle radish. She chews the *chambeli*, and hungry Baby, struggling for the "fount," is insulted with apples of Sodom; she swallows a portion of *dhallapee*, and he is regaled as with the melting melons of Ceylon.

Some fine afternoon your *ayah* takes your little Johnny to stroll by the river's bank,—to watch the green budgerows, as they glide, pulled by singing *dandees* (so the boatmen of Ganges are called) up to Patna,—to watch the brown corpses, as they float silently down from Benares. At night the ayah returns, wringing her hands. Where is your merry darling? She knows not. *O Khodabund*, go ask the evil spirits! O Sahib, go cry unto Gunga,—go accuse the greedy river, and say to the envious waters, "Give back my boy!" She had left him sitting on a stone, she says, counting the sailing corpses, while she went to find him a blue-jay's nest among the rocks; when she returned to the stone,—no Jonnee Sahib! "My golden image, who hath snatched him away? He that skipped and hummed like a singing-top, where is he gone?"—A month after that, your *dandees* capture a crocodile, and from his heathen maw recover a familiar coral necklace with an inscription on the clasp,—"To Johnny, on his birth-day." A pair of little silver bangles, whose jocund jingling had once been happy household music to some poor Hindoo mother, have kept the necklace company.

Over against the gate of our compound the Baboo's walks are bright with

roses, and ixoras, and the creeping *ngatallis*; the Baboo's park is shady with banians, and fragrant with sandal-trees, and imposing with tall peepuls, and cool with sparkling fountains; and Chinna Tumbe, the Little Brother, the brown apple of the Baboo's eye, plays among the bamboos by the tank, just within the gate, and pelts the gold-fishes with mango-seeds. Presently comes along a pleasant peddler, all the way from Cabool, with a pretty bushy-tailed kitten of Persia in the hollow of his arm, and a cunning little mungooz cracking nuts on his shoulder. A score of tiny silver bells tinkle from a silken cord around Chinna Tumbe's loins, and the silver whistle with which he calls his cockatoos is suspended from his neck by a chain of gold. So the pleasant peddler all the way from Cabool greets Chinna Tumbe merrily, saying, "See my pretty kitten, that knows a hundred tricks! and see my brave mungooz, that can kill cobras in fair fight! My Persian kitten for your silver bells, Chinna Tumbe, and my cunning mungooz for your golden chain!" And Chinna Tumbe laughs, and claps his hands, and dances for delight, and all his silver bells jingle gleefully. And the pleasant peddler all the way from Cabool says, "Step without the gate, Little Brother, if you would see my pretty kitten play tricks; if you would stroke my cunning mungooz, step without the gate; for I dare not pass within, lest my lord, the Baboo of many lacs, should be angry." So Chinna Tumbe steps out into the road, and the pleasant peddler all the way from Cabool sets the Persian kitten on the ground, and rattles off some strange words, that sound very funnily to the Little Brother; and immediately the Persian kitten begins to run round after its bushy tail, faster and faster, faster and faster, a ring of yellow light. And Chinna Tumbe claps his hands, and cries, *Wah, wah!* and he dances for delight, and all his silver bells jingle gleefully. So the pleasant peddler addresses other strange and funny words to the ring of yellow light, and instantly it stands still,

and quivers its bushy tail, and pants. Then the peddler speaks to the cunning mungooz, which immediately leaps to the ground, and sitting quite erect, with its broad tail curled over its back, like a marabout feather, holds its paws together in the quaint manner of a squirrel, and looks attentive. More of the peddler's funny conjuration, and up springs the mungooz into the air, like a Birman's wicker football, and, alighting on the kitten's back, clings close and fast. Away fly kitten and mungooz,—away from the gate,—away from the Baboo's walks, bright with ixoras and creeping nagatallis,—away from the Baboo's park, shady with banians, and fragrant with sandal-trees, and imposing with tall peepuls, and cool with sparkling fountains,—away from the Baboo's home, away from the Baboo's heart, bereft thenceforth forever! For Chinna Tumbe follows fast, crying, *Wah, wah!* and clapping his hands, and jingling gleefully all his silver bells,—follows across the road, and through the bamboo hedge, and into the darkness and the danger of the jungle; and the pleasant peddler all the way from Cabool goes smiling after,—but, as he goes, what is it that he draws from the breast of his dusty coortee? Only a slender, smooth cord, with a slip-knot at the end of it.

Within the twelvemonth, in a stony nullah, hard by a clump of crooked saul-trees, a mile away from the Baboo's gate, some jackals brought to light the bones of a little child; and the deep grave from which they dug them with their sharp, busy claws, bore marks of the mystic pick-axe of Thuggee. But there were no tinkling bells, no chain of gold, no silver whistle; and the cockatoos and the gold-fishes knew Chinna Tumbe no more.

When a name was bestowed on the Little Brother, the Brahmins wrote a score of pretty words in rice, and set over each a lamp freshly trimmed, and the name whose light burned brightest, with happy augury, was "Chinna Tumbe." And when they had likewise inscribed the day of his birth, and the name of his natal star, the proud and happy

Baboo cried, with a loud voice, three times, "Chinna Tumbe," and all the Brahmins stretched forth their hands and pronounced *Asowadam*, — benediction. Then they performed *arati* about the child's head, to avert the Evil Eye, describing mystic circles with lamps of rice-paste set on copper salvers, with many pious incantations. But, spite of all, the Evil Eye overtook Chinna Tumbe, when the pleasant peddler came all the way from Cabool, with his bushy-tailed kitten, and his mungooz cracking nuts.

They do say the ghost of Chinna Tumbe walks,—that always at midnight, when the Indian nightingale fills the Baboo's banian topes with her lugubrious song, and the weird ulus hoot from the peepul tops, a child, girt with silver bells, and followed by a Persian kitten and a mungooz, shakes the Baboo's gate, blows upon a silver whistle, and cries, so piteously, "Ayah! Ayah!"

At Hurdwar, in the great fair, among jugglers and tumblers, horse-tamers and snake-charmers, fakirs and pilgrims, I saw a small boy possessed of a devil,—an authentic devil, as of yore, meet for miraculous driving-out. In the midst of dire din, heathenish and horrible,—dissonant jangle of zogees' bells, brain-rending blasts from Brahmins' shells, strepent howling of opium-drunk devotees, delirious pounding of tom-toms, brazen clangor of gongs,—a child of seven years, that might, unpossessed, have been beautiful, sat under the shed of a sort of curiosity-shop, among bangles and armlets, mouth-pieces for pipes, leaden idols, and Brahminical cords, and made infernal faces,—his mouth foaming epileptically, his hair dishevelled and matted with sudden sweat, his eyes blood-shot, his whole aspect diabolic. And on the ground before the miserable lad were set dishes of rice mixed with blood, carcasses of rams and cocks, handfuls of red flowers, and ragged locks of human hair, where-with the more miserable people sought to appease the fell *bhuta* that had set up his throne in that fair soul. *Sach bat?*

It was even so. And as the possessed made spasmy fists with his feet, clinching his toes strangely, and grinned, with his chin between his knees, I solemnly wished for the presence of One who might cry with the voice of authority, as erst in the land of the Gadarenes, "Come out of the lad, thou unclean spirit!"

At the Hurdwar fair pretty little naked girls are exposed for sale, and in their soft brown innocence appeal at once to the purity of your mind and the tenderness of your heart. They come from Cashmere with the shawls, or from Cabool with the kittens, or from the Punjab with the arms and shields.

Very quaint are the little Miriams, Ruths, and Hannahs of the Jewish houses in Bombay,—with their full trousers of blue satin and gold, their boyish Fez caps of spangled red velvet, bound round with party-colored turbans, their chin-bands of pearls, their coin chains, their great gold bangles, and the jingling tassels of their long plaits.

Less interesting, because formal and inanimate, even to sulkiness, are the prim little Parsee maidens, who often wear an "exercised" expression, of a settled sort, as though they were weary of reflecting on the hollowness of the world, and how their dolls are stuffed with sawdust, and that Dakhma, the Tower of Silence, is the end of all things.

Then there are the regimental *bablogue*, the soldiers' children, sturdiest and toughest of Anglo-Indian urchins,—affording, in their brown cheeks and crisp muscles and boisterous ways, a consoling contrast to the oh-call-it-pale-not-fairness, and the frailness, and premature pensiveness of the little Civil Service.

And there is the half-caste child, the lisping chee-chee, or Eurasian, grandiloquently so called, much given to sentimental minstrelsy, juvenile polkas, early coquetry, and early beer, hot curries, loud clothes, bad English, and fast pertness. I never think of them without recalling a precocious ballad-screamer

of eight years who was flourished indispensably at every chee-chee hop in Chandernagore:

"O lay me in a little pit,
With a marble thtne to cover it,
And keearve thereon a turkle-dove,
That the world may know I died for love!"

I left India in consequence of that child.

But for the true Anglo-Indian type of brat, at all points a complete "torn-down," "dislikeable and rod-worthy," as Mrs. Mackenzie describes it, there is nothing among nursery nuisances comparable to the Civil-Service child of eight or ten years, whose father, a "Company's Bad Bargain," in the Mint, or the Supreme Court, or the Marine Office, draws *per mensem* enough to set his brat up in the usual servile surroundings of such small despots. Deriving the only education it ever gets directly from its personal attendants, this young monster of bad temper, bad manners, and bad language becomes precociously proficient in overbearing ways, and voluble in Hindostanee Billingsgate, before it has acquired enough of its ancestral tongue to frame the simplest sentence. It bullies its *bhearer*; it bangs distractingly on the tom-tom; it surfeits itself to an apoplectic point with pish-pash; it burns its mouth with hot curry, and bawls; it indulges in horrid Hindostanee songs, whereof the burden will not bear translation; it insults whatever is most sacred to the caste attachments of its attendants; the Moab of ayahs is its wash-pot, over an Edom of bearers will it cast out its shoe; it slaps the mouth of a gray-haired *khansaman* with its slipper, and dips its poodle's paws in a Mohammedan *kitmudgar*'s rice; it calls a learned Pundit an *asal ulu*, an egregious owl; it says to a high-caste *circar*, "Shut up, you pig!" and to an illustrious *moonshee*, "Hi, toom jungleewallah!" Whereat its fond mamma, to whom Bengalee, Hindostanee, and Sanscrit are alike sealed books of Babel, claps the hands of her heart, and crying, *Wah, wah!* in all the innocence of her philological deficiency, blesses the fine

animal spirits of her darling Hastings Clive.

"*Soono, you sooa, toom kis-wasti oma-ra bukri not bring?*" says Hastings Clive, whose English is apt to figure among his Hindostanee like Brahmins in a regiment of Sepoys,—that is, one Brahmin to every twenty low-caste fellows.

The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley Gough.—Wellesley dear, do listen to that darling Hastings Clive, how sweetly he prattles! What did he say then? If one could only learn that delightful Hindostanee, so that one could converse with one's dear Hastings Clive! Do tell me what he said.

The Hon. Wellesley Gough, of the Company's Bad Bargains.—Literally interpreted, my dearest Maud, our darling Hastings Clive sweetly remarked, "I say, you pig, why in thunder don't you fetch my goat into the parlor?"

The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley Gough, of the Hon. Mr. Wellesley Gough's Bad Bargains.—Oh, isn't he clever?

Hastings Clive.—*Jou, you haremzeada! Bukri na munkta, nimuk-aram!*

The Hon. Wellesley Gough.—My love, he says now, "Get out, you good-for-nothing rascal! I don't want that goat here."

The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley Gough.—Oh, isn't he clever?

What dreadful crime did you commit in another life, O illustrious Moonshee, that you should fall now among such thieves as this horrid Hastings Clive?

"*Sahib, I know not. Hum kia kur-reng? kismut hi:* What can I do? it is my fate."

Hastings Clive has a queer assortment of pets, first of which are the bushy-tailed Persian kittens, hereinbefore mentioned. When, in Yankee-land, some lovelorn Zeekle is notoriously sweet upon any Huldy of the rural maids,—when

" His heart keeps goin' pitypat,
And hern goes pity Zeekle,"—

when she is

" All kind o' smily round the lips,
And teary round the lashes,"—

it is usual to describe his condition by a feline figure; he is said to "cuddle up to her like a sick kitten to a hot brick." But the sick Oriental kitten, reversing the Occidental order of kitten things, cuddles up to a water-monkey, and fondly embraces the refreshing evaporation of its beaded bulb with all her paws and all her bushy tail. The Persian kitten stands high in the favor of Hastings Clive.

Hastings Clive has a whole array of parroquets and hill-mainahs, which, as they learned their small language from his peculiar scurrilous practice, are but blackguard birds at best. He also rejoices in many blue-jays, rescued from the Ganges, whereinto they were thrown as offerings to the vengeful Doorga during the barbarous *pooja* celebrated in her name. Very proud, too, is Hastings Clive of his pigeons,—his many-colored pigeons from Lucknow, Delhi, and Benares; an Oudean bird-boy has trained them to the pretty sport of the Mohammedan princes, and every afternoon he flies them from the house-top in flashing flocks, for Hastings Clive's entertainment.

Hastings Clive has toys, the wooden and earthen toys for which Benares was ever famous among Indian children,—non-descript animals, and as non-descript idols,—little Brahminee bulls with bells, and artillery camels, like those at Rohilkund and Agra,—Sahibs taking the air in buggies, country-folk in hackerries, baba-logue in gig-topped ton-jons. But much more various and entertaining, though frailer, are his Calcutta toys, of paper, clay, and wax,—hunting-parties in bamboo howdahs, on elephants a foot high, that move their trunks very cunningly,—avadavats of clay, which flutter so naturally, suspended by hairs in bamboo cages, that the cats destroy them quickly,—miniature palanquins, budge-rows, bungalows, and pagodas, all of paper,—figures in clay of the different castes and callings, baboos, kitmudgars, washermen, barbers, tailors, street-waterers, box-wallahs, (as the peddlers are called,) nautch-girls, jugglers, sepoys, po-

licemen, doorkeepers, dog-boys,—all true to the life, in costume, attitude, and expression.

Statedly, on his birth-day, the Anglo-Indian child is treated to a *kat-pootlee naught*, and Hastings Clive has a birth-day every time he conceives a longing for a puppet-show; so that our wilful young friend may be said to be nine years, and about nineteen *kat-pootlee nauches*, old.

To make a birth-day for Hastings Clive, three or four *tamasha-wallahs*, or show-fellows, are required; these, hired for a few rupees, come from the nearest bazaar, bringing with them all the fantastic apparatus of a *kat-pootlee naught*, with its interludes of story-telling and jugglery. A sheet, or table-cloth, or perhaps a painted drop-curtain, expressly prepared, is hung between two pillars in the drawing-room, and reaches, not to the floor, but to the tops of the miniature towers of a silver palace, where some splendid Rajah, of fabulous wealth and power, is about to hold a grand *durbar*, or levee. All the people, be they illustrious personages or the common herd, who assist in the ceremony, are puppets a span long, rudely constructed and coarsely painted, but very faithful as to costume and manners, and most dexterously played upon by the invisible *tamasha-wallahs*, whom the curtain conceals.

A silver throne having been wheeled out on the portico by manikin bhearers, the manikin Rajah, attended by his manikin moonshee, and as many manikin courtiers as the *tamasha* property-man can supply, comes forth in his wooden way, and seats himself on the throne in wooden state; a manikin *hookah-badar*, or pipe-server, and a manikin *chattah-wallah*, or umbrella-bearer, take up their wooden position behind, while a manikin *punkah-wallah* fans, woodenly, his manikin Highness, and the manikin courtiers dance wooden attendance around. Then manikin ladies and gentlemen come on manikin elephants and horses and camels, or in manikin palanquins, and alight with

wooden dignity at the foot of the palace stairs, taking their respective orders of wooden precedence with wooden pomposities and humilities, and all the manikin forms of the customary bore. The manikin courtiers trip woodenly down the grand stairs to meet the manikin guests with little wooden Orientalisms of compliment, and all the little wooden delicacies of the season; and they conduct the manikin Sahibs and Beebees into the presence of the manikin Rajah, who receives them with wooden condescension and affability, and graciously reciprocates their wooden salaams, inquiring woodenly into the health of all their manikin friends, and hoping, with the utmost ligneous solicitude, that they have had a pleasant wooden journey: and so on, manikin by manikin, to the wooden end. Of course, much desultory tom-tomry and wild troubadouring behind the curtain make the occasion musical.

The audience is complete in all the picturesqueness of mixed baba-logue. In the front row, chattering brown ayahs, gay with red sarees and nose-rings, sit on the floor, holding in their laps pale, tender babies, fair-haired and blue-eyed, lace-swaddled, coral-clasped, and amber-studded. Behind these, on high chairs, are the striplings of three years and upward, vociferous and kicking under the hand-punkals of their patient bhearers. Tall fellows are these bhearers, with fierce moustaches, but gentle eyes,—a sort of nursery lions whom a little child can lead. On each side are small chocolate-colored heathens, in a sort of short chemises, silver-bangled as to their wrists and ankles, and already with the caste-mark on the foreheads of some of them,—shy, demure younglings, just learning all the awful significance of the word *Sahib*, who have been brought from mysterious homes by fond ayahs, and smuggled in through back-stairs influence, or boldly introduced by the durwan under the glorifying patronage of that terrible Hastings Clive.

Back of all are Dhobee, the washerman, and Dirzee, the tailor, and Mehter,

the sweeper, and Mussalchee, the torch-boy, and Metrancee, the scullion,—and all the rest of the household riff-raffry. There is much clapping of hands, and happy wah-wah-ing, wherefrom you conclude that Hastings Clive's birth-day is at least one good result of his being born at all.

The Sahib baba-logue have a lively share in several of the native festivals. The Hoolee, for instance, is their high carnival of fun, when they pelt their elders and each other with the red powder of the *mhindee*, and repel laughing assaults with smart charges of rose-water fired from busy little squirts. During the illumination of the Duwalliee, they receive from the servants presents of fantastic toys, and search in the compounds by moonlight for the flower of the tree that never blossoms, and for the soul of a snake, whence comes to the finder good luck for the rest of his life.

These are the traditional sports of the baba-logue; but they are ingenious in inventing others, wherein, from time to time, the imitative faculty, of the native child especially, is tragically manifested.

When the Nawab, Shumsh-ud-deen, was hung at Delhi for hiring a *sowar* to assassinate Mr. Fraser, the British Commissioner, the country population round about were seized with the news as with the coming of a dragon or a destroying army; and the British Lion was the Bogy, the Black Douglas, in whose name poor *ryots'* wives scared refractory brats into trembling obedience. Not far from Delhi was a village school, where were many small boys,—so many Asiatic frogs-in-a-well,—to whom “the news of the day” was full of terrible portent. Once, when they were tired of foot-ball, and the shuttlecock had grown heavy on their hands, the cry was, “What shall we play next?” And one daring little fellow—whose father had been to Delhi with his rent, and had told how the Nawab met his *kismut* (his fate) so quietly, that the gold-embroidered slippers did not fall from his feet—cried, “Let us play hanging the Nawab! and I will be the Nawab;

and Kama, here, shall be Kurreim Khan, the *sowar*; and Joota shall be Metcalfe Sahib, the magistrate; and the rest of you shall be the *sahibs*, and the *sepoyas*, and the priests.”

Acha, acha! — “Good, good!” they all cried. “Let us play the Nawab's *kismut*! let us hang the Nawab! And Mungloo—he that is more clever than all of us—he that is cunning as a Thug—Mungloo shall be the Nawab!”

So they began with the murder of the Commissioner; and he who personated Kurreim Khan, the assassin, played so naturally, that he sent the Commissioner screaming to his mother, with an arrow sticking in his arm. Then they arrested Kurreim Khan, and his accomplice, Unnia, a *mehwatti*, who turned king's evidence, and betrayed the *sowar*; and having tried and condemned Kurreim Khan, they would have hung him on the spot; but, being but a little fellow, he became alarmed at the serious turn the sport was taking, although he had himself set so sharp an example; so he took nimbly to his heels, and followed his young friend, the Commissioner.

Then Unnia told how the Nawab had paid Kurreim Khan blood-money, because Shumsh-ud-deen did so hate Fraser Sahib. Whereupon Metcalfe Sahib, a little naked fellow, just the color of an old mahogany table, sent his sepoyas and had the Nawab dragged, in all his ragged breech-cloth glory, to the bar of Sahib justice. In about three minutes, the Nawab was condemned to die,—condemned to be hung by an outcast sweeper. But, in consideration of his exalted rank, they consented that he should wear his slippers, and ride to the place of execution, smoking his hookah; and Mungloo acknowledged the Sahib's magnanimity by proudly inclining his head, like a true Nawab, with a dignified “*Acha!*” Then two members of the court-martial, who lived nearest at hand, ran home, and quickly returned, one with his father's slippers, the other with his mother's hubble-bubble; and having tied the slippers, that were a world too big, on Mungloo's

little feet, and lighted the hubble-bubble, that he might smoke, they mounted him on a buffalo, captured from the village *hurkaru*, who happened, just in the nick of time, to come riding by, on his way to Delhi, with the mail. And they led out the prisoner, smoking his hubble-bubble,—and looking, as Metcalfe Sahib said of the real Nawab, “as if he had been accustomed to be hanged every day of his life”—to the place of execution, an old saul-tree with low limbs. Then, having taken the rope with which the *hurkaru*'s mail-bag was lashed to his buffalo, they slipped a noose over the Nawab's head, made the other end fast to the lower limb of the saul-tree, and led away the buffalo.

Little Mungloo, who was cunning as a Thug, acted with surprising talent; in fact, some of the Sahibs thought he rather overdid his part, for he dropped his hubble-bubble almost awkwardly, and even kicked,—which the real Nawab had too much self-respect to do,—so that he sent one of his slippers flying one way, and the other another. But he choked, and gasped, and showed the whites of his eyes, and turned black in the face, and shivered through all his frame, so very naturally, that his admiring companions clapped their hands vehemently, and cried, *Wah, wah!* with all their little lungs. *Wah, wah!* they screamed,—*Wah khoob tamasha kurta hi! Phir kello, Mungloo! Bahoot uchi-turri nuhkul, kurte ho toom!* “Bravo! Bravo! Such fun! Do it again, Mungloo,—do it again!

it takes you!” Certainly Mungloo did it to the life,—for he was dead.

To conclude now with a specimen of the tales with which the native story-tellers entertain little heathens on street-corners.

There was once a bastard boy, the son of a Brahmin's widow; and he was excluded from a merry wedding-feast on account of his disgraceful birth. With a heart full of bitterness, he prayed to Siva for comfort or revenge; and Siva, taking pity on him, taught him the mystic *mantra*, or incantation, called *Bijaksharam*,—*Shrum, hrim, craoom, hroom, hroo*. So the boy went to the door of the apartment where the wedding guests were regaling themselves and making merry; and he pronounced the mantra backwards,—*Hroo, hroom, craoom, hrim, shrum*. Immediately the fish, and the cucumbers, and the mangoes, and the pumplenoses took the shape of toads, and jumped into the faces of the guests, and into their bosoms and laps, and on the floor. Then the boy laughed so loud, that the astonished guests knew it was he who had conjured them; so they went to the door and let him in, and set him at the head of the table. Then the boy was satisfied, and uttering the mantra aright, he conjured the toads back into the dishes again; and they all lay down in their places, and became fish, and cucumbers, and mangoes, and pumplenoses, just as if nothing had happened.

Glory to Siva!

MUSIC.

THE promise of the autumn has not been fulfilled; instead of the anticipated feasts, we have had but few concerts, and, as yet, no opera. Some few noteworthy incidents have occurred, however, which we desire to record. We pass over the ever welcome orchestral concerts, the quiet pleasures of our delightful chamber music, and the inspiring four-part singing of the Orpheus Club. Neither can we give the space to notice fully the *début* of a young singer,—a singer with a rare voice, full, flexible, and sympathetic, and who, with culture in a *larger* style, and with maturity of power and feeling, will be a real acquisition to our musical public. Few young performers know

"How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in repose."

They dazzle us with pyrotechnics in the finale of *Com' e bello* or *Qui la voce*, but the simple feeling of *Vedrai carino* is beyond their grasp. Firmly sustained tones, careful phrasing, flowing grace in the melody, and just, dramatic expression, are the great requisites; without them the brilliant flourishes of a modern cadenza astonish only for a brief period.

The appearance of Carl Formes in oratorio was something to be long remembered. The Handel and Haydn Society brought out "Elijah" and "The Creation" before immense audiences at the Music Hall. For the first time we heard "Elijah" represented by a great artist, and not by a sentimental, mock-heroic singer. He infused into the performance his own intense personality. Every phrase was charged with his own feeling. He thundered out the curses of Heaven upon idolaters; he prayed with all-absorbing devotion to the "Lord God of Abraham"; he taunted the baffled priests of Baal in grim and terrible scorn; he gently soothed the anguish of the widow; and when his career was finished, he reverently said, "It is enough; now take away my life!" The music we had heard before; we had been rapt many a time while hearing the magnificent choruses; but we never had

known the dramatic power of the composer as shown in the principal rôle.

"The Creation" was performed on the following evening. Its ever fresh and cheerful melodies presented a fine contrast to the severely intellectual style of "Elijah." In rendering purely melodic phrases, Herr Formes was not so preëminent as in declamatory passages. Not always strictly in tune, not specially graceful, slow in delivery, even beyond the requirements of a dignified style, he impressed the audience rather by the volume and richness of his tones and by a certain reserved force, than by any unusual excellence in execution. Some one has said, that it makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether or not there is a man behind it. This impression of a fulness of resources always accompanied the efforts of Herr Formes; every phrase had meaning or beauty, as he delivered it. Perhaps it is as idle to lament his deficiencies, in comparison with artists like Belletti, for instance, as to complain because the grand figures of Michel Angelo have not the delicacy of finish that marks the sweetly insipid Venus de Medici. Of the other solo performers in the oratorios it is not necessary for us to speak, save to commend the fine voice and good style of Mrs. Harwood, a rising singer, well known here, and whom the country, we hope, will know in due time.

Another concert demands our attention, in which portions of a work by an American composer were submitted to the test of public judgment. This we must consider the most important musical event of the season; for great singers, though surely not common among our English race, have not been unknown; the ability to interpret God gives freely,—the power to create, rarely. In any generation, probably not ten men arise who write new melodies; of these, only a small proportion have either the intellectual power or the aesthetic feeling to combine the subtle elements of music into forms of lasting beauty. Most of them are influenced by prevailing mannerisms, and their mu-

sic is therefore ephemeral, like the taste to which it ministers. Of all the composers that have lived, probably not more than six or eight have attained to an absolutely classic rank. These few are not in relations with any temporary taste; their music might have been written to-day or a century ago, and it will be as fresh a century hence. No one of the arts has had fewer great masters. A new composer, therefore, has a right to claim our attention. If, perchance, we discover that he has the gift of genius, and is not merely a clever imitator, we cannot rejoice too much.

The work to which we allude is the opera "Omano,"—the libretto in Italian by Signor Manetta, the music by Mr. L. H. Southard. We shall not stop now to consider the question, whether American Art is to be benefited by the production of operas in the Italian tongue; it is enough to say, that, until we have native singers capable of rendering a great dramatic work, singers who can give us in English the effects which Grisi, Badiali, Mario, and Alboni produce in their own language, we must be content with the existing state of things, and allow our composers to write for those artists who can do justice to their conceptions. We hope to live to hear operas in English; but meanwhile we must have music, and, at present, the Italian stage is the only common ground.

Mr. Southard's opera is founded upon Beckford's Oriental tale, "Vathek," with such alterations as are necessary to adapt it for representation. We are told that the plot is full of dramatic situations, full of human interest, and that its scenes appeal to all the faculties, ranging through comedy, ballet, and melodrama, and leading to the awful Hall of Eblis at last. The principal characters are the Caliph Omano, *baritone*; Carathis, his mother, *mezzo soprano*; Hinda, a slave in his harem, *soprano*; Rustam, her lover, *tenor*; and Albatros, *basso*, a Mephistophelean spirit who tempts the Caliph on to his destruction. Selections were made from this opera, and were performed by resident artists, without the aid of stage effects or orchestral accompaniments. Only the music was given, with as much of the harmony as could be played on the grand piano by one pair of hands. There could be no severer test than this. The music is generally Italian

in form, especially in the flowing grace of the *cantabile* passages, and in the working up of the climaxes. But we did not hear one of the stereotyped Italian cadenzas, nor did we fall into old *ruts* in following the harmonic progressions. The orchestral figures—the framework on which the melodies are supported—are new, ingenious, and beautiful. The duets, quartette, and quintette show great command of resources and the utmost skill in construction; we can hardly remember any concerted pieces in the modern opera where the "working up" is more satisfactory, or the effect more brilliant. How far the music exhibits an absolutely original vein of melody, it is perhaps premature to say. No composer has ever been free at first from the influence of the masters whom he most admired. To mention no later instances, it is well known that Beethoven's early works are all colored by his recollections of Mozart, and that his own peculiar qualities were not clearly brought out until he had reached the maturity of his powers. This seems to be the law in all the arts; imitation first, self-development and originality afterwards. Happy are those who do not stop in the first stage! It is certain that Mr. Southard's music pleased, and that some of the most critical of the audience were roused to a real enthusiasm. And it is to be borne in mind that the music is cast in a grand mould; it has no prettinesses; it is either great in itself, or wears the semblance of greatness. On the whole, we are inclined to think that the "Diarist" in Dwight's "Journal of Music" was not extravagant in saying that no *first* work since the time of Beethoven has had so much of promise as the opera "Omano." We shall look with great interest for its production upon the stage with the proper accompaniments and scenic effects. It is due to the composer that this should be done. If the music we heard had been performed by a company of great artists in the Boston Theatre or in the Academy of Music, it would have been received with tumultuous applause. The singers on this occasion gained to themselves great credit by their conscientious endeavors. They generously offered their services, and sang with a heartiness that showed a warm interest in the work. One of them, at least, Mrs. J. H. Long, would have established her rep-

utation as an accomplished artist, even if she had never appeared in public before.

We suppose our readers will agree with us in looking with eager delight to the promise of a national school of music. Every nation must create its own song. The passionate music of Italy electrifies our cooler blood, but it does not adequately express all our feelings nor in any way represent our character. We also find many of the compositions of Germany so purely intellectual that they do not touch us until we have *learned* to like them. If we ever have a school of music, it will be in harmony with our rapidly developing characteristics. But it must grow up on our own soil; exotics never flourish long under strange skies. We think that many things point to this country as the place where music will achieve new triumphs. We are not bound by old traditions, we have few prejudices to unlearn, and we are able to see merit in more than one school. The same audience that becomes almost intoxicated with the excitement of the Italian opera will listen with the fullest, serenest pleasure to the majestic symphonies of Beethoven or to the sublime choruses of Handel. The devotees of the various European schools have none of this catholicity. A very accomplished Italian musician used frankly to say, that a symphony always put him to sleep; and as for the songs of Franz and other recent German composers, he would rather hear the filing of saws with an accompaniment of wet fingers on a window-pane. The Germans, on the other hand, have an equal contempt for Italian music. For them, Donizetti is melodramatic, Bellini puerile

and silly, and even Rossini (who has written as many melodies as any composer, save Mozart) is only fit to compose for hand-organs. The American musical public can and do render to both schools the justice they deny each other,—and this because we appreciate the aim and direction of both. The tendency of modern German music is more and more in what we might call a mathematical direction; the Teutonic listener examines the structure of a movement as he would a geometrical proposition; he notices the connection and dependence of the several parts, and at the end, if he like it, he thinks Q. E. D.; his pleasure is quiet, but sincere. The Italian, on the other hand, makes everything subordinate to feeling; for him the music must sparkle with pleasure, burn with passion, or lighten with rage; borne upon the tide of emotion, the under-current of harmony is a matter of little moment; there may be symmetry of structure, and learning in the treatment of themes; if so, well; if not, their absence is not noticed as an essential defect.

For lyrical purposes the Italian style will always take the precedence, because music must primarily be addressed to the feelings. But it may happen, if ever we have great composers here in America, that to the instinctive grace and beauty of this Southern school the magnificent orchestral effects of the North may be added, and thereby a grander and more perfect whole be produced. At least, we can continue to be eclectic, and in due time we may develop music which, like Corinthian brass, shall contain the valuable qualities of all the elements we appropriate.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By WILLIAM ELDER. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 8vo.

If Dr. Kane's character had not been free from any taint of imposture and vain-glory, and if his reputation had not been

of that kind which can be submitted to the severest tests without being materially lessened, he would have suffered much in having so frank and truthful a biographer as Dr. Elder. Nobody could have been selected for the task who would have worse performed the business of puffing,

or the work of recognizing and celebrating lofty traits of character and vigorous mental endowments better. He is a friendly biographer,—and well he may be; for he declares that his researches into Dr. Kane's private correspondence and papers revealed not a line which, if published, would injure his fame. It is, of course, impossible for so genuine a man as Dr. Elder to refrain from hearty eulogium where not to praise is the sign of a cynical rather than a critical spirit; but his panegyric has the raciness and sincerity which proceed from the generous recognition of merit, and never indicates that ominous falseness of feeling which the simplest reader instinctively detects in the formal constructor of complimentary sentences. Throughout the book, the biographer writes in the spirit of that sound maxim which declares it to be as base to refuse praise where it is due, as to give praise where it is not due; and we think that few readers will be inclined to quarrel with him for the quickness and depth of his sympathies with his hero, except that small class of "knowing" minds who, mistaking disbelief in human probity for acuteness of intellect, find a mischievous satisfaction in depressing heroes into coxcombs, and resolving noble actions into ignoble motives.

We have been especially interested in the account given of Dr. Kane's boyhood and early life. As a boy, he had too much force, originality, and decided bias of nature to be what is called a "good boy,"—one of those unfortunate children whose weakness of individuality passes for moral excellence, and who give their guardians so little trouble in the early development and so much trouble in the maturity of their mediocrity. He would not learn what he did not like, and what he felt would be of no use to him. He kept his memory free from all intellectual information which could not be transmuted into intellectual ability. The same daring, confidence, enterprise, and passion for action, which in after life made him an explorer, were first expressed in that love of mischief which vexes the hearts of parents and calls into exercise the pedagogue's ferule. All arbitrary authority found him a resolute little rebel. Dr. Elder furnishes some amusing instances of his audacity and determination.

Though smaller than other boys of his age, he possessed "the clear advantage of that energy of nerve and that sort of twill in the muscular texture which give tight little fellows more size than they measure and more weight than they weigh." At school he had under his charge a brother, two years younger than himself, who was once called up by the master to be whipped. This disturbed Elisha's notions of justice and his conceptions of the duties of a guardian, and, springing from his seat, he exclaimed, "Don't whip him, he's such a little fellow!—whip me!" The master, interpreting "this to be mutiny, which really was intended for fair compromise, answered, 'I'll whip you, too, Sir!' Strung for endurance, the sense of injustice changed his mood to defiance, and such fight as he was able to make quickly converted the discipline into a fracas, and Elisha left the school with marks which required explanation."

In his eighteenth year he was prostrated by a disease which developed into inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart, from which he never recovered. The verdict of the physician was ever in his mind: "You may fall at any time as suddenly as from [by] a musket-shot." His life was afterwards, indeed, like the life of a soldier constantly under fire. Instead of making him a valetudinary, this continual liability to death aided to make him a hero. He acted in the spirit of his father's advice,—"If you must die, die in harness." Dr. Elder proves that his existence was prolonged by the hardihood which made him careless of death. "The current of his life shows convincingly that incessant toil and exposure was [were] a sound hygienic policy in his case. Naturally his physical constitution was a case of coil springs, compacted till they quivered with their own mobility; nervous disease had added its irritability, and mental energy electrified them. It was doing or dying, with him. And it was not a tyrant selfishness, a wild ambition, that ruled his life, but a rare concurrence of mental aptitude, moral impulse, and bodily necessity, that kept him incessant in adventure." Nothing could damp this ardor. He contracted the peculiar disease of every country and climate he visited, and was frequently on what seemed his death-bed; but no experience of physical misery had

any influence in blunting his intellectual curiosity or impairing the energies of his will. One of those elastic natures "who ever with a frolic welcome take the thunder or the sunshine," his whole existence was wedded to action, and he was always ready to suffer everything, if he could thereby do anything.

We have no space to follow Dr. Elder in his minute and interesting account of a life so short, yet so crowded with events, as that in which the character of Dr. Kane was formed, manifested, and matured. The character itself—so gentle and so persistent, so full at once of self-reliance and reliance on Providence, so tender affection and so indomitable in fortitude—is now one of the moral possessions of the country, worth more to it than any new invention which increases its industrial productiveness or any new province which adds to its territorial dominion. That must be a low view of utility which excludes such a character from its list of useful things; for the great interest of every nation is, to cherish and value whatever tends to prevent its forces of intelligence and conscience from being weakened by idleness or withheld by timidity and self-distrust; and certainly the example of Dr. Kane will exert this wholesome influence, by the unmistakable directness with which it gives the lie to that lazy or cowardly skepticism of the powers of the will, which furnishes the excuse for thousands to slink away from duty on the plea of inability to perform it. To the young men of the country we especially commend this biography, in the full belief that it will stimulate and stir to effort many a sensitive youth who feels within himself the capacity to emulate the spirit which prompted Dr. Kane's actions, if he cannot hope to rival their splendor and importance.

Beatrice Cenci: A Historical Novel of the Sixteenth Century, by F. D. GUERRAZZI. Translated from the Italian by Luigi Monti, A. M., Instructor of Italian at Harvard University, Cambridge. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway. 1858. Two vols. in one, pp. 270 and 292.

THREE contemporary Italians, Mariotti, (Gallenga,) Mazzini, and Ruffini, have afforded extraordinary examples of entire

mastery over the English language in original composition, and Mr. Monti has attained an almost equal success in the translation before us. We have remarked, in reading it, a few solecisms and one or two trifling mistranslations,—but none of them such as either to affect the essential integrity of the version or to render it difficult for the least intelligent reader to make out clearly the sense of the original. We should not have alluded to them at all, had we not thought that they redounded rather to the credit of the translator; for they seem to prove that the work is entirely his own, and has not been subjected to that supervision which any one of Mr. Monti's numerous friends would have been glad to offer.

Guerrazzi, the author of the book, played a conspicuous part during the Italian Revolution of 1848-9. An advocate, we believe, by profession, he was one of the chiefs of the moderate liberal party in Tuscany, who, after the breaking out of the Revolution, wished to avoid any sudden overturn by carrying out such reforms as public sentiment demanded by means of the existing powers and forms of government. As head of the ministry called to inaugurate and administer the new Constitution granted and sworn to by the Grand Duke, he became involuntarily the Regent and in fact the Dictator of Tuscany, after the Grand Duke's treacherous flight to Santo Stefano. There is no evidence that he abused his power, or that he assumed any responsibilities not forced upon him by the necessities of his position. Indeed, the best proof that he did not is, that, after the Grand Duke had been forced again on his unwilling subjects by the bayonets of his Austrian cousins, it was found impossible to obtain Guerrazzi's conviction on a charge of high-treason, and that in a city garrisoned by Austrian soldiers and still under martial law. He was, however, incarcerated for several years before being brought to trial, and finally sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. But even this was such an outrage on public opinion that it was commuted to banishment. He is now living in exile near Genoa, and enjoying those blessings of constitutional government which he had desired to confer on his own country, and which we fervently hope may survive the misguided assaults of a fanatic liberalism, and con-

tinue to make Sardinia the centre of Italian hope, as it is the van of Italian progress.

His "Beatrice Cenci" was written during his imprisonment; and there is something fitting in the circumstance, that the work of an exile should be translated by a countryman also driven from his native land in consequence of his devotion to the idea of liberal and constitutional government, and, like the author, sustaining himself unrepiningly by a dignified and useful industry. It was also peculiarly fitting that the translation should have appeared just at the moment when the genius of Miss Hosmer had renewed the interest of her countrymen in the story of Beatrice, and deepened their compassion for her undeserved misfortunes by a statue so full of pathos and power.

Guerrazzi belongs to the extreme left of the school of historical novelists. He is almost always at high pressure, and, in spite of a certain force of thought and expression, is tinged decidedly and sometimes unpleasantly with sentimentalism. He is so little of an artist, that the story-teller is subordinated in him to the propagandist, and his work is not so near his heart as the desire to make a strong argument against the temporal power of the Papacy. He interrupts his narrative too often with reflection and disquisition, shows too much that fondness for the striking which is fatal to the classic in expression, and rushes out of his way at a highly-colored simile as certainly as a bull at scarlet. His characters talk much, and yet develop themselves rather circumstantially than psychologically.

Yet, in spite of these defects, Guerrazzi has succeeded in so intensifying the high lights and deep shadows of passion, pathos, and horror in the story, as to make a very effective picture, of the Caravaggio school. There is a curious parallel between the chapter where Count Cenci is imprisoned in the cavern, and those scenes in Webster's "Duchess of Malfy" where the Duchess is tortured by her brothers. The resemblance is interesting on many accounts, and serves to confirm us in a belief we have long entertained that Webster's peculiar power has been overrated, and that the tendency to heap one nightmare horror on another is something characteristic rather of the childhood than the maturity of genius. There is no modern story which re-

news for us the woes of the house of Tantalus so awfully as this of the Cenci, and it cannot fail to be of absorbing interest, especially to those unfamiliar with its ghastly details. Whether the theory which Guerrazzi assumes in order to render probable the innocence of the Cenci be tenable or not we shall not stop to discuss; it is enough that it serves to heighten the romance and complicate the plot in a very effective manner.

We cannot leave the book without saying how much we were charmed with the little episode of the old curate and his maid, and his ass Marco. It seems to us that Guerrazzi in this chapter has come nearer to the simplicity of nature than in any other part of the book, and we augur favorably from it for his future escape from the perils of a too ambitious style to the serenity of truer artistic development.

Of Mr. Monti's translation we can speak in high terms of commendation. Success in writing a foreign language is a rare thing, and he has shown a remarkable command of idiomatic expression. His familiarity with the habits and proverbial phrases of his native country gives him, we think, an advantage over any English translator, which more than counterbalances the trifling inaccuracies of phraseology that here and there betray the foreigner, and amount to nothing more than an accent, which is not without its merit of piquancy. In one respect we think he has acted with great discretion, namely, in now and then curtailing the reflections which Guerrazzi has interpolated upon the story to the manifest detriment of its interest and consecutiveness. If Signor Guerrazzi should profit by these silent criticisms, it would be to his advantage as an author.

The Elements of Drawing; in three Letters to Beginners. By JOHN RUSKIN. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. 12mo. London. 1857.

THE art of drawing may be called the art of learning to see,—and into this art there is no guide to be compared with Mr. Ruskin. His own admirable powers of sight and of expression have been cultivated by long, patient, and laborious study.

He has learned not only how to see, but what to see, and how best to represent what he sees. A teacher of the most advanced students of Art and Nature, he offers himself now as a teacher of beginners; and this little book of his contains a course of instruction admirably adapted not only to teach drawing, but also to teach the object and end for which it is worth while to learn to draw. "I would rather teach drawing," says Mr. Ruskin, in his Preface, "that my pupils may learn to love Nature, than teach the looking at Nature that they may learn to draw." And no one can study Mr. Ruskin's book without gaining a profounder sense of the infinite beauty and variety of Nature, and of the unfathomable stores of her freely lavished riches,—or without acquiring clearer perceptions of this beauty, and of its relations to the Divine government and order of the world.

Mr. Ruskin's book is essentially a practical one. His long experience as teacher of drawing in the Working-Men's College has given him knowledge of and sympathy with the perplexities and difficulties of beginners. It is a book for children of twelve or fourteen years old; and it is especially fitted for circulation in district and school libraries. All teachers of schools, in which drawing forms a part of the course, will find invaluable hints and directions in it. In every case, the English edition—which is easily obtainable, and at a very moderate price—should be procured, not merely for the sake of the original illustrations, but also as a mark of respect and gratitude to the author.

In an Appendix containing many wise and genial directions with regard to "Things to be studied" is a passage concerning Books, which we quote for its coincidence of opinion with our own views expressed in the January Number, and for the sake of enforcing its recommendations.

"I cannot, of course, suggest the choice of your library to you; every several mind needs different books; but there are some books which we all need; and assuredly, if you read Homer,* Plato, Æschylus, He-

rodotus, Dante,* Shakspeare, and Spenser, as much as you ought, you will not require wide enlargement of shelves to right and left of them for purposes of perpetual study. Among modern books, avoid generally magazine and review literature.† Sometimes it may contain a useful abridgment or a wholesome piece of criticism; but the chances are ten to one it will either waste your time or mislead you...

.... Avoid especially that class of literature which has a knowing tone; it is the most poisonous of all. Every good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe; it may contain firm assertion or stern satire, but it never sneers coldly nor asserts haughtily, and it always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart. A common book will often give you much amusement, but it is only a noble book which will give you dear friends. Remember, also, that it is of less importance to you, in your earlier years, that the books you read should be clever, than that they should be right; I do not mean oppressively or repulsively instructive, but that the thoughts they express should be just, and the feelings they excite generous. It is not necessary for you to read the wittiest or the most suggestive books; it is better, in general, to hear what is already known and may be simply said. Certainly at present, and perhaps through all your life, your teachers are wisest when they make you content in quiet virtue, and that literature and art are best for you which point out, in common life and familiar things, the objects for hopeful labor and for humble love." pp. 347-350.

* Cary's or Cayley's, if not the original. I do not know which are the best translations of Plato. Herodotus and Æschylus can only be read in the original. It may seem strange that I name books like these for "beginners"; but all the greatest books contain food for all ages; and an intelligent and rightly bred youth or girl ought to enjoy much, even in Plato, by the time they are fifteen or sixteen.

† *The Atlantic Monthly* was not in existence when Mr. Ruskin wrote this condemnation of magazines. The saving word for it is "generally."—EDITOR.

* Chapman's, if not the original.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. I.—APRIL, 1858.—NO. VI.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

THAT period of history between the 20th of March and the 28th of June, 1815, being the interregnum in the reign of Louis the Eighteenth, caused by the arrival of Napoleon from Elba and his assumption of the government of France, is known as "The Hundred Days."

It is as interesting as it was eventful, and has been duly chronicled wherever facts have been gathered to gratify a curiosity that is not yet weary of dwelling on the point of time which saw the Star of Destiny once more in the ascendant before it sank forever.

Whatever is connected with this remarkable epoch is worthy of remembrance, and whoever can add the interest of a personal experience, though it be limited and unimportant, should be satisfied, in the recital, to adopt that familiar form which may give to his recollections the strongest impress of reality.

I was at that time a schoolboy in Paris. The institution to which I was attached was connected with one of the National Lyceums, which were colleges where students resided in large numbers, and where classes from private schools also regularly attended, each studying in its

respective place and going to the Lyceum at hours of lecture or recitation. All these establishments were, under Napoleon, to a certain degree military. The roll of the drum roused the scholar to his daily work; a uniform with the imperial button was the only dress allowed to be worn; and the physical as well as the intellectual training was such, that very little additional preparation was required to qualify the inmate of the Lyceum for the duties and privations of the soldier's life. The transition was not unnatural; and the boy who breakfasted in the open air, in midwinter, on a piece of dry bread and as much water as he chose to pump for himself,—who was turned adrift, without cap or overcoat, from the study-room into the storm or sunshine of an open enclosure, to amuse himself in his recess as he best might,—whose continual talk with his comrades was of the bivouac or the battle-field,—and who considered the great object of life to be the development of faculties best fitted to excel in the art of destruction, would not be astonished to find himself sleeping on the bare ground with a levy of raw conscripts.

I was in daily intercourse with several hundred young men, and it may not be uninteresting to dwell a moment on the character of my companions, especially as they may be considered a fair type of the youth of France generally at that time. It is, moreover, a topic with which few are familiar. There were not many Americans in that country at that period. I knew of only one at school in Paris beside myself.

If the brilliant glories of the Empire dazzled the mature mind of age, they wrought into delirium the impulsive brain of youth, whose impressions do not wait for any aid from the judgment, but burn into the soul, never to be totally effaced. The early boyhood of those with whom I was associated had been one of continual excitement. Hardly had the hasty but eloquent bulletin told the Parisians that the name of another bloody field was to be inscribed among the victories of France, and the cannon of the Invalides thundered out their notes of triumph, when again the mutilated veterans were on duty at their scarcely cooled pieces and the newswomen in the streets were shrilly proclaiming some new triumph of the imperial arms. Then came the details, thrilling a warlike people, and the trophies which symbolized success,—banners torn and stained in desperate conflict, destined to hang over Christian altars until the turning current of fortune should drift them back,—parks of artillery rumbling through the streets, to be melted into statue or triumphal column,—and, amid the spoils of war, everything most glorious in Art to fill that wondrous gallery, the like of which the eye of man will never look upon again. At last, in some short respite of those fighting days, came back the conquerors themselves, to enjoy a fleeting period of rest and fame ere they should stiffen on Russian snows, or swell the streams which bathe the walls of Leipzig, or blacken, with countless dead, the plains stretching between the Rhine and their own proud capital.

By no portion of the people were

these things gathered with such avidity and regarded with such all-absorbing interest as by the schoolboys of Paris. Every step of the "Grand Army" was watched with deep solicitude and commented upon with no doubtful criticism. They made themselves acquainted with the relative merit of each division, and could tell which arm of the service most contributed to the result of any particular battle. They collected information from all sources,—from accounts in newspapers, from army letters, from casual conversation with some maimed straggler fresh from the scene of war. Each boy, as he made his periodical visit to his family, brought back something to the general fund of anecdote. The fire that burned in their young bosoms was fed by tales of daring, and there was a halo round deeds of blood which effectually concealed the woe and misery they caused. There was but one side of the medal visible, and the figures on that were so bold and beautiful that no one cared for or thought of the ugly death's-head on the reverse. The fearful consumption of human life which drained the land, sweeping off almost one entire generation of able-bodied men, and leaving the tillage of the fields to the decrepitude of age, feebly aided by female hands, gave ample opportunity to gratify the ardent minds panting to exchange the tame drudgery of school and college for the limited, but to them world-wide, authority of the subaltern's sword and epaulet. There seemed to them but one road to advancement. The profession of arms was the sole pursuit which opened a career bounded only by the wildest dreams of ambition. What had been could be; and the fortunate soldier might find no check in the progressive honors of his course, until his brows should be encircled by the insignia of royalty. It required more than mortal courage for a young man to intimate a preference for some more peaceful occupation. A learned profession might be sneeringly tolerated; but woe to him who spoke of agriculture, or commerce, or the me-

chanic arts! There was little comfort for the luckless wight who, in some unguarded moment, gave utterance to such ignoble aspirations. Henceforth he was, like the Pariah of India, cut off from human sympathy, and the young gentlemen whose tastes and tendencies led them to prefer the more aristocratic trade of butchery felt that there was a line of demarcation which completely and conclusively separated them from him.

This predilection for military life received no small encouragement from the occasional visit of some young Cæsar, whose uniform had been tarnished in the experiences of one campaign, and who returned to his former associates to indulge in an hour of unalloyed glorification.

Napoleon, when he entered the Tuilleries after prostrating some hostile kingdom, never felt more importance than did the young lieutenant in his service when he passed the ponderous doors which ushered him into the presence of his old schoolfellow. What a host of admirers crowded around him! What an honor and privilege to be standing in the presence, and even pressing the hand or rushing into the embrace, of an officer who had really seen bayonet-charges and heard the whistling of grape-shot! How the older ones monopolized the distinguished visitor, and how the little boys crowded the outer circle to catch a word from the military oracle, proudly happy if they could get a distant nod of recognition! And then the questions which were showered upon him, too numerous and varied to be answered. And how he described the forced marches, and the manœuvring, and the great battle!—how the cannonade seemed the breaking up of heaven and earth, and the solid ground shook under the charges of cavalry; how, yet louder than all, rang the imperial battle-cry, maddening those who uttered it; how death was everywhere, and yet he escaped unharmed, or with some slight wound which trebled his importance to

his admiring auditors. He would then tell how, after hours of desperate fighting, the Emperor, seeing that the decisive moment had arrived, ordered up the Imperial Guard; how the veterans, whose hairs had bleached in the smoke of a hundred battles, advanced to fulfil their mission; how with firm tread and lofty bearing, proud in the recollections of the past and strong in the consciousness of strength, they entered the well-fought field; and how from rank to rank of their exhausted countrymen pealed the shout of exultation, for they knew that the hour of their deliverance had come; and then, with overwhelming might, all branches of the service, comprised in that magnificent reserve, swept like a whirlwind, driving before them horse and foot, artillery, equipage, and standards, all mingled in irremediable confusion.

With what freedom did our young hero comment on the campaign, speaking such names as Lannes and Ney, Murat and Massena, like household words! He did not, perhaps, state that the favorable result of things was entirely owing to his presence, but it might be inferred that it was well he threw in his sword when the fortunes of the Empire trembled in the balance.

Under such influences, and with the excitement produced by the marvellous success of the French armies, it is not singular that young men looked eagerly forward to a participation in the prodigies and splendors of their time,—that they should turn disdainfully from the paths of honest industry, and that everything which constitutes the true wealth and greatness of a state should have been despised or forgotten in the lurid and blood-stained glare of military glory, which cowered like an incubus on the breast of Europe. The battle-fields were beyond the frontiers of their own country; the calamities of war were too far distant to obtrude their disheartening features; and no lamentations mingled with the public rejoicings. Many a broken-hearted mother mourned in se-

cret for her son lying in his bloody grave; but individual grief was disregarded in the madness which pervaded all classes, vain-glorious from repeated and uninterrupted success.

But the time had come when the storm was to pour in desolation over the fields of France, and the nations which had trembled at her power were to tender back to her the bitter cup of humiliation. The unaccustomed sound of hostile cannon broke in on the dreams of invincibility which had entranced the people, and deeds of violence and blood, which had been complacently regarded when the theatre of action was on foreign territory, seemed quite another thing when the scene was shifted to their own vineyards and villages.

The genius of Napoleon never exhibited such vast fertility of resources as when he battled for life and empire in his own dominions. Every foot of ground was wrested from him at an expense of life which thinned the innumerable hosts pressing onward to his destruction. He stood at bay against all Europe in arms; and so desperately did he contend against the vast odds opposed to him, and so rapidly did he move from one invading column to another, successively beating back division upon division, that his astonished foes, awed by his superhuman exertions, had wellnigh turned their faces to the Rhine in panic-stricken retreat. But the line of invasion was so widely extended that even his ubiquity could not compass it. His wonderful power of concentration was of little avail to him when the mere skeletons of regiments answered to his call, and, along his weakened line, the neglected gleanings left by the conscription, now hastily garnered in this last extremity, greeted him in the treble notes of childhood. The voices of the bearded men, which once hailed his presence, were hushed in death. They had shouted his name in triumph over Europe, and it had quivered on their lips when parched with the mortal agony. Their bones were whitening the sands of Egypt, the harvests of Italy

had long waved over them, their unnumbered graves lay thick in the German's Fatherland, and the floods of the Berezina were yet giving up their unburied dead. The remnant of that once invincible army did all that could be done; but there were limits to endurance, and exhaustion anticipated the hour of combat. Men fell dead in their ranks, untouched by shot or steel; and yet the survivors pressed on to take up the positions assigned by their leader, who seemed to be proof against either fatigue or despair. His last bold move, on which he staked his empire, was a splendid effort, but it failed him. It was the daring play of a desperate gamester, and nearly checkmated his opponents. But when, instead of pursuing him, they marched on Paris, he left his army to follow as it could, and hastened to anticipate his enemies. When about fifteen miles from Paris, he received news of the battle of Montmartre and the capitulation of the city. The post-house where he encountered this intelligence was within sight of the place where I passed my vacations. I often looked at it with interest, for it was there that the vision first flashed before him of his broken empire and the utter ruin which bade farewell to hope. He had become familiar with reverses. His veteran legions had perished in unequal strife with the elements, or melted away in the hot flame of conflict; his most devoted adherents had fallen around him; yet his iron soul bore up against his changing fortunes, and from the wrecks of storm and battle there returned

—“the conqueror’s broken car,
The conqueror’s yet unbroken heart.”

But the spirit which had never quailed before his enemies was crushed by the desertion of his friends. He had now to feel that treason and ingratitude are attendants on adversity, and that the worshippers of power, like the Gheber devotee, turn their faces reverently towards the rising sun.

There are few things in history so

touching as the position of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, during the few days which preceded his abdication and departure for the Island of Elba. Nearly all his superior officers forsook him, not even finding time to bid him adieu. Men whom he had covered with wealth and honors, who had most obsequiously courted his smiles, and been most vehement in their protestations of fidelity, were the first to leave him in his misfortune, forgetting, in their anxiety to conciliate his successor, to make the slightest stipulation for the protection of their benefactor. He was left in the vast apartments of that deserted palace, with hardly the footsteps of a domestic servant to break its monastic stillness; and, for the first time in his eventful life, he sat, hour after hour, without movement, brooding over his despair. At last, when all was ready for his departure, he called up something of his old energy, and again stood in the presence of what remained of the Imperial Guard, which was faithful to the end. These brave men had often encircled him, like a wall of granite, in the hour of utmost peril, and they were now before him, to look upon him, as they thought, for the last time. He struggled to retain his firmness, but the effort was beyond human resolution; his pride gave way before his bursting heart, and the stern vanquisher of nations wept with his old comrades.

Napoleon was gone. His empire was in the dust. The streets of his capital were filled with strangers, and the volatile Parisians were almost compensated for the degradation, in their wonder at the novel garb and uncouth figures of their enemies. The Cossacks of the Don had made their threatened "hurra," and bivouacked on the banks of the Seine. Prussian and Austrian cannon pointed down all the great thoroughfares, and by their side, day and night, the burning match suggested the penalty of any popular commotion. The Bourbons were at the Tuilleries, and France appeared to have moved back to the place whence

she had started on her course of redemption. At length, slowly and prudently, the allied armies commenced their homeward march, and the reigning family were left to their own resources, to reconcile as they could the heterogeneous materials stranded by the receding tide of revolution. But concession formed no part of their character, and reconciliation was an unknown element in their plan of government. They took possession of the throne as though they had only been absent on a pleasure excursion, and, ignoring twenty years of *parvenu* glory, affected to be merely continuing an uninterrupted sovereignty. The pithy remark of Talleyrand, that "they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing," was abundantly verified. Close following in their wake, came hordes of emigrants famished by long exile and clamorous for the restitution of ancient privileges. There was nothing in common between them and the men of the Republic, or of the Empire. They assumed an air of superiority, which the latter answered with the most undisguised contempt. Ridicule, that fearful political engine, which, especially in France, is sufficient to batter down the hopes of any aspirant who lays himself open to it, and which Napoleon himself, in his greatest power, feared more than foreign armies or intestine conspiracies, was most unsparingly directed against them. The print-shops exposed them in every possible form of caricature, the theatres burlesqued their pretensions, songs and epigrams contributed to their discomfiture, and all the ingenuity of a witty and laughter-loving people was unmercifully poured out upon this resurrection of antediluvian remains. Their royal patrons came in for a full share of the general derision, but they seemed entirely unmindful that there was such a thing as popular opinion, or any other will than their own. There were objects all around them which might have preached to them of the uncertainty of human grandeur and the vanity of kingly pride, reminding them that there is

but a step from the palace to the scaffold, which step had been taken by more than one of their family. The walls of their abode were yet marked by musket-balls, mementos of a day of appalling violence, and from the windows they could see the public square where the guillotine had permanently stood and the pavement had been crimsoned with the blood of their race. They had awakened from a long sleep, among a new order of men, who were strangers to them, and who looked upon them as beings long since buried, but now, unnaturally and indecorously, protruded upon living society. They commenced by placing themselves in antagonism to the nation, and erected a barrier which effectually divided them from the people. The history of the Republic and the Empire was to be blotted out; it was a forbidden theme in their presence, and whatever reminded them of it was carefully hidden from their legitimate vision. The remains of the Old Guard were removed to the provinces or drafted into new regiments; leaders, whose very names stirred France like the blast of a trumpet, were almost unknown in the royal circle; and the great Exile was never to be mentioned without the liability to a charge of treason.

During all this time of change, the youth of France, shut up in schools and colleges, kept pace with the outer world in information, and outstripped it in manifestations of feeling. I can judge of public sentiment only by inferences drawn from occasional observation, or the recorded opinions of others. I believe that many did not regret the fall of Napoleon, being weary of perpetual war, and hoping that the accession of the Bourbons would establish permanent peace. I believe that those who had attained the summit of military rank were not unwilling to pass some portion of their lives in the luxury of their own homes. I believe that there were mothers who rejoiced that the dreaded conscription had ended, and that their sons were spared to them. I believe all this, because I understood it so to be. But

whatever may have been the hopes of the lovers of tranquillity, or the wishes of warriors worn out in service, or the maternal instincts which would avert the iron hand clutching at new victims for the shrine of Moloch, I can answer that the boys remained staunch Bonapartists, for I was in the midst of them, and I have the fullest faith that those about me were exponents of the whole generation just entering on the stage of action. During the decline of the Empire, when defeat might be supposed to have quenched the fire of their enthusiasm, they remained unchanged, firmly trusting that glory would retrace her steps and once more follow the imperial eagles. And now, when their idol was overthrown, their veneration had not diminished nor wavered. Napoleon, with his four hundred grenadiers, at Elba, was still the Emperor; and those who, as they conceived, had usurped his government, received no small share of hatred and execration. Amidst abandonment and ingratitude, when some deserted and others reviled him, the boys were true as steel. It was not solely because the career which was open to them closed with his abdication, but a nobler feeling of devotion animated them in his hour of trial, and survived his downfall.

Many of our instructors were well satisfied with the new state of things. Some of the older ones had been educated as priests, and were officiating in their calling, when the Revolution broke in upon them, trampling alike on sacred shrine and holy vestment. The shaven crown was a warrant for execution, and it rolled beneath the guillotine, or fell by cold-blooded murder at the altar where it ministered. Infuriated mobs hunted them like bloodhounds; and the cloisters of convent and monastery, which had hitherto been disturbed only by footsteps gliding quietly from cell to chapel, or the hum of voices mingling in devotion, now echoed the tread of armed ruffians and resounded with ribaldry and imprecations. An old man, who was for a time

my teacher, told me many a tale of those days. He had narrowly escaped, once, by concealing himself under the floor of his room. He said that he felt the pressure, as his pursuers repeatedly passed over him, and could hear their avowed intention to hang him at the next lamp-post,—a mode of execution not uncommon, when hot violence could not wait the slow processes of law.

These men saw in the Restoration a hope that the good old times would come back,—that the crucifix would again be an emblem of temporal power, mightier than the sword,—that the cowed monk would become the counsellor of kings, and once more take his share in the administration of empires.

But if they expected to commence operations by subjecting their pupils to their own legitimate standard, and to bring about a tame acquiescence in the existing *ordre* of things, they were wofully mistaken. Conservatism never struggled with a more determined set of radicals. Their life and action were treason. They talked it, and wrote it, and sang it. There was no form in which they could express it that they left untouched. They covered the walls with grotesque representations of the royal family; they shouted out parodies of Bourbon songs; and there was not a hero of the old *régime*, from Hugh Capet down, whose virtues were not celebrated under the name of Napoleon. It was in vain that orders were issued not to mention him. They might as well have told the young rebels not to breathe. "Not mention him! They would like to see who could stop them!" And they yelled out his name in utter defiance of regulation and discipline.

Wonder was occasionally expressed, whether the time would come which would restore him to France. And now "the time had come, and the man."

While the assembled sovereigns were parcelling out the farm of Europe, in lots to suit purchasers, its late master decided to claim a few acres for his own use, and, as he set foot on his old

domain, he is said to have exclaimed,— "The Congress of Vienna is dissolved!"

It was a beautiful afternoon of early spring, when a class returned from the Lyceum with news almost too great for utterance. One had in his hand a coarse, dingy piece of paper, which he waved above his head, and the others followed him with looks portending tidings of no ordinary character. That paper was the address of Napoleon to the army, on landing from Elba. It was rudely done, the materials were of the most common description, the print was scarcely legible,—but it was headed with the imperial eagle, and it contained words which none of his old soldiers could withstand. How it reached Paris, simultaneously with the intelligence of his landing, is beyond my comprehension; but copies of it were rapidly circulated, and all the inhabitants of Paris knew its contents before they slept that night.

I know of no writer who has so thoroughly understood the wonderful eloquence of Napoleon as Lord Brougham. He has pronounced the address to the Old Guard, at Fontainebleau, "a masterpiece of dignified and pathetic composition"; and the speech at the Champ de Mars, he says, "is to be placed amongst the most perfect pieces of simple and majestic eloquence." Napoleon certainly knew well the people with whom he had to deal, and his concise, nervous, comprehensive sentences told upon French feeling like shocks of a galvanic battery. What would have been absurd, if addressed to the soldiers of any other nation, was exactly the thing to fire his own with irresistible energy. At the battle of the Pyramids he said to them, "Forty centuries look upon your deeds," and they understood him. He pointed to "the sun of Austerlitz," at the dawn of many a decisive day, and they felt that it rose to look on their eagles victorious. If the criterion of eloquence be its power over the passions, that of Napoleon Bonaparte has been rarely equalled. It was always the right thing at the right time, and produced precisely the effect

it aimed at. It was never more apparent than in the address in question. There were passages which thrilled the martial spirit of the land, and quickened into life the old associations connected with days of glory. Marshal Ney said, at his trial, that there was one sentence* in it which no French soldier could resist, and which drew the whole of his army over to the Emperor.

Such was the paper, which was read amidst the mad demonstrations of my schoolfellows. Their extravagance knew no limits; studies were neglected; and the recitations, next morning, demonstrated to our discomfited teachers that the minds of their pupils had passed the night on the march from Cannes to Paris.

The court journals spoke lightly of the whole matter, pronounced the "usurper" crazy, and predicted that he would be brought to the capital in chains. There were sometimes rumors that he was defeated and slain, and again that he was a prisoner at the mercy of the king. The telegraphic despatches were not made public, and the utmost care was practised by the government to conceal the fact that his continually increasing columns were rapidly approaching. There appeared to be no alteration in the usual routine of the royal family, and there was no outward sign of the mortal consternation that was shaking them to the centre of their souls. The day before the entrance of the Emperor, I happened to be passing through the court-yard of the Tuileries, when an array of carriages indicated that the inmates of the palace were about to take their daily drive. As my position was favorable, I stopped to look at the display of fine equipages, and soon saw part of the family come down and go out, as I supposed, for their morning recreation. It was, however, no party of pleasure, and they did not stop to take breath until they had passed the frontiers of France. They had information which was unknown to the public,

and they thought it advisable to quit the premises before the new lessee took possession.

The next afternoon, my father, who was at that time in Paris, called for me, told me that a change was evidently about to take place, and wished me to accompany him. As we passed through the streets, the noise of our carriage was the only sound heard. Most of the shops were closed; few persons were abroad, and we scarcely met or passed a single vehicle. As we drew near the Tuileries the evidences of life increased, and when we drove into the Place du Carrousel, the quadrangle formed by the palace and the Louvre, the whole immense area was filled with people; yet the stillness was awful. Men talked in an undertone, as they stood grouped together, apparently unwilling to communicate their thoughts beyond their particular circle. The sound of wheels and the appearance of the carriage caused many to rush towards us; but, seeing strangers, they let us pursue our way until we drew up near the Arch of Triumph.

It was a strange sight, that sea of heads all around us heaving in portentous silence at the slightest incident. They felt that something, they hardly knew what, was about to take place. They were ignorant of the exact state of things; and as the royal standard was still on the palace, they supposed the king might be there. Now and then, a few officers, having an air of authority, would walk firmly and quickly through the crowd, as though they knew their errand and were intent on executing it. Again, a band of Polytechnic scholars, always popular with the mob, would be cheered as they hurried onward. Occasionally, small bodies of soldiers passed, going to relieve guard; and as they bore the Bourbon badge, they were sometimes noticed by a feeble cry of allegiance. At last, a drum was heard at one of the passages, and a larger number of troops entered the square. They were veteran-looking warriors, and bore upon them the marks of dust-stained travel. Their

* "La victoire marchera au pas de charge."

bronzed faces were turned towards the flag that floated over the building, and, as they marched directly towards the entrance, the multitude crowded around them, and a few voices cried, "Vive le Roi!" The commanding officer cast a proud look about him, took off his cap, raised it on the point of his sword, showing the tricolored cockade, and shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" The charm was broken; and such a scene as passed before me no man sees twice in this world. All around those armed men there burst a cry which, diverging from that centre, spread to the outer border, till every voice of that huge mass was shrieking in perfect frenzy. Those nearest to the soldiers rushed upon them, hugging them like long-lost friends; some danced, or embraced the man next to them; some laughed like maniacs, and some cried outright. The place, where a few minutes before there arose only a confused hum of suppressed whisperings, now roared like a rock-bound sea-coast in a tempest. As if by magic, men appeared decorated with tricolored ribbons, and all joined with the soldiers in moving directly toward the place where the white flag was flapping its misplaced triumph over eyes which glared at it in hatred and hands which quivered to rend it piecemeal. Their wishes were anticipated; for the foremost rank had scarcely reached the threshold of the palace, when down went the ensign of the Bourbons, and the much-loved tricolor streamed out amidst thunder shouts which seemed to shake the earth.

A revolution was accomplished. One dynasty had supplanted another; and an epoch, over which the statesman ponders and the historian philosophizes, appeared to be as much a matter-of-course sort of thing as the removal of one family from a mansion to make room for another. In this case, however, the good old custom of leaving the tenement in decent condition was neglected; the last occupants having been too precipitate in their departure to conform to the usages of good housekeeping by consulting the comfort

and convenience of their successor. On the contrary, to solace themselves for the mortification of ejection, the retiring household pocketed some of the loose articles, denominated crown jewels, which were afterwards recovered, however, by a swap for one of the family, who was impeded in his retreat and flattered into the presumption that he was worth exchanging.

We alighted from our carriage and passed through the basement-passage of the palace into the garden. We walked to the further end, encountering people who had heard the shouting and were hurrying to ascertain its meaning. At a bend of the path we met Mr. Crawford, our Minister at Paris, with Mr. Erving, U. S. Minister to Spain, and they eagerly inquired, "What news?" My father turned, and, walking back with them a few steps to where the building was visible, pointed to the standard at its summit. Nothing more was necessary. It told the whole story.

I left them and hurried back to the institution to which I belonged. I was anxious to relate the events of the day, and, as I was the only one of the pupils who had witnessed them, I had a welcome which might well have excited the jealousy of the Emperor. As far as the school was concerned, I certainly divided honors with him that evening. It was, however, a limited copartnership, and expired at bedtime.

Napoleon entered the city about eight o'clock that night. We were nearly two miles from his line of progress, but we could distinctly trace it by the roar of voices, which sounded like a continuous roll of distant thunder.

I saw him, two days after, at a window of the Tuilleries. I stopped directly under the building, where twenty or thirty persons had assembled, who were crying out for him with what seemed to me most presumptuous familiarity. They called him "Little Corporal,"—"Corporal of the Violet,"—said they wanted to see him, and that he *must* come to the window. He looked out twice dur-

ing the half-hour I staid there, had on the little cocked hat which has become historical, smiled and nodded good-naturedly, and seemed to consider that something was due from him to the "many-headed" at that particular time. Such condescension was not expected or given in his palmy days, but he felt now his dependence on the people, and had been brought nearer to them by misfortune.

It was said, at the time, that he was much elated on his arrival, but that he grew reserved, if not depressed, as his awful responsibility became more and more apparent. He had hoped for a division in the Allied Councils, but they were firm and united, and governed only by the unalterable determination to overwhelm and destroy him. He saw that his sole reliance was on the chances of war; that he had to encounter enemies whose numbers were inexhaustible, and who, having once dethroned him, would no longer be impeded by the terror of his name. There was, besides, no time to recruit his diminished battalions, or to gather the munitions of war. The notes of preparation sounded over Europe, and already the legions of his foes were hastening to encircle France with a cordon of steel. The scattered relics of the "Grand Army" which had erected and sustained his empire were hastily collected, and, as they in turn reached Paris, were reviewed on the Carrousel and sent forward to concentrate on the battle-ground that was to decide his fate. No branch of art was idle that

could contribute to the approaching conflict. Cannon were cast with unprecedented rapidity, and the material of war was turned out to the extent of human ability. But he was deficient in everything that constitutes an army. Men, horses, arms, equipage, all were wanting. The long succession of dreadful wars which had decimated the country had also destroyed, beyond the possibility of immediate repair, that formidable arm which had decided so many battles, and which is peculiarly adapted to the impetuosity of the French character. The cavalry was feeble, and it was evident, even to an unpractised eye, as the columns marched through the streets, that the horses were unequal to their riders. The campaign of Moscow had been irretrievably disastrous to this branch of the service. Thirty thousand horses had perished in a single night, and the events which succeeded had almost entirely exhausted this indispensable auxiliary in the tactics of war.

The expedients to which the government was reduced were evident in the processions of unwashed citizens, which paraded the streets as a demonstration of the popular determination to "do or die." Whatever could be raked from the remote quarters of Paris was marshalled before the Emperor. Faubourgs, which in the worst days of the Revolution had produced its worst actors, now poured out their squalid and motley inhabitants, and astonished the more refined portions of the metropolis with this eruption of semi-civilization.

[To be continued.]

MY JOURNAL TO MY COUSIN MARY.

[Concluded.]

IV.

June.

I CAN no longer complain that I see no one but Kate, for she has an ardent admirer in one of our neighbors. He comes daily to watch her, in the Dumbiedikes style of courtship, and seriously interferes with our quiet pursuits. Besides this "braw wooer," we have another intruder upon our privacy.

Kate told me, a fortnight ago, that she expected a young friend of hers, a Miss Alice Wellspring, to pay her a visit of some weeks. I did not have the ingratitude to murmur aloud, but I was secretly devoured by chagrin.

How irksome, to have to entertain a young lady; to be obliged to talk when I did not feel inclined; to listen when I was impatient and weary; to have to thank her, perhaps fifty times a day, for meaningless expressions of condolence or affected pity; to tell her every morning how I was! Intolerable!

Ten chances to one, she was a giggling, flirting girl,—my utter abhorrence. I had seldom heard Lina speak of her. I only knew that she and her half-brother came over from Europe in the same vessel with my sister, and that, as he had sailed again, the young lady was left rather desolate, having no near relatives.

Miss Wellspring arrived a week ago, and I found that my fears had been groundless. She is an unaffected, pretty little creature,—a perfect child, with the curliest chestnut hair, deep blue eyes, and the brightest cheeks, lips, and teeth. She has a laugh that it is a pleasure to hear, and a quick blush which tempts to mischief. One wants continually to provoke it, it is so pretty, and the slightest word of compliment calls it up.

What the cherry is to the larger and more luscious fruits, or the lily of the valley to glowing and stately flowers, or what the Pleiades are among the grand-

er constellations, my sister's *protégée* is among women;—it is ridiculous to call her Kate's *friend*. Many men would find their ideal of loveliness in her. She would surely excite a tender, protecting, cherishing affection. But where is there room in her for the wondering admiration, the loving reverence, which would make an attempt to win her an *aspiration*? And that is what my love must be, if it is to have dominion over me.

Ah, Mary! I forget continually that for me there is no such joy in the future.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and no reasoning can quell it. I subdue my fancy to my fate sometimes, as a rational creature ought surely to do; but then I suffer acutely, and am wretched; while in a careless abandonment of myself to any and every dream of coming joy I find present contentment. I cannot help myself. I shall continue to dream, I am sure, until I have grown so old that I can resign all earthly hopes without sighing. I pray to be spared the sight of any object which, by rousing within me the desire of present possession, may renew the struggle with despair, to which I nearly succumbed when my profession was wrenched from me.

I was at first surprised to find that my sister cherished a more exceeding tenderness for her young friend than I had ever seen her manifest for any one; but my astonishment ceased when I found out that Alice's half-brother, who bears a different name, is the gentleman I saw with Kate in the box-tree arbor.

Since she has been here, Alice has been occupied in writing to different relatives about the arrangements for her future home,—a matter that is still unsettled. She brings almost all her letters to us, to be corrected; for she has a great dread of orthographic errors.

I was lying upon my couch, in the

porch, yesterday, and through the low window I could see Alice as she sat at her writing-desk. Kate was sewing beside her, but just out of my sight. The young girl's hand flew over the paper, and a bright smile lighted up her face as she wrote.

"This is a different kind of letter from yesterday's, I fancy," said Kate,—"not a business, but a pleasure letter."

"Yes, so it is; for it is to Brother Walter, and all about you! When he wrote to tell me to love you and think much of your advice, and all that, he said something else, which requires a full answer, I can tell you!"

Kate was silent. The letter was finished, and Alice sprang up, tired of her long application. I heard her kiss my sister, who then said, with a lame attempt at unconcern,—

"I suppose I am to look over your letter while you run about to rest yourself."

Alice quickly answered, "No, thank you. I won't give you the trouble. The subject will make Walter blind to faults."

"But do you suppose that I have no curiosity as to what you have said about me?"

"I have said nothing but good. A little boasting about your conquests is the worst. I mention your Dumbiedikes most flatteringly. I don't make fun of him. I only want to scare Walter a bit."

"But, Alice, you don't know the circumstances. Do let me see the letter; it may be important"—

"No, no! you shall never see it! Indeed, no!" cried the girl, running across the porch and down the garden. She did not want any fastidious caution to suppress the fine things she had said, or cause the trouble of writing another letter. So she ran out of hearing of the entreaties of her friend.

Ben came to the door to say that Old Soldier and the cabriolet were ready for my daily drive. While we were gone, the boy would call and take Alice's letter to the post. The writer of it was

out of sight and hearing. Here was a dilemma!

Kate threw her thimble and scissors into her box without her usual care, and I heard her walking to and fro. She passed the window at every turn, and I could see that her cheek was very pale, her eyes fixed upon the floor, and her finger pressed to her lip. She was thinking intently, in perfect abstraction. I could see the desk with the open letter upon it. At every turn Kate drew nearer to it.

It was a moment of intense temptation to my sister. I knew it, and I watched her struggles with a beating heart. It was a weighty matter with her. A belief in a successful rival might give Mr. —— pain,— might cause him to doubt her truth and affection,—might induce him to forget her, or cast her off in bitter indignation at her supposed fickleness. I could see in her face her alarm at these suppositions. Yes, it was a great temptation to do a very dishonorable action. A word from me would have ended the trial; for it is only in solitude that we are thus assailed. But then where would have been her merit? I should only cheat her out of the sweetest satisfaction in life,—a victory over a wicked suggestion. My presence would make the Evil One take to flight, and now she was wrestling with him. I felt sure she would not be conquered; for I could not have looked on to see her defeat. But who can estimate the power of a woman's curiosity, where the interests which are her very life are concerned?

She paused by the desk. The letter was upside down to her. Her hand was upon it to turn it, and she said boldly, aloud,—having forgotten me entirely,—

"I have a right to know what she says."

Then there was a hesitating pause, while she trembled on the brink of disonor,—then a revulsion, and an indignant "Pshaw!"

It was a contemptuous denial of her own flimsy self-justification. She snatched away her hand, as she said it, with an

angry frown. The blood rushed back to her face.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself!" she exclaimed, energetically. In a minute she was bustling about, putting away her things. In passing the window, now that she was freed from the thraldom of her intense thinking, she saw me lying where I might have been the witness to her inclination to wrong.

She started guiltily, and then began bunglingly to draw from me whether I had noticed anything of it. I took her hands, and looked her full in the face.

"I love you and honor you from the very bottom of my soul, Kate!"

"Not now! You can't! You must despise me!" she answered, turning away with a swelling bosom.

"I declare I never held you in so high estimation. Evil thoughts must come, even to the holiest saint; but only those who admit and welcome them are guilty,—not those who repel and conquer them. Surely not!"

"Thank you, Charlie. That is encouraging and comforting doctrine; and I think it is true. But what a lesson I have had to-day!"

"Yes, it has been a striking one. I will write about it to Mary."

"Oh, no! for mercy's sake don't expose me further!"

"Then you wish her to think you are too immaculate to be even tempted! stronger, purer even than our Saviour! for he knew temptation. You are above it,—are you? Come, Kate,—insincerity, pretension, and cowardice are not your failings, and I shall tell Mary of this incident, which has deeply moved me, and will, I know, really interest her. Here comes Alice."

The little lady presented herself before us all smiles, concealing one hand under her apron.

"Who's lost what I've found?" she cried.

"One of us, of course," said Kate.

"No, neither, so far as I know; but it nearly concerns you, Miss Lina, and I intend to drive a hard bargain."

"What are your terms?"

"Promise faithfully to tell me how it came where I found it, and I will show it to you,—yes, give it to you,—though, perhaps, I have the best claim to it, as nearest of kin to the owner."

Kate changed color, but would not betray too much eagerness.

"I cannot promise," she replied, trying for coolness,—"but if I can, I will tell you all you want to know about it."

Alice could hide it no longer. She held up a ring, with a motto on it in blue enamel. I had seen it upon Kate's finger, but not recently.

"Where did you find it?" asked my sister, with difficulty. She was very pale.

"In the box-tree arbor. How came it there? It was Watty's, for I was with him when he bought it in Venice. I can believe that it is yours; but how came it lost, and trampled into the earth? Didn't you care for it?"

She questioned with an arch smile. She knew better than that, and she was burning with curiosity to understand why finding it moved Kate so deeply. She had a young girl's curiosity about love-affairs. I came to the conclusion that Kate had offered to return the ring on the day they parted, and that it fell to the ground, disregarded by both, occupied, as they were, with great emotions.

"Come," continued Alice,—"did he, or you, throw it away? Speak, and you shall have it."

"I can tell you nothing about it, and I will not claim your treasure-trove. Keep it, Ally."

"Indeed, I won't keep other folks' love-tokens! There,—it belongs on that finger, I know! But do tell me about it!—do! I will tell you something, if you will. Yes, indeed, I have got a secret you would give anything to know! Walter told it to me, and it is about you. He spoke of it in his last letter, and said he meant to—Come, I'll tell you, though he said I mustn't, if you will only let me

into the mystery of this ring. The secret is in my letter, and I will let you read it, if you will."

Lina looked at me with meaning eyes. The contents of the letter were doubled in value by this confession, and yet this was no temptation at all. She was not alone.

"You foolish little thing," she said, kissing the sweet, entreating face, "do you suppose I will tell you my secrets, when you are so easily bribed to betray your brother's?"

Alice's conscience was alarmed.

"Why!" she ejaculated. "How near I came to betraying confidence,—and without meaning to do it, either! Oh, how glad I am you did not let me go on so thoughtlessly! I should have been so sorry for it afterwards! I know Walter will tell you himself, some day,—but I have no business to do it, especially as he did not voluntarily make me his confidante; I found out the affair by accident, and he bound me to secrecy. Oh, I thank you for stopping me when I was forgetting everything in my eager curiosity! And this letter, too, I offered to show you! How strangely indiscreet!"

"Perhaps I read it while you were gone," said Kate, in a low voice.

"No, you didn't, Kate! You can't make me believe that of you! I know you too well!"

"Indeed!" said Kate, blushing violently; "I can tell you, I came very near it."

"A miss is as good as a mile," Lina. And I know you were far enough from anything so mean."

"I was so near as to have my hand upon your letter, Alice dear. One feather's weight more stress of temptation, and I should have fallen."

"Pure nonsense! Isn't it, Charles?"

"Yes. Kate, you need not flatter yourself that you have universal ability, clever as you are. In anything dishonorable you are a perfect incapable, and that is all you have proved this morning."

V.

New York. July.

I WAS too comfortable, Mary! Such peace could not last, any more than a soft Indian-summer can put off relentless winter.

Oh, for those sweet June days when I had my couch wheeled to the deepest shade of the grove, and lay there from morning until evening, with the green foliage to curtain me,—the clover-scented wind to play about my hair, and touch my temples with softest, coolest fingers,—the rushing brook to sing me to sleep,—the very little blossoms to be obsequious in dancing motion, to please my eye,—and the holy hush of Nature to tranquilize my soul!

I had brought myself, by what I thought the most Christian effort, to be content with my altered lot. I gave up ambition, active usefulness, fireside, and family. I tried but for one thing,—peace.

I had nearly attained it, when there comes an impertinent officer of fate, known as Dr. G., and he peremptorily orders me out of my gentle bliss. I am sinking into apathy, forsooth! The warm weather is prostrating me! I must be stirred to activity by torture, like the fainting wretch on the rack! I am commanded to travel! I, who cannot bear the grating of my slow-moving wheels over the smooth gravel-walk, without compressed lips and corrugated brow!

The Doctor ordained it; Kate executed it. I am no longer my own master; and so here I am in New York, resting for a day, on my way to some retired springs in the Green Mountains, where the water is medicinal, the air cool and bracing, the scenery transcendent, and the visitors few.

I have taken Ben for my valet. He looks quite a gentleman when dressed in his Sunday clothes, and his Scotch shrewdness serves us many a good turn. He has the knack of arresting any little advantages floating on the stream of

travel, and securing them for our benefit.

I journey on my wheeled couch from necessity, as I have not been able to sit up at all since the heats of June set in. So I have, in this trip, a novel experience,—on the railroad, being consigned to the baggage car, and upon the steam-boat, to the forward deck. I cannot endure the close saloons, and prefer the fresh breeze, even when mingled with tobacco-smoke. I go as freight, and Kate keeps a sharp eye to her baggage, for she will not leave my side. I tried to flatter her by saying that the true order of things was reversed,—her sex being entitled to that name and position, and mine to the relation she now bore to me. She had the perversity to consider this a *twit*, and gave me a stinging reply, which I will not repeat to you, because you are a woman likewise, and would enjoy it too much.

We left peaceful, green Bosky Dell late in the afternoon, and slept in Philadelphia that night. Yesterday—the hottest day of the season—we set out for New York. I thought it was going to be sultry, when, as we passed Washington Square before sunrise, on our way to the boat, I saw the blue haze among the trees, as still and soft and hay-scented as if in the country. Ben often quotes an old Scotch proverb,—“Daylight will peep through a sma’ hole.” So beauty will peep through every small corner that is left to Nature, even under severe restrictions. Witness our noble trees, walled in by houses and cramped by pavements!

The streets were quite deserted that morning,—for, being obliged to ride very slowly, I had set out betimes. No one was up but ourselves and the squirrels, except one wren, whose twittering sounded strangely loud in the hushed city. Probably she took that opportunity to try her voice and note her improvement in singing, for in the rush of day what chance has she? These country sounds and sights, in the heart of a populous city, were, for that reason, a

thousand-fold more sweet to me than ever. Their delights were multiplied to me by thinking of the number of hearts that took them in daily.

Kate and I rode in a carriage. Ben followed in a wagon, with the trunks and “jaunting-car-r-r.” When we reached the ferry, the porters carried my couch, and Ben myself, depositing us upon the deck, where I could look upon the river. The stately flow of the waters impressed me with dread. They swept by, not swift, not slow,—steady, like fate. Ours may be a dull river to an artist; but its volume of water, its width, perhaps even the flat shores, which do not seem to bound it, make it grand and impressive.

Kate recalled me from my almost shuddering gaze down into the water, and drew my attention to a scene very unlike our little picturesque, rural views at home. The ruddy light of morning made the river glow like the deep-dyed Brenta, while our dear, unpretending Quaker city showed like one vast structure of ruby. Vessels of all kinds and sizes (though of but two colors,—black in shadow, and red in sunlight) lay motionless, in groups.

The New York passengers had now collected on the ferry-boat, and I was all alive to impressions of every kind. A crowd of men and boys around a soap-peddler burst into a laugh, and I must needs shout out in irrepressible laughter also, though I did not hear the joke. I was delighted to mingle my voice with other men’s in one common feeling. Compulsory solitude makes us good democrats. Kate regarded me with watchful eyes; she was afraid I had become delirious! I was amazed at myself for this susceptibility,—I, who, accustomed to hotel-life, had formerly been so impulsive, to be thus tickled with a straw!

The river was soon crossed, and then we took the cars. The heat and suffocation were intolerable to me, and when we arrived at Amboy I was so exhausted that strangers thought me dying. But Kate again, though greatly alarmed herself, defended me from that imputa-

tion. One half-hour on the deck of the boat to New York, with the free ocean-breeze blowing over me, made me a strong man again,—I mean, strong as usual. It was inexpressible delight, that ocean-breeze. It makes me draw a long breath to think of it, and its almost miraculous power of invigoration. But I will not rhapsodize to one who thinks no more of a sea-breeze every afternoon than of dessert after dinner.

With my strength, my sense of amusement at what went on about me revived in full force. I was so absorbed, that I could not take in the meaning of anything Kate said to me, unless I fixed my eyes, by a great effort, upon her face. So she let me stare about me undisturbed, and smiled like some indulgent mother, amused at my boyishness. I had no idea that so few months spent in seclusion would make the bustling world so novel to me.

Observe, Mary, that I did not become purely egotistical, until I began to mingle again with "the crowd, the hum, the shock of men." Henceforth I shall not be able to promise you any other topic than my own experiences. My individuality is thrust upon my notice momently by my isolation in this crowd. In solitude I did not dream what a contrast I had become to my kind. Those strong, quick, shrewd business-men on the boat set it before me glaringly.

Soon after I was established upon the forward deck, my attention was attracted by two boys lying close under the bulwarks. I was struck by their foreign dress, their coarse voices, and their stupid faces. Two creatures, I thought, near akin to the beasts of the field. They cowered in their sheltered corner, and soon fell asleep. One of the busy boat-hands found them in his way, and gave them a shove or two, but failed to arouse them. He looked hard at them, pitied their fatigue, and left them undisturbed. Presently an old Irish woman, a cake-and-apple-vendor, I suppose, sat down near them upon a coil of rope, and took from her basket a fine large cherry-pie,

which appeared to be the last of her stock, and reserved as a tit-bit for her dinner. She turned it round, and eyed it fondly, before she cut it carefully into many equal parts. Then, with huge satisfaction, she began to devour it, making a smacking of the lips and working of the whole apparatus of eating, which proved that she intensely appreciated the uses of mastication, or else found a wonderful joy in it. "How much above an intelligent pig is she?" I asked myself.

While I was pondering this question, I saw that the boy nearest her stirred in his sleep, struggled uneasily with his torpor, and at last lifted his head blindly with his eyes yet shut. He sniffed in the air, like a hungry dog. Yes! The odor of food had certainly reached him,—that sniff confirmed it,—and his eyes starting open, he sat up, and looked with grave steadiness at the pie. It was just the face of a dog that sees a fine piece of beef upon his master's table. He knows it is not for him,—he has no hope of it,—he does not go about to get it, nor think of the possibility of having it,—yet he wants it!

It was a look of unmitigated desire. The woman had disposed of half of her dainty fare, taking up each triangular piece by the crust, and biting off the point, dripping with cherry-juice, first, when her wandering gaze alighted upon the boy. She had another piece just poised, but she slowly lowered it to the plate, and stared at the hungry face. I expected her to snarl like a cat, snatch her food and go away. But she didn't. She counted the pieces,—there were five. She eyed them, and shook her head. She again raised the tempting morsel,—for the woman was unmistakably hungry. But the boy's steady look drew the pie from her lips, and she suddenly held out the plate to him, saying, "There, honey,—take that. May-be ne'er a morsel's passed yer lips the day." The boy seized the unexpected boon greedily, but did not forget to give a duck of his head, by way of acknowledgment. The woman leaned her elbows on her knees, and watched him while he was devouring it.

He had demolished two pieces before the other boy awoke at the sound of eating, which, however, at last reached his ears and aroused him, though the shout and kick of the boat-hand had not disturbed him. He drew close to his companion, and watched him with watering mouth, but did not dare to ask him for a share of what he seemed little disposed to part with. The big boy finished the third piece, and hesitated about the fourth; but no, he was a human being,—no brute. He thrust the remainder into his watcher's hands, and turned his back upon him, so as not to be tantalized. Beasts indeed! Here were two instances of self-denial, nowhere to be matched in the whole animal creation, except in that race which is but little lower than the angels!

Among the young gentlemen smoking around us, there was one who drew my attention, and that of every other person present, by his jolly laugh. He was a short man, with broad shoulders and full chest, but otherwise slight. He was very good-looking, and had the air of a perfect man of the world,—but not in any disagreeable sense of the word, for a more genial fellow I never saw. His *ha! ha!* was irresistible. Wherever he took his merry face, good-humor followed. He had a smart clap on the shoulder for one, a hearty hand-shake for another, a jocular nod for a third. I envied those whose company he sought,—even those whom he merely accosted.

Presently, to my agreeable surprise, he drew near me, threw away his cigar, on Kate's account, and said,—

"Lend me a corner of this machine, Sir? No seats to be had."

"Certainly," I responded eagerly, and then, with a bow to Kate, he sat down upon the foot of my couch. He turned his handsome, roguish face to me, with a look at once quizzical and tenderly commiserating, while he rattled off all sorts of lively nonsense about the latest news. The captain, who pitied my situation, I suppose, came up just then, to ask if anything could be done to make me

more comfortable; and he happened to call both the stranger and myself by our names. I thus learned that his was Ryerson.

When he heard mine, he changed color visibly, and looked eagerly at Kate. I introduced him, and then, with a timidity quite unlike his former dashing air, he said he had the pleasure of being acquainted with an admiring friend of hers,—Miss Alice Wellspring. Had she heard from her lately?

"Yes; she was very well, staying with her aunt."

He was aware of that. He had asked the question, because he thought he could, perhaps, give later information of her than Kate possessed, and set her mind at rest about the welfare of her young friend, as she must be anxious. He was glad to say that Miss Wellspring was quite well—two hours ago.

Kate made a grimace at me, and answered, that she was "glad to hear it." Mr. Ryerson looked unutterably grateful, and said he was "sure she must be."

"Portentous!" whispered Kate to me, when the young man made a passing sloop the excuse for turning away to hide his blushing temples.

She gave him time, and then asked a few questions concerning Alice's home and friends. He replied, that she was in "a wretched fix." Her aunt was a vixen, her home a rigorous prison. He sighed deeply, and seemed unhappy, until the subject was changed,—a relief which Kate had too much tact to defer long.

This sunny-hearted fellow made the rest of the journey very short to me. I think such a spirit is Heaven's very best boon to man. It is a delightful possession for one's-self, and a godsend to one's friends.

When we reached the Astor House, I was put to bed, like a baby, in the middle of the afternoon, thoroughly exhausted by the unusual excitement. The crickets and grasshoppers in the fields at home were sufficiently noisy to make me pass wakeful nights; but now I dropped

asleep amid the roar of Broadway, which my open windows freely admitted.

Before I had finished my first nap, I was awakened by whispering voices, and saw Ben standing by me, pale, and anxiously searching Kate's face for information. Her eyes were upon her watch, her fingers on my wrist.

"Pulse good, Ben. We need not be alarmed. It is wholesome repose,—much better than nervous restlessness. He can bear the journey, if he gets such sleep as this."

"Humph!" I thought, shutting my eyes crossly. "Why don't she let a fellow be in peace, then? It is very hard that I can't get a doze without being meddled with!"

"I was just distraught, Miss Kathleen," said Ben; "for it's nigh about twenty hour sin' he dropped asleep, and I was frightened until conshlutin' ye aboot waukin' in him."

I burst into a laugh, and they both joined me in it, from surprise. It is not often I call upon them for that kind of sympathy. It is generally in sighs and groans that I ask them—most unwillingly, I am sure—to participate.

Kate wrote, some time ago, to our dear little Alice, begging her to join us in the Green Mountains, for it makes us both unhappy to think of that pretty child under iron rule; but her aunt refused to let her come to us.

VI.

C—— Springs. July.

I AM here established, drinking the waters and breathing the mountain air, but not gaining any marvellous benefit from either of them. When I repine in Ben's hearing, he sighs deeply, and advises me "to heed the auld-worl'd proverb, and 'tak' things by their smooth handle,' sin' there's nae use in grippin' at thorns." Kate, too, reproves me for hindering my recovery by fretting at its tardiness. She tries to comfort me, by saying that I ought to be thankful, that, instead of being obliged to waste my

youth in "horrid business," I can lie here observing and enjoying the beautiful world. Thereupon I overwhelm her with quotations:—"The horse must be road-worn and world-worn, that he may thoroughly enjoy his drowsy repose in the sun, where he winks in sleepy satisfaction";—and Carlyle: "Teufelsdröckh's whole duty and necessity was, like other men's, to work in the right direction, and no work was to be had; whereby he became wretched enough";—and, "Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness." Then I ask her, if it is not the utmost wretchedness to have found that work and felt its blessedness, and then be condemned *not* to do it. To all this she replies by singing that old hymn,—I make no apology for writing it down entire,—perhaps you do not know it,—

"Heart, heart, lie still!
Life is fleeting fast;
Strife will soon be past."
"I cannot lie still;
Beat strong I will."

"Heart, heart, lie still!
Joy's but joy, and pain's but pain;
Either, little, loss or gain."
"I cannot lie still;
Beat strong I will."

"Heart, heart, lie still!
Heaven over all
Rules this earthly ball."
"I cannot lie still;
Beat strong I will."

"Heart, heart, lie still!
Heaven's sweet grace alone
Can keep in peace its own."
"Let that me fill,
And I am still."

"Heaven's sweet grace" does not fill my heart; for I am exhausting myself in longings to walk again,—to be independent. I long to climb these mountains,—perverse being that I am,—principally to get out of the way of counsel, sympathy, and tender care. Since I can never so liberate myself, I am devoured by desire to do so. Kate divines this new feeling, and respects it; but as this is only another coal of fire heaped upon

my head, of course it does not soothe me.

Sometimes in the visions of the night I am happy. I dream that I am at the top of Mount Washington. Cold, pure air rushes by me; clouds lie, like a gray ocean, beneath me. I am alone upon the giant rock, with the morning star and the measureless heights of sky. I tremble at the awful silence,—exult fearfully in it. The clouds roll away, and leave the world revealed, lying motionless and inanimate at my feet. Yet I am as far from all sight of humanity as before! Should the whole nation be swarming below the mountain, armies drawn up before armies, with my eyes resting upon them, I should not see them, but sit here in sublime peace. Man's puny form were from this height as undistinguishable as the blades of grass in the meadows below. I know, that, if all the world stood beneath, and strained their vision to the utmost upon the very spot where I stand, I should still be in the strict privacy of invisibility. This isolation I pine for. But I can never, never feel it—out of a dream.

You guess rightly. I am in a repining mood, and must pour out all my grievances. I feel my helplessness cruelly.

But I must forget myself a little while, and describe these Springs to you, with the company here assembled,—only twenty or thirty people. The house is a good enough one; the country yet very wild. My couch is daily wheeled to a shady porch which looks down the avenue of trees leading to the spring, a white marble basin, bubbling over with bright water.

Gay parties, young ladies with lovers, happy mammas with their children, fathers with their clinging daughters, pass me,—and I, motionless, follow them with my eyes down the avenue, until they emerge into the sunlight about the spring. Many of them give me a kindly greeting; some stop to stare. The look of pity which saddens nearly every face that approaches me cuts me to the heart. Can I never give joy, or excite pleasurable

emotion? Must I always be a mute and unwilling petitioner for sympathy in suffering?—always giving pain? never anything but pain and pity?

Sunday.

There is a summer-house near the spring, and now I lie there, watching the water-drinkers. Like rain upon the just and unjust, the waters benefit all,—but surely most those simple souls who take them with eager hope and bless them with thankful hearts. The first who arrive are from the hotel, mostly silken sufferers. They stand, glass in hand, chatting and laughing,—they stoop to dip,—and then they drink. These persons soon return to the house in groups,—some gayly exchanging merry words or kindly greetings, but others dragging weary limbs and discontented spirits back to loneliness.

The fashionable hour is over, and now comes another class of health-seekers. A rough, white-covered wagon jolts up. The horse is tied to a post, a curtain unbuttoned and raised, and from a bed upon the uneasy floor a pale, delicate boy, shrinking from the light, is lifted by his burly father. The child is carried to the spring, and puts out a groping hand when his father bids him drink. He cannot find the glass, and his father must put it to his lips. He is blind, except to light,—and that only visits those poor sightless eyes to agonize them! Where the water flows off below the basin in a clear jet, the father bathes his boy's forehead, and gently, gently touches his eyelids. But the child reaches out his wasted hands, and dashes the water against his face with a sad eagerness.

Other country vehicles approach. The people are stopping to drink of this water, on their way to drink of the waters of life in church. They are smart and smiling in their Sunday clothes. I observe, that, far from being the old or diseased, they are mostly young men and pretty girls. The marble spring is a charming trysting-place!

There are swarms of children here all

day long. This is the first time since I left Kate's apron-string at seven years old, that I have seen much of children. Boys, to be sure, I was with until I left college; but the hotel-life I afterwards led kept me quite out of the way of youngsters. Now, I am much amused at the funny little world that opens before my notice. They flirt like grown-up people! I heard a little chit of six say to a youth of five,—

"How dare you ask me to go to the spring with you, when you've been and asked Ellen already? I don't have to put up with half a gentleman!"

A flashy would-be lady, bustling up to the spring with her little daughter, burst into a loud laugh at the remark of an acquaintance.

"Mamma!" said Miss, tempering severity with benign dignity,—"you must not laugh so loud. It's vulgar."

Her mother lowered her tone, and looked subdued. Miss turned to a companion, and said, gravely,—

"I have to speak to her about that, often. She don't like it,—but I *must* correct her!"

A little girl—a charming, old-fashioned, *real* child—came into the summer-house a few minutes ago, and I gave up my writing to watch her. After some coy manœuvring about the door, she drew nearer and nearer to me, as if I were a snake fascinating a pretty bird. Her tongue seemed more bashful than the rest of her frame; for she came within arm's-length, let me catch her, draw her to me, and hold her close to my side. A novel sensation of fondness for the little thing made me venture—not without some timidity, I confess—to lay my hand upon her head, and pass it caressingly over her soft young cheek, meanwhile saying encouraging things to her, in hopes of hearing her voice and making her acquaintance. She would not speak, but played with my buttons, and hung her head. At last I asked,—

"Don't you want me to tell you a little story?"

Her head flew up, her great black eyes

wide open, and she said, eagerly, "Oh, yes! that's what I came for."

"Did you? Well, what shall it be about?"

"Why, about yourself,—the prince who was half marble, and couldn't get up. And I want to see your black marble legs, please!"

If I had hugged an electrical eel, I could not have been more shocked! I don't know how I replied, or what became of the child. I was conscious only of a kind of bitter horror, and almost affright. But when Kate, a quarter of an hour afterwards, brought her book and sat down beside me, I could not tell her about it, for laughing.

The little girl is in sight now. She is standing near the porch, talking to some other children, gesticulating, and shaking her curls. Probably she was a deputy from them, to obtain a solution of the mystery of my motionless limbs. They half believe I am the veritable Prince of the Black Isles! They alternately listen to her and turn to stare at me; so I know that I am the subject of their confab.

Some one is passing them now,—a lady. She pauses to listen. She, too, glances this way with a sad smile. She comes slowly down the avenue. A graceful, queenly form, and lovely face! She has drunk of the waters, and is gone.

Mary, do you know that gentle girl has added the last drop of bitterness to my cup? My lot has become unbearable. I gnash my teeth with impotent rage and despair.

I *will* not be the wreck I am! My awakening manhood scorns the thought of being forever a helpless burden to others. I *demand* my health, and all my rights and privileges as a man,—to work,—to support others,—to bear the burden and heat of the day! Never again can I be content in my easy couch and my sister's shady grove!

Ah, Dr. G., you have indeed roused me from apathy! I am in torture, and Heaven only knows whether on this

side of the grave I shall ever find peace again!

Poor Kate reads my heart, and weeps daily in secret. Brave Kate, who shed so few tears over her own grief!

VII.

C——Springs. August.

I so continually speak of my illness, Mary, that I fear you have good right to think me that worst kind of bore, a hypochondriac. But something is now going on with me that raises all my hopes and fears. I dare not speak of it to Kate, lest she should be too sanguine, and be doomed to suffer again the crush of all her hopes.

I really feel that I could not survive disappointment, should I ever entertain positive hope of cure. Neither can I endure this suspense without asking some one's opinion. There is no medical man here in whom I have any confidence, and so I go to you, as a child does to its mother in its troubles, not knowing what she can do for it, but relying upon her to do something.

I will explain what it is that excites me to such an agony of dread and expectation. When the little girl asked me to let her see my marble limbs, supposing me the Prince of the Black Isles, she sprang forward in the eagerness of childish curiosity, and touched my knee with her hand. I was so amazed at this glimpse into her mind, that for some time I only tingled with astonishment. But while I was telling Kate about it, it all came back to me again,—her stunning words, her eager spring, her prompt grasp of my knee,—and I remembered that I had involuntarily started away from her childish hand; that is, moved my *motionless* limb!

I tried to do it again, but it was impossible. Still I could not help thinking that I had done it once, under the influence of that electrical shock.

Then I have another source of hope. I have never suffered any pain in my limbs, and they might have been really

marble, for all the feeling I have had in them. Now I begin to be sensible of a wearisome numbness and aching, which would be hard to bear, if it were not that it gives me the expectation of returning animation. Do you think I may expect it, and that I am not quite deluding myself?

August 14.

So I wrote two days ago, Mary, and I was right! That *was* returning sensation and motion. I can now move my feet. I cannot yet stand, or walk, or help myself, any more than before; but I can, by a voluntary effort, *move*.

Rejoice with me! I am a happy fellow this day! Dazzling daylight is peeping through this sma' hole! Remember what I wrote of a certain lady;—and Ben has hunted me up a law-book, which I am devouring. My profession, and other blessings, again almost within grasp! This is wildness, hope run riot, I know; but let me indulge to-day, for it is this day which has set me free. I never voluntarily stirred before since the accident,—I mean my lower limbs, of course. After writing a sentence, I look down at my feet, moving them this way and that, to make sure that I am not stricken again.

The day I began this letter I had proof that I had not merely fancied movement, when the little girl startled me. A clumsy boy stumbled over my couch, and I shrank, visibly, from receiving upon my feet the pitcher of water he was carrying. I was in the porch. The beautiful girl who formerly made my affliction so bitter to me was passing at the moment, with her arm drawn affectionately through her father's. She saw the stumble, and sprang forward with a cry of alarm. It looked, certainly, as if my defenceless feet must receive the crash, and I attempted instinctively to withdraw them,—partially succeeding! I saw this at the same time that I heard the sweetest words that ever fell into my heart, in the most joyful, self-forgetful tones of the sweetest voice!

"Oh, father! He moved! He moved!"

Mr. Winston turned to me with congratulations, shaking my hand with warmth; and then his daughter extended hers,—cordially! Of course my happiness was brimming!

I afterwards tried repeatedly to put my feet in motion. I could not do it. I could not think how to begin,—what power to bring to bear upon them. This annoyed me beyond measure, and I spent yesterday in wearisome effort to no purpose. My thinking, willing mind was of no use to me; but instinctive feeling, and a chapter of accidents, have brought me to my present state of activity. A wish to change an uncomfortable position in which Ben left me this morning restored me to voluntary action. I tried to turn away from the sun-glare, using my elbows, as usual, for motors. To my surprise, I found myself assisting with my feet,—and by force of will I persisted in the effort, and continued the action. Having got the clue to the mystery, I have now only to will and execute. My rebellious members are brought into subjection! I am king of myself! Hurrah!

Good-bye, dearest friend. I shake my foot to you,—an action more expressive of joyful good-will than my best bow.

I hope my return to health will not cost me dear. I begin to fear losing the sympathy and affection of those I have learned to love so dearly, and who have cherished me in their hearts simply because of my infirmities. When I am a vigorous man, will you care for me? will Kate centre her life in me? will Miss Ada Winston look at me so often and so gently?

Well, don't laugh at me for my grasping disposition! Affection is very grateful to me, and I should be sorry to do without it, after having lived in a loving atmosphere so long.

I believe Ben is as proud of me as he was of his Shanghai, but he has a proverb which he quotes whenever he sees me much elated: "When the cup's fu, carryt even." His own cautious Scotch

head could do that, perhaps; but mine is more giddy, and I am afraid I shall spill some drops from my full cup of joy by too rash advancing.

Kate is not so wild with delight as I am. She still forbids herself to exult. Probably she dares not give way to unbounded hope, remembering the bitterness of her former trial, and dreading its recurrence. She says it makes her tremble to see my utter abandonment to joyful dreams.

August 20.

It is Kate's fault that you have not received this letter before now. She kept it to say a few words to you about my recovery, but has at last yielded to me the pleasure of telling of something far more interesting, which has occurred since,—not more interesting to me, but probably so to any one else.

One evening, Kate went, with everybody from the house, to see the sunset from the hills above this glen, and I lay alone in the back porch, in the twilight. A light wagon drove up, and in two minutes a little lady had run to me, thrown herself upon her knees beside me, and pressed her sweet lips to my forehead. It was our darling little Alice Wellspring.

Immediately following her came Mr. Ryerson, in a perfect ecstasy of laughter, and blushing.

"We've run away!" whispered she.

"And got married this morning!" said he.

"But where was the necessity of elopement?" I asked, bewildered,—Kate having told me that Alice's aunt was doing her best to "catch Ryerson for her niece," she having had certain information upon that point from a near relative.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed he, slapping his knees in intense enjoyment, as he sat in his old place by my feet. "It is a practical joke,—one that will have in it what somebody calls the first element of wit,—surprise. A more astonished and mystified old lady than she will be

would be hard to find! She was so willing!"

"Don't say anything against Aunt, Harry. I'm safe from her now, and so are you. She wanted such an ostentatious wedding, Charlie, that I did not like it, and Harry declared positively that he would not submit to it. So I had just to go off quietly, and come here to Kate and you, my best friends in the world, except Walter. After you know Harry, you won't blame me."

It was very rash of the child, but really I cannot blame her, as I should, if she had chosen any one else. Ryerson is one who shows in his face and in every word and action that he is a kind and noble fellow.

Kate, to my surprise, is enchanted with this performance. It chimes with her independent notions, but not with my prudent ones. However, it is done, and I never saw a more satisfactorily mated couple. It would have been a cruel pity to see that light, good little heart quelled by a morose husband, or its timidity frightened into deceitfulness by a severe one. Now she is as fearless and courageous as a pet canary.

Ryerson has one grievous fault; he uses all sorts of slang phrases. It makes his conversation very funny, but Alice don't like it, especially when he approaches the profane.

He told a very good story the other day, spiced a little in language. Everybody laughed outright. Alice looked grave.

"What is the matter, wifey?" he called out, anxiously; for with him there is no reserve before strangers. He seems to think the whole world kin, and himself always the centre of an attached and indulgent family.

"How could you say those bad words, with a child in the room?" she said, reproachfully,—pointing to my little black-eyed friend.

"I only said, 'The Devil,'—that's all! But now I remember,—if a story is ever so good, and 'the Devil' gets into it, it's no go with you! But, Allie, you

shouldn't be a wet blanket to a fellow! When he is trying to be entertaining, you might help him out, instead of extinguishing him! Laugh just a little to set folks going, and make moral reflections afterwards, for the benefit of the children."

"You know, Harry, I can't make reflections!"

"No more you can,—ha! ha! If you could, there would be the Devil to pay—in curtain lectures, wouldn't there?"

"Again, Harry!"

"Pshaw, now, Allie, don't be hard upon me! That was a very little swear—for the occasion!"

She will refine him in time.

Ryerson has infused new spirit into this stiff place. The very day he came, I observed that various persons, who had held aloof from all others, drew near to him. The fellow seems the soul of geniality, and everybody likes him,—from old man to baby. The young girls gather round him for chat and repartee,—the young men are always calling to him to come boating, or gunning, or riding with them,—the old gentlemen go to him with their politics, and the old ladies with their aches. Young America calls him a "regular brick," for he lends himself to build up everybody's good-humor.

He is everything to me. Before he came, Mr. Winston was almost my only visitor, though other gentlemen occasionally sat with me a few minutes. But now everybody flocks to my couch, because Harry's head-quarters are there. He has broken down the shyness my unfortunate situation maintained between me and others. His cheery "Well, how are you to-day, old fellow?" sets everybody at ease with me. The ladies have come out from their pitying reserve. A glass of fresh water from the spring, a leaf-full of wild berries, a freshly pulled rose, and other little daily attentions, cheer me into fresh admiration of them "all in general, and one in particular," as Ryerson says.

Perhaps you think—I judge so from your letter—that I ought to describe

Miss Winston to you. She is finely—Ah, I find that she is wrapped in some mysterious, ethereal veil, the folds of which I dare not disturb, even with reverent hand, and for your sake! Ah, Mary, I aspire!

VIII.

C——Springs. September.

THE autumn scenery is gorgeous up among these misty hills, but I will not dwell upon it. I have too much to say of animated human nature, to more than glance out of doors. Nearly all the boarders are gone. Miss Winston left last week for her home in Boston. I am desolate indeed! The day after she went away, I stood upon my own feet without support, for the first time. Now I walk daily from the house to the spring, with the help of Kate's or Ben's arm and a cane, though I am still obliged to remain on my couch nearly all day long. I write this in direct reply to your question.

Now for the great exciting subject of the present time. I will give it in detail, as women like to have stories told.

The little wife, our Alice, came running into Kate's parlor one day, while we were both sitting there reading. She was in extreme excitement. We heard her laughing, just outside the door, in the most joyous manner; but she pulled a long face as she entered. She sank down upon the floor by my couch, so as to be on a level with me, took my hand and Kate's, and then, taking breath, said:

"Listen, Kate, and don't be agitated."

Kate was, of course, extremely agitated at once. She divined the subject about to be introduced, and her heart beat tumultuously.

"You remember I nearly betrayed Walter's secret once? Well, I am going to tell it to you now, really."

"He gave you leave, then!" said Kate, almost breathless.

"Yes, yes! This is it——Now, Kate, if you look so pale, I can't go on!"

I motioned to her to proceed at once.

"Well, he had some engineering to do in Russia, you know. They wanted to get him to undertake another job—I don't know, nor care, what it was,—and he went out to see about it. For Charlie's sake, you let him go away almost in despair, you cruel girl! Well, when I was visiting you, he made a little spy of me. I was not to spy you, Kate, but Charlie here, and let Walter know of the slightest change for the better in him. Then he was to get some one to attend to his Russian work, and post right straight home to you, Kate! Well, my aunt wouldn't let me stay with you,—cross old thing! And she kept me so very close, that I couldn't watch Charlie at all. Then she went and threatened me with a long engagement with Harry, only to give me time to get heaps and heaps of sewing done! I knew the only chance I could get of gaining information for Walter was just to run off to you with Hal, and cut a long matter short. Well, so I came, and I wrote to Walter, the very night I arrived, that the doctor said, Charlie, that you would be quite well in a month or two! That was a month ago. But Walter had not waited for me. Perhaps he had other spies. At any rate"—

She paused.

"What? what? Be quick!" cried I, seeing that Kate was almost fainting from this suspense.

"He has come!"

Kate pressed her hand over the joyful cry that burst from her lips, and, turning away from us, sprang up, and walked to the window. There was a moment of perfect silence. Kate put her hand behind her, and motioned to the door. Alice went softly out and closed it. I could not rise, poor cripple, from intense agitation.

My sister drew one long, quivering, sobbing breath,—and then she had a good cry, as women say. It seemed to me enough to give one a headache for a week, but it refreshed her. After bathing her eyes with some iced water, she came and leaned over me.

"Thank God, Kate," I said, "for your sake and mine!"

"Can you spare me, after you are well again, Charlie,—if he"—

"Am I a monster of selfishness and ingratitude?"

She kissed me, took up her work, and sat down to sew.

"Kate!" said I, amazed, "what are you doing? Why don't you go down?"

"What for? To hunt him up at the bar-keeper's desk? or in the stables, perhaps?"

"Oh! Ah! Propriety,—yes! But how you can sit there and wait I cannot conceive."

There came a knock. I expected her to start up in rapture and admit Mr. Walter —. She only said, "Come in!"—calmly.

Alice peeped in, and asked, "May he come?"

"Where is he?" I asked.

"In the parlor, waiting to know."

"Yes," said Kate, changing color rapidly.

"Stop, stop, Alice! You two give me each a hand, and help me into my room."

"Charlie," said Kate, "you need not go! you must not go!"

"Ah, my dear sister, I have stood between you and him long enough. I will do to him as I would be done by. Come, girls, your hands!"

They placed me in my easy-chair, both kissed me with agitated lips, and left me. Half an hour afterwards Kate and Mr. — petitioned for admittance to my room. Of course I granted it, and immediately proceeded to a minute scrutiny of my future brother-in-law. He is a fine fellow, very scientific, clear in thought, decisive in action, quite reserved, and very good-looking. This reserve is to Kate his strongest attraction,—her own nature being so entirely destitute of it, and she so painfully conscious of her want of self-control. Yes,—he is just the one Kate would most respect, of all the men I ever saw.

Is not this happiness,—to find her future not wrecked, but blessed doubly?

for her conduct has made Walter almost worship her. I am happy to think I have brought her good, rather than ill; but—selfish being that I am—I am not contented. I have a sigh in my heart yet!

Bosky Dell. December.

How it happened that this letter did not go I cannot imagine. I have just found it in Kate's work-basket; and I open it again, to add the grand climax. I have been so very minute in my accounts of Kate's love-affairs, that I feel it would not be fair to slur over mine. So, dear friend, I open my heart to you in this wise.

The rage for recovery which took such violent possession of me I believe effected my cure. In a month from the time I began to walk, I could go alone, without even a cane. Kate entreated me to remain as long as possible in the mountains, as she believed my recovery was attributable to the pure air and healing waters. It was consequently the first of this month before we arrived at her cottage, where we found good old Saide so much "frustrated" by delight as to be quite unable to "fly roun'." Indeed, she could hardly stand. When I walked up to shake hands with her, she bashfully looked at me out of the "tail of her eye," as Ben says. Her delicacy was quite shocked by my size!

"Saide," said I, "you positively look pale!" She really did. You have seen negroes do so, haven't you?

"Laws, Missr Charles," she answered, with a coquettish and deprecating twist, "call dat 'ere stove pale,—will yer?"

No sooner was Kate established at home, and I in my Walnut-Street office, than I undertook a trip to Boston. As I approached Miss Winston's home, all my courage left me. I walked up and down the Common, in sight of her door, for hours, thinking what a witless fool I was, to contemplate presenting my penniless self—with hope—before the millionaire's daughter!

At last Mr. Winston came home to

dinner and began to go up the steps. I sprang across the street to him, and my courage came back when I looked upon his good sensible face. When he recognized me, he seized my hand, grasped my shoulder, and gave me, with the tears actually in his eyes, a reception that honors human nature.

Such genuine friendliness, in an old, distinguished man, to a young fellow like me, shows that man's heart is noble, with all its depravity.

When he had gazed some time, almost in amazement, at my tall proportions, (he never saw them perpendicular before, you know,) he said,—

“Come in, come in, my boy! Some one else must see you! But she can't be more glad than I am, to see you so well,—that is, I don't see how she can,—for I am glad, I am *glad*, my boy!”

Was not this heart-warming?

When we entered, he stopped before the hat-rack, and told me “just to walk into the parlor;—his daughter might be there.” I could not rush in impetuously. I had to steady my color. Besides, ought I not to speak to him first?

Mr. Winston took off his hat,—hung it up; then his overcoat, and hung it up. I still stood pondering, with my hand upon the door-knob. Surprised at my tardiness in entering, he turned and looked at me. I could not face him. He was silent a minute. I felt that he looked right through me, and saw my daring intentions. He cleared his throat. I quailed. He began to speak in a low, agitated voice, that I thought very ominous in tone.

“You want to speak to me, perhaps. I think I see that you do. If so, speak now. A word will explain enough. No need to defer.”

“I want your consent, Sir, to speak to your daughter,” I stammered out.

“My dear boy,” said he, clapping me on the shoulder, “she is motherless and

brotherless, and I am an old man. Nothing would give me more pleasure; for I know you well enough to trust her with you. There,—go in. I hear her touch the piano.”

He went up stairs. I entered. My eyes swept the long, dim apartment. In the confusion of profuse luxury I could not distinguish anything at first,—but soon saw the grand piano at the extreme end of the rooms. I impetuously strode the whole length of the two parlors,—and she rose before me with chilling dignity!

Ah, Mary, that moment's blank dismay! But it was because she thought me some bold, intruding stranger. When she saw my face, she came to me, and gave me both her hands, saying,—

“Mr. ——! Is it possible? I am happy that you are so well!”

It was genuine joy; and for a moment we were both simply glad for that one reason,—that I was well.

“You seem so tall!” she said, with a rather more conscious tone. She began to infer what my recovery and presence imported to *her*. I felt thrilling all over me what they were to me!

But I must say something. It is not customary to call upon young ladies, of whom you have never dared to consider yourself other than an acquaintance merely, and hold their hands while you listen to their hearts beating. This I must refrain from doing,—and that instantly.

“Yes,” I stammered, “I am well,—I am quite well.” Then, losing all remembrance of etiquette—But you must divine what followed. Truly

“God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame!”

P. S.—Kate will send you her cards, and Ada ours, together with the proper ceremonious invitations to the weddings, as soon as things are arranged.

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

[Continued.]

III.

YET to the wondrous St. Peter's, and yet to the solemn Rotonda,
 Mingling with heroes and gods, yet to the Vatican walls,
 Yet may we go, and recline, while a whole mighty world seems above us
 Gathered and fixed to all time into one roofing supreme ;
 Yet may we, thinking on these things, exclude what is meaner around us ;
 Yet, at the worst of the worst, books and a chamber remain ;
 Yet may we think, and forget, and possess our souls in resistance.—
 Ah, but away from the stir, shouting, and gossip of war,
 Where, upon Apennine slope, with the chestnut the oak-trees immingle,
 Where amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander and wind,
 Where under mulberry-branches the diligent rivulet sparkles,
 Or amid cotton and maize peasants their waterworks ply,
 Where, over fig-tree and orange in tier upon tier still repeated,
 Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to the sky,—
 Ah, that I were, far away from the crowd and the streets of the city,
 Under the vine-trellis laid, O my beloved, with thee !

I.—MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER,—*on the way to Florence.*

WHY doesn't Mr. Claude come with us? you ask.—We don't know.
 You should know better than we. He talked of the Vatican marbles;
 But I can't wholly believe that this was the actual reason,—
 He was so ready before, when we asked him to come and escort us.
 Certainly he is odd, my dear Miss Roper. To change so
 Suddenly, just for a whim, was not quite fair to the party,—
 Not quite right. I declare, I really am almost offended :
 I, his great friend, as you say, have doubtless a title to be so.
 Not that I greatly regret it, for dear Georgina distinctly
 Wishes for nothing so much as to show her adroitness. But, oh, my
 Pen will not write any more ;—let us say nothing further about it.

* * * *

Yes, my dear Miss Roper, I certainly called him repulsive ;
 So I think him, but cannot be sure I have used the expression
 Quite as your pupil should ; yet he does most truly repel me.
 Was it to you I made use of the word? or who was it told you ?
 Yes, repulsive ; observe, it is but when he talks of ideas,
 That he is quite unaffected, and free, and expansive, and easy ;
 I could pronounce him simply a cold intellectual being.—
 When does he make advances?—He thinks that women should woo him ;
 Yet, if a girl should do so, would be but alarmed and disgusted.
 She that should love him must look for small love in return,—like the ivy
 On the stone wall, must expect but a rigid and niggard support, and
 E'en to get that must go searching all round with her humble embraces.

II.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Rome.*

TELL me, my friend, do you think that the grain would sprout in the furrow,
Did it not truly accept as its *summum et ultimum bonum*
That mere common and may-be indifferent soil it is set in ?
Would it have force to develope and open its young cotyledons,
Could it compare, and reflect, and examine one thing with another ?
Would it endure to accomplish the round of its natural functions,
Were it endowed with a sense of the general scheme of existence ?

While from Marseilles in the steamer we voyaged to Civita Vecchia,
Vexed in the squally seas as we lay by Capraja and Elba,
Standing, uplifted, alone on the heaving poop of the vessel,
Looking around on the waste of the rushing incurious billows,
“This is Nature,” I said : “we are born as it were from her waters,
Over her billows that buffet and beat us, her offspring uncared-for,
Casting one single regard of a painful victorious knowledge,
Into her billows that buffet and beat us we sink and are swallowed.”
This was the sense in my soul, as I swayed with the poop of the steamer;
And as unthinking I sat in the hall of the famed Ariadne,
Lo, it looked at me there from the face of a Triton in marble.
It is the simpler thought, and I can believe it the truer.
Let us not talk of growth ; we are still in our Aqueous Ages.

III.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

FAREWELL, Politics, utterly ! What can I do ? I cannot
Fight, you know ; and to talk I am wholly ashamed. And although I
Gnash my teeth when I look in your French or your English papers,
What is the good of that ? Will swearing, I wonder, mend matters ?
Cursing and scolding repel the assailants ? No, it is idle ;
No, whatever befalls, I will hide, will ignore or forget it.
Let the tail shift for itself ; I will bury my head. And what's the
Roman Republic to me, or I to the Roman Republic ?

Why not fight ?—In the first place, I haven't so much as a musket.
In the next, if I had, I shouldn't know how I should use it.
In the third, just at present I'm studying ancient marbles.
In the fourth, I consider I owe my life to my country.
In the fifth,—I forget ; but four good reasons are ample.
Meantime, pray, let 'em fight, and be killed. I delight in devotion.
So that I list not, hurrah for the glorious army of martyrs!
Sanguis martyrum semen Ecclesie ; though it would seem this
Church is indeed of the purely Invisible, Kingdom-Come kind :
Militant here on earth ! Triumphant, of course, then, elsewhere !
Ah, good Heaven, but I would I were out far away from the pother !

IV.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

NOT, as we read in the words of the olden-time inspiration,
Are there two several trees in the place we are set to abide in ;
But on the apex most high of the Tree of Life in the Garden,
Budding, unfolding, and falling, decaying and flowering ever,
Flowering is set and decaying the transient blossom of Knowledge,—

Flowering alone, and decaying, the needless, unfruitful blossom.
 Or as the cypress-spires by the fair-flowing stream Hellespontine,
 Which from the mythical tomb of the godlike Protesilaius
 Rose, sympathetic in grief, to his lovelorn Laodamia,
 Evermore growing, and, when in their growth to the prospect attaining,
 Over the low sea-banks, of the fatal Ilian city,
 Withering still at the sight which still they upgrew to encounter.

Ah, but ye that extrude from the ocean your helpless faces,
 Ye over stormy seas leading long and dreary processions,
 Ye, too, brood of the wind, whose coming is whence we discern not,
 Making your nest on the wave, and your bed on the crested billow,
 Skimming rough waters, and crowding wet sands that the tide shall return to,
 Cormorants, ducks, and gulls, fill ye my imagination !
 Let us not talk of growth; we are still in our Aqueous Ages.

V.—MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER,—*from Florence.*

DEAREST MISS ROPER,—Alas, we are all at Florence quite safe, and You, we hear, are shut up! indeed, it is sadly distressing!
 We were most lucky, they say, to get off when we did from the troubles.
 Now you are really besieged! They tell us it soon will be over;
 Only I hope and trust without any fight in the city.
 Do you see Mr. Claude?—I thought he might do something for you.
 I am quite sure on occasion he really would wish to be useful.
 What is he doing? I wonder;—still studying Vatican marbles?
 Letters, I hope, pass through. We trust your brother is better.

VI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

JUXTAPOSITION, in fine; and what is juxtaposition?
 Look you, we travel along in the railway-carriage, or steamer,
 And, *pour passer le temps*, till the tedious journey be ended,
 Lay aside paper or book, to talk with the girl that is next one;
 And, *pour passer le temps*, with the terminus all but in prospect,
 Talk of eternal ties and marriages made in heaven.

Ah, did we really accept with a perfect heart the illusion!
 Ah, did we really believe that the Present indeed is the Only!
 Or through all transmutation, all shock and convulsion of passion,
 Feel we could carry undimmed, unextinguished, the light of our knowledge!

But for his funeral train which the bridegroom sees in the distance,
 Would he so joyfully, think you, fall in with the marriage-procession?
 But for that final discharge, would he dare to enlist in that service?
 But for that certain release, ever sign to that perilous contract?
 But for that exit secure, ever bend to that treacherous doorway?—
 Ah, but the bride, meantime,—do you think she sees it as he does?

But for the steady fore-sense of a freer and larger existence,
 Think you that man could consent to be circumscribed here into action?
 But for assurance within of a limitless ocean divine, o'er
 Whose great tranquil depths unconscious the wind-tost surface
 Breaks into ripples of trouble that come and change and endure not,—
 But that in this, of a truth, we have our being, and know it,
 Think you we men could submit to live and move as we do here?
 Ah, but the women,—God bless them!—they don't think at all about it.

Yet we must eat and drink, as you say. And as limited beings
 Scarcely can hope to attain upon earth to an Actual Abstract,
 Leaving to God contemplation, to His hands knowledge confiding,
 Sure that in us if it perish, in Him it abideth and dies not,
 Let us in His sight accomplish our petty particular doings,—
 Yes, and contented sit down to the victual that He has provided.
 Allah is great, no doubt, and Juxtaposition his prophet.
 Ah, but the women, alas, they don't look at it in that way!

Juxtaposition is great;—but, my friend, I fear me, the maiden
 Hardly would thank or acknowledge the lover that sought to obtain her,
 Not as the thing he would wish, but the thing he must even put up with,—
 Hardly would tender her hand to the wooer that candidly told her
 That she is but for a space, an *ad-interim* solace and pleasure,—
 That in the end she shall yield to a perfect and absolute something,
 Which I then for myself shall behold, and not another,—
 Which, amid fondest endearments, meantime I forget not, forsake not.
 Ah, ye feminine souls, so loving and so exacting,
 Since we cannot escape, must we even submit to deceive you ?
 Since, so cruel is truth, sincerity shocks and revolts you,
 Will you have us your slaves to lie to you, flatter and—leave you ?

VII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

JUXTAPOSITION is great,—but, you tell me, affinity greater.
 Ah, my friend, there are many affinities, greater and lesser,
 Stronger and weaker; and each, by the favor of juxtaposition,
 Potent, efficient, in force,—for a time; but none, let me tell you,
 Save by the law of the land and the ruinous force of the will, ah,
 None, I fear me, at last quite sure to be final and perfect.

Lo, as I pace in the street, from the peasant-girl to the princess,
Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto,—
Vir sum, nihil fœminei,—and e'en to the uttermost circle,
 All that is Nature's is I, and I all things that are Nature's.
 Yes, as I walk, I behold, in a luminous, large intuition,
 That I can be and become anything that I meet with or look at :
 I am the ox in the dray, the ass with the garden-stuff panniers ;
 I am the dog in the doorway, the kitten that plays in the window,
 Here on the stones of the ruin the furtive and fugitive lizard,
 Swallow above me that twitters, and fly that is buzzing about me ;
 Yea, and detect, as I go, by a faint, but a faithful assurance,
 E'en from the stones of the street, as from rocks or trees of the forest,
 Something of kindred, a common, though latent vitality, greet me,
 And, to escape from our strivings, mistakings, misgrowths, and perversions,
 Fain could demand to return to that perfect and primitive silence,
 Fain be enfolded and fixed, as of old, in their rigid embraces.

VIII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

AND as I walk on my way, I behold them consorting and coupling ;
 Faithful it seemeth, and fond, very fond, very probably faithful ;
 And I proceed on my way with a pleasure sincere and unmixed.
 Life is beautiful, Eustace, entrancing, enchanting to look at ;

As are the streets of a city we pace while the carriage is changing,
 As is a chamber filled-in with harmonious, exquisite pictures,
 Even so beautiful Earth ; and could we eliminate only
 This vile hungering impulse, this demon within us of craving,
 Life were beatitude, living a perfect divine satisfaction.

IX.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Mild monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters :
 So let me offer a single and celibatarian phrase a
 Tribute to those whom perhaps you do not believe I can honor.
 But, from the tumult escaping, 'tis pleasant, of drumming and shouting,
 Hither, oblivious awhile, to withdraw, of the fact or the falsehood,
 And amid placid regards and mildly courteous greetings
 Yield to the calm and composure and gentle abstraction that reign o'er
Mild monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters.

Terrible word, Obligation ! You should not, Eustace, you should not,
 No, you should not have used it. But, O great Heavens, I repel it !
 Oh, I cancel, reject, disavow, and repudiate wholly
 Every debt in this kind, disclaim every claim, and dishonor;
 Yea, my own heart's own writing, my soul's own signature ! Ah, no !
 I will be free in this ; you shall not, none shall, bind me.
 No, my friend, if you wish to be told, it was this above all things,
 This that charmed me, ah, yes, even this, that she held me to nothing.
 No, I could talk as I pleased ; come close ; fasten ties, as I fancied ;
 Bind and engage myself deep ;—and lo, on the following morning
 It was all e'en as before, like losings in games played for nothing.
 Yes, when I came, with mean fears in my soul, with a semi-performance
 At the first step breaking down in its pitiful rôle of evasion,
 When to shuffle I came, to compromise, not meet, engagements,
 Lo, with her calm eyes there she met me and knew nothing of it,—
 Stood unexpecting, unconscious. *She* spoke not of obligations,
 Knew not of debt,—ah, no, I believe you, for excellent reasons.

X.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

HANG this thinking, at last ! what good is it ? oh, and what evil !
 Oh, what mischief and pain ! like a clock in a sick man's chamber,
 Ticking and ticking, and still through each covert of slumber pursuing.

What shall I do to thee, O thou Preserver of Men ? Have compassion !
 Be favorable, and hear ! Take from me this regal knowledge !
 Let me, contented and mute, with the beasts of the field, my brothers,
 Tranquilly, happily lie,—and eat grass, like Nebuchadnezzar !

XI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

TIBUR is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes, and the Anio
 Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence ;
 Tibur and Anio's tide ; and cool from Lucretilis ever,
 With the Digentian stream, and with the Bandusian fountain,
 Folded in Sabine recesses, the valley and villa of Horace :—
 So not seeing I sung ; so seeing and listening say I,

Here as I sit by the stream, as I gaze at the eell of the Sibyl,
 Here with Albunea's home and the grove of Tiburnus beside me.*
 Tivoli beautiful is, and musical, O Teverone,
 Dashing from mountain to plain, thy parted impetuous waters !
 Tivoli's waters and rocks; and fair under Monte Gennaro,
 (Haunt even yet, I must think, as I wonder and gaze, of the shadows,
 Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus, the Nymphs, and the Graces,)
 Fair in itself, and yet fairer with human completing creations,
 Folded in Sabine recesses the valley and villa of Horace :—
 So not seeing I sung; so now,—nor seeing, nor hearing,
 Neither by waterfall lulled, nor folded in sylvan embraces,
 Neither by cell of the Sibyl, nor stepping the Monte Gennaro,
 Seated on Anio's bank, nor sipping Bandusian waters,
 But on Montorio's height, looking down on the tile-clad streets, the
 Cupolas, crosses, and domes, the bushes and kitchen-gardens,
 Which, by the grace of the Tiber, proclaim themselves Rome of the Romans,—
 But on Montorio's height, looking forth to the vapory mountains,
 Cheating the prisoner Hope with illusions of vision and fancy,—
 But on Montorio's height, with these weary soldiers by me,
 Waiting till Oudinot enter, to reinstate Pope and Tourist.

XII.—MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

DEAR MISS ROPER,—It seems, George Vernon, before we left Rome, said Something to Mr. Claude about what they call his attentions.
 Susan, two nights ago, for the first time, heard this from Georgina.
 It is *so* disagreeable, and *so* annoying, to think of !
 If it could only be known, though we never may meet him again, that It was all George's doing and we were entirely unconscious,
 It would extremely relieve—Your ever affectionate Mary.

P. S. (1).

Here is your letter arrived this moment, just as I wanted.
 So you have seen him,—indeed,—and guessed,—how dreadfully clever !
 What did he really say ? and what was your answer exactly ?
 Charming !—but wait for a moment, I have not read through the letter.

P. S. (2).

Ah, my dearest Miss Roper, do just as you fancy about it.
 If you think it sincerer to tell him I know of it, do so.
 Though I should most extremely dislike it, I know I could manage.
 It is the simplest thing, but surely wholly uncalled for.
 Do as you please ; you know I trust implicitly to you.
 Say whatever is right and needful for ending the matter.
 Only don't tell Mr. Claude, what I will tell you as a secret,
 That I should like very well to show him myself. I forget it.

P. S. (3).

I am to say, that the wedding is finally settled for Tuesday.
 Ah, my dear Miss Roper, you surely, surely can manage

* — domus Albuneæ resonantis,
 Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Not to let it appear that I know of that odious matter.
 It would be pleasanter far for myself to treat it exactly
 As if it had not occurred ; and I do not think he would like it.
 I must remember to add, that as soon as the wedding is over
 We shall be off, I believe, in a hurry, and travel to Milan,
 There to meet friends of Papa's, I am told, at the Croce di Malta ;
 Then I cannot say whither, but not at present to England.

XIII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YES, on Montorio's height for a last farewell of the city,—
 So it appears ; though then I was quite uncertain about it.
 So, however, it was. And now to explain the proceeding.

I was to go, as I told you, I think, with the people to Florence.
 Only the day before, the foolish family Vernon
 Made some uneasy remarks, as we walked to our lodging together,
 As to intentions, forsooth, and so forth. I was astounded,
 Horrified quite ; and obtaining just then, as it chanced, an offer
 (No common favor) of seeing the great Ludovisi collection,
 Why, I made this a pretence, and wrote that they must excuse me.
 How could I go ? Great Heaven ! to conduct a permitted flirtation
 Under those vulgar eyes, the observed of such observers !
 Well, but I now, by a series of fine diplomatic inquiries,
 Find from a sort of relation, a good and sensible woman,
 Who is remaining at Roine with a brother too ill for removal,
 That it was wholly unsanctioned, unknown,—not, I think, by Georgina :
 She, however, ere this,—and that is the best of the story,—
 She and the Vernon, thank Heaven, are wedded and gone—honey-mooning.
 So—on Montorio's height for a last farewell of the city.
 Tibur I have not seen, nor the lakes that of old I had dreamt of ;
 Tibur I shall not see, nor Anio's waters, nor deep en-
 Folded in Sabine recesses the valley and villa of Horace ;
 Tibur I shall not see ;—but something better I shall see.
 Twice I have tried before, and failed in getting the horses ;
 Twice I have tried and failed : this time it shall not be a failure.

THEREFORE farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye envineyarded ruins !
 Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars, and domes !
 Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the mythic Albano,
 Seen from Montorio's height, Tibur and Æsula's hills !
 Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand, while, to ocean descending,
 Sinks o'er the yellow dark plain slowly the yellow broad sun,
 Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset, at once in the champaign,
 Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts umbrageous and old,
 E'en in those fair open fields that incurve to thy beautiful hollow,
 Nemi, imbedded in wood, Nemi, inurned in the hill !—
 Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills, and the City Eternal !
 Therefore farewell ! We depart, but to behold you again !

[To be continued.]

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

[Continued.]

Vix fama nota est, abditis
 Quam plena sanctis Roma sit;
 Quam dives urbanum solum
 Sacris sepulchris floreat.

PRUDENTIUS.

Mille vittoriose e chiare palme.

PETRARCH.

II.

THE results of the investigations in the catacombs during the last three or four years have well rewarded the zeal of their explorers. Since the great work of the French government was published, in 1851-55, very curious and important discoveries have been made, and many new minor facts brought to light. The interest in the investigations has become more general, and no visit to Rome is now complete without a visit to one at least of the catacombs. Strangely enough, however, the Romans themselves, for the most part, feel less concern in these new revelations of their underground city than the strangers who come from year to year to make their pilgrimages to Rome. It is an old complaint, that the Romans care little for their city. "Who are there to-day," says Petrarch, in one of his letters, "more ignorant of Roman things than the Roman citizens? And nowhere is Rome less known than in Rome itself." It is, however, to the Cavaliere de Rossi, himself a Roman, that the most important of these discoveries are due,—the result of his marvellous learning and sagacity, and of his hard-working and unwearyed energy. The discovery of the ancient entrance to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, and of the chapel within, where St. Cecilia was originally buried, is a piece of the very romance of Archaeology. The whole history of St. Cecilia, the glorious Virgin Martyr and the Saint of Music, as connected with the catacombs,

is, indeed, one of the most curious to be found in the annals of the Church. Legend and fact are strangely mingled in it, and over it hangs a perplexing mist of doubt, but not so dense as wholly to conceal all certainty. It is a story of suffering, of piety, of enthusiasm, of superstition, and of science;—it connects itself in many points with the progress of corruption in the Church, and it has been a favorite subject for Art in all ages. The story is at last finished. Begun sixteen hundred years ago, it has just reached its last chapter. In order to understand it, we must go back almost to its introduction.

According to the legend of the Roman Church, as preserved in the "Acts of St. Cecilia," this young and beautiful saint was martyred in the year of our Lord 230.* She had devoted herself to per-

* The *Acts of St. Cecilia* are generally regarded by the best Roman Catholic authorities as apocryphal. They bear internal evidence of their want of correctness, and, in the condition in which they have come down to us, the date of their compilation cannot be set before the beginning of the fifth century. At the very outset two facts stand in open opposition to their statements. The martyrdom of St. Cecilia is placed in the reign of Alexander Severus, whose mildness of disposition and whose liberality towards the Christians are well authenticated. Again, the prefect who condemns her to death, Turcilius Almachius, bears a name unknown to the profane historians of Rome. Many statements of not less difficulty to reconcile with fact occur in the course of the *Acts*. But, although their authority in particulars be thus

petual virginity, but her parents had insisted upon marrying her to a youthful and noble Roman, named Valerian. On the night of her marriage, she succeeded in so far prevailing upon her husband as to induce him to visit the pope, Urban, who was lying concealed from his persecutors in the catacombs which were called after and still bear the name of his predecessor, Callixtus,* on the Appian Way, about two miles from the present walls of the city. The young man was converted to the Christian faith. The next day witnessed the conversion of his brother, Tiburtius. Their lives soon gave evidence of the change in their religion; they were brought before the prefect, and, refusing to sacrifice to the heathen gods, were condemned to death. Maximus, an officer of the prefect, was converted by the young men on the way to execution. They suffered death with constancy, and Maximus soon underwent the same fate. Nor was Cecilia long spared. The prefect ordered that she should be put to death in her own house, by being stifled

destroyed, we see no reason for questioning the reality of the chief events upon which they are founded. The date of the martyrdom of St. Cecilia may be wrong, the reports of her conversations may be as fictitious as the speeches ascribed by grave historians to their heroes, the stories of her miracles may have only that small basis of reality which is to be found in the effects of superstition and excited imagination,—but the essential truth of the martyrdom of a young, beautiful, and rich Roman girl, of her suffering and her serene faith, and of the veneration and honor in which her memory was held by those who had known her, may be accepted without reserve. At least, it is certain, that as early as the beginning of the fourth century the name of St. Cecilia was reverenced in Rome, and that from that time she has been one of the chief saints of the Roman calendar.

* The Catacombs of St. Callixtus are among the most important of the underground cemeteries. They were begun before the time of Callixtus, but were greatly enlarged under his pontificate [A. D. 219-223]. Saint though he be, the character of Callixtus, if we may judge by the testimony of another saint, Hippolytus, stood greatly in need of purification. His story is an amusing il-

lustration of the state of the Roman episcopacy in those times. He had been a slave of a rich Christian, Carpophorus. His master set him up as a money-dealer in the Piscina Publica, a much frequented quarter of the city. The Christian brethren (and widows also are mentioned by Hippolytus) placed their moneys in his hands for safe-keeping, his credit as the slave of Carpophorus being good. He appropriated these deposits, ran away to sea, was pursued, threw himself into the water, was rescued, brought back to Rome, and condemned to hard labor. Carpophorus bailed him out of the workhouse,—but he was a bad fellow, got into a riot in a Jewish synagogue, and was sent to work in the Sardinian mines. By cheating he got a ticket of leave and returned to Rome. After some years, he was placed in charge of the cemetery by the bishop or pope, Zephyrinus, and at his death, some time later, by skilful intrigues he succeeded in obtaining the bishopric itself. The cemetery is now called that of Saint Callixtus,—and in the saint the swindler is forgotten.

* The passage in the *Acts of St. Cecilia* which led to her being esteemed the patroness of music is perhaps the following, which occurs in the description of the wedding ceremonies: “Cantantibus organis, Cæcilia in

undisturbed, and laid in the attitude and clothing of life within a coffin of cypress-wood. The linen cloths with which the blood of the Martyr had been soaked up were placed at her feet, with that care that no precious drop should be lost,—a care, of which many evidences are afforded in the catacombs. In the night, the coffin was carried out of the city secretly to the Cemetery of Callixtus, and there deposited by Urban in a grave near to a chamber destined for the graves of the popes themselves. Here the “*Acts of St. Cecilia*” close, and, leaving her pure body to repose for centuries in its tomb hollowed out of the rock, we trace the history of the catacombs during those centuries in other sources and by other ways.

The consequences of the conversion of Constantine exhibited themselves not more in the internal character and spirit of the Church than in its outward forms and arrangements. The period of worldly prosperity succeeded speedily to a period of severest suffering, and many who had been exposed to the persecution of Diocletian now rejoiced in the imperial favor shown to their religion. Such contrasts in life are not favorable to the growth of the finer spiritual qualities; and the sunshine of state and court is not that which is needed for quickening faith or developing simplicity and purity of heart. Churches above ground could now be frequented without risk, and were the means by which the wealth and the piety of Christians were to be displayed. The newly imperialized religion must have its imperial temples, and the little dark chapels of the catacombs were exchanged for the vast and ornamental spaces of the new basilicas. It was no longer needful that the dead should be laid in the secret paths of the rock, and the luxury of magnificent Christian tombs began to rival that of the sepulchres of the earlier Romans. The body of St. Peter, which had long, corde suo soli Domino decantabat, dicens: ‘Fiat cor meum et corpus meum immaculatum, ut non confundar.’”

according to popular tradition, rested in the catacombs of the Vatican, was now transferred to the great basilica which Constantine, despoiling for the purpose the tomb of Hadrian of its marbles, erected over the entrance to the underground cemetery. So, too, the Basilica of St. Paul, on the way to Ostia, was built over his old grave; and the Catacombs of St. Agnes were marked by a beautiful church in honor of the Saint, built in part beneath the soil, that its pavement might be on a level with the upper story of the catacombs and the faithful might enter them from the church.

The older catacombs, whose narrow graves had been filled during the last quarter of the third century with the bodies of many new martyrs, were now less used for the purposes of burial, and more for those of worship. New chapels were hollowed out in their walls; new paintings adorned the brown rock; the bodies of martyrs were often removed from their original graves to new and more elaborate tombs; the entrances to the cemeteries were no longer concealed, but new and ampler ones were made; new stairways, lined with marble, led down to the streets beneath; *luminaria*, or passages for light and air, were opened from the surface of the ground to the most frequented places; and at almost every entrance a church or an oratory of more or less size was built, for the shelter of those who might assemble to go down into the catacombs, and for the performance of the sacred services upon ground hallowed by so many sacred memories. The worship of the saints began to take form, at first, in simple, natural, and pious ways, in the fourth century; and as it grew stronger and stronger with the continually increasing predominance of the material element in the Roman Church, so the catacombs, the burial-places of the saints, were more and more visited by those who desired the protection or the intercession of their occupants. St. Jerome, who was born about this time in Rome, [A. D. 381,]

has a curious passage concerning his own experiences in the catacombs. He says: "When I was a boy at Rome, being instructed in liberal studies, I was accustomed, with others of the same age and disposition, to go on Sundays to the tombs of the apostles and martyrs, and often to go into the crypts, which, being dug out in the depths of the earth, have for walls, on either side of those who enter, the bodies of the buried; and they are so dark, that the saying of the prophet seems almost fulfilled, *The living descend into hell.*" But as the chapels and sacred tombs in the catacombs became thus more and more resorted to as places for worship, the number of burials within them was continually growing less,—and the change in the spirit of the religion was marked by the change of character in the paintings and inscriptions on their walls. By the middle of the fifth century the extension of the catacombs had ceased, and nearly about the same time the assemblies in them fell off. The desolation of the Campagna had already begun; Rome had sunk rapidly; and the churches and burial-places within the walls afforded all the space that was needed for the assemblies of the living or the dead.

When the Goths descended upon Italy, ravaging the country as they passed over it, and sat down before Rome, not content with stripping the land, they forced their way into the catacombs, searching for treasure, and seeking also, it seems likely, for the bodies of the martyrs, whom their imperfect creed did not prevent them from honoring. After they retired, in the short breathing-space that was given to the unhappy city, various popes undertook to do something to restore the catacombs,*—and one of them,

* An inscription set up by Vigilius, pope from A. D. 538 to 555, and preserved by Gruter, contains the following lines:—

"Dum peritura Getæ posuissent castra sub urbe,
Moverunt sanctis bella nefanda prius,
Istaque sacrilego verterunt corde sepulchra
Martyribus quondam rite sacra piis."

John III., [A. D. 560–574,] ordered that service should be performed at certain underground shrines, and that candles and all else needful for this purpose should be furnished from the Basilica of St. John Lateran. Just at the close of the sixth century, Gregory the Great [590–604] again appointed stations in the catacombs at which service should be held on special days in the course of the year, and a curious illustration of the veneration in which the relics of the saints were then held is afforded by a gift which he sent to Theodelinda, queen of the Lombards. At this time the Lombards were laying all Italy waste. Their Arian zeal ranged them in religious hate against the Roman Church,—but Theodelinda was an orthodox believer, and through her Gregory hoped to secure the conversion of her husband and his subjects. It was to her that he addressed his famous Dialogues, filled with the most marvellous stories of holy men and the strangest notions of religion. Wishing to satisfy her pious desires, and to make her a very precious gift, he sent to her many phials of oil taken from the lamps that were kept burning at the shrines of the martyrs in the catacombs. It was the custom of those who visited these shrines to dip handkerchiefs, or other bits of cloth, in the reservoirs of oil, to which a sacred virtue was supposed to be imparted by the neighborhood of the saints; and even now may often be seen the places where the lamps were kept lighted.*

But although the memory of those who had been buried within them was thus preserved, the catacombs themselves and the churches at their entrances were falling more and more into decay. Shortly after Gregory's death, Pope Boniface

* * * * *

Diruta Vigilius nam mox haec Papa gemiscens,

Hostibus expulsis, omne novavit opus."

* The phials sent by Gregory to Queen Theodelinda were accompanied by a list of the shrines from which they were taken; among them was that of St. Cecilia. The

IV. illustrated his otherwise obscure pontificate by seeking from the mean and dissolute Emperor Phocas the gift of the Pantheon for the purpose of consecrating it for a Christian church. The glorious temple of all the gods was now dedicated [A. D. 608, Sept. 15] to those who had displaced them, the Virgin and all the Martyrs. Its new name was S. Maria ad Martyres,—and in order to sanctify its precincts, the Pope brought into the city and placed under the altars of his new church twenty-eight wagon-loads of bones, collected from the different catacombs, and said to be those of martyrs. This is the first notice that has been preserved of the practice that became very general in later times of transferring bodies and bones from their graves in the rock to new ones under the city churches.

Little more is known of the history of the catacombs during the next two centuries, but that for them it was a period of desolation and desertion. The Lombard hordes often ravaged and devastated the Campagna up to the very gates of the city, and descended into the underground passages of the cemeteries in search of treasure, of relics, and of shelter. Paul III., about the middle of the eighth century, took many bones and much ashes from graves yet un rifled, and distributed them to the churches. He has left a record of the motives that led

document closes with the words, "Quæ olea sca temporibus Domini Gregorii Papæ adduxit Johannes indignus et peccator Dominæ Theodelindæ reginæ de Româ." The oils are still preserved in the treasury of the cathedral at Monza,—and the list accompanying them has afforded some important facts to the students of the early martyrology of Rome. A similar belief in the efficacy of oils burned in lamps before noted images, or at noted shrines, still prevails in the Papal City. In a little pamphlet lying before us, entitled *Historic Notices of Maria SSma del Pianto, venerated in St. Augustine's Church in Rome*, published in 1853, is the following passage: "Many who visited Mary dipped their fingers in the lamps to cross themselves with the holy oil, by the droppings from which the base of the statue was so dirtied, that hang-

him to disturb dust that had rested so long in quiet. "In the lapse of centuries," he says, "many cemeteries of the holy martyrs and confessors of Christ have been neglected and fallen to decay. The impious Lombards utterly ruined them,—and now among the faithful themselves the old piety has been replaced by negligence, which has gone so far that even animals have been allowed to enter them, and cattle have been stalled within them." Still, although thus desecrated, the graves of the martyrs continued to be an object of interest to the pilgrims, who, even in these dangerous times, from year to year came to visit the holy places of Rome; and itineraries, describing the localities of the catacombs and of the noted tombs within them, prepared for the guidance of such pilgrims, not later than the beginning of the ninth century, have been preserved to us, and have afforded essential and most important assistance in the recent investigations.*

About the same time, Pope Paschal I. [A. D. 817-824] greatly interested himself in searching in the catacombs for such bodies of the saints as might yet remain in them, and in transferring these relics to churches and monasteries within the city. A contemporary inscription, still preserved in the crypt of the ancient church of St. Prassede, (a church which all lovers of Roman legend and art take

ing-lamps were substituted in the place of those that stood around. But that the people might not be deprived of the trust which they reposed in the holy oil, bits of cotton dipped in it were wrapped up in paper, and there was a constant demand for them among the devout." This passage refers to late years, and the custom still exists. Superstition flourishes at Rome now not less than it did thirteen hundred years ago; and superstitious practices have a wonderful vitality in the close air of Romanism.

* Four of these itineraries are known. One of them is preserved in William of Malmesbury's *Chronicle*. The differences and the correspondences between them have been of almost equal assistance in modern days in the determination of doubtful names and localities.

delight in,) tells of the two thousand three hundred martyrs whose remains Paschal had placed beneath its altars. Nor was this the only church so richly endowed. One day, in the year 821, Paschal was praying in the church that stood on the site of the house in which St. Cecilia had suffered martyrdom, and which was dedicated to her honor. It was now one of the oldest churches in Rome. Two centuries before, Gregory the Great, St. Gregory, had restored it,—for it even then stood in need of repairs, and now it was in greater need than ever. Paschal determined, while praying, that he would rebuild it from its foundations; but with this determination came the desire to find the body of the Saint, that her new church might not want its most precious possession. It was reported that the Lombards had sought for it and carried it away, and the knowledge of the exact place of the grave, even, was lost. But Paschal entered vigorously on the search. He knew that she had been buried in the Cemetery of St. Callixtus, and tradition declared that her sepulchre had been made near the Chamber of the Popes. There he sought, but his seeking was vain.

On a certain day, however,—and here he begins his own story,—in the Church of St. Peter, as he sat listening to the harmony of the morning service, drowsiness overcame him, and he fell asleep.* As he was sleeping, a very beautiful maiden of virginal aspect, and in a rich dress, stood before him, and, looking at

* "Quadam die, dum ante Confessionem Beati Petri Apostoli psallentium matutinali lucescentem Dominica residentes observaremus harmoniam, sopore in aliquo corporis fragilitatem aggravante."—*Paschalis Pope Diploma*, as quoted in *L'Histoire de Sainte Cécile*, par l'Abbé Guéranger. The simplicity of the old Pope's story is wofully hurt by the grandiloquence of the French Abbé: "Le Pontife écoutait avec délices l'harmonie des Cantiques que l'Église fait monter vers le Seigneur au lever du jour. Un assoupissement produit par la fatigue des veilles saintes vient le saisir sur le siège même où il présidait dans la majesté apostolique," etc., etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

him, said,— "We return thee many thanks; but why without cause, trusting to false reports, hast thou given up the search for me? Thou hast been so near me that we might have spoken together."

The Pope, as if hurt by her rebuke, and doubtful of his vision, then asked the name of her who thus addressed him.

"If thou seekest my name," she said, "I am called Cecilia, the handmaiden of Christ."

"How can I believe this," replied the sleeping Pope, "since it was long ago reported that the body of this most holy martyr was carried away by the Lombards?"

The Saint then told him that till this time her body had remained concealed; but that now he must continue his search, for it pleased God to reveal it to him; and near her body he would also find other bodies of saints to be placed with hers in her new-built church. And saying this, she departed.

Hereupon a new search was begun, and shortly after, "by the favor of God, we found her in golden garments, and the cloths with which her sacred blood had been wiped from her wounds we found rolled up and full of blood at the feet of the blessed virgin."

At the same time, the bodies of Valerian, Tiburtius, and Maximus were found in a neighboring cemetery, and, together with the relics of Pope Urban,—as well as the body of St. Cecilia,—were placed under the high altar of her church.* The cypress coffin in which she had been rev-

* It is a remarkable fact, to be explained by the believers in the virtue of relics, that, notwithstanding the body of St. Cecilia was deposited perfect in her grave, and, as we shall see, was long after found complete, no less than five heads of St. Cecilia are declared to exist, or to have existed,—for one has been lost,—in different churches. One is in the church of the SS. Quattro Coronati, at Rome, which possessed it from a very early period; a second is at Paris, a third at Beauvais, a fourth was at Tours, and we have seen the reliquary in which a fifth is preserved in the old cathedral of Torcello.

erently laid at the time of her death was preserved and set within a marble sarcophagus. No expense was spared by the devout Paschal to adorn the church that had been so signally favored. All the Art of the time (and at that time the arts flourished only in the service of the Church) was called upon to assist in making the new basilica magnificent. The mosaics which were set up to adorn the apse and the arch of triumph were among the best works of the century, and, with colors still brilliant and design still unimpaired, they hold their place at the present day, and carry back the thought and the imagination of the beholder a thousand years into the very heart of this old story. Under the great mosaic of the apse one may still read the inscription, in the rude Latin of the century, which tells of Paschal's zeal and Rome's joy, closing with the line,

"Roma resultat ovans semper ornata per ævum."

And thus once more the body of the virgin was left to repose in peace, once more the devout could offer their prayers to the Saint at the altar consecrated by her presence, and once more the superstitious could increase the number of the miracles wrought by her favor. Through the long period of the fall and depression of Rome, her church continued to be a favorite one with the people of the city, and with the pilgrims to it. From time to time it was repaired and adorned, and in the thirteenth century the walls of its portico were covered with a series of frescoes, representing the events of St. Cecilia's life, and the finding of her body by Paschal. These frescoes—precious as specimens of reawakening Art, and especially precious at Rome, because of the little that was done there at that period—were all, save one, long since destroyed in some "restoration" of the church. The one that was preserved is now within the church, and represents in its two divisions the burial of the Saint by Pope Urban, and her appearance in St. Peter's Church to the sleeping Paschal, whose

figure is rendered with amusing naïveté and literalness.

Meanwhile, after the translation of St. Cecilia's body, the catacombs remained much in the same neglected state as before, falling more and more into ruin, but still visited from year to year by the pilgrims, whom even pillage and danger could not keep from Rome. For two centuries,—from the thirteenth to the fifteenth,—scarcely any mention of them is to be found. Petrarch, in his many letters about Rome, dwells often on the sacredness of the soil within the city, in whose crypts and churches so many saints and martyrs lie buried, but hardly refers to the catacombs themselves, and never in such a way as to show that they were an object of interest to him, though a lover of all Roman relics and a faithful worshipper of the saints. It was near the end of the sixteenth century that a happy accident—the falling in of the road outside the Porta Salara—brought to light the streets of the Cemetery of St. Priscilla, and awakened in Antonio Bosio a zeal for the exploration of the catacombs which led him to devote the remainder of his long life to the pursuit, and by study, investigation, and observation, to lay the solid basis of the thorough and comprehensive acquaintance with subterranean Rome which has been extended by the researches of a long line of able scholars down to the present day. But to Bosio the chief honor is due, as the earliest, the most exact, and the most indefatigable of the explorers.

It was during his lifetime that the story of St. Cecilia received a continuation, of which he himself has left us a full account. In the year 1599, Paolo Emilio Sfondrati, Cardinal of the Title of St. Cecilia,* undertook a thorough restoration of the old basilica erected by Paschal. He possessed a large collection of relics, and determined that he would place the most precious of them under the high altar. For this purpose the

* The *Titoli* of Rome correspond nearly to Parishes. They date from an early period in the history of the Church.

vault containing the sarcophagi in which St. Cecilia and her companions lay must be opened, and on the 20th of October the work was undertaken. Upon breaking through the wall, two sarcophagi of white marble were discovered. The Cardinal was on the spot, and, in the presence of numerous dignitaries of the Church, whom he had sent for as witnesses, he caused the heavy top of the first of these stone coffins to be lifted. Within was seen the chest of cypress-wood in which, according to the old story, the Saint had been originally placed. Sfondrati with his own hands removed the lid, and within the chest was found the body of the virgin, with a silken veil spread over her rich dress, on which could still be seen the stains of blood, while at her feet yet lay the bloody cloths which had been placed there more than thirteen centuries before. She was lying upon her right side, her feet a little drawn up, her arms extended and resting one upon the other, her neck turned so that her head rested upon the left cheek. Her form perfectly preserved, and her attitude of the sweetest virginal grace and modesty, it seemed as if she lay there asleep rather than dead.* —The second sarcophagus was found to contain three bodies, which were recognized as being, according to tradition, those of Tiburtius, Valerian, and Maximus.

* "Dormientis instar," says Bosio, in his *Relatio Inventionis et Repositionis S. Ceciliae et Sciorum*. The discovery of the body of the Saint in this perfect state of preservation has, of course, been attributed by many Romanist authors to miraculous interposition. But it is to be accounted for by natural causes. The soil of the catacombs and of Rome is in many parts remarkable for its antiseptic qualities. The Cavaliere de Rossi informed us that he had been present at the opening of an ancient tomb on the Appian Way, in which the body of a young man had been found in a state of entire preservation, fresh almost as on the day of its burial, and with it was a piece of sponge which had apparently been soaked in blood, —for his death had been by violence. In the winter of 1857, two marble sarcophagi were found in one of the passages of the Catacombs

The day advanced as these discoveries were made, and Sfondrati having had a chest of wood hastily lined with silk, and brought to a room in the adjoining convent, which opened into the church, (it is the room at the left, now used for the first reception of novices,) carried the eypress chest with its precious contents to this apartment, and placed it within the new box, which he locked and sealed. Then, taking the key with him, he hastened to go out to Frascati, where Pope Clement VIII. was then staying, to avoid the early autumn airs of Rome. The Pope was in bed with the gout, and gave audience to no one; but when he heard of the great news that Sfondrati had brought, he desired at once to see him, and to hear from him the account of the discovery. "The Pope groaned and grieved that he was not well enough to hasten at once to visit and salute so great a martyr." But it happened that the famous annalist, Cardinal Baronius, was then with the Pope at Frascati, and Clement ordered him to go to Rome forthwith, in his stead, to behold and venerate the body of the Saint. Sfondrati immediately took Baronius in his carriage back to the city, and in the evening they reached the Church of St. Cecilia.* Baronius, in the account which he has left of these transactions, expresses in simple words his astonishment and delight at seeing the preservation of the

of St. Callixtus, in which excavations were then going on, and upon being opened, a body was found in each, in a state, not of entire, but of almost perfect preservation. The skin had become somewhat shrunk, and the flesh was hardened and darkened, but the general form and features were preserved. Possibly these also may have been the bodies of saints. The sarcophagi were kept through the winter in the catacombs where they were found, and their marble lids being removed, covers of glass were fitted to them, so that the bodies might be seen by the visitors to the catacombs. It was a frequent custom, chiefly in the fourth and fifth centuries, to bury the rich in sarcophagi placed within tombs in the catacombs.

* This account is to be found in the *Annals* of Baronius, *ad annum 821*.

[April,

cypress chest, and of the body of the Saint. "When we at length beheld the sacred body, it was then, that, according to the words of David, 'as we had heard, so we saw, in the city of the Lord of Hosts, in the city of our God.'* For as we had read that the venerated body of Cecilia had been found and laid away by Paschal the Pope, so we found it." He describes at length the posture of the virgin, who lay like one sleeping, in such modest and noble attitude, that "whoever beheld her was struck with unspeakable reverence, as if the heavenly Spouse stood by as a guard watching his sleeping Bride, warning and threatening: 'Awake not my love till she please.'"† The next morning, Baronius performed Mass in the church in memory and honor of St. Cecilia, and the other saints buried near her, and then returned to Frascati to report to the Pope what he had seen. It was resolved to push forward the works on the church with vigor, and to replace the body of the Saint under its altar on her feast-day, the twenty-second of November, with the most solemn pontifical ceremony.

Meanwhile the report of the wonderful discovery spread through Rome, and caused general excitement and emotion. The Trasteverini, with whom Cecilia had always been a favorite saint, were filled with joy, with piety, and superstition. Crowds continually pressed to the church, and so great was the ardor of worshippers, that the Swiss guards of the court were needed to preserve order. Lamps were kept constantly burning around the coffin, which was set near a grating in the wall between the church and convent, so as to be visible to the devout. "There was no need of burning perfumes and incense near the sacred body, for a sweetest odor breathed out from it, like that of roses and lilies."

Sfondrati, desirous to preserve for future generations a memorial likeness of the Saint, ordered the sculptor Stefano

* Psalm xlvi. 8.

† Song of Solomon, ii. 7.

Maderno to make a statue which should represent the body of Cecilia as it was found lying in the cypress chest. Maderno was then a youth of twenty-three years. Sculpture at this time in Rome had fallen into a miserable condition of degraded conventionalism and extravagance. But Maderno was touched with the contagion of the religious enthusiasm of the moment, and his work is full of simple dignity, noble grace, and tender beauty. No other work of the time is to be compared with it. It is a memorial not only of the loveliness of the Saint, but of the self-forgetful religious fervor of the artist, at a period when every divine impulse seemed to be absent from the common productions of Art. Rome has no other statue of such sacred charm, none more inspired with Christian feeling. It lies in front of the high altar, disfigured by a silver crown and a costly necklace,—the offerings of vulgar and pretentious adoration; but even thus it is at once a proof and prophecy of what Art is to accomplish under the influence of the Christian spirit. The inscription that Sfondrati placed before the statue still exists. It is as follows: "Behold the image of the most holy virgin Cecilia; whom I, Paul, Cardinal of the Title of St. Cecilia, saw lying perfect in her sepulchre; which I have caused to be made in this marble, in the very position of the body, for you."

The twenty-second of November arrived. The Pope had recovered from his gout. The church was splendidly decorated. A solemn procession, illustrated by the presence of all the great dignitaries of the Church, of the ambassadors of foreign states, and the nobles of Rome, advanced up the nave. Clement intoned the Mass. Then proceeding to the cypress chest, it was lifted by four cardinals, and carried to the vault under the altar, while the choir chanted the anthem, *O beata Cæcilia, quæ Almachium superâsti, Tiburtium et Valerianum ad martyrii coronam vocâsti!* The old coffin, undisturbed, was placed in a silver case; the last service was performed,

and the body of the virgin was once more laid away to rest.

We pass now over two centuries and a half. About five years ago the Cavaliere de Rossi found lying upon the ground, in a *vigna* bordering on the Appian Way, about two miles from Rome, a portion of a sepulchral stone on which were the letters NELIUS MARTYR, the NE broken across. He immediately conjectured that this was a piece of the stone that had covered the grave of Pope Cornelius, [A. D. 250-252,] and on the truth of this conjecture important results depended. It was known that this pope had been buried in the Catacombs of St. Callixtus; and it was known also, from the itineraries and some other sources, that his grave was not in the same chamber with the graves of the other popes who were buried in those catacombs, but that it was not far away from it. It was further known, as we have seen, that the chapel in which St. Cecilia had been buried was close to the Chamber of the Popes. But a tradition dating from a late period of the Middle Ages had given the name of Callixtus to the catacombs opening from the Church of St. Sebastian, at a little greater distance from Rome. In these catacombs the place supposed to be that of St. Cecilia's grave was pointed out, and an inscription set up to mark the spot, by a French archbishop, in the year 1409, still exists. Many indications, however, led De Rossi to disbelieve this tradition and to distrust this authority. It contradicted the brief indications of the itineraries, and could not be reconciled with other established facts. Not far from the place where the broken inscription was found was an accidental entrance into catacombs which had been supposed to have been originally connected with those of St. Sebastian, but were believed by De Rossi to be a portion of the veritable Catacombs of St. Callixtus, and quite separate from the former. The paths in this part, however, were stopped up in so many directions, that it was impossible to get an entrance through them to such parts as

might determine the question. Again, in the neighborhood of the discovery of the broken stone was an old building, used as a stable, and for other mean purposes. On examination of it, De Rossi satisfied himself that it had been originally one of the churches erected in the fourth century at the entrance of the catacombs, and he had little doubt that he had now found the place of the main descent into the Catacombs of St. Callixtus. The discovery was a great one; for near the main entrance had been the burial-place of the popes, and of St. Cecilia. De Rossi laid the results of his inductive process of archæological reasoning before the pope, who immediately gave orders for the purchase of the *vigna*, and directions that excavations should be at once begun.*

The work was scarcely begun, before an ancient stairway, long ago buried under accumulated earth and rubbish, was discovered, leading down to the second story of the catacombs. The passages into which it opened were filled with earth, but, as this was cleared away, a series of chambers of unusual size, reaching almost to the surface of the soil, was entered upon. At the right a wide door led into a large chapel. The walls

* Another curious point was made by De Rossi previously to the commencement of the explorations. It illustrates the accuracy of his acquaintance with the underground archæology. In one of the itineraries it was said, speaking of the burial-place of Cornelius, that here also St. Cyprian was buried. Now, as is well known, Cyprian was buried in Africa, where he had suffered martyrdom. His martyrdom took place on the same day with that of Cornelius, though in another year; and their memories were consequently celebrated by the Church on the same day, the 16th of September. De Rossi declared, that, if he discovered the tomb of St. Cornelius, he should find near it something which would explain the error of the itinerary in stating that Cyprian's grave also was here. And such proved to be the fact. On the wall, by the side of the grave, was found a painting of Cornelius, with his name, "Scs Cornelius," and by the side of this figure was another painting of a bishop in his robes, with the letters "Scs Ciprianus."

were covered with rudely scratched names and inscriptions, some in Greek and some in Latin. De Rossi, whose eyes were practised in the work, undertook to decipher these often obscure scribblings. They were for the most part the inscriptions of the pilgrims who had visited these places, and their great number gave proof that this was a most important portion of the cemetery. The majority of these were simply names, or names accompanied with short expressions of piety. Many, for instance, were in such form as this,—“Ἐλαφίν ἐις μνείαν ἔχετε,—“Keep Elaphis in remembrance.” Many were expressions of devotion, written by the pilgrims for the sake of those who were dear to them, as,—*Vivat in Domino*, “May he live in the Lord”; *Pet[ite] ut Verecundus cum suis bene naviget*, “Seek that Verecundus with his companions may voyage prosperously.” The character of the writing, the names and the style, indicate that these inscriptions belong mostly to the third and fourth centuries. Among these writings on the wall were one or two which confirmed De Rossi in the opinion that this must be the sepulchre in which the greater number of the popes of the third century had been buried. Carefully preserving all the mass of rubbish which was taken from the chamber, he set himself to its examination, picking out from it all the bits and fragments of marble, upon many of which letters or portions of letters were cut. Most of them were of that elaborate character which is well known to all readers of the inscriptions from the catacombs as that of Pope Damascus,—for this Pope [A. D. 366–385] had devoted himself to putting up new inscriptions over celebrated graves, and had used a peculiar and sharply cut letter, easy to be distinguished. It was known that he had put new inscriptions over the tombs of the popes buried in the Cemetery of St. Callixtus. After most patient examination, De Rossi succeeded in finding and putting together the inscriptions of four of these early popes, and, with Cuvier-like sagacity, he recon-

structed, out of a hundred and twelve separate, minute, and scattered pieces, the metrical inscription in which Damascus expressed his desire to be buried with them, but his fear of vexing their sacred ashes.*

There could no longer be any doubt; this was the Chapel of the Popes, and that of St. Cecilia must be near by. Proceeding with the excavations, a door leading into a neighboring crypt was opened. The crypt was filled with earth and *débris*, which appeared to have fallen into it through a *luminare*, now choked up with the growth and accumulated rubbish of centuries. In order to remove the mass of earth with least risk of injury to the walls of the chamber, it was determined to take it out through the *luminare* from above. As the work advanced, there were discovered on the wall of the *luminare* itself paintings of the figures of three men, with a name inscribed at the side of each,—Polycamus, Sebastianus, and Cyrius. These names inspired fresh zeal, for they were those of saints who were mentioned in one or more of the itineraries as having been buried in the same chapel with St. Cecilia. As the chapel was cleared, a large arcosolium was found, and near it a painting of a youthful woman, richly attired, adorned with necklaces and bracelets, and the dress altogether such as might befit a bride. Below, on the same wall, was a figure of a pope in his robes, with the name “S^cs Urbanus” painted at the side; and close to this figure, a large head of the Saviour, of the Byzantine type, with a glory in the form

* In another part of the catacombs the remainder of the stone that had been set over the grave of Cornelius was found. It fitted precisely the piece first found by De Rossi. The letters upon it were CORN EP. The whole inscription then read, “Cornelius Martyr, Ep[iscopus.]” It is rare that a bit of broken stone paves the way to such discoveries. But it must be a man of genius who walks over the pavement. Cardinal Wiseman has given an imperfect account of these discoveries in his diverting novel, *Fabiola*.

of a Greek cross. The character of the paintings showed that they were of comparatively late date, probably not earlier than the sixth century, and obviously executed at a time when the chapel was frequented by worshippers, and before the traditional knowledge of the exact site of St. Cecilia's sepulchre had been lost.

The discovery made by Paschal after the place had been deserted was thus repeated by De Rossi after a second, longer, and more obscure period of oblivion. The divine vision which had led the ancient Pope, according to his own account, to the right spot, was now replaced by scientific investigation. The statements of inspiration were confirmed, as in so many more conspicuous instances, by the discoveries of science. Cecilia had lain so near the popes, that she might, as she had said to Paschal, have spoken to him when he was in their chapel, *os ad os*, "mouth to mouth." But the questions naturally arose, Why was it that in Paschal's time, before this chapel was encumbered with earth, it had been so difficult to find her grave? and, Why had not the Lombards, who had sought for her sacred body, succeeded in finding it? De Rossi was able to furnish the solution. In several instances he had found walls carefully built up in front of

tombs so as to conceal them. It was plain that this must have been done with some definite purpose; and it seems altogether likely that it was to hide these tombs from sacrilegious invaders. The walls had been built when the faithful were forced by the presence of their enemies to desert the catacombs and leave them unprotected. It was a striking illustration of the veneration in which these holy places had been held. Upon examination of the floor in front of the arcosolium of this chapel, traces of the foundation of a wall were discovered, and thus the Lombard failure and Paschal's difficulty were explained.

So ends the story of St. Cecilia and her tomb. Within her church are the remains of the bath-chamber where she suffered death. The mosaics of the apse and the arch of triumph tell of the first finding of her body; Maderno's statue recalls the fact of its second discovery long after; and now this newly opened, long forgotten chapel shows where her precious body was first laid away in peace, brings the legend of her faithful death into clearer remembrance, and concludes the ancient story with dramatic and perfect completeness.

"The Lord discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death."

[To be continued.]

HAPPINESS.

WING-FOOTED! thou abid'st with him
That asks it not: but he who hath
Watched o'er the waves thy fading path
Will never more on ocean's rim,
At morn or eve, behold returning
Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward yearning:
Thou only teachest us the core
And inmost meaning of No More,
Thou, who first shovest us thy face
Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace,
And whose sad footprints we can trace
Away from every mortal door!

THE PURE PEARL OF DIVER'S BAY.

I.

WHEN the great storms raged along the Atlantic coast, they sometimes tossed a token into Diver's Bay. In more than one of the rude cabins composing the fishermen's settlement memorials of shipwreck and disaster might be found; and these memorials did not always fail to kindle imagination, and to arouse soft feelings of pity for the calamities they suggested.

One morning, that dawned bright and mild after a week of tempest, Clarice Briton went out with her coarse basket to gather the sea-weed tossed on the shore. She was the first child out that morning, and on account of the late storm, which had prevented the usual daily work, the harvest was a rich one.

There was always need that Clarice should work with her might when she found work to do, and she now labored from dawn till sunrise, filling her basket many times over, until the boards where she spread the weed to dry were nearly covered. Then she threw herself down to rest by her father's door. But when the sun was rising she went and sat among the rocks, and watched the changing of the sky and water, and the flocks of birds as they came screaming from their nests to dive among the waves and mount beyond her sight among the mists of morning. She never tired of watching them, or of gazing on these scenes. She knew the habits of the shore birds, understood their indications and devices, and whatever their movements foreboded concerning the weather. Clarice was also versed in winds and clouds, and knew as well as the wise fishermen what the north-wind had in store, and what the south-wind would give them.

While she sat resting a few minutes, and wondering that the other children of the beach were so long in waking to the pleasant day, suddenly, as she looked

down along the rocks that lay between her and the water, she saw lying near her feet, securely lodged by the waves among the stones, a basket. It was a very different affair from that other, lying a few paces off, with which she went about gathering sea-weed. It was small, and light, and delicately woven,—embroidered, too, with floss. When she bent forward and picked it up, long strings of shiny weed dangled dripping from the handles,—and something beside; for, as she attempted to remove the traces of wild voyaging, something that was not weed resisted her efforts, and caused her to raise the lid. As she did so, a chain, which had been partly secured by the closing of the lid, was disengaged, and fell into her lap.

"What's that, Clarice?" said a voice just above her, as she in amazement lifted the chain, and endeavored to free it from the weed.

"Oh, Luke, there must have been a wreck! See! I found it just here at my feet," said Clarice, sorrowfully,—apparently not taken by surprise by the sudden coming and speaking of Luke Merlyn; she did not even lift her head, nor for an instant turn to him from what occupied her.

"There's a ring, too, I declare!" said Luke, coming down to her side; and he took from her lap a small ring, in which was set a solitary pearl;—the ring had dropped from the chain. "What next? Look in."

Clarice opened the basket again, and turned out the white silk lining, which was soaking and stained with wild seawater. "That is all," said she.

"That chain is a gold one," remarked Luke Merlyn. "There must have been a wreck. Who do you suppose these things belonged to? Some lady? Look at that basket now. She kept her trinkets in it. I suppose lots of 'em got shook out by the way. I am glad it was you

found it, Clarice. Just try that ring on your finger now; I should think it might fit you."

He took up the ring and looked at Clarice, but she shrank back shuddering.

"Oh, no!—I should feel as if it would drag me down to the bottom of the sea after the owner."

"It's the neatest thing I ever saw, though, Clarice. Look, what a pearl! You must keep it for your own, any way, if you won't wear it. Nobody about here is fit but you. The poor little basket, too,—poor little ark!"

He took it up and looked it over, much as though it were a dead bird, or some other pretty thing that once had life, and knew how to enjoy it.

"Are you going out to-day, Luke?" asked Clarice.

"Don't you see I've got the net? Father will be down by the time I'm ready. We are tired enough hanging about waiting for the blow to be over."

"May-be you will see something," said Clarice, in an undertone. "If you could only find out about the ship, and the poor passengers!"

"May-be," answered Luke,—saying this to comfort her. "Is your father going out to-day?"

"He said he would, last night. I'm glad it came off so pleasant. See how long this chain is!—a great many times longer than his big watch-chain!"

"Worth fifty times as much, too."

"Is it?" said Clarice, looking up in wonder, almost incredulous;—but then Luke had said it.

"This is gold. Come and walk down to the boat, Clarice. How many times have you filled your basket this morning? You look tired. How did you come to wake up so soon? I believe I heard you singing, and that was what brought me out so quick."

"I haven't sung any, Luke," she answered, looking at him in wonder.

"Oh, yes!—I'm sure I heard you. I got up and looked out of my window; there you were. You are the best girl

around, Clarice! Come now, why don't you say I'm the best fellow? Then we'll be even. I am, you know. But then I want to hear you say so."

The merry fellow was in earnest, though he laughed. He blushed more deeply than the girl,—indeed, she did not blush at all,—when he thus spoke to her. She looked at him a little surprised.

"Come," said he, with gentle coaxing, "I know what you think. Speak out, and make me feel happy, all the days of my life. If it wasn't that you feel so about the ring—But why shouldn't you feel solemn about it? It belonged to some beautiful lady, I suppose, who lies at rest in the bottom of the sea by this time. *H. H.*"—he read the initials engraved on the clasp of the chain.

Clarice, who held the ring, inadvertently turned it that moment to the light so that her eyes could not fail to perceive that two letters were also written by a graver underneath the pearl. These letters likewise were *H. H.* She gave the ring to Luke, pointing to the initials.

"Yes, to be sure," said he, examining it with his bright eyes. "It's the prettiest thing I ever saw. These letters must have stood for something. Clarice,"—he hesitated a moment,—"Clarice, they might stand for something yet,—*Heart and Hand*. Here they are,—take them,—they're yours,—my heart and my hand,—till Death comes between!"

"Don't talk that way, Luke," answered the girl, gravely. "Your father is waiting for you, I'm sure."

But Luke did not believe that she was in such haste to be rid of him.

"He hasn't gone down yet. I've watched," said he. "He'd be willing to wait, if he knew what I was saying. Besides, if you are in a hurry, it won't take but a minute to say yes, Clarice. Will you take my heart and my hand? Here is your ring."

Clarice took the ring and looked away; but, in looking away, her eyes fell on Luke, and she smiled.

"It's the prettiest thing, that ring is, in the world, except you, Clarice,"—so the smile made him speak.

"That's new for me," said the girl. "Talk sense, Luke."

"Handsome is that handsome does, say I. And if you a'n't the best girl in the Bay, Clary, who is, then? When are you going to say yes?" demanded the young fellow.

"Now," replied Clarice, suddenly.

"Have you taken my heart and hand?" asked the lad as quickly, his face glowing with delight.

"Yes."

"To keep forever, Clarice?" It seemed, after all, incredible.

"Yes, Luke." And so speaking, the girl meant *yes, forever*.

Now this promise had not really taken either of these children by surprise. They had long understood each other. But when they had given a mutual promise, both looked grave. Clarice stood by the water's edge, careless that time was passing. Luke was in no hurry for his father.

But at length a shrill voice called the girl. Dame Briton stood in the cabin door, and her angry tongue was laden with reproaches ready for utterance when Clarice should come within easier reach of her voice.

"I must go," said Clarice to Luke.

"I'll follow you, to-night. Don't work too hard," he answered. "Take care of my heart, Clarice."

A storm broke upon Clarice when she went home to her mother. She bore the blame of her idleness with tolerable patience, until it seemed as if the gale would never blow over. At last some quick words escaped her:—

"Three bushels of weed lie there on the boards ready spread, and drying. I gathered them before another creature was stirring in Diver's Bay." Then she added, more gently, "I found something besides."

But though Dame Briton heard, she passed this last bit of information without remark.

"Idling down there on the beach to see the boys off fishing!" she could not help saying. "You needn't be up afore the break o' day for work like that."

"It was Luke Merlyn."

"No matter."

"I showed him what I had found. Ask him if I'm ever too free. He'd know as quick as anybody,—and care as much."

Clarice, while speaking this, had departed yet farther both in look and voice from her usual serenity.

The dame let her last words pass without taking them up. She was by this time curious.

"What did you find?" asked she.

Clarice showed the basket and the gold chain. Her mother handled both with wondering admiration, asking many a question. At last she threw the chain around her neck.

"It's gold," said she. "It's worth much. If you could pick up the like of that every day, you might let the old weed-basket drift."

"I had rather gather weeds till my back was broken doing it, than ever find another," said Clarice.

The dame took this for a child's exaggeration; observing which, Clarice said, sadly,—

"Why, don't you see how it came to shore? There's been a wreck in the storm last week. Oh, may-be I've found all that will tell of it!"

"What's that in your hand?" asked the dame, who spied the ring.

Clarice half opened her palm; she did not like to let the ring pass from her keeping, and all this while she had stood doubting whether or not she should show it to her mother.

Dame Briton took it quickly. The dull glitter of greedy eyes fell on the mild lustre of the pearl, but found no reflection.

"A ring!" said she, and she tried to fit it to her little finger. It would not pass the first rough joint.

"Try it," said she to Clarice.

"No," was the quiet answer. "But I

will keep the ring. It must have been a lady's. May-be it was a token."

"May-be it was.—If your father should take that chain to the Port, he might make a handsome bargain,—if he was worth a snap at bargains.—Here's something; what be these marks? look here, Clarice."

The face of the girl flushed a little as she answered,—"*H. H.*"

"*H. H.!* What does that mean? I wonder."

"May-be the name of the owner," answered Clarice, timidly.

She was thinking, not of what the letters might have meant to others, but of what they had come to signify to her and Luke.

"Who knows?" answered her mother; and she stood musing and absent, and her face had a solemn look.

Clarice now took the basket to the fireplace and held it there till it was dried. With the drying the colors brightened and the sand was easily brushed away; but many a stain remained on the once dainty white silk lining; the basket would hardly have been recognized by its owner. Having dried and cleansed it as well as she was able, Clarice laid it away in a chest for safe-keeping, and then ate her breakfast, standing. After that, she went out to work again until the tide should come in. She left the chain with her mother, but the ring she had tied to a cord, and hung it around her neck.

By this time the children of the fishermen were all out, and the most industrious of them at work. They scattered among the rocks and crags, and wandered up and down the coast three miles, gathering sea-weed, which it was their custom to dry, and then carry to town, the Port, not many miles distant, where it was purchased by the glass-makers.

Clarice had neither brother nor sister, and she made little of the children of the neighboring fishermen; for her life was one of toil, and her inheritance seemed very different from theirs, though they

were all poor, and ate the crusts of labor.

Her father, had Nature only given him what she seemed to have intended at the outset, might have been as successful a fisherman as lived at the Bay. But he trusted to luck, and contrived to make half of what he earned a serious damage to him. The remainder was little enough for the comfort of his family, small though that family was.

Briton was a good fellow, everybody said. They meant that he was always ready for sport, and time-wasting, and drinking, and that sort of generosity which is the shabbiest sort of selfishness. They called him "Old Briton," but he was not, by many, the oldest man in Diver's Bay; he might have been the wickedest, had he not been the jolliest, and incapable of hiding malice in his heart. And if I said he was out and out the wickedest, I should request that people would refrain from lifting up their hands in horror, on account of the poor old fellow. We all know—alas, perhaps, we all love—wickeder souls than could have been produced from among the older fishermen, had all their sins been concentrated in one individual.

Old Briton was what the people called a lucky fisherman. In seasons when he chose to work, the result was sufficiently obvious, to himself and others, to astonish both. But even in the best seasons he was a bad manager. He trusted everybody, and found, to his astonishment, how few deserve to be trusted.

Dame Briton was a stout, loud-talking woman, whom experience had not softened in her ways of speech or thought or action. She was generally at strife with her husband, but the strife was most illogical. It did not admit of a single legitimate deduction in the mind of a third person. It seemed sometimes as if the pair were possessed of the instincts of those animals which unite for mutual destruction, and as if their purpose were to fulfil their destiny with the utmost rapidity.

In the years when Dame Briton, by

nature proud and ambitious, was putting forth the most successful efforts she ever made at decent housekeeping, endeavoring to transform her husband into such a person as he was not born to be, striving hard to work her will,—in those years Clarice was born.

Is the pearl a product of disease?

Clarice grew up in the midst of influences not the purest or most elevating. She was not by nature gay, but silent, truthful, and industrious. She was no coward by nature, and her training made her brave and hardy. Sometimes Old Briton called her his boy, and exacted from her the service of a son. Dame Briton did not quarrel with him for that; she was as proud as the fisherman of any feat of skill or strength or courage performed by Clarice. In their way they were both fond of the child, but their fondness had strange manifestation; and of much tender speech, or fondling, or praise, the girl stood in no danger.

Idleness especially was held up before her, from the outset, as the most destructive evil and dire iniquity of which human creature was capable; and Old Briton, lounging about all day with his pipe in his mouth,—by no means a rare spectacle,—did not interfere with the lesson the child's mother enforced. Winter and summer there was enough for the little feet and hands to do. So, as Clarice grew up, she earned the best reputation for industry of any girl in Diver's Bay.

Before she became the praise of the serious Bay people, Luke Merlyn's bright eyes were on the little girl, and he had a settled habit of seeking times and opportunities for quiet talks with her. He liked to ask and follow her advice in many matters. Many a heavy basket of weeds had he helped her carry home from the rocks; many a shell and pebble had he picked up in his coast-work, when he went beyond the limits of the Bay,—because he knew the good girl had a liking for every pretty thing.

If Clarice Briton was the finest girl, Luke Merlyn, beyond question, was the

most promising fellow in this little village of fishermen. He was strong, active, ready for any undertaking that required a bold spirit and firm hand,—was quicker in thought and readier in speech than any lad about. He had a little personal vanity,—and good looks to encourage the same; but he had besides a generous heart, and the conviction was general, whether expressed or not, that in Luke a man was growing up who would some day take the lead among the fishermen of Diver's Bay. He had a livelier fancy, a more active imagination, than any lad thereabout; these qualities of mind, united to his courage and warmth of heart, seemed to point toward a future worth arriving at.

II.

WHEN Luke returned from fishing, towards evening, he went down to Briton's cabin, hardly taking time to remove from his person the traces of his day of toil, his haste was so great.

Briton had arrived before him, and now sat at supper with his cup of grog beside him. When Luke entered, Dame Briton was exhibiting the gold chain, reserved, in spite of her impatience, till she had cooked the supper.

It was partly on account of this chain that Luke had made such haste in coming. He felt interested in the fortunes of the family to-night, and he knew Briton's habit of bargaining and throwing away treasure.

Clarice was standing on the hearth when he arrived. As Luke passed the window, he thought her face looked very sad; but when he crossed the threshold, the expression greatly changed, or else he was mistaken. She had been telling her father how she found the chain,—but concerning the ring was silent, as in the morning. That ring was still fastened to its cord, and hung about her neck. With reluctance she had shown it even to her mother, and by this time, having scarcely thought of anything beside, it possessed an almost sacred charm to her eyes. Why should I not say it was the most

sacred of all things to her, since that is but true?

"Is that the chain," asked Luke, as he came up behind the fisherman's chair, and clapped Old Briton on the shoulder. "You could trade that for a silver watch."

"What's that?" asked Briton, quickly taking up the lad's words; and he pulled out his pewter watch and laid it on the table. "A silver watch?" said he.

"A silver watch, as good as ever run, for that gold chain. Just see how fine it is!"

"So, so!" said the fisherman, thoughtfully resting his rough chin in his broad palm. That was his attitude, when, at home, he contemplated any of those famous bargains which always turned out so differently from anything that he anticipated.

"Let Luke do the trading for ye," said Briton's wife, quickly recognizing his symptoms.

She looked from the lad to her daughter, and back again, five or six times in a second,—seeing more than most people could have seen in observation apparently so careless and superficial.

"I kept a sharp look out, Clary, all day, but I saw nothing," said Luke, going over to the hearth.

"Nothing,—but," he added, she looked so disappointed, "but, for all that, some one else may."

"Oh, I hope so!"

"What are you talking about?" asked Briton.

"The shipwreck," said Luke.

"Oh!—well, Luke,—will you make the trade, Sir? What do *you* say, Clarice? The chain belongs to you, after all," said Briton, with a laugh,—he could not help the shipwreck. "What are you going to do with it, my girl?"

"It is yours, father."

"Thank ye!—a present!" Old Briton looked well pleased.

"And if Luke will take it over"—

"I'll go to-night," said Luke, ready to start that moment, if such was the wish of any person in the house.

Briton laughed. "No, you won't," said he. "What the deuse!—Sit down and take something. What are you all standing about for? Sit down. You shall do the trading, Luke. There now, I've said it, and I hope you are all easy."

He laughed again; for he knew very well—he had often enough heard it stated in full—the estimate set on his skill in making a bargain.

"You haven't seen the ring yet?" said Dame Briton, quite kindly, now that this matter was settled to her mind. "Where's the ring, Clarice?"

Other eyes were on the girl besides those of her mother. Old Briton pushed back his dish, and looked at Clarice. Luke was smiling. That smile became joyful and beautiful to see, when Clarice, blushing, removed the string from her neck and showed the ring.

"That's neat," said Briton, turning the delicate ornament round and round, examining its chaste workmanship admiringly. "I never saw a pearl like that, Mother. What do you wear it round your neck for, Clarice?—put it on your finger."

Luke Merlyn had come to Briton's cabin to explain how matters stood between him and Clarice, as well as to look after the other bargain. Taking advantage of her hesitation, he now said,—

"She could not wear it at her work. And it's a token betwixt her and me. *Heart and Hand*. Don't you see the letters? That's what they mean to us."

Luke spoke out so boldly, that Clarice ceased to tremble; and when he took her hand and held it, she was satisfied to stand there and answer, that the joined hands were a symbol of the united hearts.

"What's that, old woman?" asked Briton, looking at his wife, as if for an explanation.

"Luke, what do you mean? Are you asking for Clarice?" inquired the dame.

"Yes, Mrs. Briton."

"That's right enough, old woman," said Briton; and strong approval, to-

gether with some emotion, was in his voice.

"Babes in arms, both of 'em! But a promise a'n't no hurt,"—was the dame's comment. Neither was she quite unmoved, as she looked at the young pair standing on the hearth; such another, her heart told her, was not to be found in Diver's Bay.

"Clarice is a good girl, Luke Merlyn," said Old Briton, solemnly.

"She is so," confirmed the mother. "So take the ring there for your token."

Luke came forward and received the ring from Old Briton, and he laid the string that held it round Clarice's neck.

"Take this chain," said Briton, with a softened voice. "It's fitter than the string, and none too good for Clarice. Take it, Luke, and put the ring on't."

"I'm going to trade that chain for a silver watch," said Luke, answering according to the light he saw in the eyes of Clarice. "That chain is Clary's wed-ding present to her father."

"Thank you, Luke," said Briton,—and he drew his hand across his eyes, not for a pretence. Then he took up his old pewter watch, the companion of many years; he looked at it without and within, silently; perhaps was indulging in a little sentimental reflection; but he put it into his pocket without speaking, and went on with his supper, as if nothing had happened.

This took place before Clarice was fourteen years of age. At seventeen she was still living under her father's roof, and between her and Luke Merlyn the pearl ring still remained a token.

Luke used to praise her beauty when there was little of it to praise. He was not blinder when the young face began to be conspicuous for the growing loveliness of the spirit within. The little slender figure sprang up into larger, fuller life, with vigor, strength, and grace; the activity of her thoughts and the brightness of their intelligence became evident, as well as the tenderness and

courage of her heart. Her own home, and many another, was the better for Clarice.

Some Sunday in this summer of her seventeenth year, when the missionary came down to the Bay, they were to be married. It was settled where they were to live. A few years before, a young artist came to the Bay and built a cabin near the settlement; there, during the summer months, he lodged, for several seasons,—spending his time in studying the rocks of the coast and sailing about in his pleasure-boat. The last autumn he spent here he gave the cabin to Luke, in consideration of some generous service, and it was well known that to this home Luke would bring his wife ere long.

III.

BUT one bright day of this gay summer of anticipated bridal, Luke Merlyn went with his father, taking the fishing-nets, and a dozen men beside sailed or rowed out from the moorings; and all that went returned, save Merlyn and his son,—returned alive, but rowing desperately, sails furled, rowing for life in the gale. Nearly all the women and children of the Bay were down on the beach at nightfall, watching for the coming of husband, son, and brother; and before dark all had arrived except Merlyn and his Luke.

The wind was blowing with terrific violence, and darkness fell on the deep like despair. But until the windows of heaven were opened, and the floods poured down, Clarice Briton and her father, and the wife and children of Merlyn, stood on the beach, or climbed the rocks, and waited and tried to watch.

There was little sleep among them all that night. With the first approach of day, Clarice, who had sat all night by the fire watching with her fears, was out again waiting till dawn should enable her to search the shore. She was not long alone. The fishermen gathered together, and when they saw the poor girl who had come before them, for her sake they

comforted each other, as men dare,—and for her sake, more than their own, when they saw that there had come in to shore by night no token of disaster. Doubtless, they argued, Merlyn had put into the nearest port when the sudden storm arose. As the day advanced, they one after another got out their boats, and rowed down the bay, but did not take their nets.

Bondo Emmins went out with Old Briton, and Clarice heard him say, though he did not address her, that, if Luke Merlyn was alive, they would never come home without him. Now Bondo Emmins never loved Luke Merlyn, for Luke won every prize that Bondo coveted; and Bondo was not a hero to admire such superior skill. When Clarice heard his words, and saw that he was going out with her father, her heart stood still; it did not bless him; she turned away quickly, faint, cold, shivering. What he said had to her ears the sound of an assurance that this search was vain.

All day there was sad waiting, weary watching, around Diver's Bay. And late in the afternoon but one or two of the boats that went out in search had returned.

Towards evening Clarice walked away to the Point, three miles off; thence she could watch the boats as they approached the Bay from the ocean. Once before, that day, under the scorching noon tide sun, she had gone thither,—and now again, for she could not endure the sympathy of friends or the wondering watch of curious eyes. It was better than to stand and wait,—better than to face the grief of Merlyn's wife and children,—better than to see the pity in her neighbors' faces, or even than to hear the voice of her own mother.

The waves had freight for her that evening. When the tide came in, and her eyes were lifted, gazing afar, scanning the broad expanse of water with such searching, anxious vision, as, it seemed, nothing could escape, Luke Merlyn's cap was dashed to her very feet, tossed from the grave.

Moving back to escape the encroaching tide, Clarice saw the cap lying, caught on the craggy point of rock before her. Oh, she knew it well! She stooped,—she took it up,—she need not wait for any other token. She dared not look upon the sea again. She turned away. But whither? Where now was her home? So long a time, since she was a child, it had been in the heart of Luke! Where was that heart lying? What meant this token sent to her from the deep sea? Oh, life and love! was not all now over? Heart still, hand powerless, home lost, she sat on the beach till night fell. At sunset she stood up to look once more up and down the mighty field of waters, along the shore, as far as her eyes could reach,—but saw nothing. Then she sat down again, and waited until long after the stars appeared. Once or twice the thought that her mother would wonder at her long absence moved her; but she impatiently controlled the feeble impulse to arise and return, until she recalled the words of Bondo Emmins. Luke's mother, too,—and the cap in her care. If no one else had tidings for her, she had tidings.

Her father had reached home before her, and there was now no watcher on the beach, so far as Clarice could discover. Perhaps there was no longer any doubt in any mind. She hurried to the cabin. At the door she met Bondo Emmins coming out. He had a lantern in his hand.

"Is that you, Clarice?" said he. "I was just going to look for you."

She scanned his face by the glare of the lantern with terrible eagerness, to see what tidings he had for her. He only looked grave. It was a face whose signs Clarice had never wholly trusted, but she did not doubt them now.

"I have found his cap," said she, in a low, troubled voice. "You said, that, if he was alive, you would find him. I heard you. What have you found?"

"Nothing."

Then she passed by him, though he would have spoken further. She went into the house and sat down on the hearth

with Luke's cap in her hand, which she held up before the fire to dry. So she sat one morning holding the tiny basket which the waves had dashed ashore.

Briton and his wife looked at each other, and at young Emmins, who, after a moment's hesitation, had put out the lantern light, and followed her back into the house.

"It is his cap," said Bondo, in a low voice, but not so low as to escape the ear of Clarice.

"The sea sent it for a token," said she, without turning her gaze from the fire.

The old people moved up to the hearth.

"Sit down, Emmins," said Briton. "You've served us well to-day." In any trouble Old Briton's comfort was in feeling a stout wall of flesh around him.

Bondo sat down. Then he and Briton helped each other explain the course taken by themselves and the other boatmen that day, and they talked of what they would do on the morrow; but they failed to comfort Clarice, or to awaken in her any hope. She knew that in reality they had no hope themselves.

"They will never come back," said she. "You will never find them."

She spoke so calmly that her father was deceived. If this was her conviction, it would be safe to speak his own.

"The tide may bring the poor fellows in," said he.

At these words the cap which the poor girl held fell from her hand. She spoke no more. No word or cry escaped her,—not by a look did she acknowledge that there was community in this grief,—as solitary as if she were alone in the universe, she sat gazing into the fire. She was not overcome by things external, tangible, as she had been when she sat alone out on the sea-beach at the Point. The world in an instant seemed to sink out of her vision, and time from her consciousness; her soul set out on a search in which her mortal sense had failed,—and here no arm of flesh could help her.

"I shall find him," she said, in a whis-

per. They all heard her, and looked at one another, trouble and wonder in their faces. "I shall find him," she repeated, in a louder tone; and she drew herself up, and bent forward,—but her eyes saw not the cheerful fire-light, her ears took in no sound of crackling fagot, rising wind, or muttered fear among the three who sat and looked at her.

Bondo Emmins had taken up the cap when Clarice dropped it,—he had examined it inside and out, and passed it to Dame Briton. There was no mistaking the ownership. Not a child of Diver's Bay but would have recognized it as the property of Luke Merlyn. The dame passed it to the old man, who looked at it through tears, and then smoothed it over his great fist, and came nearer to the fire, and silence fell upon them all.

At last Dame Briton said, beginning stoutly, but ending with a sob, "Has anybody seen poor Merlyn's wife? Who'll tell her? Oh! oh!"

"I will go tell her that Clarice found the cap," said Bondo Emmins, rising.

Clarice sat like one in a stupor,—but that was no dull light shining from her eyes. Still she seemed deaf and dumb; for, when Bondo bade her good-night, she did not answer him, nor give the slightest intimation that she was aware of what passed around her.

But when he was gone, and her father said,—"Come, Clarice,—now for bed,—you'll wake the earlier,"—she instantly arose to act on his suggestion.

He followed her to the door of her little chamber and lingered there a moment. He wanted to say something for comfort, but had nothing to say; so he turned away in silence, and drank a pint of grog.

IV.

BONDO EMMINS was not a native of Diver's Bay. Only during the past three or four years had he lived among the fishermen. He called the place his home, but now and then indications of restlessness escaped him, and seemed to promise years of wandering, rather than a life of

patient, contented industry. He and Luke Merlyn were as unlike as any two young men that ever fished in the same bay. Luke was as firm, constant, reliable, from the day when he first managed a net, as any veteran whose gray hairs are honorable. Emmins flashed here and there like a wandering star; and whatever people might say of him when he was out of sight, he had the art of charming them to admiration while they were under his personal influence. He was lavish with his money; almost every cabin had a gift from him. He could talk forever, and with many was a true oracle. Though he worked regularly at his business, work seemed turned to play when he took it in hand. He could shout so as to be heard across the ocean,—so the children thought; he told stories better than any; and at the signal of his laughter it seemed as if the walls themselves would shake to pieces. When he hit on a device, it was strange indeed if he did not succeed in executing it; and no one was the wiser for the mortification and inward displeasure of the man, when he failed in any enterprise.

When Emmins came to Diver's Bay Clarice Briton was but a child, yet already the promised wife of Luke Merlyn. If this fact was made known to him, as very probably it was, Clarice was not a girl to excite his admiration or win his love. But as time passed on, Emmins found that he was not the only man in Diver's Bay; of all men to regard as a rival, there was Luke Merlyn! Luke, who went quietly about his business, interfering with no one, careful, brave, exact, had a firm place among the people, which might for a time be overshadowed, but from which he could not be moved. Two or three times Bondo Emmins stumbled against that impregnable position, and found that he must take himself out of the way. A small jealousy, a sharp rivalry, which no one suspected, quietly sprang up in his mind, and influenced his conduct; and he was not one who ever attempted to subdue or destroy what he found within him,—he was instead al-

ways endeavoring to bring the outer world into harmony with what he found within. A fine time he had of it, persistently laboring to make a victim of himself!

People praised Clarice Briton, and now and then Emmins looked that way, and saw that the girl, indeed, was well enough. He despised Luke, and Clarice seemed a very proper match for him. But while Bondo Emmins was managing in his own way, and cherishing the feeling he had against Luke, by seeking to prove himself the braver and more skilful fellow, Clarice was growing older in years and in love, her soul was growing brighter, her heart was getting lighter, her mind clearer,—her womanhood was unfolding in a certain lovely manner that was discernible to other eyes than those of Luke Merlyn. Luke said it was the ring that wrought the change,—that he could see its light all around her,—that it had a charm of which they could know nothing save by its results, for its secret had perished with its owner in the sea. His mermaid he would sometimes call her,—and declared that often, by that mysterious pearly light, he saw Clarice when far out at sea, and that at any time by two words he could bring her to him. She knew the words,—they were as dear to her as to him.

While Clarice was thus unfolding to this loveliness through love, Bondo Emmins suddenly saw her as if for the first time. The vision was to him as surprising as if the ring had indeed a power of enchantment, and it had been thrown around him. He was as active and as resolute in attempting to persuade himself that all this was nothing to him as he was active and resolute in other endeavors,—but he was not as successful as he supposed he should be. For it was not enough that Emmins should laugh at himself, and say that the pretty couple were meant for each other. Now and then, by accident, he obtained a glimpse of Clarice's happy heart; the pearl-like secret of their love, which was none the less a secret because everybody knew

that Luke and Clarice were to be married some day, would sometimes of itself unexpectedly give some token, which he, it seemed, could better appreciate than any one beside the parties concerned. When some such glimpse was obtained, some such token received, Bondo Emmins would retire within himself to a most gloomy seclusion; there was a world which had been conquered, and therein he had no foothold. If Clarice wore the pearl in her bosom, on Luke's head was a crown,—and Bondo Emmins just hated him for that.

But he never thought of a very easy method by which he might have escaped the trouble of his jealousy. The great highway of ocean was open before him, and millions of men beside Luke Merlyn were in the world, millions of women beside Clarice Briton. No! Diver's Bay,—and a score of people,—and a thought that smelt like brimstone, and fiery enough to burn through the soul that tried to keep it,—this for him;—fishing,—making bargains,—visiting at Old Briton's,—making presents to the dame,—telling stories, singing songs by that fireside, and growing quieter by every other,—that was the way he did it;—cured himself of jealousy? No! made himself a fool.

Old Briton liked this young man; he could appreciate his excellences even better than he could those of Luke; there were some points of resemblance between them. Emmins was as careless of money, as indifferent to growing rich, as Briton ever was; the virtues of the youth were not such as ever reproached the vices of the veteran. They could make boisterous merriment in each other's company. Briton's praise was never lacking when Bondo's name was mentioned. He accepted service of the youth, and the two were half the time working in partner-

ship. In the cabin he had always a welcome, and Dame Briton gave him her entire confidence.

Luke did not fear,—he had once admired the man; and because he was a peace-maker by nature, and could himself keep the peace, he never took any of Bondo's scathing speech in anger nor remembered it against him. Usually he joined in the laugh, unless some brave, manly word were required; honorable in his nature, he could not be always jealous in maintaining that of which he felt so secure.

If Clarice did not penetrate the cause, she clearly saw the fact that Bondo Emmins had no love for Luke. She might wonder at it, but Luke suffered no loss in consequence,—it was rather to his praise, she thought, that this was so. And she remembered the disputes between the young men which she had chanced to hear, only to decide again, as she had often decided, in favor of Luke's justice and truth.

When the time of great trouble came, and this man was going out with her father in search of Merlyn and his son, her impulse, had she acted on it, would have prevented him. He looked so strong, so proud, in spite of his solemn face! He looked so full of life, she could not endure to think that his eyes might discover the dead body of poor Luke.

When she came home and found that he had returned with her father, before her, on the evening of that day of vain search for Merlyn and his son, a strange satisfaction came to Clarice for a moment,—touched her heart and passed,—was gone as it came. When she said, "I shall find him," conviction, as well as determination, was in the words,—and more beside than entered the ears of those that heard her.

THE STORY OF KARIN.

A DANISH LEGEND.

KARIN the fair, Karin the gay,
She came on the morn of her bridal day,—

She came to the mill-pond clear and bright,
And viewed hersel' in the morning light.

“ And oh,” she cried, “ that my bonny brow
May ever be white and smooth as now !

“ And oh, my hair, that I love to braid,
Be yellow in sunshine, and brown in shade !

“ And oh, my waist, sae slender and fine,
May it never need girdle longer than mine ! ”

She lingered and laughed o'er the waters clear,
When sudden she starts, and shrieks in fear :—

“ Oh, what is this face, sae laidly old,
That looks at my side in the waters cold ? ”

She turns around to view the bank,
And the osier willows dark and dank ;—

And from the fern she sees arise
An aged crone wi' awsome eyes.

“ Ha ! ha ! ” she laughed, “ ye're a bonny bride !
See how ye'll fare gin the New Year tide !

“ Ye'll wear a robe sae blithely gran',
An ell-long girdle canna span.

“ When twal-months three shall pass away,
Your berry-brown hair shall be streaked wi' gray.

“ And gin ye be mither of bairnies nine,
Your brow shall be wrinkled and dark as mine.”

Karin she sprang to her feet wi' speed,
And clapped her hands abune her head :—

“ I pray to the saints and spirits all
That never a child may me mither call ! ”

The crone drew near, and the crone she spake :—
“ Nine times flesh and banes shall ache.

"Laidly and awsome ye shall wane
Wi' toil, and care, and travail-pain."

"Better," said Karin, "lay me low,
And sink for aye in the water's flow!"

The crone raised her withered hand on high,
And showed her a tree that stood hard by.

"And take of the bonny fruit," she said,
"And eat till the seeds are dark and red.

"Count them less, or count them more,
Nine times you shall number o'er;—

"And when each number you shall speak,
Cast seed by seed into the lake."

Karin she ate of the fruit sae fine;
'Twas mellow as sand, and sweet as brine.

Seed by seed she let them fall;
The waters rippled over all.

But ilka seed as Karin threw,
Uprose a bubble to her view,—

Uprose a sigh from out the lake,
As though a baby's heart did break.

* * * *

Twice nine years are come and gone;
Karin the fair she walks her lone.

She sees around, on ilka side,
Maiden and mither, wife and bride.

Wan and pale her bonny brow,
Sunken and sad her eyelids now.

Slow her step, and heavy her breast,
And never an arm whereon to rest.

The old kirk-porch when Karin spied,
The postern-door was open wide.

"Wae's me!" she said, "I'll enter in
And shrive me from my every sin."

'Twas silence all within the kirk;
The aisle was empty, chill, and mirk.

The chancel-rails were black and bare ;
Nae priest, nae penitent was there.

Karin knelt, and her prayer she said ;
But her heart within her was heavy and dead.

Her prayer fell back on the cold gray stone ;
It would not rise to heaven alone.

Darker grew the darksome aisle,
Colder felt her heart the while.

“ Wae’s me ! ” she cried, “ what is my sin ?
Never I wrongèd kith nor kin.

“ But why do I start and quake wi’ fear
Lest I a dreadful doom should hear ?

“ And what is this light that seems to fall
On the sixth command upon the wall ?

“ And who are these I see arise
And look on me wi’ stony eyes ?

“ A shadowy troop, they flock sae fast
The kirk-yard may not hold the last.

“ Young and old of ilk degree,
Bairns, and bairnies’ bairns, I see.

“ All I look on either way,
‘ Mother, mother ! ’ seem to say.

“ ‘ We are souls that might have been,
But for your vanity and sin.

“ ‘ We, in numbers multiplied,
Might have lived, and loved, and died,—

“ ‘ Might have served the Lord in this,—
Might have met thy soul in bliss.

“ ‘ Mourn for us, then, while you pray,
Who might have been, but never may ! ’ ”

Thus the voices died away,—
“ Might have been, but never may ! ”

Karin she left the kirk no more ;
Never she passed the postern-door.

They found her dead at the vesper toll ;—
May Heaven in mercy rest her soul !

THE ABBÉ DE L'ÉPÉE.

It was well said, by one who has himself been a leader in one of the great philanthropic enterprises of the day,* that, "if the truthful history of any invention were written, we should find concerned in it the thinker, who dreams, without reaching the means of putting his imaginings in practice,—the mathematician, who estimates justly the forces at command, in their relation to each other, but who forgets to proportion them to the resistance to be encountered,—and so on, through the thousand intermediates between the dream and the perfect idea, till one comes who combines the result of the labor of all his predecessors, and gives to the invention new life, and with it his name."

Such was the history of the movement for the education of deaf-mutes. There had been a host of dreamy thinkers, who had invented, on paper, processes for the instruction of these unfortunates,—men like Cardan, Bonet, Amman, Dalgarano, and Lana-Terzi, whose theories, in after years, proved seeds of thought to more practical minds. There had been men who had experimented on the subject till they were satisfied that the deaf-mute could be taught, but who lacked the nerve, or the philanthropy, to apply the results they had attained to the general instruction of the deaf and dumb, or who carefully concealed their processes, that they might leave them as heir-looms to their families;—among the former may be reckoned Pedro de Ponce, Wallis, and Pietro da Castro; among the latter, Pereira and Braidwood.

Yet there was wanting the man of earnest philanthropic spirit and practical tact, who should glean from all these whatever of good there was in their theories, and apply it efficiently in the education of those who through all the generations since the flood had been dwellers in the silent land, cut off from

intercourse with their fellow-men, and consigned alike by the philosopher's dictum and the theologian's decree to the idiot's life and the idiot's destiny.

It was to such a work that the Abbé de l'Épée consecrated his life. But he did more than this; he, too, was a discoverer, and to his mind was revealed, in all its fulness and force, that great principle which lies at the basis of the system of instruction which he initiated,—"that there is no more necessary or natural connection between abstract ideas and the articulate sounds which strike the ear, than there is between the same ideas and the written characters which address themselves to the eye." It was this principle, derided by the many, dimly perceived by the few, which led to the development of *the sign-language*, the means which God had appointed to unlock the darkened understanding of the deaf-mute, but which man, in his self-sufficiency and blindness, had overlooked.

It is interesting to trace the history of such a man,—to know something of his childhood,—to learn under what influences he was reared, to what temptations exposed,—to see the guiding hand of Providence shaping his course, subjecting him to the discipline of trial, thwarting his most cherished projects, crushing his fondest hopes, and all, that by these manifold crosses he may be the better prepared for the place for which God has destined him. We regret that so little is recorded of this truly great and good man, but we will lay that little before our readers.

CHARLES MICHEL DE L'ÉPÉE was born at Versailles, November 5th, 1712. His father, who held the post of Architect to the King, in an age remarkable above any other in French history for the prevalence of immorality, which even the refinement and pretended sanctity of the court and nobility could not disguise,

* M. Edouard Seguin.

was a man of deep piety and purity of character. Amid the lust, selfishness, and hypocrisy of the age, he constantly sought to impress upon the minds of his children the importance of truthfulness, the moderation of desire, reverence for God, and love for their fellow-men.

To the young Charles Michel compliance with the behests of such a parent was no difficult task; naturally amiable and obedient, the instructions of his father sunk deep into his heart. At an early age, he manifested that love of goodness which made every form of vice utterly distasteful to him; and in after years, when he heard of the struggles of those who, with more violent passions or less careful parental training, sought to lead the Christian life, his own pure and peaceful experience seemed to him wanting in perfection, because he had so seldom been called to contend with temptation.

As manhood approached, and he was required to fix upon a profession, his heart instinctively turned toward a clerical life, not, as was the case with so many of the young priests of that day, for its honors, its power, or its emoluments, but because, in that profession, he might the better fulfil the earnest desire of his heart to do good to his fellow-men. He accordingly commenced the study of theology. Here all went well for a time; but when he sought admission to deacon's orders, he was met by unexpected opposition. To a pious mind, like that of young De l'Épée, the consistent and Scriptural views of the Jansenists, not less than their pure and virtuous lives, were highly attractive, and through the influence of a clerical friend, a nephew of the celebrated Bossuet, he had been led to examine and adopt them. The diocesan to whom he applied for deacon's orders was a Jesuit, and, before he would admit him, he required him to sign a formula of doctrine which was abhorrent alike to his reason and his conscience. He refused at once, and, on his refusal, his application was rejected; and though subsequently ad-

mitted to the diaconate, he was insultingly told by his superior, that he need not aspire to any higher order, for it should not be granted.

It was with a saddened heart that he found himself thus compelled to forego long cherished hopes of usefulness. With that glowing imagination which characterized him even in old age, he had looked forward to the time when, as the curate of some retired parish, he might encourage the devout, reprove and control the erring, and, by his example, counsel, and prayers, so mould and influence the little community, that it should seem another Eden. But an overruling Providence had reserved for him a larger field of usefulness, a more extended mission of mercy, and it was through the path of trial that he was to be led to it.

Regarding it as his duty to employ his time, he at length determined to enter the legal profession. He passed with rapidity through the preliminary course of study, and was admitted to the bar. The practice of the law was not, at that time, in France, nor is it, indeed, now, invested with the high character attaching to it in England. Its codes and rules bore the impress of a barbarous age; and among its practitioners, fraud, artifice, and chicanery were the rule, and honesty the rare and generally unfortunate exception.

For such a profession the pure-minded De l'Épée found himself entirely unfitted, and, abandoning it with loathing, his eyes and heart were again directed toward the profession of his choice, and, this time, apparently not in vain. His early friend, M. de Bossuet, had been elevated to the see of Troyes, and, knowing his piety and zeal, offered him a canonry in his cathedral, and admitted him to priest's orders. The desire of his heart was now gratified, and he entered upon his new duties with the utmost ardor. "In all the diocese of Troyes," says one of his contemporaries, "there was not so faithful a priest."

But his hopes were soon to be blasted. Monseigneur de Bossuet died, and, as the

Jansenist controversy was at its height, his old enemies, the Jesuits, exerted their influence with the Archbishop of Paris, and procured an interdict, prohibiting him from ever again exercising the functions of the priesthood.

A severer blow could scarcely have fallen upon him. He sought not for honor, he asked not for fame or worldly renown; he had only desired to be useful, to do good to his fellow-men; and now, just as his hopes were budding into fruition, just as some results of his faithful labors were beginning to appear, all were cut off by the keen breath of adversity.

It was while suffering from depression, at his unjust exclusion from the duties of his calling, that his attention was first directed to the unfortunate class to whom he was to be the future evangelist, or bringer of good tidings. Bébian thus relates the incident which led him to undertake the instruction of the deaf and dumb :—

"He happened one day to enter a house, where he found two young females engaged in needlework, which seemed to occupy their whole attention. He addressed them, but received no answer. Somewhat surprised at this, he repeated his question; but still there was no reply; they did not even lift their eyes from the work before them. In the midst of the Abbé's wonder at this apparent rudeness, their mother entered the room, and the mystery was at once explained. With tears she informed him that her daughters were deaf and dumb; that they had received, by means of pictures, a little instruction from Father Farnin, a benevolent ecclesiastic of the order of "Christian Brothers," in the neighborhood; but that he was now dead, and her poor children were left without any one to aid their intellectual progress.—'Believing,' said the Abbé, 'that these two unfortunates would live and die in ignorance of religion, if I made no effort to instruct them, my heart was filled with compassion, and I promised, that, if they were committed to my

charge, I would do all for them that I was able.'

It was in 1755 that the Abbé de l'Épée thus entered upon his great mission. Six years before, Jacob Rodriguez de Pereira had come from Spain, and exhibited some deaf and dumb pupils whom he had taught, before the Academy of Sciences. They were able to speak indifferently well, and had attained a moderate degree of scientific knowledge. Pereira himself was a man of great learning, of the most agreeable and fascinating manners, and possessed, in a high degree, that tact and address in which the Spanish Jews have never been surpassed. He soon made a very favorable impression upon the court, and led a pleasant life in the society of the literary men of the age. During his residence in France, he taught some five or six mutes of high rank to speak and to make considerable attainments in science,—charging for this service most princely fees, and at the same time binding his pupils to perfect secrecy in regard to his methods, which it was his intention to bequeath to his family. This intention was thwarted, however, soon after his death, by a fire which destroyed nearly all his papers, and to this day his method has remained a secret, unknown even to his children. It is certain, however, that he made no use of the sign-language, though there is some evidence that he invented and practised a system of syllabic dactylography. Of this, the only successful effort which, up to that time, had been made in France, to teach deaf-mutes, it is obvious that De l'Épée could have known nothing, save the fact that it demonstrated the capacity of some of this class to receive instruction. It is, indeed, certain, from his own statements, that, at the time of commencing his labors, he had no knowledge of any works on the subject. He had somewhere picked up the manual alphabet invented by Bonet in 1620; and in subsequent years he derived some advantages from the works of Cardan, Bonet, Ammán, Wallis, and Dalgarno.

It was well for the deaf and dumb that he entered upon his work thus untrammeled by any preconceived theory; for he was thus prepared to adopt, without prejudice, whatever might facilitate the great object for which he labored. "I have not," he said, in a letter to Pereira, in which he challenged an open comparison of their respective systems of instruction, promising to adopt his, should it prove to be better than his own,—"I have not the silly pride of desiring to be an inventor; I only wish to do something for the benefit of the deaf-mutes of all coming ages."

We have already adverted to the great principle which lay at the foundation of his system of instruction. The corollary deduced from this, that the idea was substantive, and had an existence separate from and independent of all words, written or spoken, was a startling proposition in those days, however harmless we may now regard it. But, convinced of its truth, De l'Épée set to himself the problem of discovering how this *idea* could be presented to the mind of the mute without words; and in their gestures and signs he found his problem solved. Henceforth, the way, though long and tedious, was plain before him. To extend, amplify, and systematize this language of signs was his task. How well he accomplished his work, the records of Deaf and Dumb Institutions, in Europe and America, testify. Others have entered into his labors and greatly enlarged the range of sign-expression,—modified and improved, perhaps, many of its forms; but, because Lord Rosse's telescope exceeds in power and range the little three-foot tube of Galileo Galilei, shall we therefore despise the Italian astronomer? To say that his work, or that of the Abbé De l'Épée, was not perfect, is only to say that they were mortals like ourselves.

But it is not only, or mainly, as a philosopher, that we would present the Abbé De l'Épée to our readers. He was far more than this; he was, in the highest sense of the word, a philanthropist.

While Pereira, in the liberal compensation he received from French nobles for the instruction of their mute children, laid the foundation of that fortune by means of which his grandsons are now enabled to rank with the most eminent of French financiers, De l'Épée devoted his time and his entire patrimony to the education of indigent deaf-mutes. His school, which was soon quite large, was conducted solely at his own expense, and, as his fortune was but moderate, he was compelled to practise the most careful economy; yet he would never receive gifts from the wealthy, nor admit to his instructions their deaf and dumb children. "It is not to the rich," he would say, "that I have devoted myself; it is to the poor only. Had it not been for *these*, I should never have attempted the education of the deaf and dumb."

In 1780, he was waited upon by the ambassador of the Empress of Russia, who congratulated him on his success, and tendered him, in her name, valuable gifts. "Mr. Ambassador," was the reply of the noble old man, "I never receive money; but have the goodness to say to her Majesty, that, if my labors have seemed to her worthy of any consideration, I ask, as an especial favor, that she will send to me from her dominions some ignorant deaf and dumb child, that I may instruct him."

When Joseph II., of Austria, visited Paris, he sought out De l'Épée, and offered him the revenues of one of his estates. To this liberal proposition the Abbé replied: "Sire, I am now an old man. If your Majesty desires to confer any gift upon the deaf and dumb, it is not my head, already bent towards the grave, that should receive it, but the good work itself. It is worthy of a great prince to preserve whatever is useful to mankind." The Emperor, acting upon his suggestion, soon after sent one of his ecclesiastics to Paris, who, on receiving the necessary instruction from De l'Épée, established at Vienna the first national institution for the deaf and dumb.

A still more striking instance of the

self-denial to which his love for his little flock prompted him is related by Bébian. During the severe winter of 1788, the Abbé, already in his seventy-seventh year, denied himself a fire in his apartment, and refused to purchase fuel for this purpose, lest he should exceed the moderate sum which necessarily limited the annual expenditure of his establishment. All the remonstrances of his friends were unavailing; his pupils at length cast themselves at his feet, and with tears besought him to allow himself this indulgence, for their sake, if not for his own. Their importunities finally prevailed; but for a long time he manifested the greatest regret that he had yielded, often saying, mournfully, "My poor children, I have wronged you of a hundred crowns!"

That this deep and abiding affection was fully reciprocated by those whom he had rescued from a life of helpless wretchedness was often manifested. He always called them his children, and, indeed, his relation to them had more of the character of the parent than of the teacher. On one occasion, not long before his decease, in one of his familiar conversations with them, he let fall a remark which implied that his end might be approaching. Though he had often before spoken of death, yet the idea that he could thus be taken from them had never entered their minds, and a sudden cry of anguish told how terrible to them was the thought. Pressing around him, with sobs and wailing, they laid hold of his garments, as if to detain him from the last long journey. Himself affected to tears by these tokens of their love for him, the good Abbé succeeded, at length, in calming their grief; he spoke to them of death as being, to the good, only the gate which divides us from heaven; reminded them that the separation, if they were the friends of God, though painful, would be temporary; that he should go before them, and await their coming, and that, once reunited, no further separation would ever occur; while there the tongue would be unloosed,

the ear unsealed, and they would be enabled to enjoy the music as well as the glories of heaven. Thus quieted, with chastened grief came holy aspiration; and it is not unreasonable to hope that the world of bliss, in after years, witnessed the meeting of many of these poor children with their sainted teacher.

It is interesting to observe the humility of such a man. The praises lavished on him seemed not in any way to elate him; and he invariably refused any commendation for his labors: "He that planteth is nothing, neither he that watereth, but God, who giveth the increase," was his reply to one who congratulated him on the success which had attended his labors.

With one incident more we must close this "record of a good man's life." Some years after the opening of his school for deaf-mutes, a deaf and dumb boy, who had been found wandering in the streets of Paris, was brought to him. With that habitual piety which was characteristic of him, De l'Epée received the boy as a gift from Heaven, and accordingly named him Theodore. The new comer soon awakened an unusual interest in the mind of the good Abbé. Though dressed in rags when found; his manners and habits showed that he had been reared in refinement and luxury. But, until he had received some education, he could give no account of himself; and the Abbé, though satisfied that he had been the victim of some foul wrong, held his peace, till the mental development of his *protégé* should enable him to describe his early home. Years passed, and, as each added to his intelligence, young Theodore was able to call to mind more and more of the events of childhood. He remembered that his ancestral home had been one of great magnificence, in a large city, and that he had been taken thence, stripped of his rich apparel, clothed in rags, and left in the streets of Paris. The Abbé determined, at once, to attempt to restore his *protégé* to the rights of which he had

been so cruelly defrauded; but, being himself too infirm to attempt the journey, he sent the youth, with his steward, and a fellow-pupil named Didier, to make the tour of all the cities of France till they should find the home of Theodore. Long and weary was their journey, and it was not till after having visited almost all of the larger cities, that they found that the young mute recognized in Toulouse the city of his birth. Each of its principal streets was evidently familiar to him, and at length, with a sudden cry, he pointed out a splendid mansion as his former home. It was found to be the palace of the Count de Solar. On subsequent inquiry, it appeared that the heir of the estate had been deaf and dumb; that some years before he had been taken to Paris, and was said to have died there. The dates corresponded exactly with the appearance of young Theodore in Paris. As soon as possible, the Abbé and the Duke de Penthièvre commenced a law-suit, which resulted in the restoration of Theodore to his title and property. The defeated party appealed to the Parliament, and, by continuing the case till after the death of the Abbé and the Duke, succeeded in obtaining a reversal of the decision, and the declaration that the claimant was an impostor. Stung with disappointment at the blighting of his hopes, young Theodore enlisted in the army, and was slain in his first battle.

The Abbé de l'Épée died at Paris on the 23d of December, 1789, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Had he been spared two years longer, he would have seen his school, the object of his fond cares, adopted by the government, and decreed a national support. But though this act, and the accompanying vote, which declared that it was "done in honor of Charles Michel de l'Épée, a man who deserved well of his country,"

were creditable to the National Assembly, and the people whom it represented, yet we cannot but remember the troublous times that followed,—times in which no public service, no private goodness, neither the veneration due to age, the delicacy of womanhood, nor the winsome helplessness of infancy, was any protection against the insensate vengeance of a maddened people; and remembering this, we cannot regret that he whose life had been so peaceful was laid in a quiet grave ere the coming of the tempest.

It is but justice, however, to the French people to say, that no name in their history is heard with more veneration, or with more profound demonstrations of love and gratitude, than that of the Abbé de l'Épée. In 1843, the citizens of Versailles, his birth-place, erected a bronze statue in his honor; and the highest dignitaries of the state, amid the acclamations of assembled thousands, eulogized his memory. In 1855, the centennial anniversary of the establishment of his school for deaf-mutes was celebrated at Paris, and was attended by delegations from most of the Deaf and Dumb Institutions of Europe.

But sixty-eight years have elapsed since the death of this noble philanthropist, and, already, more than two hundred institutions for the deaf and dumb have been established, on the system projected by him and improved by his successors; and tens of thousands of mutes throughout Christendom, in consequence of his generous and self-denying zeal, have been trained for usefulness in this life, and many of them, we hope, prepared for a blissful hereafter. To all these the name of the Abbé de l'Épée has been one cherished in their heart of hearts; and, through all the future, wherever the understanding of the deaf-mute shall be enlightened by instruction, his memory shall be blessed.

WHO IS THE THIEF?

(Extracted from the Correspondence of the London Police.)

FROM CHIEF INSPECTOR THEAKSTONE,
OF THE DETECTIVE POLICE, TO
SERGEANT BULMER, OF THE SAME
FORCE.

London, 4th July, 18—.

SERGEANT BULMER,

This is to inform you that you are wanted to assist in looking up a case of importance, which will require all the attention of an experienced member of the force. The matter of the robbery on which you are now engaged you will please to shift over to the young man who brings you this letter. You will tell him all the circumstances of the case, just as they stand; you will put him up to the progress you have made (if any) towards detecting the person or persons by whom the money has been stolen; and you will leave him to make the best he can of the matter now in your hands. He is to have the whole responsibility of the case, and the whole credit of his success, if he brings it to a proper issue.

So much for the orders that I am desired to communicate to you. A word in your ear, next, about this new man who is to take your place. His name is Matthew Sharpin; and between ourselves, Sergeant, I don't think much of him. He has not served his time among the rank and file of the force. You and I mounted up, step by step, to the places we now fill; but this stranger, it seems, is to have the chance given him of dashing into our office at one jump,—supposing he turns out strong enough to take it. You will naturally ask me how he comes by this privilege. I can only tell you, that he has some uncommonly strong interest to back him in certain high quarters, which you and I had better

not mention except under our breaths. He has been a lawyer's clerk; and he looks, to my mind, rather a mean, underhand sample of that sort of man. According to his own account,—by the bye, I forgot to say that he is wonderfully conceited in his opinion of himself, as well as mean and underhand to look at,—according to his own account, he leaves his old trade and joins ours of his own free will and preference. You will no more believe that than I do. My notion is, that he has managed to ferret out some private information, in connection with the affairs of one of his master's clients, which makes him rather an awkward customer to keep in the office for the future, and which, at the same time, gives him hold enough over his employer to make it dangerous to drive him into a corner by turning him away. I think the giving him this unheard-of chance among us is, in plain words, pretty much like giving him hush-money to keep him quiet. However that may be, Mr. Matthew Sharpin is to have the case now in your hands; and if he succeeds with it, he pokes his ugly nose into our office, as sure as fate. You have heard tell of some sad stuff they have been writing lately in the newspapers, about improving the efficiency of the Detective Police by mixing up a sharp lawyer's clerk or two along with them. Well, the experiment is now going to be tried; and Mr. Matthew Sharpin is the first lucky man who has been pitched on for the purpose. We shall see how this precious move succeeds. I put you up to it, Sergeant, so that you may not stand in your own light by giving the new man any cause to complain of you at head-quarters, and remain yours,

FRANCIS THEAKSTONE.

FROM MR. MATTHEW SHARPIN TO
CHIEF INSPECTOR THEAKSTONE.

London, 5th July, 18—.

DEAR SIR,

Having now been favored with the necessary instructions from Sergeant Bulmer, I beg to remind you of certain directions which I have received, relating to the report of my future proceedings, which I am to prepare for examination at head-quarters.

The document in question is to be addressed to you. It is to be not only a daily report, but an hourly report as well, when circumstances may require it. All statements which I send to you, in this way, you are, as I understand, expected to examine carefully before you seal them up and send them in to the higher authorities. The object of my writing and of your examining what I have written is, I am informed, to give me, as an untried hand, the benefit of your advice, in case I want it (which I venture to think I shall not) at any stage of my proceedings. As the extraordinary circumstances of the case on which I am now engaged make it impossible for me to absent myself from the place where the robbery was committed, until I have made some progress towards discovering the thief, I am necessarily precluded from consulting you personally. Hence the necessity of my writing down the various details, which might, perhaps, be better communicated by word of mouth. This, if I am not mistaken, is the position in which we are now placed. I state my own impressions on the subject, in writing, in order that we may clearly understand each other at the outset,—and have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

MATTHEW SHARPIN.

FROM CHIEF INSPECTOR THEAKSTONE
TO MR. MATTHEW SHARPIN.

London, 5th July, 18—.

SIR,

You have begun by wasting time, ink, and paper. We both of us perfectly

well knew the position we stood in towards each other, when I sent you with my letter to Sergeant Bulmer. There was not the least need to repeat it in writing. Be so good as to employ your pen, in future, on the business actually in hand. You have now three separate matters on which to write me. First, you have to draw up a statement of your instructions received from Sergeant Bulmer, in order to show us that nothing has escaped your memory, and that you are thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances of the case which has been entrusted to you. Secondly, you are to inform me what it is you propose to do. Thirdly, you are to report every inch of your progress, (if you make any,) from day to day, and, if need be, from hour to hour as well. This is your duty. As to what *my* duty may be, when I want you to remind me of it, I will write and tell you so. In the mean time I remain yours,

FRANCIS THEAKSTONE.

FROM MR. MATTHEW SHARPIN TO
CHIEF INSPECTOR THEAKSTONE.

London, 6th July, 18—.

SIR,

You are rather an elderly person, and, as such, naturally inclined to be a little jealous of men like me, who are in the prime of their lives and their faculties. Under these circumstances, it is my duty to be considerate towards you, and not to bear too hardly on your small failings. I decline, therefore, altogether, to take offence at the tone of your letter; I give you the full benefit of the natural generosity of my nature; I sponge the very existence of your surly communication out of my memory; in short, Chief Inspector Theakstone, I forgive you, and proceed to business.

My first duty is to draw up a full statement of the instructions I have received from Sergeant Bulmer. Here they are at your service, according to my version of them.

At Number Thirteen, Rutherford Street, Soho, there is a stationer's shop. It is kept by one Mr. Yatman. He is a married man, but has no family. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Yatman, the other inmates of the house are a lodger, a young single man named Jay, who occupies the front room on the second floor,—a shopman, who sleeps in one of the attics,—and a servant-of-all-work, whose bed is in the back-kitchen. Once a week a charwoman comes to help this servant. These are all the persons who, on ordinary occasions, have means of access to the interior of the house, placed, as a matter of course, at their disposal.

Mr. Yatman has been in business for many years,—carrying on his affairs prosperously enough to realize a handsome independence for a person in his position. Unfortunately for himself, he endeavored to increase the amount of his property by speculating. He ventured boldly in his investments, luck went against him, and rather less than two years ago he found himself a poor man again. All that was saved out of the wreck of his property was the sum of two hundred pounds.

Although Mr. Yatman did his best to meet his altered circumstances, by giving up many of the luxuries and comforts to which he and his wife had been accustomed, he found it impossible to retrench so far as to allow of putting by any money from the income produced by his shop. The business has been declining of late years,—the cheap advertising stationers having done it injury with the public. Consequently, up to the last week, the only surplus property possessed by Mr. Yatman consisted of the two hundred pounds which had been recovered from the wreck of his fortune. This sum was placed as a deposit in a joint-stock bank of the highest possible character.

Eight days ago, Mr. Yatman and his lodger, Mr. Jay, held a conversation together on the subject of the commercial difficulties, which are hampering trade in all directions at the present

time. Mr. Jay (who lives by supplying the newspapers with short paragraphs relating to accidents, offences, and brief records of remarkable occurrences in general,—who is, in short, what they call a penny-a-liner) told his landlord that he had been in the city that day, and heard unfavorable rumors on the subject of the joint-stock banks. The rumors to which he alluded had already reached the ears of Mr. Yatman from other quarters; and the confirmation of them by his lodger had such an effect on his mind,—predisposed, as it was, to alarm, by the experience of his former losses,—that he resolved to go at once to the bank and withdraw his deposit. It was then getting on toward the end of the afternoon; and he arrived just in time to receive his money before the bank closed.

He received the deposit in bank-notes of the following amounts:—one fifty-pound note, three twenty-pound notes, six ten-pound notes, and six five-pound notes. His object in drawing the money in this form was to have it ready to lay out immediately in trifling loans, on good security, among the small tradespeople of his district,—some of whom are sorely pressed for the very means of existence at the present time. Investments of this kind seemed to Mr. Yatman to be the most safe and the most profitable on which he could now venture.

He brought the money back in an envelope placed in his breast pocket; and asked his shopman, on getting home, to look for a small flat tin cash-box, which had not been used for years, and which, as Mr. Yatman remembered it, was exactly of the right size to hold the bank-notes. For some time the cash-box was searched for in vain. Mr. Yatman called to his wife to know if she had any idea where it was. The question was overheard by the servant-of-all-work, who was taking up the tea-tray at the time, and by Mr. Jay, who was coming down stairs on his way out to the theatre. Ultimately the cash-box was found by the shopman. Mr. Yatman placed the bank-

notes in it, secured them by a padlock, and put the box in his coat pocket. It stuck out of the coat pocket a very little, but enough to be seen. Mr. Yatman remained at home, up stairs, all that evening. No visitors called. At eleven o'clock he went to bed, and put the cash-box under his pillow.

When he and his wife woke the next morning, the box was gone. Payment of the notes was immediately stopped at the Bank of England; but no news of the money has been heard of since that time.

So far, the circumstances of the case are perfectly clear. They point unmistakably to the conclusion that the robbery must have been committed by some person living in the house. Suspicion falls, therefore, upon the servant-of-all-work, upon the shopman, and upon Mr. Jay. The two first knew that the cash-box was being inquired for by their master, but did not know what it was he wanted to put into it. They would assume, of course, that it was money. They both had opportunities (the servant, when she took away the tea,—and the shopman, when he came, after shutting up, to give the keys of the till to his master) of seeing the cash-box in Mr. Yatman's pocket, and of inferring naturally, from its position there, that he intended to take it into his bedroom with him at night.

Mr. Jay, on the other hand, had been told, during the afternoon's conversation on the subject of joint-stock banks, that his landlord had a deposit of two hundred pounds in one of them. He also knew that Mr. Yatman left him with the intention of drawing that money out; and he heard the inquiry for the cash-box, afterwards, when he was coming down stairs. He must, therefore, have inferred that the money was in the house, and that the cash-box was the receptacle intended to contain it. That he could have had any idea, however, of the place in which Mr. Yatman intended to keep it for the night is impossible, seeing that he went out before the box was found, and did not return till his landlord was in bed. Conse-

quently, if he committed the robbery, he must have gone into the bedroom purely on speculation.

Speaking of the bedroom reminds me of the necessity of noticing the situation of it in the house, and the means that exist of gaining easy access to it at any hour of the night. The room in question is the back room on the first floor. In consequence of Mrs. Yatman's constitutional nervousness on the subject of fire, which makes her apprehend being burnt alive in her room, in case of accident, by the hampering of the lock, if the key is turned in it, her husband has never been accustomed to lock the bedroom door. Both he and his wife are, by their own admission, heavy sleepers. Consequently, the risk to be run by any evil-disposed persons wishing to plunder the bedroom was of the most trifling kind. They could enter the room by merely turning the handle of the door; and if they moved with ordinary caution, there was no fear of their waking the sleepers inside. This fact is of importance. It strengthens our conviction that the money must have been taken by one of the inmates of the house, because it tends to show that the robbery, in this case, might have been committed by persons not possessed of the superior vigilance and cunning of the experienced thief.

Such are the circumstances, as they were related to Sergeant Bulmer, when he was first called in to discover the guilty parties, and, if possible, to recover the lost bank-notes. The strictest inquiry which he could institute failed of producing the smallest fragment of evidence against any of the persons on whom suspicion naturally fell. Their language and behavior, on being informed of the robbery, was perfectly consistent with the language and behavior of innocent people. Sergeant Bulmer felt, from the first, that this was a case for private inquiry and secret observation. He began by recommending Mr. and Mrs. Yatman to affect a feeling of perfect confidence in the innocence of the persons living under their roof; and he

then opened the campaign by employing himself in following the goings and comings, and in discovering the friends, the habits, and the secrets of the maid-of-all-work.

Three days and nights of exertion on his own part, and on that of others who were competent to assist his investigations, were enough to satisfy him that there was no sound cause for suspicion against the girl.

He next practised the same precautions in relation to the shopman. There was more difficulty and uncertainty in privately clearing up this person's character without his knowledge, but the obstacles were at last smoothed away with tolerable success; and though there is not the same amount of certainty, in this case, which there was in the case of the girl, there is still fair reason for believing that the shopman has had nothing to do with the robbery of the cash-box.

As a necessary consequence of these proceedings, the range of suspicion now becomes limited to the lodger, Mr. Jay. When I presented your letter of introduction to Sergeant Bulmer, he had already made some inquiries on the subject of this young man. The result, so far, has not been at all favorable. Mr. Jay's habits are irregular; he frequents public houses, and seems to be familiarly acquainted with a great many dissolute characters; he is in debt to most of the tradespeople whom he employs; he has not paid his rent to Mr. Yatman for the last month; yesterday evening he came home excited by liquor, and last week he was seen talking to a prize-fighter. In short, though Mr. Jay does call himself a journalist, in virtue of his penny-a-line contributions to the newspapers, he is a young man of low tastes, vulgar manners, and bad habits. Nothing has yet been discovered, in relation to him, which redounds to his credit in the smallest degree.

I have now reported, down to the very last details, all the particulars communicated to me by Sergeant Bulmer.

I believe you will not find an omission anywhere; and I think you will admit, though you are prejudiced against me, that a clearer statement of facts was never laid before you than the statement I have now made. My next duty is to tell you what I propose to do, now that the case is confided to my hands.

In the first place, it is clearly my business to take up the case at the point where Sergeant Bulmer has left it. On his authority, I am justified in assuming that I have no need to trouble myself about the maid-of-all-work and the shopman. Their characters are now to be considered as cleared up. What remains to be privately investigated is the question of the guilt or innocence of Mr. Jay. Before we give up the notes for lost, we must make sure, if we can, that he knows nothing about them.

This is the plan that I have adopted, with the full approval of Mr. and Mrs. Yatman, for discovering whether Mr. Jay is or is not the person who has stolen the cash-box:—

I propose, to-day, to present myself at the house in the character of a young man who is looking for lodgings. The back room on the second floor will be shown to me as the room to let; and I shall establish myself there to-night, as a person from the country, who has come to London to look for a situation in a respectable shop or office. By this means I shall be living next to the room occupied by Mr. Jay. The partition between us is mere lath and plaster. I shall make a small hole in it, near the cornice, through which I can see what Mr. Jay does in his room, and hear every word that is said when any friend happens to call on him. Whenever he is at home, I shall be at my post of observation. Whenever he goes out, I shall be after him. By employing these means of watching him, I believe I may look forward to the discovery of his secret—if he knows anything about the lost bank-notes—as to a dead certainty.

What you may think of my plan of

observation I cannot undertake to say. It appears to me to unite the invaluable merits of boldness and simplicity. Fortified by this conviction, I close the present communication with feelings of the most sanguine description in regard to the future, and remain your obedient servant,

MATTHEW SHARPIN.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

7th July.

SIR,

As you have not honored me with any answer to my last communication, I assume, that, in spite of your prejudices against me, it has produced the favorable impression on your mind which I ventured to anticipate. Gratified and encouraged beyond measure by the token of approval which your eloquent silence conveys to me, I proceed to report the progress that has been made in the course of the last twenty-four hours.

I am now comfortably established next door to Mr. Jay; and I am delighted to say that I have two holes in the partition, instead of one. My natural sense of humor has led me into the pardonable extravagance of giving them both appropriate names. One I call my Peep-Hole, and the other my Pipe-Hole. The name of the first explains itself; the name of the second refers to a small tin pipe, or tube, inserted in the hole, and twisted so that the mouth of it comes close to my ear, when I am standing at my post of observation. Thus, while I am looking at Mr. Jay through my Peep-Hole, I can hear every word that may be spoken in his room through my Pipe-Hole.

Perfect candor—a virtue which I have possessed from my childhood—compels me to acknowledge, before I go any farther, that the ingenious notion of adding a Pipe-Hole to my proposed Peep-Hole originated with Mrs. Yatman. This lady—a most intelligent and accomplished person, simple, and yet distinguished, in her manners—has entered into all my little plans with an enthusiasm and intelligence which I cannot

too highly praise. Mr. Yatman is so cast down by his loss, that he is quite incapable of affording me any assistance. Mrs. Yatman, who is evidently most tenderly attached to him, feels her husband's sad condition of mind even more acutely than she feels the loss of the money; and is mainly stimulated to exertion by her desire to assist in raising him from the miserable state of prostration into which he has now fallen. "The money, Mr. Sharpin," she said to me yesterday evening, with tears in her eyes, "the money may be regained by rigid economy and strict attention to business. It is my husband's wretched state of mind that makes me so anxious for the discovery of the thief. I may be wrong, but I felt hopeful of success as soon as you entered the house; and I believe, that, if the wretch who has robbed us is to be found, you are the man to discover him." I accepted this gratifying compliment in the spirit in which it was offered,—firmly believing that I shall be found, sooner or later, to have thoroughly deserved it.

Let me now return to business,—that is to say, to my Peep-Hole and my Pipe-Hole.

I have enjoyed some hours of calm observation of Mr. Jay. Though rarely at home, as I understand from Mrs. Yatman, on ordinary occasions, he has been in-doors the whole of this day. That is suspicious, to begin with. I have to report, further, that he rose at a late hour this morning, (always a bad sign in a young man,) and that he lost a great deal of time, after he was up, in yawning and complaining to himself of headache. Like other debauched characters, he eat little or nothing for breakfast. His next proceeding was to smoke a pipe,—a dirty clay pipe, which a gentleman would have been ashamed to put between his lips. When he had done smoking, he took out pen, ink, and paper, and sat down to write, with a groan,—whether of remorse for having taken the bank-notes, or of disgust at the task before him, I am unable to say. After writing a few lines, (too far away from my Peep-Hole to give

me a chance of reading over his shoulder,) he bent back in his chair, and amused himself by humming the tunes of popular songs. I recognized "My Mary Anne," "Bobbin' Around," and "Old Dog Tray," among other melodies. Whether these do or do not represent secret signals by which he communicates with his accomplices remains to be seen. After he had amused himself for some time by humming, he got up and began to walk about the room, occasionally stopping to add a sentence to the paper on his desk. Before long, he went to a locked cupboard and opened it. I strained my eyes eagerly, in expectation of making a discovery. I saw him take something carefully out of the cupboard,—he turned round,—it was only a pint-bottle of brandy! Having drunk some of the liquor, this extremely indolent reprobate lay down on his bed again, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

After hearing him snoring for at least two hours, I was recalled to my Peep-Hole by a knock at his door. He jumped up and opened it with suspicious activity. A very small boy, with a very dirty face, walked in, said, "Please, Sir, I've come for copy," sat down on a chair with his legs a long way from the ground, and instantly fell asleep! Mr. Jay swore an oath, tied a wet towel round his head, and, sitting down to his paper, began to cover it with writing as fast as his fingers could move the pen. Occasionally getting up to dip the towel in water and tie it on again, he continued at this employment for nearly three hours,—then folded up the leaves of writing, woke the boy, and gave them to him, with this remarkable expression: "Now, then, young sleepy-head, quick, march! If you see the Governor, tell him to have the money ready for me when I call for it." The boy grinned, and disappeared. I was sorely tempted to follow "sleepy-head," but, on reflection, considered it safest still to keep my eye on the proceedings of Mr. Jay.

In half an hour's time, he put on his hat and walked out. Of course, I put

on my hat and walked out also. As I went down stairs, I passed Mrs. Yatman going up. The lady has been kind enough to undertake, by previous arrangement between us, to search Mr. Jay's room, while he is out of the way, and while I am necessarily engaged in the pleasing duty of following him wherever he goes. On the occasion to which I now refer, he walked straight to the nearest tavern, and ordered a couple of mutton-chops for his dinner. I placed myself in the next box to him, and ordered a couple of mutton-chops for my dinner. Before I had been in the room a minute, a young man of highly suspicious manners and appearance, sitting at a table opposite, took his glass of porter in his hand and joined Mr. Jay. I pretended to be reading the newspaper, and listened, as in duty bound, with all my might.

"How are you, my boy?" says the young man. "Jack has been here, inquiring after you."

"Did he leave any message?" asks Mr. Jay.

"Yes," says the other. "He told me, if I met with you, to say that he wished very particularly to see you to-night; and that he would give you a look-in, at Rutherford Street, at seven o'clock."

"All right," says Mr. Jay. "I'll get back in time to see him."

Upon this, the suspicious-looking young man finished his porter, and, saying that he was rather in a hurry, took leave of his friend, (perhaps I should not be wrong, if I said his accomplice?) and left the room.

At twenty-five minutes and a half past six,—in these serious cases it is important to be particular about time,—Mr. Jay finished his chops and paid his bill. At twenty-six minutes and three-quarters, I finished my chops and paid mine. In ten minutes more I was inside the house in Rutherford Street, and was received by Mrs. Yatman in the passage. That charming woman's face exhibited an expression of melancholy and disappointment which it quite grieved me to see.

"I am afraid, Ma'am," says I, "that you have not hit on any little criminating discovery in the lodger's room?"

She shook her head and sighed. It was a soft, languid, fluttering sigh,—and, upon my life, it quite upset me. For the moment, I forgot business, and burned with envy of Mr. Yatman.

"Don't despair, Ma'am," I said, with an insinuating mildness which seemed to touch her. "I have heard a mysterious conversation,—I know of a guilty appointment,—and I expect great things from my Peep-Hole and my Pipe-Hole to-night. Pray, don't be alarmed, but I think we are on the brink of a discovery."

Here my enthusiastic devotion to business got the better of my tender feelings. I looked,—winked,—nodded,—left her.

When I got back to my observatory, I found Mr. Jay digesting his mutton-chops in an arm-chair, with his pipe in his mouth. On his table were two tumblers, a jug of water, and the pint-bottle of brandy. It was then close upon seven o'clock. As the hour struck, the person described as "Jack" walked in.

He looked agitated,—I am happy to say he looked violently agitated. The cheerful glow of anticipated success diffused itself (to use a strong expression) all over me, from head to foot. With breathless interest I looked through my Peep-Hole, and saw the visitor—the "Jack" of this delightful case—sit down, facing me, at the opposite side of the table to Mr. Jay. Making allowance for the difference in expression which their countenances just now happened to exhibit, these two abandoned villains were so much alike in other respects as to lead at once to the conclusion that they were brothers. Jack was the cleaner man and the better-dressed of the two. I admit that, at the outset. It is, perhaps, one of my failings to push justice and impartiality to their utmost limits. I am no Pharisee; and where Vice has its redeeming point, I say, let Vice have its due,—yes, yes, by all manner of means, let Vice have its due.

"What's the matter now, Jack?" says Mr. Jay.

"Can't you see it in my face?" says Jack. "My dear fellow, delays are dangerous. Let us have done with suspense, and risk it, the day after to-morrow."

"So soon as that?" cries Mr. Jay, looking very much astonished. "Well, I'm ready, if you are. But, I say, Jack, is Somebody Else ready, too? Are you quite sure of that?"

He smiled, as he spoke,—a frightful smile,—and laid a very strong emphasis on those two words, "Somebody Else." There is evidently a third ruffian, a nameless desperado, concerned in the business.

"Meet us to-morrow," says Jack, "and judge for yourself. Be in the Regent's Park at eleven in the morning, and look out for us at the turning that leads to the Avenue Road."

"I'll be there," says Mr. Jay. "Have a drop of brandy and water. What are you getting up for? You're not going already?"

"Yes, I am," says Jack. "The fact is, I'm so excited and agitated, that I can't sit still anywhere for five minutes together. Ridiculous as it may appear to you, I'm in a perpetual state of nervous flutter. I can't, for the life of me, help fearing that we shall be found out. I fancy that every man who looks twice at me in the street is a spy"—

At those words, I thought my legs would have given way under me. Nothing but strength of mind kept me at my Peep-Hole,—nothing else, I give you my word of honor.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cries Mr. Jay, with all the effrontery of a veteran in crime. "We have kept the secret up to this time, and we will manage cleverly to the end. Have a drop of brandy and water, and you will feel as certain about it as I do."

Jack steadily refused the brandy and water, and steadily persisted in taking his leave. "I must try if I can't walk it off," he said. "Remember to-morrow

morning,—eleven o'clock,—Avenue-Road side of the Regent's Park."

With those words he went out. His hardened relative laughed desperately, and resumed the dirty clay pipe.

I sat down on the side of my bed, actually quivering with excitement. It is clear to me that no attempt has yet been made to change the stolen bank-notes; and I may add, that Sergeant Bulmer was of that opinion also, when he left the case in my hands. What is the natural conclusion to draw from the conversation which I have just set down? Evidently, that the confederates meet to-morrow to take their respective shares in the stolen money, and to decide on the safest means of getting the notes changed the day after. Mr. Jay is, beyond a doubt, the leading criminal in this business, and he will probably run the chief risk,—that of changing the fifty-pound note. I shall, therefore, still make it my business to follow him,—attending at the Regent's Park to-morrow, and doing my best to hear what is said there. If another appointment is made for the day after, I shall, of course, go to it. In the mean time, I shall want the immediate assistance of two competent persons (supposing the rascals separate after their meeting) to follow the two minor criminals. It is only fair to add, that, if the rogues all retire together, I shall probably keep my subordinates in reserve. Being naturally ambitious, I desire, if possible, to have the whole credit of discovering this robbery to myself.

8th July.

I have to acknowledge, with thanks, the speedy arrival of my two subordinates,—men of very average abilities, I am afraid; but, fortunately, I shall always be on the spot to direct them.

My first business this morning was, necessarily, to prevent possible mistakes, by accounting to Mr. and Mrs. Yatman for the presence of the two strangers on the scene. Mr. Yatman (between ourselves, a poor, feeble man) only shook his

head and groaned. Mrs. Yatman (that superior woman) favored me with a charming look of intelligence. "Oh, Mr. Sharpin!" she said, "I am so sorry to see those two men! Your sending for their assistance looks as if you were beginning to be doubtful of success." I privately winked at her, (she is very good in allowing me to do so without taking offence,) and told her, in my facetious way, that she labored under a slight mistake. "It is because I am sure of success, Ma'am, that I send for them. I am determined to recover the money, not for my own sake only, but for Mr. Yatman's sake,—and for yours." I laid a considerable amount of stress on those last three words. She said, "Oh, Mr. Sharpin!" again,—and blushed of a heavenly red,—and looked down at her work. I could go to the world's end with that woman, if Mr. Yatman would only die.

I sent off the two subordinates to wait, until I wanted them, at the Avenue-Road gate of the Regent's Park. Half an hour afterwards I was following the same direction myself, at the heels of Mr. Jay.

The two confederates were punctual to the appointed time. I blush to record it, but it is, nevertheless, necessary to state, that the third rogue—the nameless desperado of my report, or, if you prefer it, the mysterious "Somebody Else" of the conversation between the two brothers—is—a woman! and, what is worse, a young woman! and, what is more lamentable still, a nice-looking woman! I have long resisted a growing conviction, that, wherever there is mischief in this world, an individual of the fair sex is inevitably certain to be mixed up in it. After the experience of this morning, I can struggle against that sad conclusion no longer. I give up the sex,—excepting Mrs. Yatman, I give up the sex.

The man named "Jack" offered the woman his arm. Mr. Jay placed himself on the other side of her. The three then walked away slowly among the

trees. I followed them at a respectful distance. My two subordinates, at a respectful distance also, followed me.

It was, I deeply regret to say, impossible to get near enough to them to overhear their conversation, without running too great a risk of being discovered. I could only infer from their gestures and actions that they were all three talking together with extraordinary earnestness on some subject which deeply interested them. After having been engaged in this way a full quarter of an hour, they suddenly turned round to retrace their steps. My presence of mind did not forsake me in this emergency. I signed to the two subordinates to walk on carelessly and pass them, while I myself slipped dexterously behind a tree. As they came by me, I heard "Jack" address these words to Mr. Jay:—

"Let us say half-past ten to-morrow morning. And mind you come in a cab. We had better not risk taking one in this neighborhood."

Mr. Jay made some brief reply, which I could not overhear. They walked back to the place at which they had met, shaking hands there with an audacious cordiality which it quite sickened me to see. Then they separated. I followed Mr. Jay. My subordinates paid the same delicate attention to the other two.

Instead of taking me back to Rutherford Street, Mr. Jay led me to the Strand. He stopped at a dingy, disreputable-looking house, which, according to the inscription over the door, was a newspaper office, but which, in my judgment, had all the external appearance of a place devoted to the reception of stolen goods. After remaining inside for a few minutes, he came out, whistling, with his finger and thumb in his waist-coat pocket. Some men would now have arrested him on the spot. I remembered the necessity of catching the two confederates, and the importance of not interfering with the appointment that had been made for the next morning. Such coolness as this, under trying circumstances,

is rarely to be found, I should imagine, in a young beginner, whose reputation as a detective policeman is still to make.

From the house of suspicious appearance Mr. Jay betook himself to a cigar-divan, and read the magazines over a cheroot. I sat at a table near him, and read the magazines, likewise, over a cheroot. From the divan he strolled to the tavern, and had his chops. I strolled to the tavern, and had my chops. When he had done, he went back to his lodging. When I had done, I went back to mine. He was overcome with drowsiness early in the evening, and went to bed. As soon as I heard him snoring, I was overcome with drowsiness, and went to bed also.

Early in the morning, my two subordinates came to make their report. They had seen the man named "Jack" leave the woman at the gate of an apparently respectable villa-residence, not far from the Regent's Park. Left to himself, he took a turning to the right, which led to a sort of suburban street, principally inhabited by shopkeepers. He stopped at the private door of one of the houses, and let himself in with his own key,—looking about him as he opened the door, and staring suspiciously at my men as they lounged along on the opposite side of the way. These were all the particulars which the subordinates had to communicate. I kept them in my room to attend on me, if needful, and mounted to my Peep-Hole to have a look at Mr. Jay.

He was occupied in dressing himself, and was taking extraordinary pains to destroy all traces of the natural slovenliness of his appearance. This was precisely what I expected. A vagabond like Mr. Jay knows the importance of giving himself a respectable look when he is going to run the risk of changing a stolen bank-note. At five minutes past ten o'clock he had given the last brush to his shabby hat and the last scouring with bread-crumb to his dirty gloves. At ten minutes past ten he was in the street, on his way to the nearest cab-

stand, and I and my subordinates were close on his heels.

He took a cab, and we took a cab. I had not overheard them appoint a place of meeting, when following them in the Park on the previous day; but I soon found that we were proceeding in the old direction of the Avenue-Road gate. The cab in which Mr. Jay was riding turned into the Park slowly. We stopped outside, to avoid exciting suspicion. I got out to follow the cab on foot. Just as I did so, I saw it stop, and detected the two confederates approaching it from among the trees. They got in, and the cab was turned about directly. I ran back to my own cab, and told the driver to let them pass him, and then to follow as before.

The man obeyed my directions, but so clumsily as to excite their suspicions. We had been driving after them about three minutes, (returning along the road by which we had advanced,) when I looked out of the window to see how far they might be ahead of us. As I did this, I saw two hats popped out of the windows of their cab, and two faces looking back at me. I sank into my place in a cold sweat;—the expression is coarse, but no other form of words can describe my condition at that trying moment.

“We are found out!” I said, faintly, to my two subordinates. They stared at me in astonishment. My feelings changed instantly from the depth of despair to the height of indignation. “It is the cabman’s fault. Get out, one of you,” I said, with dignity,—“get out, and punch his head.”

Instead of following my directions, (I should wish this act of disobedience to be reported at head-quarters,) they both looked out of the window. Before I could pull them back, they both sat down again. Before I could express my just indignation, they both grinned, and said to me, “Please to look out, Sir!”

I did look out. Their cab had stopped. Where? At a church door!

What effect this discovery might have

had upon the ordinary run of men, I don’t know. Being of a religious turn myself, it filled me with horror. I have often read of the unprincipled cunning of criminal persons; but I never before heard of three thieves attempting to double on their pursuers by entering a church! The sacrilegious audacity of that proceeding is, I should think, unparalleled in the annals of crime.

I checked my grinning subordinates by a frown. It was easy to see what was passing in their superficial minds. If I had not been able to look below the surface, I might, on observing two nicely dressed men and one nicely dressed woman enter a church before eleven in the morning, on a week day, have come to the same hasty conclusion at which my inferiors had evidently arrived. As it was, appearances had no power to impose on me. I got out, and, followed by one of my men, entered the church. The other man I sent round to watch the vestry door. You may catch a weasel asleep,—but not your humble servant, Matthew Sharpin!

We stole up the gallery-stairs, diverged to the organ-loft, and peeped through the curtains in front. There they were, all three, sitting in a pew below,—yes, incredible as it may appear, sitting in a pew below!

Before I could determine what to do, a clergyman made his appearance in full canonicals, from the vestry door, followed by a clerk. My brain whirled, and my eyesight grew dim. Dark remembrances of robberies committed in vestries floated through my mind. I trembled for the excellent man in full canonicals;—I even trembled for the clerk.

The clergyman placed himself inside the altar rails. The three desperadoes approached him. He opened his book, and began to read. What?—you will ask.

I answer, without the slightest hesitation, the first lines of the Marriage Service.

My subordinate had the audacity to

look at me, and then to stuff his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth. I scorned to pay any attention to him. After my own eyes had satisfied me that there was a parchment license in the clergyman's hand, and that it was consequently useless to come forward and forbid the marriage,—after I had seen this, and after I had discovered that the man "Jack" was the bridegroom, and that the man Jay acted the part of father and gave away the bride, I left the church, followed by my man, and joined the other subordinate outside the vestry door. Some people in my position would now have felt rather crestfallen, and would have begun to think that they had made a very foolish mistake. Not the faintest misgiving of any kind troubled me. I did not feel in the slightest degree depreciated in my own estimation. And even now, after a lapse of three hours, my mind remains, I am happy to say, in the same calm and hopeful condition.

As soon as I and my subordinates were assembled together, outside the church, I intimated my intention of still following the other cab, in spite of what had occurred. My reason for deciding on this course will appear presently. The two subordinates appeared to be astonished at my resolution. One of them had the impertinence to say to me, "If you please, Sir, who is it we are after? A man who has stolen money, or a man who has stolen a wife?" The other low person encouraged him by laughing. Both have deserved an official reprimand; and both, I sincerely trust, will be sure to get it.

When the marriage ceremony was over, the three got into their cab; and, once more, our vehicle (neatly hidden round the corner of the church, so that they could not suspect it to be near them) started to follow theirs. We traced them to the terminus of the South-Western Railway. The newly-married couple took tickets for Richmond,—paying their fare with a half sovereign, and so depriving me of the pleasure of arresting them, which I

should certainly have done, if they had offered a bank-note. They parted from Mr. Jay, saying, "Remember the address,—14, Babylon Terrace. You dine with us to-morrow week." Mr. Jay accepted the invitation, and added, jocosely, that he was going home at once to get off his clean clothes, and to be comfortable and dirty again for the rest of the day. I have to report that I saw him home safely, and that he is comfortable and dirty again (to use his own disgraceful language) at the present moment.

Here the affair rests, having by this time reached what I may call its first stage. I know very well what persons of hasty judgments will be inclined to say of my proceedings thus far. They will assert that I have been deceiving myself, all through, in the most absurd way; they will declare that the suspicious conversations which I have reported referred solely to the difficulties and dangers of successfully carrying out a runaway match; and they will appeal to the scene in the church, as offering undeniable proof of the correctness of their assertions. So let it be. I dispute nothing, up to this point. But I ask a question, out of the depths of my own sagacity as a man of the world, which the bitterest of my enemies will not, I think, find it particularly easy to answer. Granted the fact of the marriage, what proof does it afford me of the innocence of the three persons concerned in that clandestine transaction? It gives me none. On the contrary, it strengthens my suspicions against Mr. Jay and his confederates, because it suggests a distinct motive for their stealing the money. A gentleman who is going to spend his honeymoon at Richmond wants money; and a gentleman who is in debt to all his tradespeople wants money. Is this an unjustifiable imputation of bad motives? In the name of outraged Morality, I deny it. These men have combined together, and have stolen a woman. Why should they not combine together and steal a cash-box? I take my stand on the logic of rigid Virtue; and I defy all

the sophistry of Vice to move me an inch out of my position.

Speaking of virtue, I may add that I have put this view of the case to Mr. and Mrs. Yatman. That accomplished and charming woman found it difficult, at first, to follow the close chain of my reasoning. I am free to confess that she shook her head, and shed tears, and joined her husband in premature lamentation over the loss of the two hundred pounds. But a little careful explanation on my part, and a little attentive listening on hers, ultimately changed her opinion. She now agrees with me, that there is nothing in this unexpected circumstance of the clandestine marriage which absolutely tends to divert suspicion from Mr. Jay, or Mr. "Jack," or the runaway lady,—"audacious hussey" was the term my fair friend used in speaking of her, but let that pass. It is more to the purpose to record, that Mrs. Yatman has not lost confidence in me, and that Mr. Yatman promises to follow her example and do his best to look hopefully for future results.

I have now, in the new turn that circumstances have taken, to await advice from your office. I pause for fresh orders with all the composure of a man who has got two strings to his bow. When I traced the three confederates from the church door to the railway terminus, I had two motives for doing so. First, I followed them as a matter of official business, believing them still to have been guilty of the robbery. Secondly, I followed them as a matter of private speculation, with a view of discovering the place of refuge to which the runaway couple intended to retreat, and of making my information a marketable commodity to offer to the young lady's family and friends. Thus, whatever happens, I may congratulate myself beforehand on not having wasted my time. If the office approves of my conduct, I have my plan ready for further proceedings. If the office blames me, I shall take myself off, with my marketable information, to the genteel villa-residence

in the neighborhood of the Regent's Park. Any way, the affair puts money into my pocket, and does credit to my penetration, as an uncommonly sharp man.

I have only one word more to add, and it is this:—If any individual ventures to assert that Mr. Jay and his confederates are innocent of all share in the stealing of the cash-box, I, in return, defy that individual—though he may even be Chief Inspector Theakstone himself—to tell me who has committed the robbery at Rutherford Street, Soho.

Strong in that conviction,

I have the honor to be

Your very obedient servant,

MATTHEW SHARPIN.

FROM CHIEF INSPECTOR THEAKSTONE
TO SERGEANT BULMER.

Birmingham, July 9th.

SERGEANT BULMER,

That empty-headed puppy, Mr. Matthew Sharpin, has made a mess of the case at Rutherford Street, exactly as I expected he would. Business keeps me in this town; so I write to you to set the matter straight. I enclose, with this, the pages of feeble scribble-scrabble which the creature, Sharpin, calls a report. Look them over; and when you have made your way through all the gabble, I think you will agree with me that the conceited booby has looked for the thief in every direction but the right one. The case is perfectly simple, now. Settle it at once; forward your report to me at this place; and tell Mr. Sharpin that he is suspended till further notice.

Yours,

FRANCIS THEAKSTONE.

FROM SERGEANT BULMER TO CHIEF
INSPECTOR THEAKSTONE.

London, July 10th.

INSPECTOR THEAKSTONE,

Your letter and enclosure came safe

to hand. Wise men, they say, may always learn something, even from a fool. By the time I had got through Sharpin's maundering report of his own folly, I saw my way clear enough to the end of the Rutherford-Street case, just as you thought I should. In half an hour's time I was at the house. The first person I saw there was Mr. Sharpin himself.

"Have you come to help me?" says he.

"Not exactly," says I. "I've come to tell you that you are suspended till further notice."

"Very good," says he, not taken down, by so much as a single peg, in his own estimation. "I thought you would be jealous of me. It's very natural; and I don't blame you. Walk in, pray, and make yourself at home. I'm off to do a little detective business on my own account, in the neighborhood of the Regent's Park. Ta-ta, Sergeant, ta-ta!"

With those words he took himself out of my way,—which was exactly what I wanted him to do. As soon as the maid-servant had shut the door, I told her to inform her master that I wanted to say a word to him in private. She showed me into the parlor behind the shop; and there was Mr. Yatman, all alone, reading the newspaper.

"About this matter of the robbery, Sir," says I.

He cut me short, peeviously enough,—being naturally a poor, weak, womanish sort of man. "Yes, yes, I know," says he. "You have come to tell me that your wonderfully clever man, who has bored holes in my second-floor partition, has made a mistake, and is off the scent of the scoundrel who has stolen my money."

"Yes, Sir," says I. "That is one of the things I came to tell you. But I have got something else to say, besides that."

"Can you tell me who the thief is?" says he, more pettish than ever.

"Yes, Sir," says I, "I think I can."

He put down the newspaper, and began to look rather anxious and frightened.

"Not my shopman?" says he. "I hope, for the man's own sake, it's not my shopman."

"Guess again, Sir," says I.

"That idle slut, the maid?" says he.

"She is idle, Sir," says I, "and she is also a slut; my first inquiries about her proved as much as that. But she's not the thief."

"Then, in the name of Heaven, who is?" says he.

"Will you please to prepare yourself for a very disagreeable surprise, Sir?" says I. "And in case you lose your temper, will you excuse my remarking, that I am the stronger man of the two, and that, if you allow yourself to lay hands on me, I may unintentionally hurt you, in pure self-defence?"

He turned as pale as ashes, and pushed his chair two or three feet away from me.

"You have asked me to tell you, Sir, who has taken your money," I went on. "If you insist on my giving you an answer"—

"I do insist," he said, faintly. "Who has taken it?"

"Your wife has taken it," I said, very quietly, and very positively at the same time.

He jumped out of the chair as if I had put a knife into him, and struck his fist on the table, so heavily that the wood cracked again.

"Steady, Sir," says I. "Flying into a passion won't help you to the truth."

"It's a lie!" says he, with another smack of his fist on the table,—"a base, vile, infamous lie! How dare you!"

He stopped, and fell back into the chair again, looked about him in a bewildered way, and ended by bursting out crying.

"When your better sense comes back to you, Sir," says I, "I am sure you will be gentleman enough to make me an apology for the language you have just used. In the mean time, please to listen, if you can, to a word of explanation. Mr. Sharpin has sent in a report to our Inspector, of the most irregular

and ridiculous kind; setting down, not only all his own foolish doings and sayings, but the doings and sayings of Mrs. Yatman as well. In most cases, such a document would have been fit only for the waste-paper basket; but, in this particular case, it so happens that Mr. Sharpin's budget of nonsense leads to a certain conclusion which the simpleton of a writer has been quite innocent of suspecting from the beginning to the end. Of that conclusion I am so sure, that I will forfeit my place, if it does not turn out that Mrs. Yatman has been practising upon the folly and conceit of this young man, and that she has tried to shield herself from discovery by purposely encouraging him to suspect the wrong persons. I tell you that confidently; and I will even go farther. I will undertake to give a decided opinion as to why Mrs. Yatman took the money, and what she has done with it, or with a part of it. Nobody can look at that lady, Sir, without being struck by the great taste and beauty of her dress"——

As I said those last words, the poor man seemed to find his powers of speech again. He cut me short directly, as haughtily as if he had been a duke instead of a stationer. "Try some other means of justifying your vile calumny against my wife," says he. "Her milliner's bill, for the past year, is on my file of received accounts, at this moment."

"Excuse me, Sir," says I, "but that proves nothing. Milliners, I must tell you, have a certain rascally custom which comes within the daily experience of our office. A married lady who wishes it can keep two accounts at her dress-maker's;—one is the account which her husband sees and pays; the other is the private account, which contains all the extravagant items, and which the wife pays secretly, by instalments, whenever she can. According to our usual experience, these instalments are mostly squeezed out of the housekeeping money. In your case, I suspect no instalments have been paid; proceedings have been threatened; Mrs. Yatman, knowing your

altered circumstances, has felt herself driven into a corner; and she has paid her private account out of your cash-box."

"I won't believe it!" says he. "Every word you speak is an abominable insult to me and to my wife."

"Are you man enough, Sir," says I, taking him up short, in order to save time and words, "to get that received bill you spoke of just now, off the file, and to come with me at once to the milliner's shop where Mrs. Yatman deals?"

He turned red in the face at that, got the bill directly, and put on his hat. I took out of my pocket-book the list containing the numbers of the lost notes, and we left the house together immediately.

Arrived at the milliner's, (one of the expensive West-End houses, as I expected,) I asked for a private interview, on important business, with the mistress of the concern. It was not the first time that she and I had met over the same delicate investigation. The moment she set eyes on me, she sent for her husband. I mentioned who Mr. Yatman was, and what we wanted.

"This is strictly private?" says the husband. I nodded my head.

"And confidential?" says the wife. I nodded again.

"Do you see any objection, dear, to obliging the Sergeant with a sight of the books?" says the husband.

"None in the world, love, if you approve of it," says the wife.

All this while poor Mr. Yatman sat looking the picture of astonishment and distress, quite out of place at our polite conference. The books were brought,—and one minute's look at the pages in which Mrs. Yatman's name figured was enough, and more than enough, to prove the truth of every word that I had spoken.

There, in one book, was the husband's account, which Mr. Yatman had settled. And there, in the other, was the private account, crossed off also; the date of settlement being the very day after the

loss of the cash-box. This said private account amounted to the sum of a hundred and seventy-five pounds, odd shillings; and it extended over a period of three years. Not a single instalment had been paid on it. Under the last line was an entry to this effect: "Written to for the third time, June 23d." I pointed to it, and asked the milliner if that meant "last June." Yes, it did mean last June; and she now deeply regretted to say that it had been accompanied by a threat of legal proceedings.

"I thought you gave good customers more than three years' credit?" says I.

The milliner looks at Mr. Yatman, and whispers to me,—"Not when a lady's husband gets into difficulties."

She pointed to the account as she spoke. The entries after the time when Mr. Yatman's circumstances became involved were just as extravagant, for a person in his wife's situation, as the entries for the year before that period. If the lady had economized in other things, she had certainly not economized in the matter of dress.

There was nothing left now but to examine the cash-book, for form's sake. The money had been paid in notes, the amounts and numbers of which exactly tallied with the figures set down in my list.

After that, I thought it best to get Mr. Yatman out of the house immediately. He was in such a pitiable condition, that I called a cab and accompanied him home in it. At first, he cried and raved like a child; but I soon quieted him,—and I must add, to his credit, that he made me a most handsome apology for his language, as the cab drew up at his house-door. In return, I tried to give him some advice about how to set matters right, for the future, with his wife. He paid very little attention to me, and went up stairs muttering to himself about a separation. Whether Mrs. Yatman will come cleverly out of the scrape or not seems doubtful. I should say, myself, that she will go into screeching hysterics, and so frighten the poor man into forgiv-

ing her. But this is no business of ours. So far as we are concerned, the case is now at an end; and the present report may come to a conclusion along with it.

I remain, accordingly, yours to command,

THOMAS BULMER.

P. S.—I have to add, that, on leaving Rutherford Street, I met Mr. Matthew Sharpin coming back to pack up his things.

"Only think!" says he, rubbing his hands in great spirits, "I've been to the genteel villa-residence; and the moment I mentioned my business, they kicked me out directly. There were two witnesses of the assault; and it's worth a hundred pounds to me, if it's worth a farthing."

"I wish you joy of your luck," says I.

"Thank you," says he. "When may I pay you the same compliment on finding the thief?"

"Whenever you like," says I, "for the thief is found."

"Just what I expected," says he. "I've done all the work; and now you cut in, and claim all the credit.—Mr. Jay, of course?"

"No," says I.

"Who is it, then?" says he.

"Ask Mrs. Yatman," says I. "She'll tell you."

"All right! I'd much rather hear it from her than from you," says he,—and goes into the house in a mighty hurry.

What do you think of that, Inspector Theakstone? Would you like to stand in Mr. Sharpin's shoes? I shouldn't, I can promise you!

FROM CHIEF INSPECTOR THEAKSTONE
TO MR. MATTHEW SHARPIN.

July 12th.

SIR,

Sergeant Bulmer has already told you to consider yourself suspended until further notice. I have now authority to add, that your services as a member of the Detective Police are positively declined.

[April,

You will please to take this letter as notifying officially your dismissal from the force.

I may inform you, privately, that your rejection is not intended to cast any reflections on your character. It merely

implies that you are not quite sharp enough for our purpose. If we are to have a new recruit among us, we should infinitely prefer Mrs. Yatman.

Your obedient servant,
FRANCIS THEAKSTONE.

NOTE ON THE PRECEDING CORRESPONDENCE.—The editor is, unfortunately, not in a position to add any explanations of importance to the last of the published letters of Chief Inspector Theakstone. It has been discovered that Mr. Matthew Sharpin left the house in Rutherford Street a quarter of an hour after his interview outside of it with Sergeant Bulmer,—his manner expressing the liveliest emotions of terror and astonishment, and his left cheek displaying a bright patch of red, which looked as if it might have been the result of what is popularly termed a smart box on the ear. He was also heard, by the shopman at Rutherford Street, to use a very shocking expression in reference to Mrs. Yatman; and was seen to clinch his fist vindictively, as he ran round the corner of the street. Nothing more has been heard of him; and it is conjectured that he has left London

with the intention of offering his valuable services to the provincial police.

On the interesting domestic subject of Mr. and Mrs. Yatman still less is known. It has, however, been positively ascertained that the medical attendant of the family was sent for in a great hurry on the day when Mr. Yatman returned from the milliner's shop. The neighboring chemist received, soon afterwards, a prescription of a soothing nature to make up for Mrs. Yatman. The day after, Mr. Yatman purchased some smelling-salts at the shop, and afterwards appeared at the circulating library to ask for a novel that would amuse an invalid lady. It has been inferred from these circumstances that he has not thought it desirable to carry out his threat of separating himself from his wife,—at least in the present (presumed) condition of that lady's sensitive nervous system.

TELLING THE BEES.*

HERE is the place ; right over the hill
Runs the path I took ;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall ;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the sun ;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

* A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
 Heavy and slow;
 And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
 And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
 And the June sun warm
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
 Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
 From my Sunday coat
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
 And cooled at the brook-side my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
 To love, a year;
 Down through the beeches, I looked at last
 On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
 Of light through the leaves,
 The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
 The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
 The house and the trees,
 The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
 Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
 Forward and back,
 Went, drearily singing, the chore-girl small,
 Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
 Had the chill of snow;
 For I knew she was telling the bees of one
 Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
 For the dead to-day:
 Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
 The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
 With his cane to his chin,
 The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
 Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
 In my ear sounds on:—
 "Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
 Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

PERSIAN POETRY.

To Baron von Hammer Purgstall, who died in Vienna during the last year, we owe our best knowledge of the Persians. He has translated into German, besides the "Divan" of Hafiz, specimens of two hundred poets, who wrote during a period of five and a half centuries, from A. D. 1000 to 1550. The seven masters of the Persian Parnassus, Firdousi, Enweri, Nisami, Dschelaleddin, Saadi, Hafiz, and Dschami, have ceased to be empty names; and others, like Ferideddin Attar, and Omar Chiam, promise to rise in Western estimation. That for which mainly books exist is communicated in these rich extracts. Many qualities go to make a good telescope,—as the largeness of the field, facility of sweeping the meridian, achromatic purity of lenses, and so forth,—but the one eminent value is the space-penetrating power; and there are many virtues in books,—but the essential value is the adding of knowledge to our stock, by the record of new facts, and, better, by the record of intuitions, which distribute facts, and are the formulas which supersede all histories.

Oriental life and society, especially in the Southern nations, stand in violent contrast with the multitudinous detail, the secular stability, and the vast average of comfort of the Western nations. Life in the East is fierce, short, hazardous, and in extremes. Its elements are few and simple, not exhibiting the long range and undulation of European existence, but rapidly reaching the best and the worst. The rich feed on fruits and game,—the poor, on a watermelon's peel. All or nothing is the genius of Oriental life. Favor of the Sultan, or his displeasure, is a question of Fate. A war is undertaken for an epigram or a distich, as in Europe for a duchy. The prolific sun, and the sudden and rank plenty which his heat engenders, make subsistence easy. On the other side, the desert,

the simoom, the mirage, the lion, and the plague endanger it, and life hangs on the contingency of a skin of water more or less. The very geography of old Persia showed these contrasts. "My father's empire," said Cyrus to Xenophon, "is so large, that people perish with cold, at one extremity, whilst they are suffocated with heat, at the other." The temperament of the people agrees with this life in extremes. Religion and poetry are all their civilization. The religion teaches an inexorable Destiny. It distinguishes only two days in each man's history: his birthday, called *the Day of the Lot*, and the Day of Judgment. Courage and absolute submission to what is appointed him are his virtues.

The favor of the climate, making subsistence easy, and encouraging an outdoor life, allows to the Eastern nations a highly intellectual organization,—leaving out of view, at present, the genius of the Hindoos, (more Oriental in every sense,) whom no people have surpassed in the grandeur of their ethical statement. The Persians and the Arabs, with great leisure and few books, are exquisitely sensible to the pleasures of poetry. Layard has given some details of the effect which the *improvisatori* produced on the children of the desert. "When the bard improvised an amatory ditty, the young chief's excitement was almost beyond control. The other Bedouins were scarcely less moved by these rude measures, which have the same kind of effect on the wild tribes of the Persian mountains. Such verses, chanted by their self-taught poets, or by the girls of their encampment, will drive warriors to the combat, fearless of death, or prove an ample reward, on their return from the dangers of the *ghazon*, or the fight. The excitement they produce exceeds that of the grape. He who would understand the influence of the Homeric ballads in the heroic ages

should witness the effect which similar compositions have upon the wild nomads of the East." Elsewhere he adds, "Poetry and flowers are the wine and spirits of the Arab; a couplet is equal to a bottle, and a rose to a dram, without the evil effect of either."

The Persian poetry rests on a mythology whose few legends are connected with the Jewish history, and the anterior traditions of the Pentateuch. The principal figure in the allusions of Eastern poetry is Solomon. Solomon had three talismans: first, the signet ring by which he commanded the spirits, on the stone of which was engraven the name of God; second, the glass, in which he saw the secrets of his enemies, and the causes of all things, figured; the third, the east wind, which was his horse. His counsellor was Simorg, king of birds, the all-wise fowl, who had lived ever since the beginning of the world, and now lives alone on the highest summit of Mount Kaf. No fowler has taken him, and none now living has seen him. By him Solomon was taught the language of birds, so that he heard secrets whenever he went into his gardens. When Solomon travelled, his throne was placed on a carpet of green silk, of a length and breadth sufficient for all his army to stand upon,—men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left. When all were in order, the east wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, whither he pleased,—the army of birds at the same time flying overhead, and forming a canopy to shade them from the sun. It is related, that, when the Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon, he had built, against her arrival, a palace, of which the floor or pavement was of glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming. The Queen of Sheba was deceived thereby, and raised her robes, thinking she was to pass through the water. On the occasion of Solomon's marriage, all the beasts, laden with presents, appeared before his throne. Behind them all

came the ant with a blade of grass: Solomon did not despise the gift of the ant. Asaph, the vizier, at a certain time, lost the seal of Solomon, which one of the Dews, or evil spirits, found, and, governing in the name of Solomon, deceived the people.

Firdousi, the Persian Homer, has written in the *Shah Nameh* the annals of the fabulous and heroic kings of the country: of Karun, (the Persian Crœsus,) the immeasurably rich gold-maker, who, with all his treasures, lies buried not far from the Pyramids, in the sea which bears his name; of Jamschid, the binder of demons, whose reign lasted seven hundred years; of Kai Kaus, whose palace was built by demons on Alberz, in which gold and silver and precious stones were used so lavishly, and such was the brilliancy produced by their combined effect, that night and day appeared the same; of Afrasiyab, strong as an elephant, whose shadow extended for miles, whose heart was bounteous as the ocean, and his hands like the clouds when rain falls to gladden the earth. The crocodile in the rolling stream had no safety from Afrasiyab. Yet when he came to fight against the generals of Kaus, he was but an insect in the grasp of Rustem, who seized him by the girdle, and dragged him from his horse. Rustem felt such anger at the arrogance of the King of Mazinderan, that every hair on his body started up like a spear. The gripe of his hand cracked the sinews of an enemy.

These legends,—with Chiser, the fountain of life, Tuba, the tree of life,—the romances of the loves of Leila and Medschun, of Chosru and Schirin, and those of the nightingale for the rose,—pearl-diving, and the virtues of gems,—the cohrol, a cosmetic by which pearls and eyebrows are indelibly stained black,—the bladder in which musk is brought,—the down of the lip, the mole on the cheek, the eyelash,—lilies, roses, tulips, and jasmines,—make the staple imagery of Persian odes.

The Persians have epics and tales, but,

for the most part, they affect short poems and epigrams. Gnomic verses, rules of life, conveyed in a lively image, especially in an image addressed to the eye, and contained in a single stanza, were always current in the East; and if the poem is long, it is only a string of unconnected verses. They use an inconsecutiveness quite alarming to Western logic, and the connection between the stanzas of their longer odes is much like that between the refrain of our old English ballads,

"The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,"
or

"The rain it raineth every day,"
and the main story.

Take, as specimens of these gnomic verses, the following:—

"The secret that should not be blown
Not one of thy nation must know;
You may padlock the gate of a town,
But never the mouth of a foe."

Or this of Omar Chiam:—

"On earth's wide thoroughfares below
Two only men contented go:
Who knows what's right and what's forbid,
And he from whom is knowledge hid."

Or this of Enweri:—

"On prince or bride no diamond stone
Half so gracious ever shone,
As the light of enterprise
Beaming from a young man's eyes."

Or this of Ibn Jemin:—

"Two things thou shalt not long for, if thou
love a life serene:
A woman for thy wife, though she were a
crowned queen;
And, the second, borrowed money, though
the smiling lender say
That he will not demand the debt until the
Judgment Day."

Or this poem on Friendship:—

"He who has a thousand friends has not a
friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall meet him
everywhere."

Here is a poem on a Melon, by Ad-
sched of Meru:—

"Color, taste, and smell, smaragdus, sugar,
and musk,—
Amber for the tongue, for the eye a picture
rare,—

If you cut the fruit in slices, every slice a
crescent fair,—
If you leave it whole, the full harvest-moon
is there."

Hafiz is the prince of Persian poets, and in his extraordinary gifts adds to some of the attributes of Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, and Burns the insight of a mystic, that sometimes affords a deeper glance at Nature than belongs to either of these bards. He accosts all topics with an easy audacity. "He only," he says, "is fit for company, who knows how to prize earthly happiness at the value of a night-cap. Our father Adam sold Paradise for two kernels of wheat; then blame me not, if I hold it dear at one grapestone." He says to the Shah, "Thou who rulest after words and thoughts which no ear has heard and no mind has thought, abide firm until thy young destiny tears off his blue coat from the old graybeard of the sky." He says,—

"I batter the wheel of heaven
When it rolls not rightly by;
I am not one of the snivellers
Who fall thereon and die."

The rapidity of his turns is always surprising us:—

"See how the roses burn!
Bring wine to quench the fire!
Alas! the flames come up with us,—
We perish with desire."

After the manner of his nation, he abounds in pregnant sentences which might be engraved on a sword-blade and almost on a ring.

"In honor dies he to whom the great seems
ever wonderful."

"Here is the sum, that, when one door
opens, another shuts."

"On every side is an ambush laid by the
robber-troops of circumstance; hence it is
that the horseman of life urges on his courier
at headlong speed."

"The earth is a host who murders his
guests."

"Good is what goes on the road of Nature.
On the straight way the traveller never misses."

"Alas! till now I had not known
My guide and Fortune's guide are one."

"The understanding's copper coin
Counts not with the gold of love."

"'Tis writ on Paradise's gate,
'Wo to the dupe that yields to Fate!'"

"The world is a bride superbly dressed;—
Who weds her for dowry must pay his soul."

"Loose the knots of the heart; never think on
thy fate:
No Euclid has yet disentangled that snarl."

"There resides in the grieving
A poison to kill;
Beware to go near them
'Tis pestilent still."

Harem's and wine-shops only give him
a new ground of observation, whence to
draw sometimes a deeper moral than
regulated sober life affords,—and this is
foreseen:—

"I will be drunk and down with wine;
Treasures we find in a ruined house."

Riot, he thinks, can snatch from the deeply
hidden lot the veil that covers it:—

"To be wise the dull brain so earnestly throbs,
Bring bands of wine for the stupid head."

"The Builder of heaven
Hath sundered the earth,
So that no footway
Leads out of it forth.

"On turnpikes of wonder
Wine leads the mind forth,
Straight, sidewise, and upward,
West, southward, and north.

"Stands the vault adamantine
Until the Doomsday;
The wine-cup shall ferry
Thee o'er it away."

That hardihood and self-equality of
every sound nature, which result from
the feeling that the spirit in him is en-
tire and as good as the world, which entitle
the poet to speak with authority,
and make him an object of interest, and
his every phrase and syllable significant,
are in Hafiz, and abundantly fortify and
ennoble his tone.

His was the fluent mind in which
every thought and feeling came readily
to the lips. "Loose the knots of the
heart," he says. We absorb elements
enough, but have not leaves and lungs
for healthy perspiration and growth. An

air of sterility, of incompetence to their
proper aims, belongs to many who have
both experience and wisdom. But a
large utterance, a river that makes its
own shores, quick perception and cor-
responding expression, a constitution to
which every morrow is a new day, which
is equal to the needs of life, at once ten-
der and bold, with great arteries,—this
generosity of ebb and flow satisfies, and
we should be willing to die when our
time comes, having had our swing and
gratification. The difference is not so
much in the quality of men's thoughts as
in the power of uttering them. What is
pent and shoultered in the dumb actor
is not pent in the poet, but passes over
into new form, at once relief and crea-
tion.

The other merit of Hafiz is his intel-
lectual liberty, which is a certificate of
profound thought. We accept the relig-
ions and politics into which we fall; and it
is only a few delicate spirits who are suffi-
cient to see that the whole web of con-
vention is the imbecility of those whom it
entangles,—that the mind suffers no relig-
ion and no empire but its own. It indi-
cates this respect to absolute truth by the
use it makes of the symbols that are most
stable and reverend, and therefore is
always provoking the accusation of irre-
ligion.

Hypocrisy is the perpetual butt of his
arrows.

"Let us draw the cowl through the brook of
wine."

He tells his mistress, that not the dervis,
or the monk, but the lover, has in his heart
the spirit which makes the ascetic and
the saint; and certainly not their cowls
and mummeries, but her glances, can
impart to him the fire and virtue needful
for such self-denial. Wrong shall not be
wrong to Hafiz, for the name's sake. A
law or statute is to him what a fence is to
a nimble schoolboy,—a temptation for a
jump. "We would do nothing but good;
else would shame come to us on the day
when the soul must lie hence;—and
should they then deny us Paradise, the

Houri themselves would forsake that, and come out to us."

His complete intellectual emancipation he communicates to the reader. There is no example of such facility of allusion, such use of all materials. Nothing is too high, nothing too low, for his occasion. He fears nothing, he stops for nothing. Love is a leveller, and Allah becomes a groom, and heaven a closet, in his daring hymns to his mistress or to his cup-bearer. This boundless charter is the right of genius. "No evil fate," said Beethoven, "can befall my music, and he to whom it is become intelligible must become free from all the paltriness which the others drag about with them."

We do not wish to strew sugar on bot-tled spiders, or try to make mystical divinity out of the Song of Solomon, much less out of the erotic and bacchanalian songs of Hafiz. Hafiz himself is determined to defy all such hypocritical interpretation, and tears off his turban and throws it at the head of the meddling dervis, and throws his glass after the turban. But the love or the wine of Hafiz is not to be confounded with vulgar debauch. It is the spirit in which the song is written that imports, and not the topics. Hafiz praises wine, roses, maidens, boys, birds, mornings, and music, to give vent to his immense hilarity and sympathy with every form of beauty and joy; and lays the emphasis on these to mark his scorn of sanctimony and base prudence. These are the natural topics and language of his wit and perception. But it is the play of wit and the joy of song that he loves; and if you mistake him for a low rioter, he turns short on you with verses which express the poverty of sensual joys, and to ejaculate with equal fire the most unpalatable affirmations of heroic sentiment and contempt for the world. Sometimes it is a glance from the height of thought, as thus:—"Bring wine; for, in the audience-hall of the soul's independence, what is sentinel or Sultan? what is the wise man or the intoxicated?"—and sometimes his feast, feasters, and world are only one

pebble more in the eternal vortex and revolution of Fate:—

"I am: what I am
My dust will be again."

A saint might lend an ear to the riotous fun of Falstaff; for it is not created to excite the animal appetites, but to vent the joy of a supernal intelligence. In all poetry, Pindar's rule holds,—*οντοῖς φωνεῖ*, it speaks to the intelligent; and Hafiz is a poet for poets, whether he write, as sometimes, with a parrot's, or, as at other times, with an eagle's quill.

Every song of Hafiz affords new proof of the unimportance of your subject to success, provided only the treatment be cordial. In general, what is more tedious than dedications or panegyrics addressed to grandees? Yet in the "Divan" you would not skip them, since his muse seldom supports him better.

"What lovelier forms things wear,
Now that the Shah comes back!"

And again:—

"Thy foes to hunt, thy enviers to strike down,
Poises Arcturus aloft morning and evening
his spear."

And again:—

"Mirza! where thy shadow falls,
Beauty sits and Music calls;
Where thy form and favor come,
All good creatures have their home."

Here are a couple of stately compliments to his Shah, from the kindred genius of Enweri:—

"Not in their houses stand the stars,
But o'er the pinnacles of thine!"

"From thy worth and weight the stars gravitate,
And the equipoise of heaven is thy house's
equipoise!"

It is told of Hafiz, that, when he had written a compliment to a handsome youth,—

"Take my heart in thy hand, O beautiful boy
of Schiraz!
I would give for the mole on thy cheek Samarcand and Buchara!"—

the verses came to the ears of Timour

in his palace. Timour taxed Hafiz with treating disrespectfully his two cities, to raise and adorn which he had conquered nations. Hafiz replied, "Alas, my lord, if I had not been so prodigal, I had not been so poor!"

The Persians had a mode of establishing copyright the most secure of any contrivance with which we are acquainted. The law of the *ghaselle*, or shorter ode, requires that the poet insert his name in the last stanza. Almost every one of several hundreds of poems of Hafiz contains his name thus interwoven more or less closely with the subject of the piece. It is itself a test of skill, as this self-naming is not quite easy. We remember but two or three examples in English poetry: that of Chaucer, in the "House of Fame"; Jonson's epitaph on his son,—

" Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry";
and Cowley's,—

" The melancholy Cowley lay."

But it is easy to Hafiz. It gives him the opportunity of the most playful self-assertion, always gracefully, sometimes almost in the fun of Falstaff, sometimes with feminine delicacy. He tells us, "The angels in heaven were lately learning his last pieces." He says, "The fishes shed their pearls, out of desire and longing, as soon as the ship of Hafiz swims the deep."

"Out of the East, and out of the West, no man understands me;
Oh, the happier I, who confide to none but the wind!
This morning heard I how the lyre of the stars resounded,
'Sweeter tones have we heard from Hafiz!'"

Again,—

"I heard the harp of the planet Venus, and it said in the early morning, 'I am the disciple of the sweet-voiced Hafiz!'"

And again,—

"When Hafiz sings, the angels hearken, and Anaitis, the leader of the starry host, calls even the Messiah in heaven out to the dance."

"No one has unveiled thoughts like Hafiz,

since the locks of the Word-bride were first curled."

" Only he despises the verse of Hafiz who is not himself by nature noble."

But we must try to give some of these poetic flourishes the metrical form which they seem to require:—

" Fit for the Pleiads' azure chord
The songs I sung, the pearls I bored."

Another:—

" I have no hoarded treasure,
Yet have I rich content;
The first from Allah to the Shah,
The last to Hafiz went."

Another:—

" High heart, O Hafiz! though not thine
Fine gold and silver ore;
More worth to thee the gift of song,
And the clear insight more."

Again:—

" Thou foolish Hafiz! say, do churls
Know the worth of Oman's pearls?
Give the gem which diems the moon
To the noblest, or to none."

Again:—

" O Hafiz! speak not of thy need;
Are not these verses thine?
Then all the poets are agreed,
No man can less repine."

He asserts his dignity as bard and inspired man of his people. To the vizier returning from Mecca he says,—

"Boast not rashly, prince of pilgrims, of thy fortune. Thou hast indeed seen the temple; but I, the Lord of the temple. Nor has any man inhaled from the musk-bladder of the merchant, or from the musky morning-wind, that sweet air which I am permitted to breathe every hour of the day."

And with still more vigor in the following lines:—

" Oft have I said, I say it once more,
I, a wanderer, do not stray from myself.
I am a kind of parrot; the mirror is holden
to me;
What the Eternal says, I stammering say
again.
Give me what you will; I eat thistles as
roses,
And according to my food I grow and I
give.
Scorn me not, but know I have the pearl,
And am only seeking one to receive it."

And his claim has been admitted from the first. The muleteers and camel-drivers, on their way through the desert, sing snatches of his songs, not so much for the thought, as for their joyful temper and tone; and the cultivated Persians know his poems by heart. Yet Hafiz does not appear to have set any great value on his songs, since his scholars collected them for the first time after his death.

In the following poem the soul is figured as the Phœnix alighting on the Tree of Life:—

- "My phœnix long ago secured
His nest in the sky-vault's cope;
In the body's cage immured,
He is weary of life's hope.
- "Round and round this heap of ashes
Now flies the bird amain,
But in that odorous niche of heaven
Nestles the bird again.
- "Once flies he upward, he will perch
On Tuba's golden bough;
His home is on that fruited arch
Which cools the blest below.
- "If over this world of ours
His wings my phœnix spread,
How gracious falls on land and sea
The soul-refreshing shade!
- "Either world inhabits he,
Sees oft below him planets roll;
His body is all of air compact,
Of Allah's love his soul."

Here is an ode which is said to be a favorite with all educated Persians:—

"Come!—the palace of heaven rests on aëry pillars,—
Come, and bring me wine; our days are wind.
I declare myself the slave of that masculine soul
Which ties and alliance on earth once forever renounces.
Told I thee yester-morn how the Iris of heaven
Brought to me in my cup a gospel of joy?
O high-flying falcon! the Tree of Life is thy perch;
This nook of grief fits thee ill for a nest.
Hearken! they call to thee down from the ramparts of heaven;
I cannot divine what holds thee here in a net.
I, too, have a counsel for thee; oh, mark it and keep it,

Since I received the same from the Master above:

Seek not for faith or for truth in a world of light-minded girls;

A thousand suitors reckons this dangerous bride.

This jest [of the world], which tickles me, leave to my vagabond self.

Accept whatever befalls; uncover thy brow from thy locks;

Neither to me nor to thee was option imparted; Neither endurance nor truth belongs to the laugh of the rose.

The loving nightingale mourns;—cause enough for mourning;—

Why envies the bird the streaming verses of Hafiz?

Know that a god bestowed on him eloquent speech."

Here is a little epitaph that might have come from Simonides:—

"Bethink, poor heart, what bitter kind of jest
Mad Destiny this tender stripling played:
For a warm breast of ivory to his breast,
She laid a slab of marble on his head."

The cedar, the cypress, the palm, the olive, and fig-tree, and the birds that inhabit them, and the garden flowers, are never wanting in these musky verses, and are always named with effect. "The willows," he says, "bow themselves to every wind, out of shame for their unfruitfulness." We may open anywhere on a floral catalogue.

"By breath of beds of roses drawn,
I found the grove in the morning pure,
In the concert of the nightingales
My drunken brain to cure.

"With unrelated glance

I looked the rose in the eye;
The rose in the hour of gloaming
Flamed like a lamp hard-by.

"She was of her beauty proud,
And prouder of her youth,
The while unto her flaming heart
The bulbul gave his truth.

"The sweet narcissus closed

Its eye, with passion pressed;
The tulips out of envy burned
Moles in their scarlet breast.

"The lilies white prolonged

Their sworded tongue to the smell;
The clustering anemones
Their pretty secrets tell."

Presently we have,—

— “ All day the rain
Bathed the dark hyacinths in vain,
The flood may pour from morn till night
Nor wash the pretty Indians white.”

And so onward, through many a page.

The following verse of Omar Chiam seems to belong to Hafiz :—

“ Each spot where tulips prank their state
Has drunk the life-blood of the great;
The violets yon fields which stain
Are moles of beauties Time hath slain.”

As might this picture of the first days of Spring, from Enweri :—

“ O'er the garden water goes the wind alone
To rasp and to polish the cheek of the wave;
The fire is quenched on the dear hearth-stone,
But it burns again on the tulips brave.”

Friendship is a favorite topic of the Eastern poets, and they have matched on this head the absoluteness of Montaigne.

Hafiz says,—

“ Thou learnest no secret until thou knowest friendship; since to the unsound no heavenly knowledge enters.”

Ibn Jemin writes thus :—

“ Whilst I disdain the populace,
I find no peer in higher place.
Friend is a word of royal tone,
Friend is a poem all alone.
Wisdom is like the elephant,
Lofty and rare inhabitant:
He dwells in deserts or in courts;
With hucksters he has no resorts.”

Dschami says,—

“ A friend is he, who, hunted as a foe,
So much the kindlier shows him than before;
Throw stones at him, or ruder javelins throw,
He builds with stone and steel a firmer floor.”

Of the amatory poetry of Hafiz we must be very sparing in our citations, though it forms the staple of the “ Divan.” He has run through the whole gamut of passion,—from the sacred, to

the borders, and over the borders, of the profane. The same confusion of high and low, the celerity of flight and allusion which our colder muses forbid, is habitual to him. From the plain text,—

“ The chemist of love
Will this perishing mould,
Were it made out of mire,
Transmute into gold,”—

or, from another favorite legend of his chemistry,—

“ They say, through patience, chalk
Becomes a ruby stone;
Ah, yes, but by the true heart's blood
The chalk is crimson grown,”—

he proceeds to the celebration of his passion; and nothing in his religious or in his scientific traditions is too sacred or too remote to afford a token of his mistress. The Moon thought she knew her own orbit well enough; but when she saw the curve on Zuleika's cheek, she was at a loss :—

“ And since round lines are drawn
My darling's lips about,
The very Moon looks puzzled on,
And hesitates in doubt
If the sweet curve that rounds thy mouth
Be not her true way to the South.”

His ingenuity never sleeps :—

“ Ah, could I hide me in my song,
To kiss thy lips from which it flows!”—

and plays in a thousand pretty courtesies :—

“ Fair fall thy soft heart!
A good work wilt thou do?
Oh, pray for the dead
Whom thine eyelashes slew!”

And what a nest has he found for his bonny bird to take up her abode in!—

“ They strew in the path of kings and czars
Jewels and gems of price;
But for thy head I will pluck down stars,
And pave thy way with eyes.”

“ I have sought for thee a costlier dome
Than Mahmoud's palace high,
And thou, returning, find thy home
In the apple of Love's eye.”

Nor shall Death snatch her from his pursuit:—

"If my darling should depart
And search the skies for prouder friends,
God forbid my angry heart
In other love should seek amends!"

"When the blue horizon's hoop
Me a little pinches here,
On the instant I will die
And go find thee in the sphere."

Then we have all degrees of passionate abandonment:—

"I know this perilous love-lane
No whither the traveller leads,
Yet my fancy the sweet scent of
Thy tangled tresses feeds.

"In the midnight of thy locks,
I renounce the day;
In the ring of thy rose-lips,
My heart forgets to pray."

And sometimes his love rises to a religious sentiment:—

"Plunge in yon angry waves,
Renouncing doubt and care;
The flowing of the seven broad seas
Shall never wet thy hair.

"Is Allah's face on thee
Bending with love benign,
And thou not less on Allah's eye
O fairest! turnest thine."

We add to these fragments of Hafiz a few specimens from other poets.

CHODSCHU KERMANI.

THE EXILE.

"In Farsistan the violet spreads
Its leaves to the rival sky,—
I ask, How far is the Tigris flood,
And the vine that grows thereby?

"Except the amber morning wind,
Not one saluted me here;
There is no man in all Bagdad
To offer the exile cheer.

"I know that thou, O morning wind,
O'er Kerman's meadow blowest,
And thou, heart-warming nightingale,
My father's orchard knowest.

"Oh, why did partial Fortune
From that bright land banish me?
So long as I wait in Bagdad,
The Tigris is all I see.

"The merchant hath stuffs of price,
And gems from the sea-washed strand,
And princes offer me grace
To stay in the Syrian land:

"But what is gold for but for gifts?
And dark without love is the day;
And all that I see in Bagdad
Is the Tigris to float me away."

NISAMI.

"WHILE roses bloomed along the plain,
The nightingale to the falcon said,
'Why, of all birds, must thou be dumb?
With closed mouth thou utterest,
Though dying, no last word to man.
Yet sitt'st thou on the hand of princes,
And feedest on the grouse's breast,
Whilst I, who hundred thousand jewels
Squander in a single tone,
Lo! I feed myself with worms,
And my dwelling is the thorn.'—
The falcon answered, 'Be all ear:
I, experienced in affairs,
See fifty things, say never one;
But thee the people prizes not,
Who, doing nothing, say'st a thousand.
To me, appointed to the chase,
The king's hand gives the grouse's breast;
Whilst a chatterer like thee
Must gnaw worms in the thorn. Farewell!'"

The following passages exhibit the strong tendency of the Persian poets to contemplative and religious poetry and to allegory.

ENWERI.

BODY AND SOUL.

"A PAINTER in China once painted a hall;—
Such a web never hung on an emperor's
wall;—
One half from his brush with rich colors did
run,
The other he touched with a beam of the
sun;
So that all which delighted the eye in one
side,
The same, point for point, in the other re-
plied.

"In thee, friend, that Tyrian chamber is
found;
Thine the star-pointing roof, and the base
on the ground:
Is one half depicted with colors less bright?
Beware that the counterpart blazes with
light!"

IBN JEMIN.

"I READ on the porch of a palace bold
In a purple tablet letters cast,—
'A house, though a million winters old,
A house of earth comes down at last;
Then quarry thy stones from the crystal All,
And build the dome that shall not fall.'"

"What need," cries the mystic Feisi,
"of palaces and tapestry? What need
even of a bed?"

"The eternal Watcher, who doth wake
All night in the body's earthen chest,
Will of thine arms a pillow make,
And a bolster of thy breast."

A stanza of H̄ilali on a Flute is a luxury of idealism:—

"Hear what, now loud, now low, the pining
flute complains,
Without tongue, yellow-cheeked, full of
winds that wail and sigh,
Saying, 'Sweetheart, the old mystery re-
maps,
If I am I, thou thou, or thou art I!'"

Ferideddin Attar wrote the "Bird Conversations," a mystical tale, in which the birds, coming together to choose their king, resolve on a pilgrimage to Mount Kaf, to pay their homage to the Simorg. From this poem, written five hundred years ago, we cite the following passage, as a proof of the identity of mysticism in all periods. The tone is quite modern. In the fable, the birds were soon weary of the length and difficulties of the way, and at last almost all gave out. Three only persevered, and arrived before the throne of the Simorg.

"The bird-soul was ashamed;
Their body was quite annihilated;
They had cleaned themselves from the dust,
And were by the light ensouled.
What was, and was not,—the Past,—
Was wiped out from their breast.
The sun from near-by beamed
Clearest light into their soul;
The resplendence of the Simorg beamed
As one back from all three.
They knew not, amazed, if they
Were either this or that.
They saw themselves all as Simorg,
Themselves in the eternal Simorg.
When to the Simorg up they looked,
They beheld him among themselves;

And when they looked on each other,
They saw themselves in the Simorg.
A single look grouped the two parties,
The Simorg emerged, the Simorg vanished,
This in that, and that in this,
As the world has never heard.
So remained they, sunk in wonder,
Thoughtless in deepest thinking,
And quite unconscious of themselves.
Speechless prayed they to the Highest
To open this secret,
And to unlock *Thou* and *We*.
There came an answer without tongue.—
"The Highest is a sun-mirror;
Who comes to Him sees himself therein,
Sees body and soul, and soul and body:
When you came to the Simorg,
Three therein appeared to you,
And, had fifty of you come,
So had you seen yourselves as many.
Him has none of us yet seen.
Ants see not the Pleiades.
Can the gnat grasp with his teeth
The body of the elephant?
What you see is He not;
What you hear is He not.
The valleys which you traverse,
The actions which you perform,
They lie under our treatment
And among our properties.
You as three birds are amazed,
Impatient, heartless, confused:
Far over you am I raised,
Since I am in act Simorg.
Ye blot out my highest being,
That ye may find yourselves on my throne;
Forever ye blot out yourselves,
As shadows in the sun. Farewell!"'

Among the religious customs of the dervises, it seems, is an astronomical dance, in which the dervis imitates the movements of the heavenly bodies by spinning on his own axis, whilst, at the same time, he revolves round the sheikh in the centre, representing the sun; and as he spins, he sings the song of Seid Nimetollah of Kuhistan:—

"Spin the ball! I reel, I burn,
Nor head from foot can I discern,
Nor my heart from love of mine,
Nor the wine-cup from the wine.
All my doing, all my leaving,
Reaches not to my perceiving.
Lost in whirling spheres I rove,
And know only that I love.

"I am seeker of the stone,
Living gem of Solomon;

From the shore of souls arrived,
In the sea of sense I dived;
But what is land, or what is wave,
To me who only jewels crave?
Love's the air-fed fire intense,
My heart is the frankincense;
As the rich aloes flames, I glow,
Yet the censor cannot know.
I'm all-knowing, yet unknowing;
Stand not, pause not, in my going.

"Ask not me, as Muftis can,
To recite the Alcoran;

Well I love the meaning sweet,—
I tread the book beneath my feet.

"Lo! the God's love blazes higher,
Till all difference expire.
What are Moslems? what are Giaours?
All are Love's, and all are ours.
I embrace the true believers,
But I reck not of deceivers.
Firm to heaven my bosom clings,
Heedless of inferior things;
Down on earth there, underfoot,
What men chatter know I not."

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.

SIN has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

—I think, Sir,—said the divinity-student,—you must intend that for one of the sayings of the Seven Wise Men of Boston you were speaking of the other day.

I thank you, my young friend,—was my reply,—but I must say something better than that, before I could pretend to fill out the number.

—The schoolmistress wanted to know how many of these sayings there were on record, and what, and by whom said.

—Why, let us see,—there is that one of Benjamin Franklin, "the great Bostonian," after whom this lad was named. To be sure, he said a great many wise things,—and I don't feel sure he didn't borrow this,—he speaks as if it were old. But then he applied it so neatly!—

"He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged."

Then there is that glorious Epicurean paradox, uttered by my friend, the Historian, in one of his flashing moments:—

"Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries."

To these must certainly be added that other saying of one of the wittiest of men:—

"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

—The divinity-student looked grave at this, but said nothing.

The schoolmistress spoke out, and said she didn't think the wit meant any irreverence. It was only another way of saying, Paris is a heavenly place after New York or Boston.

A jaunty-looking person, who had come in with the young fellow they call John, —evidently a stranger,—said there was one more wise man's saying that he had heard; it was about our place, but he didn't know who said it.—A civil curiosity was manifested by the company to hear the fourth wise saying. I heard him distinctly whispering to the young fellow who brought him to dinner, *Shall I tell it?* To which the answer was, *Go ahead!*—Well,—he said,—this was what I heard:—

"Boston State-House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man, if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar."

Sir,—said I,—I am gratified with your remark. It expresses with pleasing vivacity that which I have sometimes heard uttered with malignant dulness. The satire of the remark is essentially

true of Boston,—and of all other considerable—and inconsiderable—places with which I have had the privilege of being acquainted. Cockneys think London is the only place in the world. Frenchmen—you remember the line about Paris, the Court, the World, etc.—I recollect well, by the way, a sign in that city which ran thus: “*Hôtel de l'Univers et des États Unis*”; and as Paris *is* the universe to a Frenchman, of course the United States are outside of it.—“See Naples and then die.”—It is quite as bad with smaller places. I have been about, lecturing, you know, and have found the following propositions to hold true of all of them.

1. The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city.

2. If more than fifty years have passed since its foundation, it is affectionately styled by the inhabitants the “*good old town of*” — (whatever its name may happen to be).

3. Every collection of its inhabitants that comes together to listen to a stranger is invariably declared to be a “remarkably intelligent audience.”

4. The climate of the place is particularly favorable to longevity.

5. It contains several persons of vast talent little known to the world. (One or two of them, you may perhaps chance to remember, sent short pieces to the “*Pactolian*” some time since, which were “respectfully declined.”)

Boston is just like other places of its size;—only, perhaps, considering its excellent fish-market, paid fire-department, superior monthly publications, and correct habit of spelling the English language, it has some right to look down on the mob of cities. I'll tell you, though, if you want to know it, what is the real offence of Boston. It drains a large water-shed of its intellect, and will not itself be drained. If it would only send away its first-rate men, instead of its second-rate ones, (no offence to the well-known exceptions, of which we are always proud,) we should be spared such epigrammatic remarks as that which the gentleman has

quoted. There can never be a real metropolis in this country, until the biggest centre can drain the lesser ones of their talent and wealth.—I have observed, by the way, that the people who really live in two great cities are by no means so jealous of each other, as are those of smaller cities situated within the intellectual basin, or *suction-range*, of one large one, of the pretensions of any other. Don't you see why? Because their promising young author and rising lawyer and large capitalist have been drained off to the neighboring big city,—their prettiest girl has been exported to the same market; all their ambition points there, and all their thin gilding of glory comes from there. I hate little toad-eating cities.

—Would I be so good as to specify any particular example?—Oh,—an example? Did you ever see a bear-trap? Never? Well, shouldn't you like to see me put my foot into one? With sentiments of the highest consideration I must beg leave to be excused.

Besides, some of the smaller cities are charming. If they have an old church or two, a few stately mansions of former grandees, here and there an old dwelling with the second story projecting, (for the convenience of shooting the Indians knocking at the front-door with their tomahawks,)—if they have, scattered about, those mighty square houses built something more than half a century ago, and standing like architectural boulders dropped by the former diluvium of wealth, whose refluent wave has left them as its monument,—if they have gardens with elbowed apple-trees that push their branches over the high board-fence and drop their fruit on the side-walk,—if they have a little grass in the side-streets, enough to betoken quiet without proclaiming decay,—I think I could go to pieces, after my life's work were done, in one of those tranquil places, as sweetly as in any cradle that an old man may be rocked to sleep in. I visit such spots always with infinite delight. My friend, the Poet, says, that rapidly growing towns are most unfavorable to the imaginative

and reflective faculties. Let a man live in one of these old quiet places, he says, and the wine of his soul, which is kept thick and turbid by the rattle of busy streets, settles, and, as you hold it up, you may see the sun through it by day and the stars by night.

—Do I think that the little villages have the conceit of the great towns?—I don't believe there is much difference. You know how they read Pope's line in the smallest town in our State of Massachusetts?—Well, they read it

"All are but parts of one stupendous HULL!"

—Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted,—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it!

If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim,—*The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time,—or, if you are a man, run off and die with your head on a curb-stone, in Melbourne or San Francisco,—or, if you are a woman, quarrel and break your heart, or turn into a pale, jointed petrifaction that moyes about as if it were alive, or play some real life-tragedy, or other.

Be very careful to whom you trust one

of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones,—touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well,—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.

—You remember the old story of the tender-hearted man, who placed a frozen viper in his bosom, and was stung by it when it became thawed? If we take a cold-blooded creature into our bosom, better that it should sting us and we should die than that its chill should slowly steal into our hearts; warm it we never can! I have seen faces of women that were fair to look upon, yet one could see that the icicles were forming round these women's hearts. I knew what freezing image lay on the white breasts beneath the laces!

A very simple *intellectual*, mechanism

answers the necessities of friendship, and even of the most intimate relations of life. If a watch tells us the hour and the minute, we can be content to carry it about with us for a life-time, though it has no second-hand, and is not a repeater, nor a musical watch,—though it is not enamelled nor jewelled,—in short, though it has little beyond the wheels required for a trustworthy instrument, added to a good face and a pair of useful hands. The more wheels there are in a watch or a brain, the more trouble they are to take care of. The movements of exaltation which belong to genius are egotistic by their very nature. A calm, clear mind, not subject to the spasms and crises that are so often met with in creative or intensely perceptive natures, is the best basis for love or friendship.—Observe, I am talking about *minds*. I won't say, the more intellect, the less capacity for loving; for that would do wrong to the understanding and reason; — but, on the other hand, that the brain often runs away with the heart's best blood, which gives the world a few pages of wisdom or sentiment or poetry, instead of making one other heart happy, I have no question.

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell.

But to radiate the heat of the affections into a clod, which absorbs all that is poured into it, but never warms beneath the sunshine of smiles or the pressure of hand or lip,—this is the great martyrdom of sensitive beings,—most of all in that perpetual *auto da fé* where young womanhood is the sacrifice.

—You noticed, perhaps, what I just said about the loves and friendships of illiterate persons,—that is, of the human race, with a few exceptions here and there. I like books,—I was born and

bred among them, and have the easy feeling, when I get into their presence, that a stable-boy has among horses. I don't think I undervalue them either as companions or as instructors. But I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men. The Hebrew patriarchs had small libraries, I think, if any; yet they represent to our imaginations a very complete idea of manhood, and, I think, if we could ask in Abraham to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honored by his company.

What I wanted to say about books is this: that there are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

—I think a man must have a good opinion of himself, Sir,—said the divinity-student,—who should feel himself above Shakespeare at any time.

My young friend,—I replied,—the man who is never conscious of any state of feeling or of intellectual effort entirely beyond expression by any form of words whatsoever is a mere creature of language. I can hardly believe there are any such men. Why, think for a moment of the power of music. The nerves that make us alive to it spread out (so the Professor tells me) in the most sensitive region of the marrow, just where it is widening to run upwards into the hemispheres. It has its seat in the region of sense rather than of thought. Yet it produces a continuous and, as it were, logical sequence of emotional and intellectual changes; but how different from trains of thought proper! how entirely beyond the reach of symbols!—Think of human passions as compared with all phrases! Did you ever hear of a man's growing lean by the reading of “Romeo and Juliet,” or blowing his brains out because Desdemona was maligned? There are a good many symbols, even, that are more expressive than words. I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time. She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was

a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned of a deep orange color with jaundice. A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences,—namely, to waste away and die. When a man can *read*, his paroxysm of feeling is passing. When he can *read*, his thought has slackened its hold.—You talk about reading Shakspeare, using him as an expression for the highest intellect, and you wonder that any common person should be so presumptuous as to suppose his thought can rise above the text which lies before him. But think a moment. A child's reading of Shakspeare is one thing, and Coleridge's or Schlegel's reading of him is another. The saturation-point of each mind differs from that of every other. But I think it is as true for the small mind which can only take up a little as for the great one which takes up much, that the suggested trains of thought and feeling ought always to rise above—not the author, but the reader's mental version of the author, whoever he may be.

I think most readers of Shakspeare sometimes find themselves thrown into exalted mental conditions like those produced by music. Then they may drop the book, to pass at once into the region of thought without words. We may happen to be very dull folks, you and I, and probably are, unless there is some particular reason to suppose the contrary. But we get glimpses now and then of a sphere of spiritual possibilities, where we, dull as we are now, may sail in vast circles round the largest compass of earthly intelligences.

—I confess there are times when I feel like the friend I mentioned to you some time ago,—I hate the very sight of a book. Sometimes it becomes almost a physical necessity to talk out what is in the mind, before putting anything else into it. It is very bad to have thoughts and feelings, which were meant to come out in talk, *strike in*, as they say of some complaints that ought to show outwardly.

I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births,—with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled.

—Don't I read up various matters to talk about at this table or elsewhere? —No, that is the last thing I would do. I will tell you my rule. Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.

—Physiologists and metaphysicians have had their attention turned a good deal of late to the automatic and involuntary actions of the mind. Put an idea into your intelligence and leave it there an hour, a day, a year, without ever having occasion to refer to it. When, at last, you return to it, you do not find it as it was when acquired. It has domiciliated itself, so to speak,—become at home,—entered into relations with your other thoughts, and integrated itself with the whole fabric of the mind.—Or take a simple and familiar example. You forget a name, in conversation,—go on talking, without making any effort to recall it,—and presently the mind evolves it by its own involuntary and unconscious action, while you were pursuing another train of thought, and the name rises of itself to your lips.

There are some curious observations I should like to make about the mental machinery, but I think we are getting rather didactic.

—I should be gratified, if Benjamin Franklin would let me know something of his progress in the French language. I rather liked that exercise he read us the other day, though I must confess I should hardly dare to translate it, for fear some people in a remote city where I

once lived might think I was drawing their portraits.

—Yes, Paris is a famous place for societies. I don't know whether the piece I mentioned from the French author was intended simply as Natural History, or whether there was not a little malice in his description. At any rate, when I gave my translation to B. F. to turn back again into French, one reason was that I thought it would sound a little bald in English, and some people might think it was meant to have some local bearing or other,—which the author, of course, didn't mean, inasmuch as he could not be acquainted with anything on this side of the water.

[The above remarks were addressed to the schoolmistress, to whom I handed the paper after looking it over. The divinity-student came and read over her shoulder,—very curious, apparently, but his eyes wandered, I thought. Seeing that her breathing was a little hurried and high, or *thoracic*, as my friend, the Professor, calls it, I watched her a little more closely.—It is none of my business.—After all, it is the imponderables that move the world,—heat, electricity, love.—*Habet.*]

This is the piece that Benjamin Franklin made into boarding-school French, such as you see here; don't expect too much;—the mistakes give a relish to it, I think.

LES SOCIÉTÉS POLYPHYSIOPHILOSO- PHIQUES.

CES Sociétés là sont une Institution pour suppléer aux besoins d'esprit et de cœur de ces individus qui ont survécu à leurs émotions à l'égard du beau sexe, et qui n'ont pas la distraction de l'habitude de boire.

Pour devenir membre d'une de ces Sociétés, on doit avoir le moins de cheveux possible. S'il y en reste plusieurs qui résistent aux dépilatoires naturelles et autres, on doit avoir quelques connaissances, n'importe dans quel genre. Dès le moment qu'on ouvre la porte de la Société, on a un grand intérêt dans toutes les choses dont on ne sait rien. Ainsi, un microscopiste démontre un nouveau *flexor du tarse* d'un *melolontha vulgaris*. Douze savans improvisés, portant des besicles, et qui ne connaissent rien des insectes, si ce n'est les morsures du *culex*, se précipitent sur l'instru-

ment, et voient—une grande bulle d'air, dont ils s'émerveillent avec effusion. Ce qui est un spectacle plein d'instruction—pour ceux qui ne sont pas de ladite Société. Tous les membres regardent les chimistes en particulier avec un air d'intelligence parfaite pendant qu'ils prouvent dans un discours d'une demi-heure que O⁶ N⁸ H⁵ C⁶ etc. font quelque chose qui n'est bonne à rien, mais qui probablement a une odeur très désagréable, selon l'habitude des produits chimiques. Après cela vient un mathématicien qui vous bourre avec des *a+b* et vous rapporte enfin un *x+y*, dont vous n'avez pas besoin et qui ne change nullement vos relations avec la vie. Un naturaliste vous parle des formations spéciales des animaux excessivement inconnus, dont vous n'avez jamais soupçonné l'existence. Ainsi il vous décrit les *follicules de l'appendix vermiformis* d'un *dzyggetai*. Vous ne savez pas ce que c'est qu'un *follicule*. Vous ne savez pas ce que c'est qu'un *appendix vermiformis*. Vous n'avez jamais entendu parler du *dzyggetai*. Ainsi vous gagnez toutes ces connaissances à la fois, qui s'attachent à votre esprit comme l'eau adhère aux plumes d'un canard. On connaît toutes les langues *ex officio* en devenant membre d'une de ces Sociétés. Ainsi quand on entend lire un Essai sur les dialectes Tchutchiens, on comprend tout celà de suite, et s'instruit énormément.

Il y a deux espèces d'individus qu'on trouve toujours à ces Sociétés: 1^o Le membre à questions; 2^o Le membre à "Bylaws."

La question est une spécialité. Celui qui en fait métier ne fait jamais des réponses. La question est une manière très commode de dire les choses suivantes: "Me voilà! Je ne suis pas fossile, moi,—je respire encore! J'ai des idées,—voyez mon intelligence! Vous ne croyez pas, vous autres, que je savais quelque chose de celà! Ah, nous avons un peu de sagacité, voyez vous! Nous ne sommes nullement la bête qu'on pense!"—*Le fâcheur de questions donne peu d'attention aux réponses qu'on fait; ce n'est pas là dans sa spécialité.*

Le membre à "Bylaws" est le bouchon de toutes les émotions mousseuses et généreuses qui se montrent dans la Société. C'est un empereur manqué,—un tyran à la troisième trituration. C'est un esprit dur, borné, exact, grand dans les petitesses, petit dans les grandeurs, selon le mot du grand Jefferson. On ne l'aime pas dans la Société, mais on le respecte et on le craint. Il n'y a qu'un mot pour ce membre au dessus de "Bylaws." Ce mot est pour lui ce que l'Om est aux Hindous. C'est sa religion; il n'y a rien audelà. Ce mot là c'est la CONSTITUTION!

Lesdites Sociétés publient des feuillets de tems en tems. On les trouve abandonnés

à sa porte, nus comme des enfans nouveaux-nés, faute de membrane cutanée, ou même papyracée. Si on aime la botanique, on y trouve une mémoire sur les coquilles; si on fait des études zoologiques, on trouve un grand tas de q✓—1, ce qui doit être infinitim plus commode que les encyclopédies. Ainsi il est clair comme la métaphysique qu'on doit devenir membre d'une Société telle que nous décrivons.

Recette pour le Dépilatoire Physiophilosophique.

Chaux vive lb. ss. Eau bouillante Oj.

Dépilez avec. Polissez ensuite.

— I told the boy that his translation into French was creditable to him; and some of the company wishing to hear what there was in the piece that made me smile, I turned it into English for them, as well as I could, on the spot.

The landlady's daughter seemed to be much amused by the idea that a depilatory could take the place of literary and scientific accomplishments; she wanted me to print the piece, so that she might send a copy of it to her cousin in Mizzourah; she didn't think he'd have to do anything to the outside of his head to get into any of the societies; he had to wear a wig once, when he played a part in a tabullo.

No,—said I,—I shouldn't think of printing that in English. I'll tell you why. As soon as you get a few thousand people together in a town, there is somebody that every sharp thing you say is sure to hit. What if a thing was written in Paris or in Pekin?—that makes no difference. Everybody in those cities, or almost everybody, has his counterpart here, and in all large places.—You never studied *averages*, as I have had occasion to.

I'll tell you how I came to know so much about averages. There was one season when I was lecturing, commonly, five evenings in the week, through most of the lecturing period. I soon found, as most speakers do, that it was pleasant to work one lecture than to keep several in hand.

— Don't you get sick to death of one lecture?—said the landlady's daughter, who had a new dress on that day, and was in spirits for conversation.

I was going to talk about averages,—I said,—but I have no objection to telling you about lectures, to begin with.

A new lecture always has a certain excitement connected with its delivery. One thinks well of it, as of most things fresh from his mind. After a few deliveries of it, one gets tired and then disgusted with its repetition. Go on delivering it, and the disgust passes off, until, after one has repeated it a hundred or a hundred and fifty times, he rather enjoys the hundred and first or hundred and fifty-first time, before a new audience. But this is on one condition,—that he never lays the lecture down and lets it cool. If he does, there comes on a loathing for it which is intense, so that the sight of the old battered manuscript is as bad as sea-sickness.

A new lecture is just like any other new tool. We use it for a while with pleasure. Then it blisters our hands, and we hate to touch it. By-and-by our hands get callous, and then we have no longer any sensitiveness about it. But if we give it up, the calluses disappear; and if we meddle with it again, we miss the novelty and get the blisters.—The story is often quoted of Whitefield, that he said a sermon was good for nothing until it had been preached forty times. A lecture doesn't begin to be old until it has passed its hundredth delivery*, and some, I think, have doubled, if not quadrupled, that number. These old lectures are a man's best, commonly; they improve by age, also,—like the pipes, fiddles, and poems I told you of the other day. One learns to make the most of their strong points and to carry off their weak ones,—to take out the really good things which don't tell on the audience, and put in cheaper things that do. All this degrades him, of course, but it improves the lecture for general delivery. A thoroughly popular lecture ought to have nothing in it which five hundred people cannot all take in a flash, just as it is uttered.

— No, indeed,—I should be very sorry to say anything disrespectful of

audiences. I have been kindly treated by a great many, and may occasionally face one hereafter. But I tell you the *average* intellect of five hundred persons, taken as they come, is not very high. It may be sound and safe, so far as it goes, but it is not very rapid or profound. A lecture ought to be something which all can understand, about something which interests everybody. I think, that, if any experienced lecturer gives you a different account from this, it will probably be one of those eloquent or forcible speakers who hold an audience by the charm of their manner, whatever they talk about,—even when they don't talk very well.

But an *average*, which was what I meant to speak about, is one of the most extraordinary subjects of observation and study. It is awful in its uniformity, in its automatic necessity of action. Two communities of ants or bees are exactly alike in all their actions, so far as we can see. Two lyceum assemblies, of five hundred each, are so nearly alike, that they are absolutely undistinguishable in many cases by any definite mark, and there is nothing but the place and time by which one can tell the "remarkably intelligent audience" of a town in New York or Ohio from one in any New England town of similar size. Of course, if any principle of selection has come in, as in those special associations of young men which are common in cities, it deranges the uniformity of the assemblage. But let there be no such interfering circumstances, and one knows pretty well even the look the audience will have, before he goes in. Front seats: a few old folks,—shiny-headed,—slant up best ear towards the speaker,—drop off asleep after a while, when the air begins to get a little narcotic with carbonic acid. Bright women's faces, young and middle-aged, a little behind these, but toward the front —(pick out the best, and lecture mainly to that). Here and there a countenance sharp and scholarlike, and a dozen pretty female ones sprinkled about. An indefinite number of pairs of young people,—happy, but not always very at-

tentive. Boys in the back-ground, more or less quiet. Dull faces here, there,—in how many places! I don't say dull *people*, but faces without a ray of sympathy or a movement of expression. They are what kill the lecturer. These negative faces with their vacuous eyes and stony lineaments pump and suck the warm soul out of him;—that is the chief reason why lecturers grow so pale before the season is over. They render *latent* any amount of vital caloric; they act on our minds as those cold-blooded creatures I was talking about act on our hearts.

Out of all these inevitable elements the audience is generated,—a great compound vertebrate, as much like fifty others you have seen as any two mammals of the same species are like each other. Each audience laughs, and each cries, in just the same places of your lecture; that is, if you make one laugh or cry, you make all. Even those little indescribable movements which a lecturer takes cognizance of, just as a driver notices his horse's cocking his ears, are sure to come in exactly the same place of your lecture, always. I declare to you, that, as the monk said about the picture in the convent,—that he sometimes thought the living tenants were the shadows, and the painted figures the realities,—I have sometimes felt as if I were a wandering spirit, and this great unchanging multivertebrate which I faced night after night was one ever-listening animal, which writhed along after me wherever I fled, and coiled at my feet every evening, turning up to me the same sleepless eyes which I thought I had closed with my last drowsy incantation!

—Oh, yes! A thousand kindly and courteous acts,—a thousand faces that melted individually out of my recollection as the April snow melts, but only to steal away and find the beds of flowers whose roots are memory, but which blossom in poetry and dreams. I am not ungrateful, nor unconscious of all the good feeling and intelligence everywhere to be met with through the vast parish to

which the lecturer ministers. But when I set forth, leading a string of my mind's daughters to market, as the country-folk fetch in their strings of horses—Pardon me, that was a coarse fellow who sneered at the sympathy wasted on an unhappy lecturer; as if, because he was decently paid for his services, he had therefore sold his sensibilities.—Family men get dreadfully homesick. In the remote and bleak village the heart returns to the red blaze of the logs in one's fireplace at home.

"There are his young barbarians all at play,"—

if he owns any youthful savages.—No, the world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest.

—It is a fine thing to be an oracle to which an appeal is always made in all discussions. The men of facts wait their turn in grim silence, with that slight tension about the nostrils which the consciousness of carrying a "settler" in the form of a fact or a revolver gives the individual thus armed. When a person is really full of information, and does not abuse it to crush conversation, his part is to that of the real talkers what the instrumental accompaniment is in a trio or quartette of vocalists.

—What do I mean by the real talkers?—Why, the people with fresh ideas, of course, and plenty of good warm words to dress them in. Facts always yield the place of honor, in conversation, to thoughts about facts; but if a false note is uttered, down comes the finger on the key and the man of facts asserts his true dignity. I have known three of these men of facts, at least, who were always formidable,—and one of them was tyrannical.

—Yes, a man sometimes makes a grand appearance on a particular occasion; but these men knew something about almost everything, and never made mistakes.—He? *Veneers* in first-rate style. The mahogany scales off now and then in spots, and then you see the cheap light stuff.—I found —— very fine in conversational information, the other day, when we were in company. The talk ran

upon mountains. He was wonderfully well acquainted with the leading facts about the Andes, the Apennines, and the Appalachians; he had nothing in particular to say about Ararat, Ben Nevis, and various other mountains that were mentioned. By and by some Revolutionary anecdote came up, and he showed singular familiarity with the lives of the Adamses, and gave many details relating to Major André. A point of Natural History being suggested, he gave an excellent account of the air-bladder of fishes. He was very full upon the subject of agriculture, but retired from the conversation when horticulture was introduced in the discussion. So he seemed well acquainted with the geology of anthracite; but did not pretend to know anything of other kinds of coal. There was something so odd about the extent and limitations of his knowledge, that I suspected all at once what might be the meaning of it, and waited till I got an opportunity.—Have you seen the "New American Cyclopaedia?" said I.—I have, he replied; I received an early copy.—How far does it go?—He turned red, and answered,—To Araguay.—Oh, said I to myself,—not quite so far as Ararat;—that is the reason he knew nothing about it; but he must have read all the rest straight through, and, if he can remember what is in this volume until he has read all those that are to come, he will know more than I ever thought he would.

Since I had this experience, I hear that somebody else has related a similar story. I didn't borrow it, for all that.—I made a comparison at table some time since, which has often been quoted and received many compliments. It was that of the mind of a bigot to the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour on it, the more it contracts. The simile is a very obvious, and, I suppose I may now say, a happy one; for it has just been shown me that it occurs in a Preface to certain Political Poems of Thomas Moore's, published long before my remark was repeated. When a person of fair character for literary honesty uses

an image such as another has employed before him, the presumption is, that he has struck upon it independently, or unconsciously recalled it, supposing it his own.

It is impossible to tell, in a great many cases, whether a comparison which suddenly suggests itself is a new conception or a recollection. I told you the other day that I never wrote a line of verse that seemed to me comparatively good, but it appeared old at once, and often as if it had been borrowed. But I confess I never suspected the above comparison of being old, except from the fact of its obviousness. It is proper, however, that I proceed by a formal instrument to relinquish all claim to any property in an idea given to the world at about the time when I had just joined the class in which Master Thomas Moore was then a somewhat advanced scholar.

I, therefore, in full possession of my native honesty, but knowing the liability of all men to be elected to public office, and for that reason feeling uncertain how soon I may be in danger of losing it, do hereby renounce all claim to being considered the *first* person who gave utterance to a certain simile or comparison referred to in the accompanying documents, and relating to the pupil of the eye on the one part and the mind of the bigot on the other. I hereby relinquish all glory and profit, and especially all claims to letters from autograph collectors, founded upon my supposed property in the above comparison,—knowing well, that, according to the laws of literature, they who speak first hold the fee of the thing said. I do also agree that all Editors of Cyclopedias and Biographical Dictionaries, all Publishers of Reviews and Papers, and all Critics writing therein, shall be at liberty to retract or qualify any opinion predicated on the supposition that I was the sole and undisputed author of the above comparison. But, inasmuch as I do affirm that the comparison aforesaid was uttered by me in the firm belief that it was new and wholly my own, and as I have good

reason to think that I had never seen or heard it when first expressed by me, and as it is well known that different persons may independently utter the same idea, —as is evinced by that familiar line from Donatus,—

“Pereant illi qui ante nos nostra dixerunt,”—

now, therefore, I do request by this instrument that all well-disposed persons will abstain from asserting or implying that I am open to any accusation whatsoever touching the said comparison, and, if they have so asserted or implied, that they will have the manliness forthwith to retract the same assertion or insinuation.

I think few persons have a greater disgust for plagiarism than myself. If I had even suspected that the idea in question was borrowed, I should have disclaimed originality, or mentioned the coincidence, as I once did in a case where I had happened to hit on an idea of Swift's.

—But what shall I do about these verses I was going to read you? I am afraid that half mankind would accuse me of stealing their thoughts, if I printed them. I am convinced that several of you, especially if you are getting a little on in life, will recognize some of these sentiments as having passed through your consciousness at some time. I can't help it,—it is too late now. The verses are written, and you must have them. Listen, then, and you shall hear

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

THAT age was older once than now,
In spite of locks untimely shed,
Or silvered on the youthful brow;
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
Which faded with those “good old days,”
When winters came with deeper snow,
And autumns with a softer haze.

That—mother, sister, wife, or child—
The “best of women” each has known.
Were schoolboys ever half so wild?
How young the grandpas have grown!

That *but for this* our souls were free,
And *but for that* our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Whene'er we groan with ache or pain,
Some common ailment of the race,—
Though doctors think the matter plain,—
That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when like babes with fingers burned
We count one bitter maxim more,
Our lesson all the world has learned,
And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,
The angels hovering overhead
Count every pitying drop that flows
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye
And turn the beggar from our door,
They still approve us when we sigh,
"Ah, had I but *one thousand more!*"

That weakness smoothed the path of sin,
In half the slips our youth has known;
And whatsoe'er its blame has been,
That Mercy flowers on faults outgrown.

Though temples crowd the crumbled brink
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,
Their tablets bold with *what we think*,
Their echoes dumb to *what we know*;

That one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: **God is Love!**

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress,—
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By the music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below,—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
 From the souls that entreat and implore
 In the frenzy and passion of prayer,—
 From the hearts that are broken with losses,
 And weary with dragging the crosses
 Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
 And they change into flowers in his hands,
 Into garlands of purple and red ;
 And beneath the great arch of the portal,
 Through the streets of the City Immortal,
 Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
 A fable, a phantom, a show
 Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;
 Yet the old mediæval tradition,
 The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
 And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars,
 Among them majestic is standing
 Sandalphon the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

MR. BUCHANAN'S ADMINISTRATION.

MR. BUCHANAN came into power with the prestige of experience ; he was known to have been long in public life ; he had been a senator, a secretary, a diplomatist, and almost everything else which is supposed to fit a man for the practical conduct of affairs.

This presumed fitness for office greatly assisted his chances in the Presidential campaign ; and it assisted him especially

with those timid and conservative minds, of which there are many, apt to conceive that a familiarity with the business and details of government is the same as statesmanship, and to confound the skill and facility acquired by mere routine with a genuine ability in execution. Had these men, however, looked more closely into Mr. Buchanan's official career, they would have found causes for suspecting

the validity of their judgment, in the very length and variety of his services. They would have discovered, that, long as these had been and various as they had been, they were quite undistinguished by any peculiar evidences of capacity or aptitude.

He had been senator, secretary, and diplomatist, it is true; but in no one of these positions had he achieved any remarkable successes. The occasion could not be indicated on which he had risen above the average level of respectability as a public man. There were no salient points in his course,—no splendid developments of mastery,—no great reports, or speeches, or measures, to cause him to be remembered,—and no leading thoughts or acts, to awaken a high and general feeling of admiration on the part of his countrymen. He was never such a senator as Webster was, nor such a secretary as Clay, nor such a diplomatist as Marcy. Throughout his protracted official existence, he followed in the wake of his party submissively, doing its appointed work with patience, and vindicating its declared policy with skill, but never emerging as a distinct and prominent figure. He never exhibited any peculiar largeness of mind or loftiness of character; and though he spoke well and wrote well, and played the part of a cool and wary manager, he was scarcely considered a commanding spirit among his fellows. Amid that array of luminaries, indeed, which adorned the Senate, where his chief reputation was made,—among such men as Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Benton, and Wright,—he shone with a diminished lustre.

Now, forty years of action, in the most conspicuous spheres, unillustrated by a single incident which mankind has, or will have, reason to cite and applaud, were not astonishing evidence of fitness for the chief magistracy; and the event has shown, that Mr. Buchanan was to be regarded as an old politician rather than a practised statesman,—that the most serviceable soldier in the ranks may prove to be an indifferent general in

command,—and that the experience, for which he was vaunted and trusted, was not that ripening discipline of the mind and heart,

—“which doth attain
To something of prophetic strain,”—
but that other unlearning use and wont,
which

—“chews on wisdom past,
And totters on in blunders to the last.”

His administration has been a series of blunders, and worse: it has evinced no mastery; on the other hand, it may be arraigned for inconsistencies the most palpable, for proceedings the most awkward, for a general impotence which places it on a level with that of Tyler or Pierce, and for signal offences against the national sense of decorum and duty.

It is scarcely a year since Mr. Buchanan assumed the reins at Washington. He assumed them under circumstances by which he and his party and the whole country had been taught a great lesson of political duty. The infamous mismanagement of Kansas, by his immediate predecessor, had just shattered the most powerful of our party organizations, and caused a mighty uprising of the masses of the North in defence of menaced freedom. His election was carried amid the extremest hazards, and with the utmost difficulty. Two months more of such ardent debate and such popular enlightenment as were then going forward would have resulted in his defeat. As it was, nearly every Northern State—no matter how firm its previous adherence to the Democratic party—was aroused to a strenuous opposition. Nearly every Northern State pronounced by a stupendous majority against him and against his cause. Nothing but a systematic disguise of the true questions at issue by his own party, and a gratuitous complication of the canvass by means of a foolish third party, saved his followers from the most complete and shameful rout that had been given for many years to any political array. Men of every class, of every shade of faith, joined in that hearty protest against the spirit which animated the Democratic ad-

ministration, and joined in it, that they might utter the severest rebuke in their power, of its meanness and perfidy.

Mr. Buchanan ought to have read the warning which was thus blazed across the political skies, like the hand-writing upon the wall. He ought to have discerned in this general movement the signs of a deep, earnest, and irrepressible conviction on the part of the North. It is no slight cause which can start such general and enthusiastic expressions of popular feeling; they cannot be manufactured; they are not the work of mere party excitement; there is nothing spurious and nothing hollow in them; but they well up from the deep heart of nations, showing that a chord of sympathy has been touched, with which it is fatal to tamper or to sport. Call it fanaticism, if you will; call it delusion; call it anything; but recollect also that it is out of such feelings that revolutions are born, and by them that awful national crises are determined.

But Mr. Buchanan has not profited, as we shall see, by the monition. His initial act, the choice of a cabinet, in which the only man of national reputation was superannuated, and the others were of little note, gave small hope that he would do so; and his subsequent mistakes might have been augured from the calibre of the counsellors by whom he chose to be surrounded.—But let the men pass, since our object is to discuss measures.

The questions with which the President and his cabinet have had to deal, without following them in the order either of time or importance, may be classified as the Mormon question, the Financial question, the Filibuster question, and the Kansas question. All these required, for a proper adjustment of them, firmness rather than ability,—a clear perception of the principles of right, rather than abstruse policy,—and vigor of execution, rather than profound diplomatic skill. Yet we do not perceive that our government has displayed, in regard to the treatment of any of these questions, either firmness or ability. It has employed policy enough

and diplomacy enough, but the policy has been incoherent and the diplomacy shallow. At the end of the first year of its rule, the most striking result of its general management is the open defection of many of its most powerful friends, and the increased earnestness and energy of all its foes.

The difficulty with the Mormons originated, before the accession of the present administration, in a hasty and improper extension of the Federal authority over a people whose customs and religious opinions were utterly incompatible with those of our own people. The inhabitants of Utah were averse from the outset to the kind of government provided for them at Washington. Having adopted a form of society more like that of Congo and Dahomey than of the United States, and having accepted too literally the prevalent dogma, that every community has the right to form its own institutions for itself,—they preferred the polygamy of barbarism to the monogamy of civilization, and the rod of the priest-prophet Brigham or the seal of Elder Pratt to the sceptre of Governor Steptoe or the sword of Colonel Johnston. Under these circumstances, the duty of the government of the United States was to relinquish its pretensions to supremacy over a nation opposed to its rule, or to maintain that supremacy, if it were necessary, with a strong and unflinching hand. Mr. Buchanan, on his own principles of popular sovereignty, as far as we can understand them, ought, logically, to have adopted the former course, but (as the interests of Slavery were not involved) he elected to pursue the latter; and he has pursued it with an impotence which has cost the nation already many millions of dollars, and which has involved the "army of Utah" in inextricable embarrassments, allowing them to be shut up in the snows of the mountains before they could strike a blow or reach the first object of their expedition. Not very well appointed in the beginning, this little force was despatched to the Plains when it was too late

in the season; a part of it was needlessly delayed in assisting to choke down freedom in Kansas; and when it attained the hills which guard the passages to the valley of the Salt Lake, it found the cañons obstructed by snow, and the roads impassable. The supplies required for its subsistence were scattered in useless profusion from Leavenworth to Fort Laramie, and assistance and action were alike hopeless until the arrival of the spring.*

The same feebleness, which left the poor soldier to perish in the desert, has brought an overflowing treasury nearly to default. Mr. Buchanan, in his Message, discussed the existing financial crisis with much sounding phrase and very decided emphasis. He rebuked the action of the banks, which had presumed to issue notes to the amount of more than three times that of their specie, in a tone of lofty and indignant virtue. He commended them to the strictest vigilance and to the exemplary discipline of the State legislatures, while descanting at large upon the safety, the economy, the beauty, and the glory of a sound hard-money currency. When he entered upon his office, he found the Treasury replete with eagles and dimes; it was so flush, that, in the joy of his heart, he ordered the debts of the United States to be redeemed at a premium of sixteen *per cent.*; and he and his followers were disposed to jubilate over the singular spectacle, that, while all other institutions were failing, the Treasury of the United States was firm and resplendent in its large possession of gold. It was deemed a rare wisdom and success, indeed, which could utter a note of triumph in the midst of so universal a cry of despair; it was deemed a rare piece of liberality, that the government should come to the aid of society in an hour of such dark distress. The stocks of the United States, which had been

originally sold at a small advance, were bought back on a very large advance; the usurers and the stock-jobbers received sixteen *per cent.* for what they had bought at a premium of but two or three *per cent.*; and an unparalleled glory shone around the easy vomitories of the Treasury. The foresight and the sagacity of the proceeding were marvellous! In less than a quarter by the moon, the coffers of the government were empty,—the very clerks in its employ went about the streets borrowing money to pay their board-bills,—and the grand-master of the vaults, Mr. Cobb, counting his fingers in despair over the vacant prospect, was compelled, in the extremity of his distress, to fill his limp sacks with paper. Of the nineteen millions of gold which in September distended the public purse, little or nothing remained in December, while in its place were paper bills,—founded, not upon a basis of one-third specie, but upon a basis of—*We promise to pay!* It was a sad application of the high-sounding doctrines of the Message,—a dreadful descent for a pure hard-money government,—and a lamentable conversion of the pompous swagger of October into the shivering collapse of January!

It may be said, that, by this pre-purchase of its own stocks, running at an interest of six *per cent.*, the government has saved the amount of interest which would else have accrued between the time of the purchase and the time of ultimate redemption. And this is true to some extent,—and it would show an admirable economy, if the Treasury had had no other use for its money. A government, like an individual, having a large balance of superfluous cash on hand, can do no better with it than to pay off its debts; but to do this, when there was every prospect of a Mormon war to raise the expenditure, little prospect of retrenchment in any branch of service, and a daily diminishing revenue at all points,—it was purely a piece of folly, a want of ordinary forecast, to get rid of the cash in hand. Mr. Bu-

* More recently the energy and wisdom of Col. Johnston have repaired some of the mischiefs produced by the dilatoriness of his superiors.

chanan and Mr. Cobb were guilty of this folly, and, for the sake of the poor *éclat* of coming to the relief of the money-market, (which was no great relief, after all,) they sacrificed the hard-money pretensions of the government, and sunk its character to the level of that of the needy "kiteflier" in Wall Street. Their true course, in the existing condition and aspect of affairs, was to retain their capital, and to institute a most rigid economy, a most searching reduction, in every branch of the public service. We have, however, yet to learn whether any such economy and reduction have been effected.

All this was simply weakness; but in turning from the conduct of the Finances by the administration, to consider its management of Filibusterism, we pass from the consideration of acts of mere debility to the consideration of acts which have a color of duplicity in them. On the Filibusters, as on the Finances, the First Annual Message of the President was outspoken and forcible. It characterized the past and proposed doings of William Walker and his crew, as the common sense and common conscience of the world had already characterized them, as nothing short of piracy and murder. Recognizing the obligations of fraternity and peace as the rule of right in international relations, it pledged the utmost vigilance and energy of the Federal powers against every semblance of freebootery. In pursuance of this promise, orders were issued to the various civil and naval authorities, (orders not very clear, it is true, but clear enough to bear but one meaning in honest and simple minds,) to the effect that they should maintain a sharp watch, and execute a summary arrest of every person suspected of or discovered in unlawful enterprises. The authorities on land, to whom it was easy to hold secret communication with Washington, were found to have very blind eyes and very slippery hands. General Walker and his confederates were taken at New Orleans, but they passed through the courts far

more rapidly than goods are apt to pass through the custom-houses. Under a merely nominal recognizance, he sailed away with flying colors, and amid the plaudits of an admiring crowd, among whom, it is to be presumed, the authorities took care to be only not too conspicuous.

But the authorities on the sea, who could not so readily get a cue from Washington, with the directness, in construing orders, which is the habit of the military mind, took their instructions at the word. Commanded to intercept all marauders and pirates, they kept a lookout for Walker. He eluded the guns of Captain Chatard, but Commodore Paulding seized him in the very act of invading a friendly soil. Hoisting him on board of a war-ship, he returned him in pressing haste to the President. Commodore Paulding, who had read the Message, and read the instructions of Secretary Cass, doubtless supposed that black meant black, and white, white. Perhaps, also, in the unsophisticated pride with which he contemplated the promptitude and decision of his action, in saving an innocent people from a sanguinary ruffian, and in maintaining the honor of his country unsullied, dim visions crossed his mind of a letter of thanks from the President, and of the vote of a sword by Congress. Alas for such hopes! Commodore Paulding was clearly not a politician; he did not know that black meant white and white meant black,—nor that the present of a filibuster, which he sent to the President, was the present of something worse than an elephant. It was the present of a herd of elephants,—of a sea of troubles. Mr. Buchanan's fine denunciations of freebooters had only been fine words for the public ear; secretly he cherished a *penchant* for freebooters, or rather for the friends of freebooters; and, under those circumstances, to be presented, by his own agent, with the very chief of the freebooters, as a criminal and a scamp, was the most unheard-of simplicity of understanding, and the most astounding literalness of obedience, in

any subordinate. What to do was the question. He had menaced Chatard with a cashiering for allowing Walker to escape; and here was Paulding, who did not allow him to escape,—so he menaced Paulding likewise; and by way of capping the climax of absurdities, he set Walker himself at large, to go about the country clamoring to be sent back, at the expense of the government, to the scenes of his late innocent occupations and virtuous designs, whence he had been ruthlessly torn by an over-officious sailor.

The history of the farce is both argument and comment. Walker was either a citizen of the United States, levying war upon a friendly foreign state, and as such amenable to the penalties of our neutrality laws,—or he was a citizen of Nicaragua, as he pretended to be, abusing our protection to organize warlike enterprises against his fellow-citizens, and as such also amenable to our neutrality laws. In either capacity, and however taken, he should have been severely dealt with by the President. But, unfortunately, Mr. Buchanan, not left to his own instincts of right, is surrounded by assistants who have other than great public motives for their conduct. Walker's schemes were not individual schemes, were not simple projects of piracy and plunder, got up on his own responsibility and for his own ends. Connected with important collateral issues, they received the sympathy and support of others more potent than himself. He was, in a word, the instrument of the propagandist slave-holders, the fear of whom is ever before a President's eyes. As the old barbarian Arbogastes used to say to the later Roman emperors, whom he helped to elevate, "The power which made you is the power which can break you," so these modern masters of the throne dictate and guide its policy. Mr. Buchanan was their man as much as Walker was, and, however grand his speeches before the public, he must do their bidding when things came to the trial.

But this allusion brings us, by an obvious transition, to the last and most im-

portant question submitted to the administration,—the question of Kansas,—in the management of which, we think, it will be found that all the before-noted deficiencies of the government have been combined with a criminal disregard of settled principles and almost universal convictions. In reference to Kansas, as in reference to the other topics, the President began with fair and seductive promises. He did not, it is true, either in his Message or anywhere else, that we know of, narrate the actual history of the long contest which has divided that Territory, but he did hold up for the future the brightest hopes of an honest and equitable adjustment of all the past difficulties. He selected and commissioned Robert J. Walker, as Governor, for the express purpose of "pacifying Kansas." Pretending to overlook the past causes of trouble, he announced that everything would now be set right by new elections, in which the whole people should have full opportunity of declaring their will. Mr. Walker went to Kansas with a full determination to carry out this amiable promise of the President. Both he and his secretary, Mr. Stanton, labored strenuously to convince the people of the Territory of his honest purposes, and, by dint of persuasions, pledges, assurances, and oaths, at length succeeded in procuring a pretty general exercise of the franchise. The result was a signal overthrow of the minority which had so long ruled by fraud and violence; and the sincerity of the President is tested by the fact, avouched by both Walker and Stanton, that, from the moment of the success of the Free-State party, he was wroth towards his servants. Stanton was removed and Walker compelled to resign, though their only offence was a laborious prosecution of the President's own policy. Ever since then, he has strained every nerve, and at this moment is straining every nerve, to defeat the well-known legally demonstrated wish of the majority. In the face of his own plighted word, and of the emphatic assurances of his agents, sanctioned by himself, he insists upon

imposing on them officers whom they detest and an instrument of government which they spurn. These people of Kansas,—who were to be “pacified,”—to be conciliated,—to be guaranteed a just administration,—are denounced in the most virulent and abusive terms as refractory, and are threatened with the coercion of a military force, because they are unwilling to submit to outrage!

The excuse offered by the President for this perfidious course is the Lecompton Constitution, which he professes to consider a legal instrument, framed by a legal Convention, and approved by a legal election of the people,—and which is therefore not to be set aside except by the same sovereign power by which it was created. It would be a good excuse, if it were not a transparent and monstrous quibble from beginning to end. The Lecompton Constitution has no one element of legality in it; from the *Whereas*, to the signatures, it is an imposture;—for neither had the Legislature, that called the Convention in which it was made, lawful authority to do so,—nor was that Convention lawfully constituted,—nor was the alleged adoption of it by the people more than a trick.

A Territory is an inchoate and dependent community, which can be erected into a State only in two ways: first, formally, by an enabling act of Congress, giving permission to the inhabitants to set up for themselves; and second, informally, by a spontaneous and general movement of the people, which Congress must afterwards legitimate. In either case, the consent of Congress, first or last, is necessary to the validity of the proceeding. But a Territorial Legislature, which is the mere creature of Congress, having no powers but what are strictly conveyed to it in the Organic Act instituting the Territorial government, cannot originate a movement to supersede itself, and also to abrogate the authority of Congress. The attempt to do so, as declared by General Jackson's cabinet, in the case of Arkansas, would be, not simply null and void, but unlawful, rebellious; and the

President would be obliged to suppress it, if called upon, by force of arms. The Organic Act is the supreme law of the Territory, which can be altered or revoked only by the authority from which it emanated; and every measure commenced or prosecuted with a design to annul that law, to subvert the Territorial government, or to put in force in its place a new government, without the consent of Congress, is a flagrant usurpation.

Now the Lecompton Convention was called not merely without the consent of Congress, but against its consent; it was called by and under the arrangements of the Territorial Legislature; it was not the spontaneous act of the people, a large majority of whom condemned the movement and refused to participate in it; and thus, in its inception, it was unlawful. It was neither regularly nor irregularly proper;—the supreme legislature had not acknowledged it; the masses of society had not acknowledged it; and the entire project possessed no other character than that of a factious scheme for perpetuating the power of a few pro-slavery demagogues.

But, if we grant the right of the Territorial Legislature to originate such a movement, the manner in which it was carried into effect would still brand it with the marks of illegality. A census and registry of voters had been provided for in the law authorizing the Convention, as the basis of an apportionment of the delegates, and that provision was not complied with. In nineteen out of the thirty-eight counties no registry was made, and in the others it was imperfectly made. “In some of the counties,” according to the evidence of Mr. Stanton, then acting Governor, “the officers were probably deterred and discouraged by the people from their duty of taking the census,” (although he adds that he does not know that such was the fact,) “while in others the officers utterly refused to do their duty.” “I know,” he says, “that the people of some of those counties ardently desired to be represented in the Convention, for they afterwards, under

the statements of Governor Walker and myself, that they would probably be admitted, elected delegates and sent them up to the Convention; but they were not admitted to seats." In consequence of this failure or refusal to do their duty, only the geographical half or the numerical fourth of the Territory was represented in the Convention. Nor is it any excuse for the defaulting officers, even if it had been true, that some of the people opposed the execution of their duty. They professed to be acting under law; their functions were plainly prescribed to them; and they were bound to make the census and registry, whatever the disposition of the people. In a land of laws, it is the law, and not any mere prevailing sentiment, which prescribes and limits official duty. There is, however, no evidence that the discharge of their task was rendered impossible by the popular opposition, while there is evidence that they were very willing to neglect it, and very willing to allow any obstacle, no matter how trivial, to obstruct their performance of it. They were, in truth, as everybody knows, the simple tools of the faction which started this Convention movement, and not at all desirous to secure a fair and adequate representation of the inhabitants.

That many of the people should be careless of the registration, and even unfriendly to it, is natural, because they disapproved the plan, and were hostile to the ends of the Convention. They doubted the authority by which it had been summoned; they doubted both the validity and the probable fairness of an election under such authority; and, moreover, they were indifferent as to its proceedings, because they had been assured that they would be called upon to pronounce *pro* or *con* upon its results. The Convention, as actually constituted when assembled, consisted of sixty delegates, representing about 1,800 voters, in an electoral body of 12,000 in all,—or one delegate to thirty voters! A convention so composed ought to have been ashamed of the very pretence of acting in the name

of the whole people. It would have been ashamed of it, if it had contained men sincerely anxious to reflect the will of the great body of the citizens. It would have been as much ashamed of it, as any honest man would be to pass himself off as the agent of a person whom he had never known, or who openly derided and despised him. But this precious body—each man of whom represented thirty men besides himself, in a voting population of 12,000—was not sensible to such considerations. By a miserable chicane, it had got into a position to do mischief, and it proceeded to do it, with as much alacrity and headlong zeal as rogues are apt to exhibit when the prize is great and the opportunity short. An election for the Legislature, held subsequently to that for the Convention, showing a public opinion decidedly adverse to it, the sole study of its members thenceforth seemed to be, how they could most adroitly and effectively nullify the ascendancy of the majority. For this end alone they consulted, and caballed, and calculated, and junketed; and the Lecompton Constitution, with the Schedule annexed, was the worthy fruit of their labors.

It is monstrous in Mr. Buchanan to assume that a body so contrived and so acting expressed in any sense the sovereign will of the people. But, not to dwell upon this point, let us suppose that the Convention had been summoned by a competent authority, that it had been fairly chosen by its small constituency, and that its proceedings had been managed with ordinary decorum,—would the Constitution it framed be valid, in the face of a clear popular condemnation? We hold that it would not, because, in our estimation, and in the estimation of every intelligent American, the very essence of republicanism is "the consent of the governed." It is the highest function of political sovereignty to devise and ordain the organic law of society, the vital form of its being; and the characteristic difference between the despotic or oligarchical and the republican government is, that in the one case the fun-

tion is exercised by a monarch or a class, and in the other by the body of the citizens. This distinctive feature of our politics, as opposed to all others, regards the will of the people, directly or indirectly expressed, as alone giving validity to law; our National Constitution, and every one of our thirty-one State Constitutions, proceeds upon that principle; every act of legislation in the Congress and the State Assemblies supposes it; and every decision of every Court has that for its basis. Constitutions have been adopted, undoubtedly, without a distinct submission of them to the ratification of the people; but in such cases there has been no serious agitation of the public mind, no important conflict or division of opinion, rendering such ratification necessary,—and, in the absence of dispute, the general assent of the community to the action of its delegates might fairly be presumed. But in no case, in which great and debatable questions were involved, has any Convention dared to close its labors without providing for their reference to the popular sanction; much less has there been any instance in which a Convention has dared to make its own work final, in the face of a known or apprehended repugnance of the constituency. The politicians who should have proposed such a thing would have been overwhelmed with unmeasured indignation and scorn. No sentiment more livingly pervades our national mind, no sentiment is juster in itself, than that they who are to live under the laws ought to decide on the character of the laws,—that they whose persons, property, welfare, happiness, life, are to be controlled by a Constitution of Government, ought to participate in the formation of that government.

Conscious of this truth, and of its profound hold on the popular heart, Mr. Buchanan instructed Governor Walker to see the Kansas Constitution submitted to the people,—to protect them against fraud and violence in voting upon it,—and to proclaim, in the event of any interference with their rights, that the Con-

stitution “would be and ought to be rejected by Congress.” Walker was volatile in proclamations to that end. The framers of the Constitution, aware of its invalidity without the sanction of the people, provided for its submission to “approval” or “disapproval,” to “ratification” or “rejection”; and yet, by the paltriest juggle in recorded history, devised, in the same breath, a method of taking the vote, which completely nullified its own terms. No man was allowed to “disapprove” it, no man was allowed to “reject” it,—except in regard to a single section,—and before he could vote for or against that, he was obliged to vote in favor of all the rest. If there had been a hundred thousand voters in the Territory opposed to the Constitution, and but one voter in its favor, the hundred thousand voters could not have voted upon it at all, but the one voter could,—and the vote of that one would have been construed into a popular approval, while the will of all the others would have been practically void. By this pitiful stratagem, it was supposed, the double exigency of Mr. Buchanan’s often repeated sentiments, and of the pro-slavery cause, which dreaded a popular vote, was completely satisfied; and the President of the United States, reckless of his position and his fame, lent himself to the shameless and despicable palter. He not only lent himself to it, but he has openly argued its propriety, and is now making the adherence of his friends to such baseness the test of their party fidelity. In the name of Democracy,—of that sacred and sublime principle into which we, as a nation, have been baptized,—which declares the inalienable rights of man,—and which, as it makes the tour of the earth, hand and hand with Christianity, is lifting the many from the dust, where for ages they have been trampled, into political life and dignity,—he converts a paltry swindle into its standard and creed, and prostitutes its glorious mission, as a redeeming influence among men, into a ministry of slavery and outrage.

Mr. Buchanan knows—we believe better than any man in the country—that the Lecompton Constitution is not the act of the people of Kansas. By the election of the 4th of January—an election which was perfectly valid, because it was held under the authority of a Territorial Legislature superior to the Convention—it was solemnly and unequivocally condemned. This of itself was enough to demonstrate that fact. But all the Democratic Governors of the Territory—with the single exception of Shannon, and the recently appointed acting Governor, Denver, who is prudently silent—testify urgently to the same truth. Reeder, Geary, and Walker, together with the late acting Governor, Stanton, asseverate, in the most earnest and emphatic manner, that the majority in Kansas is for making it a Free State,—that the minority which has ruled is a factious minority, and that they have obtained and perpetuated their ascendancy by a most unblushing series of crimes and frauds. Yet, in the teeth of this evidence,—of repeated elections,—of his own witnesses turning against him,—the President adheres to the infamous plans of the pro-slavery leaders; and, if not arrested by the rebukes of the North, he will insist on imposing their odious measures upon their long-suffering victims.

Looking at the administration of Mr. Buchanan simply from the point of view of an enlightened statesmanship, we find nothing in it that is not contemptible; but when we regard it as the accredited exponent of the moral sense of a majority of our people, it is saved from contempt, indeed, but saved only because contempt is merged in a deeper feeling of humiliation and apprehension. Unparalleled as the outrages in Kansas have been, we regard them as insignificant in comparison with the deadlier fact that the Chief Magistrate of the Republic should strive to defend them by the small wiles of a village attorney,—that, when the honor of a nation and the principle of self-

government are at stake, he should show himself unconscious of a higher judicature or a nobler style of pleading than those which would serve for a case of petty larceny,—and that he should be abetted by more than half the national representatives, while he brings down a case of public conscience to the moral level of those who are content with the maculate safety which they owe to a flaw in an indictment, or with the dingy innocence which is certified to by the disagreement of a jury.

These things are the logical consequences of that profound national demoralization which followed the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Bill and alone made its execution possible,—a demoralization wilfully brought about, for selfish ends, in that sad time which saw our greatest advocates and our acutest politicians spending all their energy of mind and subtlety of argument to persuade the people that there was no higher law than that rule of custom and chicane woven of the split hairs of immemorial sophistry, and whose strongest fibre is at the mercy of an obstinate traverse juror,—no law higher than the decree of party, ratified by a popular majority achieved by the waiters on Presidential providence, through immigrant voters whom the gurgling oratory of the whisky-barrel is potent to convince, and whose sole notion of jurisprudence is based upon experience of the comparative toughness of Celtic skulls and blackthorn shillalahs. And such arguments were listened to, such advocates commended for patriotism, in a land from whose thirty thousand pulpits God and Christ are preached weekly to hearers who profess belief in the Divine government of the world and the irreversible verdicts of conscience!

The capacity of the English race for self-government is measured by their regard as well for the forms as the essence of law. A race conservative beyond all others of what is established, averse beyond all others to the heroic remedy of forcible revolution, they have yet three

times in the space of a century and a half assumed the chances of rebellion and the certain perils of civil war, rather than submit to have Right infringed by Prerogative, and the scales of Justice made a cheat by false weights that kept the shape but lacked the substance of legitimate precedent. We are forced to think that there must be a bend sinister in the escutcheon of the descendants of such men, when we find them setting the form above the substance, and accepting as law that which is deadly to the spirit while it is true to the letter of legality. It is a spectacle portentous of moral lapse and social disorganization, to see a statesman, who has had fifty years' experience of American politics, quibbling in defence of Executive violence against a free community, as if the conscience of the nation were no more august a tribunal than a police justice sitting upon a paltry case of assault. Yet more portentous is it to see a great people consenting that fraud should be made national by the voice of a Congress in which the casting vote may be bought by a tide-waitership, and then invested with the solemnity of law by a Court whose members are selected, not for uprightness of character or breadth of mind, but by the inverse test of their capacity for cringing in subservience to party, and for narrowing a judgment already slender as the line of personal interest, till it becomes so threadlike as to bend at the touch, nay, at the breath, of sectional rapacity. Have we, then, forgotten that the true prosperity of a nation is moral, and not material? that its strength depends, not on the width of its boundaries, nor the bulk of its census, but on its magnanimity, its honor, its fidelity to conscience? There is a Fate which spins and cuts the threads of national as of individual life, and the case of God against the people of these United States is not to be debated before any such petty tribunal as Mr. Buchanan and his advisers seem to suppose. The sceptre which dropped successively from the grasp of Egypt, Assyria, Carthage, Greece, Rome,

fell from a hand palsied by the moral degeneracy of the people; and the emasculate usurper or the foreign barbarian snatched and squandered the heritage of civilization which escheated for want of legitimate heirs of the old royal race, whose divine right was the imperial brain, and who found their strength in a national virtue which individualized itself in every citizen. The wind that moans among the columns of the Parthenon, or rustles through the weeds on the palaces of the Caesars, whispers no truer prophecies than that venal breath which, at a signal from the patron in the White House, bends all one way the obsequious leaves of a partisan press, ominous of popular decadence.

Do our leading politicians, and the prominent bankers and merchants who sustain them, know what a dangerous lesson they are setting to a people whose affairs are controlled by universal suffrage, when they affirm that to be right which can by any false pretence be voted so? Does not he who undermines national principle sap the foundations of individual property also? If burglary may be committed on a commonwealth under form of law, is there any logic that will protect a bank-vault or a strong-box? When Mr. Buchanan, with a Jew broker at one elbow and a Frenchman at the other, (strange representatives of American diplomacy!) signed his name to the Ostend circular, was he not setting a writing-lesson for American youth to copy, and one which the pirate hand of Walker did copy in ungainly letters of fire and blood in Nicaragua?

The vice of universal suffrage is the infinitesimal subdivision of personal responsibility. The guilt of every national sin comes back to the voter in a fraction the denominator of which is several millions. It is idle to talk of the responsibility of officials to their constituencies or to the people. The President of the United States, during his four years of office, is less amenable to public opinion than the Queen of England through her ministers; senators, with embassies in

prospect, laugh at instructions; representatives think they have made a good bargain when they exchange the barren approval of constituencies for the smile of one whom a lucky death, perhaps, has converted into the Presidential Midas of the moment; and in a nation of adventurers, success is too easily allowed to sanctify a speculation by which a man sells his pitiful self for a better price than even a Jew could get for the Saviour of the world. It cannot be too often repeated, that the only responsibility which is of saving efficacy in a Democracy is that of every individual man in it to his conscience and his God. As long as any one of us holds the ballot in his hand, he is truly, what we sometimes vaguely boast, a sovereign,—a constituent part of Destiny; the infinite Future is his vassal; History holds her iron stylus as his scribe; Lachesis awaits his word to close or to suspend her fatal shears;—but the moment his vote is cast, he becomes the serf of circumstance, at the mercy of the white-livered representative's cowardice, or the venal one's itching palm. Our only safety, then, is in the aggregate fidelity to personal rectitude, which may lessen the chances of representative dishonesty, or, at the worst, constitute a public opinion that shall make the whole country a penitentiary for such treason, and turn the price of public honor to fairy-money, whose withered leaves but mock the possessor with the futile memory of self-degradation. Let every man remember, that, though he may be a nothing in himself, yet every cipher gains the power of multiplying by ten when it is placed on the *right side* of whatever unit for the time represents the cause of truth and justice. What we need is a thorough awakening of the individual conscience; and if we once become aware how the still and stealthy ashes of political apathy and moral insensibility are slipping under our feet and hurrying us with them toward the crater's irrevocable core, it may be that the effort of self-preservation called forth by the danger will make us love the daring en-

ergy and the dependence on our individual strength, that alone can keep us free and worthy to be freemen.

While we hold the moral aspect of the great question now before the country to be cardinal, there are also some practical ones which the Republican party ought never to lose sight of. To move a people among whom the Anglo-Saxon element is predominant, we will not say, with Lord Bacon, that we must convince their pockets, but we do believe that moral must always go hand in hand with common sense. They will take up arms for a principle, but they must have confidence in each other and in their leaders. Conscience is a good tutor to tell a man on which side to act, but she leaves the question of *How to act* to every man's prudence and judgment. An over-nice conscience has before now turned the stomach of a great cause on the eve of action. Cromwell knew when to split hairs and when skulls. The North has too generally allowed its strength to be divided by personal preferences and by-questions, till it has almost seemed as if a moral principle had less constringent force to hold its followers together than the gravitation of private interest, the Newtonian law of that system whereof the dollar is the central sun, which has hitherto made the owners of slaves unitary, and given them the power which springs from concentration and the success which is sure to follow concert of action. We have spent our strength in quarrelling about the character of men, when we should have been watchful only of the character of measures. A scruple of conscience has no right to outweigh a pound of duty, though it ought to make a ton of private interest kick the beam. The great aim of the Republican party should be to gain one victory for the Free States. One victory will make us a unit, and is equal to a reinforcement of fifty thousand men. The genius of success in politics or war is to know Opportunity at first sight. There is no mistress so easily tired as Fortune. We must waste no more time in investigating the motives of

our recruits. Have we not faith enough in our cause to believe that it will lift all to its own level of patriotism and devotion? Let us, then, welcome all allies, from whatever quarter, and not inquire into their past history as minutely as if we were the assignees of the Recording Angel and could search his books at pleasure. When Soult was operating in the South of France, the defection of two German regiments crippled all his combinations and gave the advantage to Wellington. Ought Wellington to have refused their aid? For our own part, if Mr. Douglas be the best tactician, the best master of political combination, we are willing to forget all past differences and serve under him cheerfully, rather than lose the battle under a general who has agreed with us all his life. When we remember, that, of the two great cathedrals of Europe, one is dedicated to Saint Peter who denied his Lord under temptation, and the other to Saint Paul who spent his early manhood in persecuting true believers, and that both these patrons of the Church, differing as they did in many points of doctrine, were united in martyrdom for their belief, we cannot but think that there is room even for repentant renegades in the camp of the faithful.

While we insist that Morals should govern the *motives* of political action, and that no party can be permanently strong which has not the reserve of a great principle behind it, we affirm with no less strength of conviction that the details of our National Housekeeping should be managed by practical sense and worldly forethought. The policy of states moves along the beaten highways of experience, and, where terrestrial guide-posts are plenty, we need not ask our way of the stars. The advantage of our opponents has been that they have always had some sharp practical measure, some definite and immediate object, to oppose to our voluminous propositions of abstract right. Again and again the whirlwind of oratorical enthusiasm has roused and heaped up the threatening masses of the

Free States, and again and again we have seen them collapse like a water-spout, into a crumbling heap of disintegrated bubbles, before the compact bullet of political audacity. While our legislatures have been resolving and re-resolving the principles of the Declaration of Independence, our adversaries have pushed their trenches, parallel after parallel, against the very citadel of our political equality. A siege, if uninterrupted, is a mere matter of time, and must end in capitulation. Our only safety is in assuming the offensive. Are we to be terrified any longer by such Chinese devices of warfare as the cry of Disunion,—a threat as hollow as the mask from which it issues, as harmless as the periodical suicides of Mantalini, as insincere as the spoiled child's refusal of his supper? We have no desire for a dissolution of our confederacy, though it is not for us to fear it. We will not allow it; we will not permit the Southern half of our dominion to become a Hayti. But there is no danger; the law that binds our system of confederate stars together is of stronger fibre than to be snapped by the trembling finger of Toombs or cut by the bloodless sword of Davis; the march of the Universe is not to be stayed because some gentleman in Buncombe declares that his sweet-potato-patch shall not go along with it. But we have no apprehension. The sweet attraction which knits the sons of Virginia to the Treasury has lost none of its controlling force. We must make up our minds to keep these deep-descended gentlemen in the Union, and must convince them that we have a work to accomplish in it and by means of it. If our Southern brethren have the curse of Canaan in their pious keeping, if the responsibility lie upon them to avenge the insults of Noah, on us devolves a more comprehensive obligation and the vindication of an elder doom;—it is for us to assert and to secure the claim of every son of Adam to the common inheritance ratified by the sentence, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." We are to establish no aristocracy of race or complexion,

no caste which Nature and Revelation alike refuse to recognize; but the indefeasible right of man to the soil which he subdues, and the muscles with which he subdues it. If this be a sectional creed, it is a sectionality which at least includes three hundred and fifty-nine degrees of the circle of man's political aspiration and physical activity, and we may well be easy under the imputation.

But so rapid has been the downward course of our national politics under the guidance of our oligarchical Democracy, that the question on which we take issue, whatever it may once have been, is no longer a sectional one, and concerns not the slavery of the negro, but that of the Northern white man. Whatever doubt there may be about the physical degeneration of the race, it is more than certain that the people of the Northern States have no longer the moral stature of their illustrious ancestry; that their puny souls could find room enough in but the gauntlet finger of that armor of faith and constancy and self-devotion which fitted closely to the limbs of those who laid so broad the foundations of our polity as to make our recreancy possible and safe for us. It wellnigh seems as if our type should suffer a slave-change,—as if the fair hair and skin of those ancestral *non Angli sed angeli* should crisp into wool and darken to the swarthy livery of servility. No Northern man can hold any office under the national government, however petty, without an open recantation of those principles which he drew in with his mother's milk,—those principles which, in the better days of the republic, even a slaveholder could write down in the great charter of our liberties,—those principles which now only the bells and cannon are allowed to utter on the Fourth of July or the Seventeenth of June,—bells that may next call out the citizen-soldiery to aid in the rendition of a slave,—cannon whose brazen lips may next rebuke the freedom whose praises they but yesterday so emptily thundered.

When we look back upon the providential series of events which prepared

this continent for the experiment of Democracy,—when we think of those forefathers for whom our mother England shed down from her august breasts the nutriment of ordered liberty, not unmixed with her best blood in the day of her trial,—when we remember the first two acts of our drama, that cost one king his head and his son a throne, and that third which cost another the fairest appanage of his crown and gave a new Hero to mankind,—we cannot believe it possible that this great scene, stretching from ocean to ocean, was prepared by the Almighty only for such men as Mr. Buchanan and his peers to show their feats of juggling on, even though the thimble-rig be on so colossal a scale that the stake is a territory larger than Britain. We cannot believe that this unstoried continent,—this virgin leaf in the great diary of man's conquest over the planet, on which our fathers wrote two words of epic grandeur,—Plymouth and Bunker Hill,—is to bear for its colophon the record of men who inherited greatness and left it pusillanimity,—a republic, and made it anarchy,—freedom, and were content as serfs,—of men who, born to the noblest estate of grand ideas and fair expectancies the world had ever seen, bequeathed the sordid price of them in gold. The change is sad 'twixt Now and Then: the Great Republic is without influence in the councils of the world; to be an American, in Europe, is to be the accomplice of filibusters and slave-traders; instead of men and thought, as was hoped of us, we send to the Old World cotton, corn, and tobacco, and are but as one of her outlying farms. Are we basely content with our pecuniary good-fortune? Do we look on the tall column of figures on the credit side of our national ledger as a sufficing monument of our glory as a people? Are we of the North better off as provinces of the Slave-holding States than as colonies of Great Britain? Are we content with our share in the administration of national affairs, because we are to have the ministry to Austria, and because the newspapers promise that James Gordon

Bennett shall be sent out of the country to fill it?

We of the Free States are confessedly without our fair share of influence in the administration of national affairs. Its foreign and domestic policy are both directed by principles often hostile to our interests, sometimes abhorrent to our sense of right and honor. Under loud professions of Democracy, the powers of the central government and of the Executive have increased till they have scarcely a match among the despotisms of Europe, and more than justify the prophetic fears of practical statesmen like Samuel Adams and foresighted politicians like Jefferson. Unquestionably superior in numbers, and claiming an equal pre-eminence in wealth, intelligence, and civilization, we have steadily lost in political power and in the consideration which springs from it. Is the preponderance of the South due to any natural superiority of an Aristocracy over a Democracy? to any mental inferiority, to lack of courage, of political ability, of continuity of purpose, on our own part? We should be slow to find the cause in reasons like these; but we do find it in that moral disintegration, the necessary result of that falsehood to our own sense of right forced upon us by the slave-system, and which, beginning with our public men, has gradually spread to the Press, the Pulpit, nay, worse than all, the Home, till it is hard to find a private conscience that is not tainted with the contagious mange.

For what have we not seen within the last few years? We have seen the nomination to office made dependent, not on the candidate's being large enough to fill, but small enough to take it. Holding the purity of elections as a first article of our creed, we have seen one-third of the population of a Territory control the other two-thirds by false or illegal votes; hereditary foes of a standing army, we have seen four thousand troops stationed in Kansas to make forged ballots good by real bullets; lovers of fair play, we have seen a cowardly rabble from the Slave

States protected by Federal bayonets while they committed robbery, arson, and Sepoy atrocities against women, and the Democratic party forced to swallow this nauseous mixture of force, fraud, and Executive usurpation, under the name of Popular Sovereignty. We have seen Freedom pronounced sectional and Slavery national by the highest tribunal of the republic. We have seen the legislatures of Southern States passing acts for the renewal and encouragement of the slave-trade. We have seen the attempted assassination of a senator in his seat justified and applauded by public meetings and the resolutions of State Assemblies. We have seen a pirate, for the hanging of whom the conscious Earth would have produced a tree, had none before existed, threaten the successor of Washington with the exposure of his complicity, if he did not publicly violate the faith he had publicly pledged.—But enough, and more than enough.

It lies in the hands of the people of the Free States to rescue themselves and the country by peaceable reform, ere it be too late, and there be no remedy left but that dangerous one of revolution, toward which Mr. Buchanan and his advisers seem bent on driving them. But the reforin must be wide and deep, and its political objects must be attained by household means. Our sense of private honor and integrity must be quickened; our consciousness of responsibility to God and man for the success of this experiment in practical Democracy, in order to which the destiny of a hemisphere has been entrusted to us, must be roused and exalted; we must learn to feel that the safety of universal suffrage lies in the sensitiveness of the individual voter to every abuse of delegated authority, every treachery to representative duty, as a stain upon his own personal integrity; we must become convinced that a government without conscience is the necessary result of a people careless of their duties, and therefore unworthy of their rights. Prosperity has deadened and bewildered us. It is time we remembered

that History does not concern herself about material wealth,—that the life-blood of a nation is not that yellow tide which fluctuates in the arteries of Trade,—that its true revenues are religion, justice, sobriety, magnanimity, and the fair amenities of Art,—that it is only by the soul that any people has achieved greatness and made lasting conquests over the future. We believe there is virtue enough left in the North and West to infuse health into our body politic ; we believe

that America will reassume that moral influence among the nations which she has allowed to fall into abeyance ; and that our eagle, whose morning-flight the world watched with hope and expectation, shall no longer troop with unclean buzzards, but rouse himself and seek his eyrie to brood new eaglets that in time shall share with him the lordship of these Western heavens, and shall learn of him to shake the thunder from their invincible wings.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Library of Old Authors. London : John Russell Smith. 1856-7.

MANY of our older readers can remember the anticipation with which they looked for each successive volume of the late Dr. Young's excellent series of old English prose-writers, and the delight with which they carried it home, fresh from the press and the bindery in its appropriate livery of evergreen. To most of us it was our first introduction to the highest society of letters, and we still feel grateful to the departed scholar who gave us to share the conversation of such men as Latimer, More, Sidney, Taylor, Browne, Fuller, and Walton. What a sense of security in an old book which Time has criticized for us ! What a precious feeling of seclusion in having a double wall of centuries between us and the heats and clamors of contemporary literature ! How limpid seems the thought, how pure the old wine of scholarship that has been settling for so many generations in those silent crypts and Falernian *amphoræ* of the Past ! No other writers speak to us with the authority of those whose ordinary speech was that of our translation of the Scriptures ; to no modern is that frank unconsciousness possible which was natural to a period when yet reviews were not ; and no later style breathes that country charm characteristic of days ere the metropolis drew all literary activity to itself, and the trampling

feet of the multitude had banished the lark and the daisy from the fresh privacies of language. Truly, as compared with the present, these old voices seem to come from the morning fields and not the paved thoroughfares of thought.

Even the "Retrospective Review" continues to be good reading, in virtue of the antique aroma (for wine only acquires its *bouquet* by age) which pervades its pages. Its sixteen volumes are so many tickets of admission to the vast and devious vaults of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, through which we wander, tasting a thimbleful of rich Canary, honeyed Cyprus, or subacidulous Hock, from what dusty butt or keg our fancy chooses. The years during which this Review was published were altogether the most fruitful in genuine appreciation of old English literature. Books were prized for their imaginative, and not their antiquarian value, by young writers who sat at the feet of Lamb and Coleridge. Rarities of style, of thought, of fancy were sought, rather than the barren scarcities of typography. But another race of men seems to have sprung up, in whom the futile enthusiasm of the collector predominates, who substitute archæologic perversity for æsthetic scholarship, and the worthless profusion of the curiosity-shop for the sifted exclusiveness of the cabinet of Art. They forget, in their fanaticism for antiquity, that the dust of never so many centuries is impotent to transform a curiosity

into a gem, that only good books absorb tone-mellowness from age, and that a baptismal register which proves a patriarchal longevity (if existence be life) cannot make mediocrity anything but a bore, or garrulous commonplace entertaining. There are volumes which have the old age of Plato, rich with gathering experience, meditation, and wisdom, which seem to have sucked color and ripeness from the genial autumns of all the select intelligences that have steeped them in the sunshine of their love and appreciation;—these quaint freaks of russet tell of Montaigne; these stripes of crimson fire, of Shakspeare; this sober gold, of Sir Thomas Browne; this purpling bloom, of Lamb;—in such fruits we taste the legendary gardens of Alcinoüs and the orchards of Atlas; and there are volumes again which can claim only the inglorious senility of Old Parr or older Jenkins, which have outlived their half-dozen of kings to be the prize of showmen and treasures of the born-to-be-forgotten trifles of a hundred years ago.

We confess a bibliothecarian avarice that gives all books a value in our eyes; there is for us a recondite wisdom in the phrase, "A book is a book"; from the time when we made the first catalogue of our library, in which "Bible, large, 1 vol." and "Bible, small, 1 vol." asserted their alphabetic individuality and were the sole *Bs* in our little hive, we have had a weakness even for those checker-board volumes that only fill up; we cannot breathe the thin air of that Pepysian self-denial, that Himalayan selectness, which, content with one book-case, would have no tomes in it but *porphyrogeniti*, books of the bluest blood, making room for choicer newcomers by a continuous ostracism to the garret of present incumbents. There is to us a sacredness in a volume, however dull; we live over again the author's lonely labors and tremulous hopes; we see him, on his first appearance after parturition, "as well as could be expected," a nervous sympathy yet surviving between the late-severed umbilical cord and the wondrous offspring, doubtfully entering the Mermaid, or the Devil Tavern, or the Coffee-house of Will or Button, blushing under the eye of Ben or Dryden or Addison, as if they must needs know him for the author of the "Modest Enquiry into

the Present State of Dramatique Poetry," or of the "Unities briefly considered by Philomusus," of which they have never heard and never will hear so much as the names; we see the country-gentlemen (sole cause of its surviving to our day) who buy it as a book no gentleman's library can be complete without; we see the spendthrift heir, whose horses and hounds and Pharaonic troops of friends, drowned in a Red Sea of claret, bring it to the hammer, the tall octavo in tree-calf following the ancestral oaks of the park. Such a volume is sacred to us. But it must be the original foundling of the book-stall, the engraved blazon of some extinct baronetcy within its cover, its leaves enshrining memorial-flowers of some passion which the church-yard smothered while the Stuarts were yet unkinged, suggestive of the trail of laced ruffles, burnt here and there with ashes from the pipe of some dozing poet, its binding worn and weather-stained, that has felt the inquisitive finger, perhaps, of Malone, or thrilled to the touch of Lamb, doubtful between desire and the odd sixpence. When it comes to a question of reprinting, we are more choice. The new duodecimo is bald and bare, indeed, compared with its battered prototype that could draw us with a single hair of association.

It is not easy to divine the rule which has governed Mr. Smith in making the selections for his series. A choice of old authors should be a *florilegium*, and not a botanist's *hortus siccus*, to which grasses are as important as the single shy blossom of a summer. The old-maidenly genius of antiquarianism seems to have presided over the editing of the "Library." We should be inclined to surmise that the works to be reprinted had been commonly suggested by gentlemen with whom they were especial favorites, or who were ambitious that their own names should be signalized on the title-pages with the suffix of EDITOR. The volumes already published are: Increase Mather's "Remarkable Providences"; the poems of Drummond of Hawthornden; the "Visions" of Piers Ploughman; the works in prose and verse of Sir Thomas Overbury; the "Hymns and Songs" and the "Hallelujah" of George Wither; the poems of Southwell; Selden's "Table-talk"; the "Enchiridion" of Quarles; the dramatic works of Marston

and Webster; and Chapman's translation of Homer. The volume of Mather is curious and entertaining, and fit to stand on the same shelf with the "Magnalia" of his book-suffocated son. Cunningham's comparatively recent edition, we should think, might satisfy for a long time to come the demand for Drummond, whose chief value to posterity is as the Boswell of Ben Jonson. Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters" are interesting illustrations of contemporary manners, and a mine of footnotes to the works of better men,—but, with the exception of "The Fair and Happy Milkmaid," they are dull enough to have pleased James the First; his "Wife" is a *cento* of far-fetched conceits,—here a tomtit, and there a hen mistaken for a pheasant, like the contents of a cockney's game-bag; and his chief interest for us lies in his having been mixed up with an inexplicable tragedy and poisoned in the Tower, not without suspicion of royal complicity. The "Piers Ploughman" is a reprint, with very little improvement that we can discover, of Mr. Wright's former edition. It would have been very well to have republished the "Fair Virtue," and "Shepherd's Hunting" of George Wither, which contain all the true poetry he ever wrote; but we can imagine nothing more dreary than the seven hundred pages of his "Hymns and Songs," whose only use, that we can conceive of, would be as penal reading for incorrigible poetasters. If a steady course of these did not bring them out of their nonsenses, nothing short of hanging would. Take this as a sample, hit on by opening at random:—

"Rottenness my bones possest;
Trembling fear possessed me;
I that troublous day might rest:
For, when his approaches be
Onward to the people made,
His strong troops will them invade."

Southwell is, if possible, worse. He paraphrases David and puts into his mouth such punning conceits as "Fears are my feres," and in his "Saint Peter's Complaint" makes that rashest and shortest-spoken of the Apostles drawl through thirty pages of maudlin repentance, in which the distinctions between the north and northeast sides of a sentimentality are worthy of Duns Scotus. It does not follow, that, because a man is hanged for his

faith, he is able to write good verses. We would almost match the fortitude that quails not at the good Jesuit's poems with his own which carried him serenely to the fatal tree. The stuff of which poets are made, whether finer or not, is of a very different fibre from that which is used in the tough fabric of martyrs. It is time that an earnest protest should be uttered against the wrong done to the religious sentiment by the greater part of what is called religious poetry, and which is commonly a painful something misnamed by the noun and misqualified by the adjective. To dilute David, and make doggerel of that majestic prose of the Prophets which has the glow and wide-orbited metre of constellations, may be a useful occupation to keep country-gentlemen out of litigation or retired clergymen from polemics; but to regard these metrical mechanics as sacred because nobody wishes to touch them, as meritorious because no one can be merry in their company,—to rank them in the same class with those ancient songs of the Church, sweet with the breath of saints, sparkling with the tears of forgiven penitents, and warm with the fervor of martyrs,—nay, to set them up beside such poems as those of Herbert, composed in the upper chambers of the soul—that open toward the sun's rising, is to confound piety with dulness, and the manna of heaven with its sickening namesake from the apothecary's drawer. The "Enchiridion" of Quarles is hardly worthy of the author of the "Emblems," and is by no means an unattainable book in other editions,—nor a matter of heartbreak, if it were so. Of the dramatic works of Marston it is enough to say that they are truly *works* to the reader, but in no sense dramatic, nor worth the paper they blot. He seems to have been deemed worthy of republication because he was the contemporary of true poets; and if all the Toppers of the nineteenth century will buy his plays on the same principle, the sale will be a remunerative one. The Homer of Chapman is so precious a gift, that we are ready to forgive all Mr. Smith's shortcomings in consideration of it. It is a vast *placer*, full of nuggets for the philologist and the lover of poetry.

Having now run cursorily through the series of Mr. Smith's reprints, we come to the closer question of *How are they edited?* Whatever the merit of the original works,

the editors, whether self-elected or chosen by the publisher, should be accurate and scholarly. The editing of the Homer we can heartily commend; and Dr. Rimbault, who carried the works of Overbury through the press, has done his work well; but the other volumes of the Library are very creditable neither to English scholarship nor to English typography. The Introductions to some of them are enough to make us think that we are fallen to the necessity of reprinting our old authors because the art of writing correct and graceful English has been lost. William B. Turnbull, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, says, for instance, in his Introduction to Southwell: "There was resident at Uxendon, near Harrow on the Hill, in Middlesex, a Catholic family of the name of Bellamy whom [which] Southwell was in the habit of visiting and providing with religious instruction when he exchanged his ordinary [ordinarily] close confinement for a purer atmosphere." (pp. xxii.—xxiii.) Again, (p. xxii.) "He had, in this manner, for six years, pursued, with very great success, the objects of his mission, when these were abruptly terminated by his foul betrayal into the hands of his enemies in 1592." We should like to have Mr. Turnbull explain how the *objects* of a mission could be terminated by a betrayal, however it might be with the mission itself. From the many similar flowers in the Introduction to Mather's "Providences," by Mr. George Offor, (in whom, we fear, we recognize a countryman,) we select the following: "It was at this period when, [that,] oppressed by the ruthless hand of persecution, our pilgrim fathers, threatened with torture and death, succumbed not to man, but trusting on [in] an almighty arm, braved the dangers of an almost unknown ocean, and threw themselves into the arms of men called savages, who proved more beneficent than national Christians." To whom or what our pilgrim fathers *did* succumb, and what "national Christians" are, we leave, with the song of the Sirens, to conjecture. Speaking of the "Providences," Mr. Offor says, that "they faithfully delineate the state of public opinion two hundred years ago, the most striking feature being an implicit faith in the power of the [in]-visible world to hold visible intercourse with man:—not the angels to bless poor erring

mortals, but of demons imparting power to witches and warlocks to injure, terrify and destroy,"—a sentence which we defy any witch or warlock, though he were Michael Scott himself, to parse with the astutest demonie aid. On another page, he says of Dr. Mather, that "he was one of the first divines who discovered that very many strange events, which were considered preternatural, had occurred in the course of nature or by deceitful juggling; that the Devil could not speak English, nor prevail with Protestants; the smell of herbs alarms the Devil; that medicine drives out Satan!" We do not wonder that Mr. Offor put a mark of exclamation at the end of this surprising sentence, but we do confess our astonishment that the vermillion pencil of the proof-reader suffered it to pass unchallenged. Leaving its bad English out of the question, we find, on referring to Mather's text, that he was never guilty of the absurdity of believing that Satan was less eloquent in English than in any other language; that it was the British (Welsh) tongue which a certain demon whose education had been neglected (not *the Devil*) could not speak; that Mather is not fool enough to say that the Fiend cannot prevail with Protestants, nor that the smell of herbs alarms him, nor that medicine drives him out.

Mr. Offor is superbly Protestant and iconoclastic,—not sparing, as we have seen, even Priscian's head among the rest; but, *en revanche*, Mr. Turnbull is ultramontane beyond the editors of the *Civiltà Cattolica*. He allows himself to say, that, "after Southwell's death, one of his sisters, a Catholic in heart, but timidly and blameably simulating heresy, wrought, with some relics of the martyr, several cures on persons afflicted with desperate and deadly diseases, which had baffled the skill of all physicians." Mr. Turnbull is, we suspect, a recent convert, or it would occur to him that doctors are still secure of a lucrative practice in countries full of the relics of greater saints than even Southwell. That father was hanged (according to Protestants) for treason, and the relic which put the whole pharmacopeia to shame was, if we mistake not, his neckerchief. But whatever the merits of the Jesuit himself, and however it may gratify Mr. Turnbull's catechumenical enthusiasm to exalt the curative properties of this

integument of his, even at the expense of Jesuits' bark, we cannot but think that he has shown a credulity that unfits him for writing a fair narrative of his hero's life, or making a tolerably just estimate of his verses. It is possible, however, that these last seem prosaic as a neck-tie only to heretical readers.

Anything more helplessly inadequate than Mr. Offor's preliminary dissertation on Witchcraft we never read; but we could hardly expect much from an editor whose citations from the book he is editing show that he had either not read or not understood it.

We have singled out the Introductions of Messrs. Turnbull and Offor for special animadversion because they are on the whole the worst, both of them being offensively sectarian, while that of Mr. Offor in particular gives us almost no information whatever. Some of the others are not without grave faults, chief among which is a vague declamation, especially out of place in critical essays, where it serves only to weary the reader and awaken his distrust. In his Introduction to Wither's "Hallelujah," for instance, Mr. Farr informs us that "nearly all the best poets of the latter half of the sixteenth century—for that was the period when the Reformation was fully established—and the whole of the seventeenth century were sacred poets," and that "even Shakspeare and the contemporary dramatists of his age sometimes attuned their well-strung harps to the songs of Zion." Comment on statements like these would be as useless as the assertions themselves are absurd.

We have quoted these examples only to justify us in saying, that Mr. Smith must select his editors with more care, if he wishes that his "Library of Old Authors" should deserve the confidence and thereby gain the good word of intelligent readers,—without which such a series can neither win nor keep the patronage of the public. It is impossible that men who cannot construct an English sentence correctly, and who do not know the value of clearness in writing, should be able to disentangle the knots which slovenly printers have tied in the thread of an old author's meaning; and it is more than doubtful whether they who assert carelessly, cite inaccurately, and write loosely are not by nature disqualified for doing thoroughly what they

undertake to do. If it were unreasonable to demand of every one who assumes to edit one of our early poets the critical acumen, the genial sense, the illimitable reading, the philological scholarship, which in combination would alone make the ideal editor, it is not presumptuous to expect some one of these qualifications singly, and we have the right to insist upon patience and accuracy, which are within the reach of every one, and without which all the others are wellnigh vain. Now to this virtue of accuracy Mr. Offor specifically lays claim in one of his remarkable sentences: "We are bound to admire," he says, "the accuracy and beauty of this specimen of typography. Following in the path of my late friend William Pickering, our publisher rivals the Aldine and Elzevir presses, which have been so universally admired." We should think that it was the product of those presses which had been admired, and that Mr. Smith presents a still worthier object of admiration when he contrives to follow a path and rival a press at the same time. But let that pass;—it is the claim to accuracy which we dispute; and we deliberately affirm, that, as far as we are able to judge by the volumes we have examined, no claim more unfounded was ever set up. In some cases, as we shall show presently, the blunders of the original work have been followed with painful accuracy in the reprint; but many others have been added by the carelessness of Mr. Smith's printers or editors. In the thirteen pages of Mr. Offor's own Introduction we have found as many as seven typographical errors,—unless some of them are to be excused on the ground that Mr. Offor's studies have not yet led him into those arcana where we are taught such recondite mysteries of language as that verbs agree with their nominatives. In Mr. Farr's Introduction to the "Hymns and Songs" nine short extracts from other poems of Wither are quoted, and in these we have found no less than seven misprints or false readings which materially affect the sense. Textual inaccuracy is a grave fault in the new edition of an old poet; and Mr. Farr is not only liable to this charge, but also to that of making blundering misstatements which are calculated to mislead the careless or uncritical reader. Infected by the absurd cant which has been prevalent for the last

dozen years among literary sciolists, he says,—“The language used by Wither in all his various works—whether secular or sacred—is pure Saxon.” Taken literally, this assertion is manifestly ridiculous, and, allowing it every possible limitation, it is not only untrue of Wither, but of every English poet, from Chaucer down. The translators of our Bible made use of the German version, and a poet versifying the English Scriptures would therefore be likely to use more words of Teutonic origin than in his original compositions. But no English poet can write English poetry except in English,—that is, in that compound of Teutonic and Romanic which derives its heartiness and strength from the one and its canorous elegance from the other. The Saxon language does not sing, and, though its tough mortar serve to hold together the less compact Latin words, porous with vowels, it is to the Latin that our verse owes majesty, harmony, variety, and the capacity for rhyme. A quotation of six lines from Wither ends at the top of the very page on which Mr. Farr lays down his extraordinary *dictum*, and we will let this answer him, Italicizing the words of Romanic derivation :—

“ Her true *beauty* leaves behind
Apprehensions in the mind,
 Of more sweetness than all *art*
 Or *inventions* can *impart* ;
 Thoughts too deep to be *expressed*,
 And too strong to be *suppressed*. ”

But space fails us, and we shall take up the editions of Marston and Webster in a future article.

Galleries and Cabinets of Art in Great Britain, etc. By DR. WAAGEN. Forming a Supplemental Volume to the “Treasures of Art in Great Britain.” 8vo. London. 1857.

THE Manchester Exhibition, although containing a vast number of works of Art, displayed but a small portion of the treasures of painting and sculpture scattered through Great Britain, in the city and country houses of the upper classes. Every year is adding greatly to the number and value of both private and public galleries in England. It is but three years since Dr. Waagen published his three

ponderous volumes on the “Treasures of Art in Great Britain,” and he has already found new material for a fourth, not less cumbrous than its predecessors. The larger part of this last volume is, indeed, composed of descriptions of galleries existing at the time of the publication of his first work, but the most interesting portion of it relates to the acquisitions that have been made within the last three years.

A better taste, and a truer appreciation of the relative merits of works of Art, prevails in England now than at any previous time, and the recent acquisitions are distinguished not more by their number than by their intrinsic value. The National Gallery has at last begun to make its purchases upon a systematic plan, and is endeavoring to form such a collection as shall exhibit the historic progress of the various schools of painting. The late additions to it have been of peculiar interest in this view; including some very admirable pictures by masters whose works are rare and of real importance. Among them are very noble works of some of the chief earlier Florentine, Umbrian, and Venetian masters; especially a beautiful picture by Benozzo Gozzoli, (the Virgin enthroned with the infant Saviour in her arms and surrounded by Saints,)—a thoroughly characteristic specimen of Giovanni Bellini, (also a Virgin holding the Child,) in which the deep, fervent, and tender spirit, the manly feeling, and the unsurpassed purity of color of this great master are well shown,—and one of the finest existing pictures of Perugino, the three lower and principal compartments of an altarpiece painted for the Certosa at Pavia. We know, indeed, no work by the master of Raphael to be set above this. Two of the best pictures of Paul Veronese have also just been added to the National Gallery.

Still more important are the recent private purchases. The Duke of Northumberland procured in Rome, in 1856, the whole of Camuccini’s famous collection. It contained seventy-four pictures, and many of them of great value. Among them was a small, but precious picture by Giotto,—a beautiful little Raphael,—three undoubted works of Titian,—and, most precious of all, a picture, formerly in the Ludovisi collection, painted jointly by

Giovanni Bellini and Titian. It is the Descent of the Gods to taste the Fruits of the Earth, half-comic in conception, but remarkable for the grace of some of its figures; the landscape is by Titian, and Dr. Waagen says, justly, that "it is, without comparison, the finest that up to that period had ever been painted,"—and we would add, few finer have been painted since.

Meanwhile Sir Charles Eastlake has obtained a picture by Mantegna, and another by Bellini, both of which rank very high among the works of these masters, and both in excellent condition. And Mr. Alexander Barker, whose collection is becoming one of the best selected and most interesting in England, has purchased several pictures of great value, especially one by Verrocchio, the master of Leonardo da Vinci, which Dr. Waagen speaks of as "the most important picture I know by this rare master." Mr. Barker has also made an addition to his collection so recent as not to be described even in this last volume of the "Art Treasures," but which is of unsurpassed interest. He has purchased from the Manfrini Gallery at Venice, a gallery which has long been famous as containing some of the best works of the Venetian school, eighteen of its best pictures, and was lately in treaty for a still larger number. He has already secured Titian's portrait of Ariosto, Giorgione's portrait of a woman with a guitar, and other works by these masters, by Palma Vecchio, Giovanni Bellini, and other chief Venetian painters. We trust that he may bring to England (if it must leave Venice) Bellini's St. Jerome, a picture of the most precious character.

This catalogue, long as it already is, by no means completes the list of the last three years' gains of pictures for England. Such a record shows how compact with treasures the little island is becoming. And meanwhile, what is America doing in this way? The overestimate of the importance and value of Mr. Belmont's collection in New York shows how far the American public yet is from knowing its own ignorance and poverty in respect to Art.

No praise can be given to the execution of Dr. Waagen's book. His descriptions of pictures are rarely characteristic; his tone and standard of judgment are worth-

less; his style of writing is poor; his inaccuracies frequent; and his funkeyism intolerable. It would be an excellent undertaking for a competent person, using Dr. Waagen's book as a basis, to compress the account of the principal private galleries, those which really contain pictures of value, into one small and portable volume,—to serve as a handbook for travellers in England, as well as for a guide to the present place of pictures interesting in the history of artists and of Art. Such a volume, if well done, would be of vastly more value than these heavy four. The usual delightful liberality of English collectors in opening their galleries to the public on certain days would make such a volume something more than a mere tantalizing exposition of treasures that could not be seen, and would render it, to all lovers of Art, an indispensable companion in England. We may add that this liberality might be imitated with advantage by the directors of some collections in which the public have a greater claim. We tried once in vain to get sight of the portraits of Alleyn and Burbage at Dulwich College, and were prevented from seeing the Hogarths in the Sloane Museum by the length of time required for the preliminary ceremonies.

The New American Cyclopædia. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA. Vol. I. A—ARAGUAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo.

THE design of this work is to furnish the American public with a Cyclopædia which shall be readable as well as valuable, —possessing all the advantages of a dictionary of knowledge for the purposes of reference, and all the interest which results from a scholarly treatment of the subjects. Judging from the first volume, it will occupy a middle ground between the great Encyclopædias and the numerous special Dictionaries of Art and Science; and if its plan be carried out with the vigor and skill which mark its commencement, it will, when completed, be the best and most condensed Cyclopædia for popular use in any language. The guaranty for its successful completion is to be found in the character and abilities of the editors,

and the resources at their command. Mr. Ripley is an accomplished man of letters, familiar with the whole field of literature and philosophy, gifted with a mental aptitude equally for facts and ideas, a fanatic for no particular branch of knowledge, but with a genial appreciation of each, and endowed with a largeness and catholicity of mind which eminently fit him to mould the multitudinous materials of a work like the present into the form of a prescribed plan. Mr. Dana is well known as one of the chief editors of the most influential journal in the country, as combining vigorous intellect with indefatigable industry, and as capable, both in the domain of facts and in the domain of principles, of "toiling terribly." The resources of the editors are, literally, almost too numerous to mention. They include the different Encyclopædias and popular Conversations-Lexicons in various languages,—recent biographies, histories, books of travel, and scientific treatises,—the opportunities of research afforded by the best private and public libraries,—and a body of contributors, scattered over different portions of the United States and Europe, of whom nearly a hundred have written for the present volume, and, in some cases, have contributed the results of personal observation, research, and discovery. These contributors are selected with a view to their proficiency and celebrity in their several departments. The scientific articles are written by scientific men; those on technology and machinery, by practical machinists and engineers; those on military and naval affairs, by officers of the army and navy; and those which relate to the history and doctrines of the various Christian churches and denominations, by men who have both the knowledge of their subjects which comes from study and the knowledge which comes from sympathy.

The plan of the editors implies a perfect neutrality in regard to all controverted points in politics, science, philosophy, and religion; and though they cannot avoid controversy as a fact in the history of opinion, it is their purpose to have the Cyclopaedia give an impartial statement of various opinions without an intrusion of their own or those of their contributors. In considering how far, in the first volume, they have succeeded in their general design, it must be remembered that a Cyclo-

pædia which shall be satisfactory to all readers alike is an ideal which the human imagination may contemplate, but which seems to be beyond the reach of human wit practically to attain. Besides, each reader is apt to have a pet interest in certain persons, events, topics, beliefs, which stand in his own mind for universal knowledge, and he is naturally vexed to find how their importance dwindles when they appear in relation to the whole of nature and human life. In respect to Biography, especially in a Cyclopaedia which admits lives of the living as well as the dead, and to whose biographical department a great variety of authors contribute, there is an inherent difficulty of preserving the proper gradation of reputations. Doubtless, many an American gentleman will find that this Cyclopaedia gives him an importance, in comparison with the rest of the world, which time will not sanction; and doubtless, some of the dead *As*, if rapped into utterance by the modern process of spiritual communication, would complain of the curt statement which confined their souls in a space more limited than that now occupied by their bodies. The biographies, however, of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Addison, Æschylus, Mark Anthony, Alfieri, Akenside, Allston, Agassiz, and a number of others, are evidently by "eminent hands," and, as compared with the rest, are treated with more fulness and richness of detail, with an easier and more genial mastery of the subjects, and with less fear of being redundant in good things. Still, most of the biographies serve the primary purpose of the work as a book of reference, and contain as large an amount of information as could well be crammed into so limited a space.

Such a variety of minds have been engaged on the present volume, that among its twenty-five hundred articles will be found every kind of style, from austere scientific statement, to brilliant wit and fancy. Two subjects, never before included in a Cyclopaedia in the English language, namely, *Æsthetics* and *Absolute*, are ably, though far too briefly treated. Entertainment is not overlooked in the plan of the editors, and there are some articles, like those on *Almacks*, *Actors*, and *Adventures*, which contain information at once curious and amusing. The article "*Americanism*" might have been

made much more valuable and pleasing, had the subject been treated at greater length, with more insight into the reasons which led to the establishment of an American verbal mint, and with a more complete list of the felicities of its coinage. The articles which refer to bodily health, such as those on Appetite, Age, Aliment, Total Abstinence, contain important facts and admirable suggestions in condensed statements. Agriculture, Agricultural Schools, and Agricultural Chemistry are evidently the work of writers who appreciate the practical wants of the farmer, as well as understand the aids which science can furnish him. Two divisions of the globe, Africa and America, come within the scope of the present volume, and, though the special reader will notice in the articles devoted to them some omissions, and some statements which may require modification, they bear the general marks of industry, vigilance, and research. The paper on Anæsthetica is evidently by a writer who meant to be impartial, but still injustice is done to the claims of Dr. Jackson, and we trust that in the next edition some of the statements will be corrected, even if the whole question of the discovery is not more thoroughly argued. It seems curious that a discovery which destroys pain should be a constant cause of pain to every person in any way connected with it. It may not be within the province of a Cyclopædia to undertake the decision of a question still so vehemently controverted; but we think it might be so stated as to include all the facts, harmonize portions at least of the conflicting evidence, and put some peo-

ple "out of pain." We must attribute it to a careless reading of the proof-sheets that the editors have allowed the concluding paragraph in the article "Adams" to intrude village gossip into a work which should be an example to American scholarship, and not a receptacle of newspaper scandal. .

In conclusion, we think that the impression which an examination of the present volume, considered as a whole, leaves on the mind is, that the editors have generally succeeded in making it both comprehensive and compact,—comprehensive without being superficial, and compact without being dry and dull. As a book for the desultory reader, it will be found full of interest and attractiveness, while it is abundantly capable of bearing severer tests than any to which the desultory reader will be likely to subject it. Minor faults can easily be detected, but we think its great merits are much more obvious than its little defects. The probability is, that, when completed, it will be found to contain articles by almost every person of literary and scientific note in the United States; for the wide and friendly relations which the editors hold with American authors and *savans*, of all sects, parties, and sections, will enable them to obtain valuable contributions, even if the general interest in the success of an American Cyclopædia were not sufficient of itself to draw the intellect of the country to its pages. As a work which promises to be so honorable to the literature of the country, we trust that it will meet with a public patronage commensurate with its deserts.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. I.—MAY, 1858.—NO. VII.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITY.

THE results of the past ten or fifteen years in historical investigation are exceedingly mortifying to any one who has been proud to call himself a student of History. We had thought, perhaps, that we knew something of the origin of human events and the gradual development from the past into the world of to-day. We had read Herodotus, and Gibbon, and Gillies, and done manful duty with Rollin. There were certain comfortable, definite facts in antiquity. Romulus and Remus were our friends; the transmission of the alphabet by the Phœnicians was a resting-spot; the destruction of Babylon and the date of the Flood were fixed stations in the wilderness. In more modern periods, we had a refuge in the date of the discovery of America; and if we were forced back into the wilds and uncertainties of American History, Mr. Prescott soon restored to us the buried empires, and led us easily back through a few plain centuries.

Beyond these dates, indeed, there was a shadowy land, through whose changing mists could be seen sometimes the grand outlines of abandoned cities, or the faint forms of temples, or the graceful column or massive tomb, which marked the distant path of the advancing race: but

these were scarcely more than visions for a moment, before darkness again covered the view. Our mythology and philosophy of the past were almost equally misty and vague. History was to us a succession of facts; empire succeeding empire, and one form of civilization another, with scarcely more connection than in the scenes of a theatre;—the great isolated fact of all being the existence of the Jews. All cosmic myths and noble conceptions of Deity and pure religious beliefs were only offshoots of Hebrew tradition.

This, we are pained to say, is all changed now. Our beloved dates, our easy explanation, and popular narrative are half dissolved under the touch of modern investigation. Roman History abandons poor Romulus and Remus; the Flood sinks into a local inundation, and is pushed back nobody knows how many thousands of years; an Egyptian antiquity arises of which Herodotus never knew; and Josephus is proved ignorant of his own subject. Nothing is found separate from the current of the world's history,—neither Hebrew law and religion, nor Phœnician commerce, nor Hindoo mythology, nor Grecian art. On the shadowy Past, over the deserted

battle-fields, the burial-mounds, the mau-solea, the temples, the altars, and the habitations of perished nations, new rays of light are cast. Peoples not heard of before, empires forgotten, conquests not recorded, arts unknown in their place at this day, and civilizations of which all has perished but the language, appear again. The world wakes to find itself much older than it thought. History is hardly the same study that it once was. Even more than the investigations of hieroglyphs and bass-reliefs and sculptures, during the past few years, have the researches in one especial direction changed the face of the ancient world.

LANGUAGE is found to be itself the best record of a nation's origin, development, and relation to other races. Each vocabulary and grammar of a dead nation is a Nineveh, rich in pictures, inscriptions, and historical records, uncovering to the patient investigator not merely the external life and actions of the people, but their deepest internal life, and their connection with other peoples and times. The little defaced word, the cast-away root, the antique construction, picked up by the student among the vestiges of a language, may be a relic fresher from the past and older than a stone from the Pyramids, or the sculpture of the Assyrian temple.

In American history, this work of investigation till recently had not been thoroughly entered upon. Within the last quarter of a century, Kingsborough and Gallatin and Prescott and Davis and Squier and Schoolcraft and Müller have each thrown some light over the mysterious antiquity of our own continent. But of all, a French Abbé, an ethnologist and a careful investigator,—M. BRASSEUR DE BOURBOURG,—has, in a history recently published, done the best service to this cause. It is entitled “*Histoire des Nations Civilisées du Mexique et de l'Amérique Centrale.*” (Paris, 1857.) M. de Bourbourg spent many years in Central America, studying the face of the country and the languages of the Indian tribes, and investigating the

ancient picture-writing and the remains of the wonderful ruins of that region. Probably no stranger has ever enjoyed better opportunities of reading the ancient manuscripts and studying the dialects of the Central American races. With these helps he has prepared a groundwork for the history of the early civilized peoples of our American continent,—a history, it should be remembered, ending where Prescott's begins,—reaching back, possibly, as far as the earliest invasions of the Huns, and one of whose fixed dates is at the time of the Antonines. He has ventured to lift, at length, the veil from our mysterious and confused American antiquity. It is an especial merit of M. de Bourbourg, in this stage of the investigation, that he has attempted to do no more. He has collected and collated facts, but has sought to give us very few theories. The stable philosophical conclusions he leaves for later research, when time shall have been afforded for fuller comparison.

There is an incredible fascination to many minds in these investigations into the traditions and beliefs of antiquity. We feel in their presence that they are the oldest things; the most ancient books, or buildings, or sculptures are modern by their side. They represent the childish instincts of the human mind,—its *gropings* after Truth,—its dim ideals and shadowings forth of what it hopes will be. They are the earliest answers of man to the great questions, WHENCE and WHITHER?

The most ancient people of Central America, according to M. de Bourbourg,—a people referred to in all the oldest traditions, but of whom everything except the memory has passed away,—are the Quinames. Their rule extended over Mexico and Guatemala, and there is reason to suppose that they attained to a considerable height of civilization. The only accounts of their origin are the oral traditions repeated to the Spaniards by the Indians of Yucatan,—traditions relating that the fathers of this great na-

tion came from the East, and that God had delivered them from the pursuit of their enemies and had opened to them a way over the sea. Other traditions reveal to us the Quinames as delivered up to the most unnatural vices of ancient society. Whether the Cyclopean ruins scattered over the continent,—vast masses of stone placed one upon another without cement, which existed before the splendid cities whose ruins are yet seen in Central America,—whether these are the work of this race, or of one still older, is entirely uncertain.

The most ancient language of Central America, the ground on which all the succeeding languages have been planted, is the Maya. Even the Indian languages of to-day are only combinations of their own idioms with this ancient tongue. Its daughter, the Tzendale, transmits many of the oldest and most interesting religious beliefs of the Indian tribes.

All the traditions, whether in the Quiche, the Mexican, or the Tzendale, unite in one somewhat remarkable belief,—in the reverent mention of an ancient Deliverer or Benefactor; a personage so enveloped in the halo of religious sentiment and the mist of remote antiquity, that it is difficult to distinguish his real form. With the Tzendale his name is VOTAN;* among the many other names in other languages, QUETZALCOHUALT is the one most distinctive. Sometimes he appears as a wise and dignified legislator, arrived suddenly among an ignorant people from an unknown country, to instruct them in agriculture, the arts, and even in religion. He bears suffering in their behalf, patiently labors for them, and, when at length he has done his work, departs alone from amid the weeping crowd to the country of his birth. Sometimes he is the mediator between Deity and men; then again, a personification of the Divine wisdom and glory; and still again,

the noble features seem to be transmuted in the confused tradition into the countenance of Divinity. Whether this mysterious person is only the American embodiment of the Hope of all Nations, or whether he was truly a wise and noble legislator, driven by some accident to these shores from a foreign country, and afterwards glorified by the gratitude of his people, is uncertain, though our author inclines naturally to the latter supposition. The expression of the Tzendale tradition, "Votan is the first man whom God sent to divide and distribute these lands of America," (Vol. I. p. 42,) indicates that he found the continent inhabited, and either originated the distribution of property or became a conqueror of the country. The evidence of tradition would clearly prove that at the arrival of Votan the great proportion of the inhabitants, from the Isthmus of Panama to the territories of California, were in a savage condition. The builders of the Cyclopean ruins were the only exception.

The various traditions agree that this elevated being, the father of American civilization, inculcated first of all a belief in a Supreme Creator, Lord of Heaven and Earth. It is a singular fact, that the ancient Quiche tradition represents the Deity as a Triad, or Trinity, with the deified heroes arranged in orders below,—a representation not improbably connected with the Hindoo conception. The belief in a Supreme Being seems to have been generally diffused among the Central American and Mexican tribes, even as late as the arrival of the Spaniards. The Mexicans adored Him under the name of IPALNEMOALONI, or "Him in whom and by whom we are and live." This "God of all purity," as he is addressed in a Mexican prayer, was too elevated for vulgar thought or representation. No altars or temples were erected to him; and it was only under one of the later kings of the Aztec monarchy that a temple was built to the "Unknown God."—Vol. I. p. 46.

The founders of the early American civilization bear various titles: they are

* The resemblance of this name to the Teutonic Wotan or Odin is certainly striking, and will afford a new argument to the enthusiastic Rafn, and other advocates of a Scandinavian colonization of America.—EDD.

called "The Master of the Mountain," "The Heart of the Lake," "The Master of the Azure Surface," and the like. Even in the native traditions, the questions are often asked: "Whence came these men?" "Under what climate were they born?" One authority answers thus mysteriously: "They have clearly come from the other shore of the sea,—from the place which is called 'CAMUHIFAL,' — *The place where is shadow.*" Why may not this singular expression refer to a Northern country,—a place where is a long shadow, a winter-night?

A singular characteristic of the ancient Indian legends is the mingling of two separate courses of tradition. In their poetic conceptions, and perhaps under the hands of their priests, the old myths of the Creation are constantly confused with the accounts of the first periods of their civilization.

The following is the most ancient legend of the Creation, from the MSS. of Chichicastenango, in the Quiche text: "When all that was necessary to be created in heaven and on earth was finished, the heaven being formed, its angles measured and lined, its limits fixed, the lines and parallels put in their place in heaven and on earth, heaven found itself created, and Heaven it was called by the Creator and Maker, the Father and Mother of Life and Existence, . . . the Mother of Thought and Wisdom, the excellence of all that is in heaven and on earth, in the lakes or the sea. It is thus that he called himself, when all was tranquil and calm, when all was peaceable and silent, when nothing had movement in the void of the heavens."—Vol. I. p. 48.

In the narrative of the succeeding work of creation, says M. de Bourbourg, there is always a double sense. Creation and life are civilization; the silence and calm of Nature before the existence of animated beings are the calm and tranquillity of Ocean, over which a sail is flying towards an unknown shore; and the first aspect of the shores of America, with its mighty mountains and great rivers, is

confounded with the first appearance of the earth from the chaos of waters.

"This is the first word," says the Quiche text. "There were neither men, nor animals, nor birds, nor fishes, nor wood, nor stones, nor valleys, nor herbs, nor forests. There was only the heaven. The image of the earth did not yet show itself. There was only the sea, on all sides surrounded by the heaven. . . . Nothing had motion, and not the least sigh agitated the air. . . . In the midst of this calm and this tranquillity, was only the Father and the Maker, in the obscurity of the night; there were only the Fathers and Generators on the whitening water, and they were clad in azure raiment. . . . And it is on account of them that heaven exists, and exists equally the Heart of Heaven, which is the name of God."—Vol. I. p. 51.*

The legend then pictures a council between these "Fathers" and the Supreme Creator; after which, the word is spoken, and the earth bursts forth from the darkness, with its great mountains and forests and animals and birds, as they might to a voyager approaching the shore. An episode occurs, describing a deluge, but still bearing in it the traces of the double tradition,—the one referring to some primeval catastrophe, and the other to a local inundation, which had perhaps surprised the first legislators in the midst

* Compare the Hindoo conception, translated from one of the old Vedic legends, in Bunsen's *Philosophy of History* :—

"Nor Aught nor Nought existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad roof outstretched above.
What covered all? What sheltered? What concealed?
Was it the waters' fathomless abyss?
There was not death,—yet was there nought immortal.
There was no confine betwixt day and night.
The only One breathed breathless by itself;
Other than it there nothing since has been.
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled
In gloom profound,—an ocean without light.
The germ that still lay covered in the husk
Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent
heat."

of their efforts. The Mexican tradition (Codex Chimalpopoca) shows more distinctly the united action of the Mediator (Quetzalcohuatl) and the Deity:—"From ashes had God created man and animated him, and they say it is Quetzalcohuatl who hath perfected him who had been made, and hath *breathed into him, on the seventh day, the breath of life.*"

Another legend, after describing the creation of men of wood, and women of *cibak*, (the marrow of the corn-flag,) tells us that "the fathers and the children, from want of intelligence, did not use the language which they had received to praise the benefaction of their creation, and never thought of raising their eyes to praise HURAKAN. Then were they destroyed in an inundation. There descended from heaven a rain of bitumen and resin. . . And on account of them, the earth was obscured; and it rained night and day. And men went and came, out of themselves, as if struck with madness. They wished to mount upon the roofs, and the houses fell beneath them; when they took refuge in the caves and the grottoes, these closed over them. This was their punishment and destruction."—Vol. I. p. 55.

In the Mexican tradition, instead of the rain we find a violent eruption of the volcanoes, and men are changed into fishes, and again into *chicime*,—which may designate the barbarian tribes that invaded Central America.

In still another tradition, the Deity and his associates are more plainly men of superior intelligence, laboring to civilize savage races; and finally, when they cannot inspire two essential elements of civilization,—a taste for labor, and the religious idea,—a sudden inundation delivers them from the indocile people. Then—so far as the mysterious language of the legend can be interpreted—they appear to have withdrawn themselves to a more teachable race. But with these the difficulty for the new law-givers is that they find nothing corresponding to the productions of the country from which they had come. Fruits are in

abundance, but there is no grain which requires culture, and which would give origin to a continued industry. The legend relates, somewhat naïvely, the hunger and distress of these elevated beings, until at length they discover the maize, and other nutritious fruits and grains in the country of Paxil, and Cayala.

Our author places these latter in the state of Chiapas, and the countries watered by the Usumasinta. The provinces of Mexico and the Atlantic border of Central America he supposes to be those where the first legislators of America landed, and where was the cradle of the first American civilization. In these regions, the great city attributed to Votan,—Palenque,—the ruins of whose magnificent temples and palaces even yet astonish the traveller, was one of the first products of this civilization.

With regard to the much-vexed question of the origin of the Indian races, M. de Bourbourg offers no theory. In his view, the evidence from language establishes no certain connection between the Indian tribes and any other race whatever; though, as he justly remarks, the knowledge of the languages of the Northeast of Asia and of the interior of America is yet very limited, and more complete investigations must be waited for before any very satisfactory conclusions can be attained. The similarity of the Indian languages points without doubt to a common origin, while their variety and immense number are indications of a high antiquity; for who can estimate the succession of years necessary to subdivide a common tongue into so many languages, and to give birth out of a savage or nomadic life to a civilization like that of the Aztecs?

In the passage of man from one hemisphere to another he sees no difficulty; as, without considering Behring's Strait, the voyage from Mantchooria, or Japan, following the chain of the Koorile and the Aleutian Isles, even to the Peninsula of Alaska, would be an enterprise of no great hazard.

The traditions of the Indian tribes, as

well as their monumental inscriptions, point to an Eastern origin. From whatever direction the particular tribe may have emigrated, they always speak of their fathers as having come from the rising of the sun. The Quiche, as well as the Chippeway traditions, allude to the voyages of their fathers from the East, from a cold and icy region, through a cloudy and wintry sea, to countries as cold and gloomy, from which they again turned towards the South.

Without committing himself to a theory, M. de Bourbourg supposes that one race—the Quiche—has passed through the whole North American continent, erecting at different stages of its civilization those gigantic and mysterious pyramids, the *tumuli* of the Mississippi Valley,—of whose origin the present Northern Indian tribes have preserved no trace, and for whose erection no single American tribe now would have the wealth or the superfluous labor. This race was continually driven towards the South by more savage tribes, and it at length reached its favorite seats and the height of its civilization in Central America. In comparing the similar monuments of Southern Siberia, and the dates of the immigration to the Aztec plateau, with those of the first movements of the Huns and the great revolutions in Asia, an indication is given, worthy of being followed up by the ethnologist, of the Asiatic origin of the Central American tribes. The traditions, monuments, customs, mythology, and astronomic systems all point to a similar source.

The thorough study of the aboriginal races reveals the fact, that the whole continent, from the Arctic regions to the Southern Pole, was divided irregularly between two distinct families;—one nomadic and savage, the other agricultural and semi-civilized; one with no institutions or polity or organized religion, the other with regular forms of government and hierarchical and religious systems. Though differing so widely, and little associated with each other, they possessed an analogous physical constitution, analo-

gous customs, idioms, and grammatical forms, many of which were entirely different from those of the Old World.

At the period of the discovery of America, not a single tribe west of the Rocky Mountains possessed the least agricultural skill. Whether the superiority of the Central American and Mexican tribes was due to more favorable circumstances and a more genial climate, or to the instructions of foreign legislators, as their traditions relate, our author does not decide. In his view, American agriculture originated in Central America, and was not one of the sciences brought over by the tribes who first emigrated from Asia.

Of the architectural ruins found in Central America M. de Bourbourg says: “Among the edifices forgotten by Time in the forests of Mexico and Central America are found architectural characteristics so different from one another, that it is as impossible to attribute their construction to one and the same people, as it is to suppose that they were built at the same epoch. . . . The ruins that are the most ancient and that have the most resemblance to one another are those which have been discovered in the country of the Lacandous, the foundations of the city of Mayapan, some buildings of Tulha, and the greater part of those of Palenque; it is probable that they belong to the first period of American civilization.”—Vol. I. p. 85.

The truly historical records of Central America go back to a period but little before the Christian era. Beyond that epoch, we behold through the mists of legends, and in the defaced pictures and sculptures, a hierarchical despotism sustained by the successors of the mysterious Votan. The empire of the Votanides is at length ruined by its own vices and by the attacks of a vigorous race, whose records and language have come down even to our day,—the only race on the American continent whose name has been preserved in the memory of the peoples after the ruin of its power, the only one whose institutions have sur-

vived its own existence,—the Nahoas, or TOLTEC.

Of all the American languages, the Nahuatl holds the highest place, for its richness of expression and its sonorous tone,—adapting itself with equal flexibility to the most sublime and analytic terms of metaphysics, and to the uses of ordinary life, so that even at this day the Englishman and the Spaniard employ its vocabulary for natural objects.

The traditions of the Nahoas describe their life in the distant Oriental country from which they came:—“There they multiplied to a considerable degree, and lived without civilization. They had not then acquired the habit of separating themselves from the places which had seen them born; they paid no tributes; and all spoke a single language. They worshipped neither wood nor stone; they contented themselves with raising their eyes to heaven and observing the law of the Creator. They waited with respect for the rising of the sun, saluting with their invocations the morning star.”

This is their prayer, handed down in Indian tradition,—the oldest piece extant of American liturgy:—“Hail, Creator and Former! Regard us! Listen to us! Heart of Heaven! Heart of the Earth! do not leave us! Do not abandon us, God of Heaven and Earth! . . . Grant us repose, a glorious repose, peace and prosperity! the perfection of life and of our being grant to us, O Hurakan!”

What country and what sun nourished this worship and gave origin to this great people is as uncertain as all other facts of the early American history. They came from the East, the tradition says; they landed, it seems certain, at Panuco, near the present port of Tampico, from seven barks or ships. Other traditions represent them as accompanied by sages with venerable beards and flowing robes. They finally settled somewhere on the coast between Campeachy and the river Tabasco, and founded the ancient city of Xicalanceo. Their chief, who in the reverent affection of the nation became afterwards their Deity, was Quetzalcouatl.

The myths which surround his name reveal to us a wise legislator and noble benefactor. He is seen instructing them in the arts, in religion, and finally in agriculture, by introducing the cultivation of maize and other cereals.

Whether he had become the object of envy among the people, or whether he felt that his work was done, it appears, so far as the vague traditions can be understood, that he at length determined to return to the unknown country whence he had come. He gathered his brethren around him and thus addressed them:—“Know,” said he, “that the Lord your God commands you to dwell in these lands which he hath subjected to you this day. For him, he returns whence he has come. But he goes only to return later; for he will visit you again, when the time shall have arrived in which the world shall have come to an end.* In the mean while wait, ye others, in these countries, with the hope of seeing him again! . . . Thus farewell, while we depart with our God!”

We will not follow the interesting narrative of the destruction of the ancient empire of the Votanides by the Nahoas or Toltecs; nor the account of the dispersion of these latter over Guatemala, Yucatan, and even among the mountains of California. This last revolution presents the first precise date which scholars have yet been able to assign to early American history; it probably occurred A. D. 174.

With the account of the invasion of the Aztec plateau by the Chichemeecs, a barbarian tribe of the Toltec family, in the middle of the seventh century, or of the establishment of the Toltec monarchy in Anahuac, we will not delay our readers, as these events bring us down to the period of authentic history, on which we have information from other sources.

“From the moment,” says M. de Bour-

* This is the expression of the legend, and certainly points to the ideas of the Eastern hemisphere. [The coincidence with the legends of Hiawatha and the Finnish Wainamoinen will be remarked.—EDD.]

bourg, "in which we see the supremacy of the cities of Culhuacan and Tollan rise over the cities of the Aztec plateau dates the true history of this country; but this history is, to speak the truth, only a grand episode in the annals of this powerful race [the Toltec]. In the course of a wandering of seven or eight centuries, it overturns and destroys everything in order to build on the ruins of ancient kingdoms its own civilization, science, and arts; it traverses all the provinces of Mexico and Central America, leaving everywhere traces of its superstitions, its culture, and its laws, sowing on its passage kingdoms and cities, whose names are forgotten to-day, but whose mysterious memorials are found again in the monuments scattered under the forest vegetation of ages and in the different languages of all the peoples of these countries"—Vol. I. p. 209.

M. de Bourbourg fitly closes his interesting volumes—from which we have here given a *résumé* of only the opening chapters—with a remarkable prophecy, made in the court of Yucatan by the high-priest of Mani. According to the tradition, this pontiff, inspired by a supernatural vision, betook himself to Mayapan and thus addressed the king:—"At the end of the Third Period, [A. D.

1518–1542,] a nation, white and bearded, shall come from the side where the sun rises, bearing with it a sign, [the cross,] which shall make all the Gods to flee and fall. This nation shall rule all the earth, giving peace to those who shall receive it in peace and who will abandon vain images to adore an only God, whom these bearded men adore." (Vol. II. p. 594.) M. de Bourbourg does not vouch for the pure origin of the tradition, but suggests that the wise men of the Quiche empire already saw that it contained in itself the elements of destruction, and had already heard rumors of the wonderful white race which was soon to sweep away the last vestiges of the Central American governments.

[NOTE.—We cannot but think that our correspondent receives the traditions reported by M. de Bourbourg with too undoubting faith. Some of them seem to us to bear plain marks of an origin subsequent to the Spanish Conquest, and we suspect that others have been considerably modified in passing through the lively fancy of the Abbé. Even Ixtlilxochitl, who, as a native and of royal race, must have had access to all sources of information, and who had the advantage of writing more than three centuries ago, seems to have looked on the native traditions as extremely untrustworthy. See Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, Vol. I. p. 12, note.—EDD.]

ROGER PIERCE,

THE MAN WITH TWO SHADOWS.

"There is ever a black spot in our sunshine." CARLYLE.

THE sky is gray with unfallen sleet; the wind howls bitterly about the house; relentless in its desperate speed, it whirls by green crosses from the fir-boughs in the wood,—dry russet oak-leaves,—tiny cones from the larch, that were once rose-red with the blood of Spring, but now rattle on the leafless branches, black and bare as they. No leaf remains on any bough of the forest, no scarlet streamer

of brier flaunts from the steadfast rocks that underlie all verdure, and now stand out, bleak and barren, the truths and foundations of life, when its ornate glories are fled away. The river flows past, a languid stream of lead; a single crow, screaming for its mate, flaps heavily against the north-east gale, that enters here also and lifts the carpet in long waves across the floor, whistles light ed-

dies of ashes in the chimney-corner, and vainly presses on door and window, like a houseless spirit shrieking and pining for a shelter from its bodiless and helpless unrest in the elements.

The whole air,—although, within, my fire crackles and leaps with steady cheer, and the red rose on my window is warm and sanguine with bloom,—yet this whole air is full of tiny sparks of chill to my sensitive and morbid nature; it is at once electric and cold, the very atmosphere of spirits.—What a shadow passed that pane! Roger, was it you?—The storm bursts, in one fierce rush of sleet and roaring wind; the little spaniel crouched at my feet whimpers and nestles closer; the house is silent,—silent as my thoughts,—silent as he is who walked these rooms once, with a face likest to the sky that darkens them now, and lonelier, lonelier than I, though at his side forever trod a companion.

This valley of the Moosic is narrow and thinly settled. Here and there the mad river, leaping from some wooded gorge to rest among the hemlock-covered islands that break its smoother path between the soft meadows, is crossed by a strong dam; and a white village, with its church and graveyard, clusters against the hill-side, sweeping upward from the huge mills that stand along the shore just below the bridge. Here and there, too, out of sight of mill or village, a quiet farmer's house, trimly painted, with barns and hay-stacks and wood-piles drawn up in goodly array, stands in its old orchard, and offers the front of a fortress against want and misery. Idle aspect! fortress of vain front! there are intangible foes that no man may conquer! In such a stronghold was born Roger Pierce, the Man with two Shadows.

He was the son of good and upright parents. Before he came into their arms, three tiny shapes had lain there, one after another, for a few brief weeks, smiled, moaned, and fallen asleep,—to sleep, forever children, under the daisies and golden-rods. For this reason they clung to little Roger with passionate ap-

prehension; they fought with the Angel of Death, and overcame; and, as it ever is to the blind nature of man, the conquest was greater to them than any gift.

The boy grew up into childhood as other children grow, a daily miracle to see. Only for him incessant care watched and waited; unwearied as the angel that looked from him to the face of God, so to gather ever fresh strength and guidance for the wayward child, his mother's tender eyes overlooked him all day, followed his tottering steps from room to room, kept far away from him all fear and pain, shone upon him in the depths of night, woke and wept for him always. Never could he know the hardy self-reliance of those whom life casts upon their own strength and care; the wisdom and the love that lived for him lived in him, and he grew to be a boy as the tropic blossom of a hot-house grows, without thought or toil.

It was not until his age brought him in contact with others, that there seemed to be any difference between his nature and the common race of children. Always, however, some touch of sullenness lurked in his temperament; and whatever thwarted his will or fancy darkened the light of his clear eyes, and drew a dull pallor over his blooming cheek, till his mother used to tell him at such times that he stood between her and the sunshine.

But as he grew older, and shared in the sports of his companions, a strange thing came to pass. Beside the shadow that follows us all in the light, another, like that, but something deeper, began to go with Roger Pierce,—not falling with the other, a dial-mark to show the light that cast it, but capriciously to right or left; on whomever or whatever was nearest him at the moment, there that Shadow lay; and as time crept on, the Shadow pertinaciously crept with it, till it was forever hanging about him, ready to chill with vague terror, or harden as with a frost, either his fellows or himself.

One peculiar trait this Shadow had: the more the restless child thought of his visitant, the deeper it grew,—shrink-

ing in size, but becoming more intensely dark, till it seemed like part of a heavy thunder-cloud, only that no lightning ever played across its blank gloom.

The first time that the Shadow ever stood before him as an actual presence was when, a mere child, he was busied one day in the warm May sunshine making a garden by the school-house, in a line with other little squares, tracked and moulded by childish fingers, and set with branches of sallow silvered with downy catkins, half-opened dandelions, twigs of red-flowered maple, mighty reservoirs of water in sunken clam-shells, and paths adorned with borders of broken china and glittering bits of glass. Next to Roger's garden-bed was one that belonged to two little boys who were sworn friends, and one of these was busy weaving a fence for his garden, of yellow willow-twigs, which the other cut and sharpened.

Roger looked on with longing eyes.

"Will you help me, Jimmy?" said he.

"I can't," answered the quiet, timid child.

"No!" shouted Jacob,—the frank, fearless voice bringing a tint of color into his comrade's cheek. "Jim shan't help you, Roger Pierce! Do you ever help anybody?"

Then the Shadow fell beside Roger, as he stood with anger and shame swelling in his throat; it fell across the blue violets he had taken from Jacob to dress his own garden, and they drooped and withered; it crossed the path of shining pebbles that he had forced the younger children to gather for him, and they grew dull as common stones; it reached over into Jacob's positive, honest face, and darkened it, and Jimmy, looking up, with fear in his mild eyes, whispered, softly,— "Come away! it's going to rain;—don't you see that dark cloud?"

Roger started, for the Shadow was darkening about himself; and as he moodily returned home, it seemed to grow deeper and deeper, till his mother drew his head upon her knee, and by the singing fire told him tales of her own

childhood, and from the loving brightness of her tender eyes the Shadow slunk away and left the boy to sleep, unhaunted.

As day by day went by, in patient monotony, Roger became daily more aware of this ghostly attendant. He was not always alone, for he had friends who loved him in spite of the Shadow, and grew used to its appearing;—but he liked to be by himself; for, out of constant companionship and daily use, this Shadow made for itself a strange affinity with him, and following his daily rambles over the sharp hills, tracing to their source the noisy brooks, or setting snares for the wild creatures whose innocent timid eyes peered at their little enemy curiously from nook and crevice, he grew to have a moody pleasure in the knowledge that nothing else disturbed his path or shared his amusements.

But a time came when he must mix more with the outer world; for he was sent away from home to school, and there, amid a host of strange faces, he singled out the only one that had a thought of his past life and home in it, as his special companion,—the same quiet boy who had unconsciously feared the Shadow in their earlier school-days.

So good and gentle was he, that he did not feel the cloud of Roger's hateful Double as every one else did; and he even won the boy himself to except him only from a certain suspicion that had lately sprung from his own consciousness of his burden,—a suspicion gradually growing into a belief that all the world had such a Shadow as his own.

Now this was not a strange result of so painful a reality. Seeing, as Roger Pierce did, in every action of others toward himself the dark atmosphere of the Shadow that was peculiarly his own, he watched also their mutual actions, and, throwing from his own obscurity a shade over all human deeds, he became possessed of the monomania, a practical belief that every mortal man, except it might be Jimmy Doane, was followed and overlooked by this terrible Second Shadow.

In proportion as the gloom of this black Presence seemed to be lightened over any one was his esteem for him; but by daily looking so steadily and with such a will to see only darkness in the hearts of men, he discovered traces of the Shadow even in Jimmy Doane,—and the darkness shut down, like night at sea, over all the world then.

Now Roger was miserable enough, knowing well that he could escape, if he would; for there had come with his increasing sense of his tyrant, a knowledge that every time he thought of the Shadow it darkened more deeply than ever, and that in forgetting it lay his only hope of escape from its power. But withal there was a morbid pleasure, the reflex influence of habit and indolence, that mingled curiously with his longing desire to forget his Double, but rendered it impossible to do so without a greater effort than he cared to make, or some help from another hand; and soon that help seemed to come.

When Roger left his home for school, he left in the quaint oak cradle a little baby-sister, too young to have a place in his thought as a definite existence; but after an absence of two years he came back to find in her a new phase of life, into which the Shadow could not yet enter.

The child's name her own childish tongue had softened into "Sunny," a name that was the natural expression of her sunshiny traits, the clear gay voice, the tranquil azure eyes, the golden curls, the loving looks, that made Sunny the darling of the house,—the stray sunbeam that glanced through the doors, flitted by the heavy wainscots, and danced up the dusky stairways of that old and solitary dwelling.

When Roger returned, fresh from the rough companionship of school, Sunny seemed to him a creature of some better race than his own. The Shadow vanished, for he forgot it in his new devotion to Sunny. Nothing did he leave undone to please her wayward fancies. In those hot summer-days, he carried her to a

little brook that rippled across the meadow, and, sitting with her in his arms on the large smooth stones that divided those shallow waters, held her carefully while she splashed her tiny dimpled feet in the cool ripples, or grasped vainly at the blue-winged dragon-flies sailing past, on languid, airy pinions, just beyond her reach. Or he gathered heaps of daisies for the child to toss into the shining stream, and see the pale star-like blossoms float smoothly down till some eddy caught them in its sparkling whirl, and, drenching the frail, helpless leaves, cast them on the farther shore and went its careless way. Or he told her, in the afternoons, under some wide apple-tree, wonderful stories of giants and naughty boys, till she fell asleep on the sweet hay, where the curious grasshoppers peered at her with round horny eyes, and velvet-bodied spiders scurried across her fair curls with six-legged speed, and the robin eyed her from a bough above with wistful glances, till Roger must needs carry her tenderly out of their neighborhood to his mother's gentle care.

All this guard and guidance Sunny repaid with her only treasure, love. She left her pet kitten in its gayest antics to sit on Roger's knee; she went to sleep at night nestled against his arm; every little dainty that she gathered from garden or field was shared with him; and no pleasure that did not include Roger could tempt Sunny to be pleased.

For a while the unconscious charm endured; absorbed in his darling, Roger forgot the Shadow, or remembered it only at rare intervals; and in that brief time every one seemed to grow better and lovelier. He did not see in this the coloring of his own more kindly thoughts.

But when, at length, the novelty of Sunny's presence wore off, her claims grew tiresome. In the faith of her child's heart, she came as frankly to Roger for help or comfort as she had ever done; and he found his own plans for study or pleasure constantly interrupted by her requests or caresses, till the Shadow darkened again beside him,

and, looking over his shoulder, fell so close to Sunny, that his old belief drew its veil across his eyes for a moment, and he started at the sight of what he dreaded,—a Shadow haunting Sunny.

Then,—though this first dread passed away,—slowly, but creeping on with unfailing certainty, the Shadow returned. It fell like a brooding storm over the fireside of home; he fancied a like shadow following his mother's steps, darkening his baby-sister's smile; and as if in revenge for so long an absence, the Shadow forced itself upon him more strenuously than ever, till poor Roger Pierce was like a bruised and beaten child,—too sore to have peace or rest, too sensitive to bear any remedy for his ailment, and too petulant to receive or expect sympathy from any other and more gentle nature than his own.

It was long before the Shadow made itself felt by Sunny. She never saw it as others did. If its chill passed over her warm rosy face, she stole up softly to her brother, and, with a look of pure childish love, put her hand in his, and said softly, "Poor Roger!" or, with a keener sense of the Presence, forbore to touch him, but played off her kitten's merriest tricks before him, or rolled her tiny hoop with shouts of laughter across the old house-dog as he slept on the grass, looking vainly for the smile Roger had always given to her baby plays before.

So by degrees she went back to her own pleasures, full of tender thought for every living thing, and a loving consciousness of their wants and ways. Her lisping voice chattered brook-like to birds and bees; her lip curled grievously over the broken wing of a painted moth, or the struggles of a drowning fly; in Nature's company she played as with an infant ever divine; and no darkness assailed the never-weary child.

But Roger grew daily closer to his Shadow, and gave himself up to its dominion, till his mother saw the bondage, and tried, mourning, every art and device to win him away from the evil spirit, but tried in vain. So they lived

till Sunny was four years old, when suddenly, one bright day in June, she left the roses in her garden with broken stems, but ungathered, and, tottering into the house, fell across the threshold, flushed and sleepy,—as they who lifted her saw at once, in the first stage of a fever.

This unexpected blow once more severed Roger from his Shadow. He watched his little sister with a heart full of anxious regret, yet so fully wrapt in her wants and danger, that the gloomy Shadow, which looked afar off at his self-accusations, dared not once intrude.

At length that day of crisis came, the pause of fever and delirium, desired, yet dreaded, by every trembling, fearful heart that hung over the child's pillow. If she slept, the physician said, her fate hung on the waking; life or death would seal her when sleep resigned its claim. It was early morning when this sentence was given; in an hour's time the fever had subsided, the flush passed from Sunny's cheek, and she slept, watched breathlessly by Roger and his mother. The curtains of the room were half drawn to give the little creature air, and there rustled lightly through them a low south wind, bearing the delicate perfume of blossoms, and the lulling murmur of bees singing at their sweet toil.

Roger was weary with watching; the chiming sounds of Summer, the low ticking of the old clock on the stairs, and the utter quiet within, soothed him to slumber; his head bent forward and rested on the bedside; he fell asleep, and in his sleep he dreamed.

Over Sunny's pillow (for in this dream he seemed to himself waking and watching) he saw a hovering spirit, the incarnate shape of Light, gazing at the sleeping child with ineffable tenderness; but its keen eyes caught the aspect of Roger's Shadow; the pure lineaments glowed with something more divinely awful than anger, and with levelled lance it assailed that evil Presence and bore it to the ground; but the Shadow slipped aside from the spear, and cowered into distance; the angelic face saddened, and, stooping

downward, folded Sunny in its arms as if to bear her away.

Roger woke with his own vain attempt to grasp and detain the child. The setting sun streamed in at the window, and his mother stood at his side, brought by some inarticulate sound from Sunny's lips.

She sent the boy to call his father, and when they came in together, the child's wide blue eyes were open, full of supernatural calm; her parched lips parted with a faint smile; and the loose golden curls pushed off her forehead, where the blue veins crept, like vivid stains of violet, under the clear skin.

"Dear mother!" she said, raising her arms slowly, to be lifted on the pillow; but the low, hoarse voice had lost its music.

Then she turned to her father with that strange bright smile, and again to Roger, uttering faintly,—

"Stand away, Roger; Sunny wants the light."

They drew all the curtain opposite her bed away, and, as she stretched her hands eagerly toward the window, the last rays of sunshine glowed on her pale illuminated face, till it was even as an angel's, and Roger caught a sudden gleam of wings across the air; but a cold pain struck him as he gazed, for Sunny fell backward on her pillow. She had gone with the sunshine.

It seemed now for a time as if the phantasm that haunted Roger Pierce were banished at last. His moody reserve disappeared; he addressed himself with quiet, constant effort to console his mother,—to aid his father,—to fill, so far as he could, the vacant place; and his heart longed with an incessant thirst for the bright Spirit that hovered in his dream over Sunny;—he seemed almost to have begun a natural and healthy life.

But year after year passed away, and the light of Sunny's influence faded with her fading memory. Green turf grew over her short grave, and the long slant shadow of its headstone no longer lay on a foot-worn track. Roger's pilgrimages to that spot were over; his heart had

ceased to remember. The Shadow had reassumed its power, and reigned.

Still through its obscurity he kept one gleam of light,—an admiration undiminished for those who seemed to have no such attendance; but daily the number of these grew less.

At length, after the studies of his youth were over, and he had returned to his old home for life, there came over the settled and brooding darkness of his soul a warm ray of dawn. In some way, as naturally as one meets a fresh wind full of vernal odor and life, yet never marks the moment of its first caress, so naturally, so unmarkedly, he renewed a childish acquaintance with Violet Channing, a dweller in the same quiet valley with himself, though for long years the fine threads of circumstance had parted them.

Not a stone, and the frail green moss that clings to it, are more essentially different than were Roger Pierce and Violet Channing. Without a trace of the Shadow in herself, Violet disbelieved its existence in others. She had heard a rumor of Roger's phantom, but thought it some strange delusion, or want of perception, in those who told her,—being rather softened toward him with pity that he should be so little understood.

In the first days of their acquaintance, it seemed as if the light of the girl's face would have dispelled forever the darkness of her companion's Shadow, it was so mild and quiet a shining,—not the mere outer lustre of beauty, but the deep informing expression of that Spirit which had companioned Sunny heavenward.

With Violet, soothed by the timid sweetness of her manner, aroused by her sudden flashes of mirth and vivid enthusiasm, Roger seemed to forget his hateful companion, or remembered it only to be consoled by her tender eyes that beamed with pity and affection.

Month after month this intimacy went on, brightening daily in Roger's mind the ideal picture of his new friend, but creating in her only a deeper sympathy and a more devout compassion for his

wretched and oppressed life. But as years instead of months went by, the sole influence no longer rested with the girl, drawing Roger Pierce upward, as she longed and strove to do, into her own sunshine. Their mutual relation had only lightened his darkness in part, while it had drawn over her the faint twilight of a Shadow like his own. But as the chief characteristic of this unearthly Thing was that it grew by notice, as some strange Eastern plants live on air, it throve but slowly near to Violet Channing, whose thoughts were bent on curing the heart-evil of Roger Pierce, and were so absorbed in that patient care that they had little chance to turn upon herself; though, when patience almost failed, and, weary with fruitless labor and unanswered yearning, her heart sunk, she was conscious of a vague influence that made the sunbeams fall coldly, and the songs of Summer mournful.

Hour after hour she lavished all the treasure she knew, and much that she knew not consciously, to beguile the darkness from Roger's brow; or recalled again and again her own deeds and words, to review them with strict judgment, lest they might have set provocation in his path; till at length her loving thoughts grew restless and painful, her face paled, her frame wasted away, and over her deep melancholy eyes the Shadow hung like a black tempest reflected in some clear lake.

Roger was not blind to this change; he did not see who had cast the first veil of darkness over the pure light that had shone so freely for him; and while he silently regretted what he deemed the desecration of the spotless image he had loved, nothing whispered that it was his own Shadow brooding above the true heart that had toiled so faithfully and long for his enlightening.

The most painful result of all to Violet was the new coldness of Roger's manner to her. Shadowed as he was, he did not perceive this change in himself; but Violet, in the silence of night, or in the solitary hours she spent in wood and field

beside her growing Shadow, felt it with unmixed pain. Vainly did the Spirit of Light within her counsel her to persevere, looking only at the end she would achieve; subtler and more penetrative to her untuned ear were the words of the fiend at her side.

One day she had brooded long and drearily on the carelessness and coldness of her dear, her disregardful friend, and in her worn and weary soul revolved whatever sweetness of the past had now fled, and what pangs of love repulsed and devotion scorned lay before her in the miserable future; and as she held her throbbing head upon her hands, wasted with fiery pulses, it seemed to her as if the Shadow, inclining to her ear, whispered, almost audibly,—

“Think what you have given this man! —your hope and peace; the breath of your life and the beatings of your heart. All your soul is lavished on him, and see how he repays you!”

The weak and disheartened girl shivered; the time was past when she could have despised the voice of this dread companion, when the Shadow dared not have spoken thus; and with bitter tears swelling into her eyes she and the Shadow walked forth together to a haunt on the mountain-side where she had been used to meet Roger.

It was a bare rock, just below the summit of a peak crowned with a few old cedars, from whose laborious growth of dull, dark foliage long streamers of gray moss waved in the wind. There were scattered crags about their roots, against whose lichen-covered sides the autumn sun shone fruitlessly; and from the leafless forests in the deep valley beneath rose a whispering sound, as if they shuddered, and were stirred by some foreboding horror.

Violet made her way to this height as eagerly as her lessened strength and panting heart allowed; but as she lifted her eyes from the narrow path she had tracked upward, they rested on the last face she wished to meet, the gloomy visage of Roger Pierce. The girl hesitated,

and would have drawn back, but Roger bade her come near.

"There is no need of your going, Violet," said he; and she crouched quietly on the rock at his feet, silently, but with fixed eyes, regarding the double nature before her, the Man and his Shadow.

Still upward from the valley crept that low shiver of dread; the pale sun shed its listless light on the gray rocks and dusky cedars; the silent unexpectant earth seemed to have paused; all things were wrapt in vague awe and dim apprehension; some inexpressible fatality seemed to oppress life and breath.

A sudden impulse of escape, desperate in its strength, possessed Violet; perhaps to name that Thing that clung so closely to Roger might shake its power,—and with a trembling, vibrating voice she spoke:—

"Roger,—you are thinking of the Shadow?"

He did not move, nor at once speak; no new expression stirred his dark face; at length he answered, in a voice that seemed to come from some lips far away, in an unechoing distance:—

"The Shadow?—Yes. I see it in all faces. It lies on the valley yonder; in the air; on every mortal brow and lip it gathers deeper yet. Violet, you, too, share the Shadow!"

Slowly, as if his words froze her, Violet rose and turned toward him; a light shone from her eyes that melted their dark depths into the radiance of high noon; and she spoke with a thrilled, yet unfaltering tone:—

"Yes, I share it, it is true. I feel and see the gloom; but if the Shadow haunts me, Roger Fierce, ask your own heart who cast it there! When we were first friends, I knew nothing of that darkness. I tried with all purity and compassion to draw you upward into light; and for reward, you have wrapped your own blackness round me, and hate your own doing. My work is over,—is in vain! It remains only that I free myself from this Shadow, and leave you to the mercy of a Power

with whom no such Presence can cope,—in whom no darkness nor shadow may abide."

She turned to leave him with these words, but cast back a look of such love and tender pity, that she seemed to Roger the very Spirit that had borne Sunny away.

Bewildered and pained to the heart, he groped his way homeward, and night lapsed into morning, and returned and went again more than once, ere sleep returned to his eyes.

Violet kept no vigils; she wept herself asleep as a child against its mother's bosom, and loving eyes guarded that childlike rest. But Roger's waking was haunted with remorse and fearful expectation; and as days crept by, and Memory, like one who fastens the galley-slave to his oar, still pressed on his thoughts the constant patience, toil, and affection of Violet Channing, he felt how truly she had spoken of him, and from his soul abhorred the Shadow of his life.

Here he vanishes. Whether with successful conflict he fought with the evil and prevailed, and showed himself a man,—or whether the Thing renewed its dominion, and he drew to himself another nature, not for the good power of its pure contact, but for the further increase of that darkness, and the blinding of another soul, is never yet to be known.

Of Violet Channing he saw no more; with her his sole earthly redemption had fled; she went her way, free henceforward from the Shadow, and guarded in the arms of the shining Spirit.

The wind yet howls and dashes without; the rain, rushing in gusts on roof and casement, keeps no time nor tune; the fire is dead in the ashes; the red rose, in the lessening light, turns gray;—but far away to the south the cloud begins to scatter; faint amber steals along the crest of the distant hills; after all evils, hope remains,—even for a Man with two Shadows. Let us, perhaps his kindred after the spirit, not despair.

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

[Concluded.]

IV.

EASTWARD, or Northward, or West ? I wander, and ask as I wander,
 Weary, yet eager and sure, Where shall I come to my love ?
 Whitherward hasten to seek her ? Ye daughters of Italy, tell me,
 Graceful and tender and dark, is she consorting with you ?
 Thou that out-climbest the torrent, that tendest thy goats to the summit,
 Call to me, child of the Alp, has she been seen on the heights ?
 Italy, farewell I bid thee ! for, whither she leads me, I follow.
 Farewell the vineyard ! for I, where I but guess her, must go.
 Weariness welcome, and labor, wherever it be, if at last it
 Bring me in mountain or plain into the sight of my love.

I.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Florence.*

GONE from Florence ; indeed ; and that is truly provoking ;—
 Gone to Milan, it seems ; then I go also to Milan.
 Five days now departed ; but they can travel but slowly ;—
 I quicker far ; and I know, as it happens, the house they will go to.—
 Why, what else should I do ? Stay here and look at the pictures,
 Statues, and churches ? Alack, I am sick of the statues and pictures !—
 No, to Bologna, Parma, Piaceenza, Lodi, and Milan,
 Off go we to-night,—and the Venus go to the Devil !

II.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Bellaggio.*

GONE to Como, they said ; and I have posted to Como.
 There was a letter left, but the *cameriere* had lost it.
 Could it have been for me ? They came, however, to Como,
 And from Como went by the boat,—perhaps to the Splügen,—
 Or to the Stelvio, say, and the Tyrol ; also it might be
 By Porlezza across to Lugano, and so to the Simplon
 Possibly, or the St. Gothard,—or possibly, too, to Baveno,
 Orta, Turin, and elsewhere. Indeed, I am greatly bewildered.

III.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Bellaggio.*

I HAVE been up the Splügen, and on the Stelvio also :
 Neither of these can I find they have followed ; in no one inn, and
 This would be odd, have they written their names. I have been to Porlezza.
 There they have not been seen, and therefore not at Lugano.
 What shall I do ? Go on through the Tyrol, Switzerland, Deutschland,
 Seeking, an inverse Saul, a kingdom, to find only asses ?
 There is a tide, at least in the *love* affairs of mortals,
 Which, when taken at flood, leads on to the happiest fortune,—
 Leads to the marriage-morn and the orange-flowers and the altar,

And the long lawful line of crowned joys to crowned joys succeeding.—
Ah, it has ebbed with me ! Ye gods, and when it was flowing,
Pitiful fool that I was, to stand fiddle-faddling in that way !

IV.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—from *Bellaggio*.

I HAVE returned and found their names in the book at Como.
Certain it is I was right, and yet I am also in error.
Added in feminine hand, I read, *By the boat to Bellaggio*.—
So to Bellaggio again, with the words of her writing, to aid me.
Yet at Bellaggio I find no trace, no sort of remembrance.
So I am here, and wait, and know every hour will remove them.

V.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—from *Bellaggio*.

I HAVE but one chance left,—and that is, going to Florence.
But it is cruel to turn. The mountains seem to demand me,—
Peak and valley from far to beckon and motion me onward.
Somewhere amid their folds she passes whom fain I would follow ;
Somewhere among those heights she haply calls me to seek her.
Ah, could I hear her call ! could I catch the glimpse of her raiment !
Turn, however, I must, though it seem I turn to desert her ;
For the sense of the thing is simply to hurry to Florence,
Where the certainty yet may be learnt, I suppose, from the Ropers

VI.—MARY TREVELLYN, from *Lucerne*, to Miss ROPER, at *Florence*.

DEAR MISS ROPER,—By this you are safely away, we are hoping,
Many a league from Rome ; ere long we trust we shall see you.
How have you travelled ? I wonder ;—was Mr. Claude your companion ?
As for ourselves, we went from Como straight to Lugano ;
So by the Mount St. Gothard ;—we meant to go by Porlezza,
Taking the steamer, and stopping, as you had advised, at Bellaggio,
Two or three days or more ; but this was suddenly altered,
After we left the hotel, on the very way to the steamer.
So we have seen, I fear, not one of the lakes in perfection.
Well, he is not come ; and now, I suppose, he will not come.
What will you think, meantime ?—and yet I must really confess it ;—
What will you say ? I wrote him a note. We left in a hurry,
Went from Milan to Como three days before we expected.
But I thought, if he came all the way to Milan, he really
Ought not to be disappointed ; and so I wrote three lines to
Say I had heard he was coming, desirous of joining our party ;—
If so, then I said, we had started for Como, and meant to
Cross the St. Gothard, and stay, we believed, at Lucerne, for the summer.
Was it wrong ? and why, if it was, has it failed to bring him ?
Did he not think it worth while to come to Milan ? He knew (you
Told him) the house we should go to. Or may it, perhaps, have miscarried ?
Any way, now, I repent, and am heartily vexed that I wrote it

THERE is a home on the shore of the Alpine sea, that upswelling
 High up the mountain-sides spreads in the hollow between ;
 Wilderness, mountain, and snow from the land of the olive conceal it ;
 Under Pilatus's hill low by its river it lies :
 Italy, utter one word, and the olive and vine will allure not,—
 Wilderness, forest, and snow will not the passage impede ;
 Italy, unto thy cities receding, the clue to recover,
 Hither, recovered the clue, shall not the traveller haste ?

V.

THERE is a city, upbuilt on the quays of the turbulent Arno,
 Under Fiesole's heights,—thither are we to return ?
 There is a city that fringes the curve of the inflowing waters,
 Under the perilous hill fringes the beautiful bay,—
 Parthenope do they call thee ?—the Siren, Neapolis, seated
 Under Vesuvus's hill,—thither are we to proceed ?—
 Sicily, Greece, will invite, and the Orient ;—or are we to turn to
 England, which may after all be for its children the best ?

I.—MARY TREVELLYN, at Lucerne, to Miss ROPER, at Florence.

So you are really free, and living in quiet at Florence ;
 That is delightful news ;—you travelled slowly and safely ;
 Mr. Claude got you out ; took rooms at Florence before you ;
 Wrote from Milan to say so ; had left directly for Milan,
 Hoping to find us soon ;—if he could, he would, you are certain.—
 Dear Miss Roper, your letter has made me exceedingly happy.
 You are quite sure, you say, he asked you about our intentions ;
 You had not heard of Lucerne as yet, but told him of Como.—
 Well, perhaps he will come ;—however, I will not expect it.
 Though you say you are sure,—if he can, he will, you are certain.
 O my dear, many thanks from your ever affectionate Mary.

II.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Florence.

Action will furnish belief,—but will that belief be the true one ?
 This is the point, you know. However, it doesn't much matter
 What one wants, I suppose, is to predetermine the action,
 So as to make it entail, not a chance-belief, but the true one.
Out of the question, you say, if a thing isn't wrong, we may do it.
 Ah ! but this wrong, you see ;—but I do not know that it matters.
 Eustace, the Ropers are gone, and no one can tell me about them.

Pisa.

Pisa, they say they think ; and so I follow to Pisa,
 Hither and thither inquiring. I weary of making inquiries ;
 I am ashamed, I declare, of asking people about it.—
 Who are your friends ? You said you had friends who would certainly know
 them.

Florence.

But it is idle, moping, and thinking, and trying to fix her
Image more and more in, to write the old perfect inscription
Over and over again upon every page of remembrance.

I have settled to stay at Florence to wait for your answer.
Who are your friends? Write quickly and tell me. I wait for your answer.

III.—MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER, *at Lucca Baths.*

You are at Lucca Baths, you tell me, to stay for the summer;
Florence was quite too hot; you can't move further at present.
Will you not come, do you think, before the summer is over?

Mr. C. got you out with very considerable trouble;
And he was useful and kind, and seemed so happy to serve you;
Didn't stay with you long, but talked very openly to you;
Made you almost his confessor, without appearing to know it,—
What about?—and you say you didn't need his confessions.

O my dear Miss Roper, I dare not trust what you tell me!

Will he come, do you think? I am really so sorry for him!
They didn't give him my letter at Milan, I feel pretty certain.
You had told him Bellagio. We didn't go to Bellagio;
So he would miss our track, and perhaps never come to Lugano,
Where we were written in full, *To Lucerne, across the St. Gothard.*
But he could write to you;—you would tell him where you were going.

IV.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

LET me, then, bear to forget her. I will not cling to her falsely;
Nothing factitious or forced shall impair the old happy relation.
I will let myself go, forget, not try to remember;
I will walk on my way, accept the chances that meet me,
Freely encounter the world, imbibe these alien airs, and
Never ask if new feelings and thoughts are of her or of others.
Is she not changing, herself?—the old image would only delude me.
I will be bold, too, and change,—if it must be. Yet if in all things,
Yet if I do but aspire evermore to the Absolute only,
I shall be doing, I think, somehow, what she will be doing;—
I shall be thine, O my child, some way, though I know not in what way.
Let me submit to forget her; I must; I already forgot her.

V.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

UTTERLY vain is, alas, this attempt at the Absolute,—wholly!
I, who believed not in her, because I would fain believe nothing,
Have to believe as I may, with a wilful, unmeaning acceptance.
I, who refused to enfasten the roots of my floating existence
In the rich earth, cling now to the hard, naked rock that is left me.—
Ah! she was worthy, Eustace,—and that, indeed, is my comfort,—
Worthy a nobler heart than a fool such as I could have given.

VI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YES, it relieves me to write, though I do not send ; and the chance that Takes may destroy my fragments. But as men pray, without asking Whether One really exist to hear or do anything for them,— Simply impelled by the need of the moment to turn to a Being In a conception of whom there is freedom from all limitation,— So in your image I turn to an *ens rationis* of friendship. Even to write in your name I know not to whom nor in what wise.

VII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

THERE was a time, methought it was but lately departed, When, if a thing was denied me, I felt I was bound to attempt it ; Choice alone should take, and choice alone should surrender. There was a time, indeed, when I had not retired thus early, Languidly thus, from pursuit of a purpose I once had adopted. But it is over, all that ! I have slunk from the perilous field in Whose wild struggle of forces the prizes of life are contested. It is over, all that ! I am a coward, and know it. Courage in me could be only factitious, unnatural, useless.

VIII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

ROME is fallen, I hear, the gallant Medici taken, Noble Manara slain, and Garibaldi has lost *il Moro* ;— Rome is fallen ; and fallen, or falling, heroical Venice. I, meanwhile, for the loss of a single small chit of a girl, sit Moping and mourning here,—for her, and myself much smaller.

Whither depart the souls of the brave that die in the battle, Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that perishes with them ? Are they upborne from the field on the slumberous pinions of angels. Unto a far-off home, where the weary rest from their labor, And the deep wounds are healed, and the bitter and burning moisture Wiped from the generous eyes ? or do they linger, unhappy, Pining, and haunting the grave of their by-gone hope and endeavor ?

All declamation, alas ! though I talk, I care not for Rome, nor Italy ; feebly and faintly, and but with the lips, can lament the Wreck of the Lombard youth and the victory of the oppressor. Whither depart the brave ?—God knows ; I certainly do not.

IX.—MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

HE has not come as yet ; and now I must not expect it. You have written, you say, to friends at Florence, to see him, If he perhaps should return ;—but that is surely unlikely. Has he not written to you ?—he did not know your direction. Oh, how strange never once to have told him where you were going ! Yet if he only wrote to Florence, that would have reached you. If what you say he said was true, why has he not done so ? Is he gone back to Rome, do you think, to his Vatican marbles ?— O my dear Miss Roper, forgive me ! do not be angry !— You have written to Florence ;—your friends would certainly find him.

Might you not write to him?—but yet it is so little likely!
I shall expect nothing more.—Ever yours, your affectionate Mary.

X.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

I CANNOT stay at Florence, not even to wait for a letter.
Galleries only oppress me. Remembrance of hope I had cherished
(Almost more than as hope, when I passed through Florence the first time)
Lies like a sword in my soul. I am more a coward than ever,
Chicken-hearted, past thought. The *caffès* and waiters distress me.
All is unkind, and, alas, I am ready for any one's kindness.
Oh, I knew it of old, and knew it, I thought, to perfection,
If there is any one thing in the world to preclude all kindness,
It is the need of it,—it is this sad self-defeating dependence.
Why is this, Eustace? Myself, were I stronger, I think I could tell you.
But it is odd when it comes. So plumb I the deeps of depression,
Daily in deeper, and find no support, no will, no purpose.
All my old strengths are gone. And yet I shall have to do something.
Ah, the key of our life, that passes all wards, opens all locks,
Is not *I will*, but *I must*. I must,—I must,—and I do it.

XI.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

AT the last moment I have your letter, for which I was waiting.
I have taken my place, and see no good in inquiries.
Do nothing more, good Eustace, I pray you. It only will vex me.
Take no measures. Indeed, should we meet, I could not be certain;
All might be changed, you know. Or perhaps there was nothing to be changed.
It is a curious history, this; and yet I foresaw it;
I could have told it before. The Fates, it is clear, are against us;
For it is certain enough that I met with the people you mention;
They were at Florence the day I returned there, and spoke to me even;
Staid a week, saw me often; departed, and whither I know not.
Great is Fate, and is best. I believe in Providence, partly.
What is ordained is right, and all that happens is ordered.
Ah, no, that isn't it. But yet I retain my conclusion:
I will go where I am led, and will not dictate to the chances.
Do nothing more, I beg. If you love me, forbear interfering.

XII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

SHALL we come out of it all, some day, as one does from a tunnel?
Will it be all at once, without our doing or asking,
We shall behold clear day, the trees and meadows about us,
And the faces of friends, and the eyes we loved looking at us?
Who knows? Who can say? It will not do to suppose it.

XIII.—CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Rome.*

ROME will not suit me, Eustace; the priests and soldiers possess it;
Priests and soldiers;—and, ah! which is worst, the priest or the soldier?
Politics farewell, however! For what could I do? with inquiring,

Talking, collating the journals, go fever my brain about things o'er
 Which I can have no control. No, happen whatever may happen,
 Time, I suppose, will subsist; the earth will revolve on its axis;
 People will travel; the stranger will wander as now in the city;
 Rome will be here, and the Pope the *custode* of Vatican marbles.

I have no heart, however, for any marble or fresco;
 I have essayed it in vain; 'tis vain as yet to essay it:
 But I may haply resume some day my studies in this kind.

Not as the Scripture says, is, I think, the fact. Ere our death-day,
 Faith, I think, does pass, and Love; but Knowledge abideth.
 Let us seek Knowledge;—the rest must come and go as it happens.
 Knowledge is hard to seek, and harder yet to adhere to.
 Knowledge is painful often; and yet when we know, we are happy.
 Seek it, and leave mere Faith and Love to come with the chances.
 As for Hope,—to-morrow I hope to be starting for Naples.
 Rome will not do, I see, for many very good reasons.
 Eastward, then, I suppose, with the coming of winter, to Egypt.

XIV.—MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

You have heard nothing; of course, I know you can have heard nothing.
 Ah, well, more than once I have broken my purpose, and sometimes,
 Only too often, have looked for the little lake-steamer to bring him.
 But it is only fancy,—I do not really expect it.
 Oh, and you see I know so exactly how he would take it:
 Finding the chances prevail against meeting again, he would banish
 Forthwith every thought of the poor little possible hope, which
 I myself could not help, perhaps, thinking only too much of;
 He would resign himself, and go. I see it exactly.
 So I also submit, although in a different manner.
 Can you not really come? We go very shortly to England.

So go forth to the world, to the good report and the evil!
 Go, little book! thy tale, is it not evil and good?
 Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by without answer.
 Go, and if curious friends ask of thy rearing and age,
Say, I am flitting about many years from brain unto brain of
Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days;
But, so finish the word, I was writ in a Roman chamber,
When from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon of France.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

THE desire, the duty, the necessity of the age in which we live is education, or that culture which develops, enlarges, and enriches each individual intelligence, according to the measure of its capacity, by familiarizing it with the facts and laws of nature and human life. But, in this rage for information, we too often overlook the mental constitution of the being we would inform,—detaching the apprehensive from the active powers, weakening character by overloading memory, and reaping a harvest of imbeciles after we may have flattered ourselves we had sown a crop of geniuses. No person can be called educated, until he has organized his knowledge into faculty, and wields it as a weapon. We purpose, therefore, to invite the attention of our readers to some remarks on Intellectual Character, the last and highest result of intellectual education, and the indispensable condition of intellectual success.

It is evident, that, when a young man leaves his school or college to take his place in the world, it is indispensable that he be something as well as know something; and it will require but little experience to demonstrate to him that what he really knows is little more than what he really is, and that his progress in intellectual manhood is not more determined by the information he retains, than by that portion which, by a benign provision of Providence, he is enabled to forget. Youth, to be sure, is his,—youth, in virtue of which he is free of the universe,—youth, with its elastic vigor, its far-darting hopes, its generous impatience of prudent meanness, its grand denial of instituted falsehood, its beautiful contempt of accredited baseness,—but youth which must now concentrate its wayward energies, which must discourse with facts and grapple with men, and through strife and struggle, and the

sad wisdom of experience, must pass from the vague delights of generous impulses to the assured joy of manly principles. The moment he comes in contact with the stern and stubborn realities which frown on his entrance into practical life, he will find that power is the soul of knowledge, and character the condition of intelligence. He will discover that intellectual success depends primarily on qualities which are not strictly intellectual, but personal and constitutional. The test of success is influence,—that is, the power of shaping events by informing, guiding, animating, controlling other minds. Whether this influence be exerted directly in the world of practical affairs, or indirectly in the world of ideas, its fundamental condition is still force of individual being, and the amount of influence is the measure of the degree of force, just as an effect measures a cause. The characteristic of intellect is insight,—insight into things and their relations; but then this insight is intense or languid, clear or confused, comprehensive or narrow, exactly in proportion to the weight and power of the individual who sees and combines. It is not so much the intellect that makes the man, as the man the intellect; in every act of earnest thinking, the reach of the thought depends on the pressure of the will; and we would therefore emphasize and enforce, as the primitive requirement of intellectual success, that discipline of the individual which develops dim tendencies into positive sentiments, sentiments into ideas, and ideas into abilities,—that discipline by which intellect is penetrated through and through with the qualities of manhood, and endowed with arms as well as eyes. This is Intellectual Character.

Now it should be thundered in the ears of every young man who has passed through that course of instruction ironi-

cally styled education, "What do you intend to be, and what do you intend to do? Do you purpose to play at living, or do you purpose to live?—to be a memory, a word-cistern, a feeble prater on illustrious themes, one of the world's thousand chatterers, or a will, a power, a man?" No varnish and veneer of scholarship, no command of the tricks of logic and rhetoric, can ever make you a positive force in the world. Look around you in the community of educated men, and see how many, who started on their career with minds as bright and eager and hearts as hopeful as yours, have been mysteriously arrested in their growth,—have lost all the kindling sentiments which glorified their youthful studies, and dwindled into complacent echoes of surrounding mediocrity,—have begun, indeed, to die on the very threshold of manhood, and stand in society as tombs rather than temples of immortal souls. See, too, the wide disconnection between knowledge and life;—heaps of information piled upon little heads; everybody speaking,—few who have earned the right to speak; maxims enough to regenerate a universe,—a woful lack of great hearts, in which reason, right, and truth, regal and militant, are fortified and encamped! Now this disposition to skulk the austere requirements of intellectual growth in an indolent surrender of the mind's power of self-direction must be overcome at the outset, or, in spite of your grand generalities, you will be at the mercy of every bullying lie, and strike your colors to every mean truism, and shape your life in accordance with every low motive, which the strength of genuine wickedness or genuine stupidity can bring to bear upon you. There is no escape from slavery, or the mere pretence of freedom, but in radical individual power; and all solid intellectual culture is simply the right development of individuality into its true intellectual form.

And first, at the risk of being considered metaphysical,—though we fear no metaphysician would indorse the charge,—let us define what we mean by indi-

viduality; for the word is commonly made to signify some peculiarity or eccentricity, some unreasonable twist, of mind or disposition. An individual, then, in the sense in which we use the term, is a causative spiritual force, whose root and being are in eternity, but who lives, grows, and builds up his nature in time. All the objects of sense and thought, all facts and ideas, all things, are external to his essential personality. But he has bound up in his personal being sympathies and capacities which ally him with external objects, and enable him to transmute their inner spirit and substance into his own personal life. The process of his growth, therefore, is a development of power from within to assimilate objects from without, the power increasing with every vital exercise of it. The result of this assimilation is character. Character is the spiritual body of the person, and represents the individualization of vital experience, the conversion of unconscious things into self-conscious men. Sir Thomas Browne, in quaint reference to the building up of our physical frame through the food we eat, declares that we have all been on our own trenchers; and so, on the same principle, our spiritual faculties can be analyzed into impersonal facts and ideas, whose life and substance we have converted into personal reason, imagination, and passion. The fundamental characteristic of man is spiritual hunger; the universe of thought and matter is spiritual food. He feeds on Nature; he feeds on ideas; he feeds, through art, science, literature, and history, on the acts and thoughts of other minds; and could we take the mightiest intellect that ever awed and controlled the world, and unravel his powers, and return their constituent particles to the multitudinous objects whence they were derived, the last probe of our analysis, after we had stripped him of all his faculties, would touch that unquenchable fiery atom of personality which had organized round itself such a colossal body of mind, and which, in its simple naked energy, would

still be capable of rehabilitating itself in the powers and passions of which it had been shorn.

It results from this doctrine of the mind's growth, that success in all the departments of life over which intellect holds dominion depends, not merely on an outside knowledge of the facts and laws connected with each department, but on the assimilation of that knowledge into instinctive intelligence and active power. Take the good farmer, and you will find that ideas in him are endowed with will, and can work. Take the good general, and you will find that the principles of his profession are inwrought into the substance of his nature, and act with the velocity of instincts. Take the good judge, and in him jurisprudence seems impersonated, and his opinions are authorities. Take the good merchant, and you will find that commerce, in its facts and laws, seems in him embodied, and that his sagacity appears identical with the objects on which it is exercised. Take the great statesman, take Webster, and note how, by thoroughly individualizing his comprehensive experience, he seems to carry a nation in his brain; how, in all that relates to the matter in hand, he has in him as *faculty* what is out of him in *fact*; how between the man and the thing there occurs that subtle freemasonry of recognition which we call the mind's intuitive glance; and how conflicting principles and statements, mixed and mingling in fierce confusion and with deafening war-cries, fall into order and relation, and move in the direction of one inexorable controlling idea, the moment they are grasped by an intellect which is in the secret of their combination:—

"Confusion hears his voice, and the wild uproar stills."

Mark, too, how, in the productions of his mind, the presence and pressure of his whole nature, in each intellectual act, keeps his opinions on the level of his character, and stamps every weighty

paragraph with "Daniel Webster, his mark." The characteristic of all his great speeches is, that the statements, arguments, and images have what we should call a positive being of their own,—stand out as plainly to the sight as a ledge of rocks or chain of hills,—and, like the works of Nature herself, need no other justification of their right to exist than the fact of their existence. We may detest their object, but we cannot deny their solidity of organization. This power of giving a substantial body, an undeniable external shape and form, to his thoughts and perceptions, so that the toiling mind does not so much seem to pass from one sentence to another, unfolding its leading idea, as to make each sentence a solid work in a Torres-Vedras line of fortifications,—this prodigious constructive faculty, wielded with the strength of a huge Samson-like artificer in the material of mind, and welding together the substances it might not be able to fuse, puzzled all opponents who understood it not, and baffled the efforts of all who understood it well. He rarely took a position on any political question, which did not draw down upon him a whole battalion of adversaries, with ingenious array of argument and infinite noise of declamation; but after the smoke and dust and clamor of the combat were over, the speech loomed up, perfect and whole, a permanent thing in history or literature, while the loud thunders of opposition had too often died away into low mutterings, audible only to the adventurous antiquary who gropes in the "still air" of stale "Congressional Debates." The rhetoric of sentences however melodious, of aphorisms however pointed, of abstractions however true, cannot stand in the storm of affairs against this true rhetoric, in which thought is consubstantiated with things.

Now in men of this stamp, who have so organized knowledge into faculty that they have attained the power of giving Thought the character of Fact, we notice no distinction between power of intellect and power of will, but an indissolu-

luble union and fusion of force and insight. Facts and laws are so blended with their personal being, that we can hardly decide whether it is thought that wills or will that thinks. Their actions display the intensest intelligence; their thoughts come from them clothed in the thews and sinews of energetic volition. Their force, being proportioned to their intelligence, never issues in that wild and anarchical impulse, or that tough, obstinate, narrow wilfulness, which many take to be the characteristic of individualized power. They may, in fact, exhibit no striking individual traits which stand impertinently out, and yet from this very cause be all the more potent and influential individualities. Indeed, in the highest efforts of ecstatic action, when the person is mightiest, and amazes us by the giant leaps of his intuition, the mere peculiarities of his personality are unseen and unfelt. This is the case with Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe, in poetry,—with Plato and Bacon, in philosophy,—with Newton, in science,—with Cæsar, in war. Such men doubtless had peculiarities and caprices, but they were “burnt and purged away” by the fire of their genius, when its action was intensest. Then their whole natures were melted down into pure force and insight, and the impression they leave upon the mind is the impression of marvellous force and weight and reach of thought.

If it be objected, that these high examples are fitted to provoke despair rather than stimulate emulation, the answer is, that they contain, exemplify, and emphasize the principles, and flash subtle hints of the processes, of all mental growth and production. How comes it that these men’s thoughts radiate from them as acts, endowed not only with an illuminating, but a penetrating and animating power? The answer to this is a statement of the genesis, not merely of genius, but of every form of intellectual manhood; for such thoughts do not leap, à la Minerva, full-grown from the head, but are struck off in those moments

when the whole nature of the thinker is alive and aglow with an inspiration kindled long before in remote recesses of consciousness from one spark of immortal fire, and unweariedly burning, burning, burning, until it lit up the whole inert mass of surrounding mind in flame.

To show, indeed, how little there is of the *extempore*, the hap-hazard, the hit-or-miss, in the character of creative thought, and how completely the gladdest inspiration is earned, let us glance at the psychological history of one of those imperial ideas which measure the power, test the quality, and convey the life, of the minds that conceive them. The progress of such an idea is from film to form. It has its origin in an atmosphere of feeling; for the first vital movement of the mind is emotional, and is expressed in a dim tendency, a feeble feeling after the object, or the class of objects, related to the peculiar constitution and latent affinities of its individual being. This tendency gradually condenses and deepens into a sentiment, pervading the man with a love of those objects,—by a sweet compulsion ordering his energies in their direction,—and by slow degrees investing them, through a process of imagination, with the attribute of beauty, and, through a process of reason, investing the purpose with which he pursues them with the attribute of intelligence. The object dilates as the mind assimilates and the nature moves, so that every step in this advance from mere emotion to vivid insight is a building up of the faculties which each onward movement evokes and exercises,—sentiment, imagination, reason increasing their power and enlarging their scope with each impetus that speeds them on to their bright and beckoning goal. Then, when the individual has reached his full mental stature, and come in direct contact with the object, then, only then, does he “pluck out the heart of its mystery” in one of those lightning-like *acts* of thought which we call combination, invention, discovery.

There is no luck, no accident, in all this. Nature does not capriciously scatter her secrets as golden gifts to lazy pets and luxurious darlings, but imposes tasks when she presents opportunities, and uplifts him whom she would inform. The apple that she drops at the feet of Newton is but a coy invitation to follow her to the stars.

Now this living process of developing manhood and building up mind, while the person is on the trail of a definite object of intelligence, is in continual danger of being devitalized into a formal process of mere acquisition, which, though it may make great memories of students, will be sure to leave them little men. Their thoughts will be the *attachés*, not the offspring, of their minds. They will have a bowing acquaintance with many truths, without being admitted to the familiarity of embracing or shaking hands with one. If they have native stamina of animal constitution, they may become men of passions and opinions, but they never will become men of sentiments and ideas; they may know the truth as it is *about* a thing, and support it with acrid and wrangling dogmatism, but they never will know the truth as it is *in* the thing, and support it with faith and insight. And the moment they come into collision with a really live man, they will find their souls inwardly wither, and their boasted acquisitions fall away, before one glance of his irradiating intelligence and one stroke of his smiting will. If, on the contrary, they are guided by good or great sentiments, which are the souls of good or great ideas, these sentiments will be sure to organize all the capacity there is in them into positive intellectual character; but let them once divorce love from their occupations in life, and they will find that labor will degenerate into drudgery, and drudgery will weaken the power to labor, and weakness, as a last resort, will intrench itself in pretence and deception. If they are in the learned professions, they will become tricksters in law, quacks in medicine, formalists in divinity, though *regular* practitioners in

all; and clients will be cheated, and patients will be poisoned, and parishioners will be—we dare not say what!—though all the colleges in the universe had showered on them their diplomas. “To be weak is miserable”: Milton wrested that secret from the Devil himself!—but what shall we say of those whose weakness has subsided from misery into complacency, and who feel all the moral might of their being hourly rust and decay, with the most amiable indifference and lazy content with dissolution?

Now this weakness is a mental and moral sickness, pointing the way to mental and moral death. It has its source in a violation of that law which makes the health of the mind depend on its activity being directed to an object. When directed on itself, it becomes fitful and moody; and moodiness generates morbidity, and morbidity misanthropy, and misanthropy self-contempt, and self-contempt begins the work of self-dissolution. Why, every sensible man will despise himself, if he concentrates his attention on that important personage! The joy and confidence of activity come from its being fixed and fastened on things external to itself. “The human heart,” says Luther,—and we can apply the remark as well to the human mind,—“is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns, and grinds, and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat in, it still grinds on, but then it is itself it grinds, and slowly wears away.” Now activity for an object, which is an activity that constantly increases the power of acting, and keeps the mind glad, fresh, vigorous, and young, has three deadly enemies,—intellectual indolence, intellectual conceit, and intellectual fear. We will say a few words on the operation of this triad of malignants.

Montaigne relates, that, while once walking in the fields, he was accosted by a beggar of Herculean frame, who solicited alms. “Are you not ashamed to beg?” said the philosopher, with a frown,—“you who are so palpably able to work?” “Oh,

Sir," was the sturdy knave's drawling rejoinder, "if you only knew how lazy I am!" Herein is the whole philosophy of idleness; and we are afraid that many a student of good natural capacity slips and slides from thought into reverie, and from reverie into apathy, and from apathy into incurable indisposition to think, with as much sweet unconsciousness of degradation as Montaigne's mendicant evinced; and at last hides from himself the fact of his imbecility of action, somewhat as Sir James Herring accounted for the fact that he could not rise early in the morning: he could, he said, make up his mind to it, but could not make up his body.

"He who eats with the Devil," says the proverb, "has need of a long spoon"; and he who domesticates this pleasant vice of indolence, and allows it to nestle near his will, has need of a long head. Ordinary minds may well be watchful of its insidious approaches when great ones have mourned over its enfeebling effects; and the subtle indolence that stole over the powers of Mackintosh, and gradually impaired the productivity even of Goethe, may well scare intellects of less natural grasp and imaginations of less instinctive creativeness. Every step, indeed, of the student's progress calls for energy and effort, and every step is beset by some soft temptation to abandon the task of developing power for the delight of following impulse. The appetites, for example, instead of being bitted, and bridled, and trained into passions, and sent through the intellect to quicken, sharpen, and intensify its activity, are allowed to take their way unmolested to their own objects of sense, and drag the mind down to their own sensual level. Sentiment decays, the vision fades, faith in principles departs, the moment that appetite rules. On the closing doors of that "sensual sty," as over the gate of Dante's hell, be it written: "Let those who enter here leave hope behind."

But a more refined operation of this pestilent indolence is its way of infusing

into the mind the delusive belief that it can attain the objects of activity without its exercise. Under this illusion, men expect to grow wise, as men who gamble in stocks expect to grow rich, by chance, and not by work. They invest in mediocrity in the confident hope that it will go many hundred *per cent.* above par; and so shocking has been the inflation of the intellectual currency of late years, that this speculation of indolence sometimes partially succeeds. But a revolution comes,—and then brass has to make a break-neck descent to reach its proper level below gold. There are others whom indolence deludes by some trash about "fits" of inspiration, for whose Heaven-sent spasms they are humbly to wait. There is, it seems, a lucky thought somewhere in the abyss of possibility, which is somehow, at some time, to step out of essence into substance, and take up its abode in their spacious minds,—dutifully kept unoccupied in order that the expected celestial visitor may not be crowded for room. Chance is to make them king, and chance to crown them, without their stir! There are others still, who, while sloth is sapping the primitive energy of their natures, expect to scale the fortresses of knowledge by leaps and not by ladders, and who count on success in such perilous gymnastics, not by the discipline of the athlete, but by the dissipation of the idler. Indolence, indeed, is never at a loss for a smooth lie or delicious sophism to justify inaction, and, in our day, has rationalized it into a philosophy of the mind, and idealized it into a school of poetry, and organized it into a "hospital of incapables." It promises you the still ecstasy of a divine repose, while it lures you surely down into the vacant dulness of inglorious sloth. It provides a primrose path to stagnant pools, to an Arcadia of thistles, and a Paradise of mud.

But in a mind of any primitive power, intellectual indolence is sure to generate intellectual conceit,—a little Jack Horner, that ensconces itself in lazy heads, and,

while it dwarfs every power to the level of its own littleness, keeps vociferating, "What a great man am I!" It is the essential vice of this glib imp of the mind, even when it infests large intellects, that it puts Nature in the possessive case,—labels all its inventions and discoveries "*My truth*,"—and moves about the realms of art, science, and letters in a constant fear of having its pockets picked. Think of a man's having vouchsafed to him one of those awful glimpses into the mysteries of creation which should be received with a shudder of prayerful joy, and taking the gracious boon with a smirk of all-satisfied conceit! One page in what Shakspeare calls "Nature's infinite book of secrecy" flies a moment open to his eager gaze, and he hears the rustling of the myriad leaves as they close and clasp, only to make his spirit more abject, his vanity more ravenous, his hatred of rivals more rancorous and mean. That grand unselfish love of truth, and joy in its discovery, by whomsoever made, which characterize the true seeker and seer of science and creative art, alone can keep the mind alive and alert, alone can make the possession of truth a means of elevating and purifying the man.

But if this conceit, in powerful natures, tends to belittle character, and eat into and consume the very faculties whose successful exercise creates it, its slyly insinuated venom works swifter and deadlier on youth and inexperience. The ordinary forms of conceit, it is true, cannot well flourish in any assemblage of young men, whose plain interest it is to undeceive all self-deception and quell every insurrection of individual vanity, and who soon understand the art of burning the nonsense out of an offending brother by caustic ridicule and slow-roasting sarcasm. But there is danger of mutual déception, springing from a common belief in a false, but attractive principle of culture. The mischief of intellectual conceit in our day consists in its arresting mental growth at the start by stuffing the mind with the husks of pretentious généralities, which, while

they impart no vital power and convey no real information, give seeming enlargement to thought, and represent a seeming opulence of knowledge. The deluded student, who picks up these ideas in masquerade at the rag-fairs and old-clothes' shops of philosophy, thinks he has the key to all secrets and the solvent of all problems, when he really has no experimental knowledge of anything, and dwindle all the more for every juiceless, unnutritious abstraction he devours. Though famished for the lack of a morsel of the true mental food of facts and ideas, he still swaggeringly despises all relative information in his ambition to clutch at absolute truth, and accordingly goes directly to ultimates by the short cuts of cheap generalities. Why, to be sure, should he, who can, Napoleon-like, march straight on to the interior capital, submit, Marlborough-like, to the drudgery of besieging the frontier fortresses? Why should he, who can throw a girdle of generalization round the universe in less than forty minutes, stoop to master details? And this easy and sprightly amplitude of understanding, which consists not in including, but in excluding all relative facts and principles, he calls comprehensiveness; the mental decrepitude it occasions he dignifies with the appellation of repose; and, on the strength of comprehensiveness and repose, is of course qualified to take his seat beside Shakspeare, and chat cosily with Bacon, and wink knowingly at Goethe, and startle Leibnitz with a slap on the shoulder,—the true Red-Republican sign of liberty in manners, equality in power, and fraternity in ideas! These men, to be sure, have a way of saying things which he has not yet caught; but then their wide-reaching thoughts are his as well as theirs. Imitating the condescension of some contemporary philosophers of the Infinite, he graciously accepts Christianity and patronizes the idea of Deity, though he gives you to understand that he could easily pitch a generalization outside of both. And thus, mistaking his slab-

sidedness for many-sidedness, and forgetting that there is no insight without force to back it,—bedizened in conceit and magnificent in littleness,—he is thrown on society, walking in a vain show of knowledge, and doomed to be upset and trampled on by the first brawny concrete Fact he stumbles against. A true method of culture makes drudgery beautiful by presenting a vision of the object to which it leads;—beware of the conceit that dispenses with it! How much better it is to delve for a little solid knowledge, and be sure of that, than to be a proper target for such a sarcasm as a great statesman once shot at a glib advocate, who was saying nothing with great fluency and at great length! “Who,” he asked, “is this self-sufficient, all-sufficient, insufficient man?”

Idleness and Conceit, however, are not more opposed to that out-springing, reverential activity which makes the person forget himself in devotion to his objects, than Fear. A bold heart in a sound head,—that is the condition of energetic thinking, of the thought that thinks round things and into things and through things; but fear freezes activity at its inmost fountains. “There is nothing,” says Montaigne, “that I fear so much as fear.” Indeed, an educated man, who creeps along with an apologetic air, cringing to this name and ducking to that opinion, and hoping that it is not too presumptuous in him to beg the right to exist,—why, it is a spectacle piteous to gods and hateful to men! Yet think of the many knots of monitory truisms in which activity is likely to be caught and entangled at the outset,—knots which a brave purpose will not waste time to untie, but instantly cuts. First, there is the nonsense of students killing themselves by over-study,—some few instances of which, not traceable to over-eating, have shielded the shortcomings of a million idlers. Next, there is the fear that the intellect may be developed at the expense of the moral nature,—one of those truths in the abstract which are made to do the office of lies

in the application, and which are calculated not so much to make good men as *goodies*,—persons rejoicing in an equal mediocrity of morals and mind, and pertinent examples of the necessity of personal force to convert moral maxims into moral might. The truth would seem to be, that half the crimes and sufferings which history records and observation furnishes are directly traceable to want of thought rather than to bad intention; and in regard to the other half, which may be referred to the remorseless selfishness of unsanctified intelligence, has that selfishness ever had more valuable allies and tools than the mental torpor that cannot think and the conscientious stupidity that will not? Moral laws, indeed, are intellectual facts, to be investigated as well as obeyed; and it is not a blind or blear-eyed conscience, but a conscience blended with intelligence and consolidated with character, that can both see and act.

But curtly dismissing the fallacy, that the moral and spiritual faculties are likely to find a sound basis in a cowed and craven reason, we come to a form of fear that practically paralyzes independent thought more than any other, while it is incompatible with manliness and self-respect. This fear is compounded of self-distrust and that mode of vanity which cowers beneath the invective of men whose applause it neither courts nor values. If you examine critically the two raging parties of conservatism and radicalism, you will find that a goodly number of their partisans are men who have not chosen their position, but have been bullied into it,—men who see clearly enough that both parties are based on principles almost equally true in themselves, almost equally false by being detached from their mutual relations. But then each party keeps its professors of intimidation and stainers of character, whose business it is to deprive men of the luxury of large thinking, and to drive all neutrals into their respective ranks. The missiles hurled from one side are disorganizer, infidel, dis-

unionist, despiser of law, and other trumpery of that sort; from the other side, the no less effective ones of murderer, dumb dog, traitor to humanity, and other trumpery of that sort; and the young and sensitive student finds it difficult to keep the poise of his nature amid the cross-fire of this logic of fury and rhetoric of execration, and too often ends in joining one party from fear, or the other from the fear of being thought afraid. The probability is, that the least danger to his mental independence will proceed from any apprehension he may entertain of what are irreverently styled the "old fogies"; for if Young America goes on at its present headlong rate, there is little doubt that the old fogy will have to descend from his eminence of place, become an object of pathos rather than terror, and be compelled to make the inquiring appeal to his brisk hunters, so often made to himself in vain, "Am I not a man and a brother?" But with whatever association, political or moral, the thinker may connect himself, let him go in,—and not be dragged in or scared in. He certainly can do no good to himself, his country, or his race, by being the slave and echo of the heads of a clique. Besides, as most organizations are constituted on the principles of a sort of literary socialism, and each member lives and trades on a common capital of phrases, there is danger that these phrases may decline from signs into substitutes of thought, and both intellect and character evaporate in words. Thus, a man may be a Union man and a National man, or an Anti-Slavery man and a Temperance man and a Woman's-Rights' man, and still be very little of a man. There is, indeed, no more ludicrous sight than to see Mediocrity, perched on one of these resounding adjectives, strut and bluster, and give itself braggadocio airs, and dictate to all quiet men its maxims of patriotism or morality, and all the while be but a living illustration through what grandeurs of opinion essential meanness and poverty of soul will peer and peep and be disclosed. To

be a statesman or reformer requires a courage that dares defy dictation from any quarter, and a mind which has come in direct contact with the great inspiring ideas of country and humanity. All the rest is spite, and spleen, and cant, and conceit, and words.

It is plain, of course, that every man of large and living thought will naturally sympathize with those great social movements, informing and reforming, which are the glory of the age; but it must always be remembered that the grand and generous sentiments that underlie those movements demand in their fervid disciple a corresponding grandeur and generosity of soul. There is no reason why his philanthropy should be malignant because other men's conservatism may be stupid; and the vulgar insensibility to the rights of the oppressed, and the vulgar scorn of the claims of the wretched, which men calling themselves respectable and educated may oppose to his own warmer feelings and nobler principles, should be met, not with that invective which may be as vulgar as the narrowness it denounces, nor always with that indignation which is righteous as well as wrathful, but with that awful contempt with which Magnanimity shames meanness, simply by the irony of her lofty example and the sarcasm of her terrible silence.

In these remarks, which we trust our readers have at least been kind enough to consider worthy of an effort of patience, we have attempted to connect all genuine intellectual success with manliness of character; have endeavored to show that force of individual being is its primary condition; that this force is augmented and enriched, or weakened and impoverished, according as it is or is not directed to appropriate objects; that indolence, conceit, and fear present continual checks to this going out of the mind into glad and invigorating communion with facts and laws; and that as a man is not a mere bundle of faculties, but a vital person, whose unity pervades, vivifies, and creates all the varieties of

his manifestation, the same vices which enfeeble and deprave character tend to enfeeble and deprave intellect. But perhaps we have not sufficiently indicated a diseased state of consciousness, from which most intellectual men have suffered, many have died, and all should be warned,—the disease, namely, of mental disgust, the sign and the result of mental debility. Mental disgust “sicklies o'er” all the objects of thought, extinguishes faith in exertion, communicates a dull wretchedness to indolence in the very process by which it makes activity impossible, and drags into its own slough of despond, and discolors with its own morbid reveries, the objects which it should ardently seek and genially assimilate. It sees things neither as they are, nor as they are glorified and transfigured by hope and health and faith; but, in the apathy of that idling introspection which betrays a genius for misery, it pronounces effort to be vanity, and despairingly dismisses knowledge as delusion. “Despair,” says Donne, “is the damp of hell; rejoicing is the serenity of heaven.”

Now contrast this mental disgust, which proceeds from mental debility, with the sunny and soul-lifting exhilaration radiated from mental vigor,—a vigor which comes from the mind's secret consciousness that it is in contact with moral and spiritual verities, and is partaking of the rapture of their immortal life. A spirit earnest, hopeful, energetic, inquisitive, making its mistakes minister to wisdom, and converting the obstacles it vanquishes into power,—a spirit inspired by a love of the excellency and beauty of knowl-

edge, which will not let it sleep,—such a spirit soon learns that the soul of joy is hid in the austere form of Duty, and that the intellect becomes brighter, keener, clearer, more buoyant, and more efficient, as it feels the freshening vigor infused by her monitions and menaces, and the celestial calm imparted by her soul-satisfying smile. In all the professions and occupations over which Intellect holds dominion, the student will find that there is no grace of character without its corresponding grace of mind. He will find that virtue is an aid to insight; that good and sweet affections will bear a harvest of pure and high thoughts; that patience will make the intellect persistent in plans which benevolence will make beneficent in results; that the austerities of conscience will dictate precision to statements and exactness to arguments; that the same moral sentiments and moral power which regulate the conduct of life will illumine the path and stimulate the purpose of those daring spirits eager to add to the discoveries of truth and the creations of art. And he will also find that this purifying interaction of spiritual and mental forces will give the mind an abiding foundation of joy for its starts of rapture and flights of ecstasy;—a joy, in whose light and warmth languor and discontent and depression and despair will be charmed away;—a joy, which will make the mind large, generous, hopeful, aspiring, in order to make life beautiful and sweet;—a joy, in the words of an old divine, “which will put on a more glorious garment above, and be joy superinvested in glory!”

LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

SCENE I.

ALFRED NOBLE had grown up to manhood among the rocks and hills of a New England village. A year spent in Mobile, employed in the duties of a clerk, had not accustomed him to the dull routine of commercial life. He longed for the sound of brooks and the fresh air of the hills. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that he received from his employer a message to be conveyed to a gentleman who lived in the pleasantest suburb of the city. It was one of those bright autumnal days when the earth seems to rejoice consciously in the light that gives her beauty.

Leaving behind him the business quarter of the town, he passed through pleasant streets bordered with trees, and almost immediately found himself amid scenes clothed with all the freshness of the country. Handsome mansions here and there dotted the landscape, with pretty little parks, enclosing orange-trees and magnolias, surrounded with hedges of holly, in whose foliage numerous little foraging birds were busy in the sunshine. The young man looked at these dwellings with an exile's longing at his heart. He imagined groups of parents and children, brothers and sisters, under those sheltering roofs, all strangers to him, an orphan, alone in the world. The pensiveness of his mood gradually gave place to more cheerful thoughts. Visions of prosperous business and a happy home rose before him, as he walked briskly toward the hills south of the city. The intervals between the houses increased in length, and he soon found himself in a little forest of pines. Emerging from this, he came suddenly in sight of an elegant white villa, with colonnaded portico and spacious verandas. He approached it by a path through a grove, the termination

of which had grown into the semblance of a Gothic arch, by the interlacing of two trees, one with glossy evergreen leaves, the other yellow with the tints of autumn. Vines had clambered to the top, and hung in light festoons from the branches. The foliage, fluttering in a gentle breeze, caused successive ripples of sun-flecks, which chased each other over trunks and boughs, and joined in wayward dance with the shadows on the ground.

Arrested by this unusual combination of light and shade, color and form, the young man stood still for a moment to gaze upon it. He was thinking to himself that nothing could add to the perfection of its beauty, when suddenly there came dancing under the arch a figure that seemed like the fairy of those woods, a spirit of the mosses and the vines. She was a child, apparently five or six years old, with large brown eyes, and a profusion of dark hair. Her gypsy hat, ornamented with scarlet ribbons and a garland of red holly-berries, had fallen back on her shoulders, and her cheeks were flushed with exercise. A pretty little white dog was with her, leaping up eagerly for a cluster of holly-berries which she playfully shook above his head. She whirled swiftly round and round the frisking animal, her long red ribbons flying on the breeze, and then she paused, all aglow, swaying herself back and forth, like a flower on its stem. A flock of doves, as if attracted toward her, came swooping down from the sky, revolving in graceful curves above her head, their white breasts glistening in the sunshine. The aerial movements of the child were so full of life and joy, she was so in harmony with the golden day, the waving vines, and the circling doves, that the whole scene seemed like an allegro movement in music, and she a charming little melody floating through it all.

Alfred stood like one enchanted. He feared to speak or move, lest the fairy should vanish from mortal presence. So the child and the dog, equally unconscious of a witness, continued their graceful gambols for several minutes. An older man might have inwardly moralized on the folly of the animal, aping humanity in thus earnestly striving after what would yield no nourishment when obtained. But Alfred was too young and too happy to moralize. The present moment was all-sufficient for him, and stood still there in its fulness, unconnected with past or future. This might have lasted long, had not the child been attracted by the dove-shadows, and, looking up to watch the flight of the birds, her eyes encountered the young man. A whole heart full of sunshine was in the smile with which he greeted her. But, with a startled look, she turned quickly and ran away; and the dog, still full of frolic, went bounding by her side. As Alfred tried to pursue them, a bough knocked off his hat. Without stopping to regain it, he sprang over a holly-hedge, and came in view of the veranda of a house, just in time to see the fairy and her dog disappear behind a trellis covered with the evergreen foliage of the Cherokee rose. Conscious of the impropriety of pursuing her farther, he paused to take breath. As he passed his hand through his hair, tossed into masses by running against the wind, he heard a voice from the veranda exclaim,—

"Whither so fast, Loo Loo? Come here, Loo Loo!"

Glancing upward, he saw a patrician-looking gentleman, in a handsome morning-gown, of Oriental fashion, and slippers richly embroidered. He was reclining on a lounge, with wreaths of smoke floating before him; but seeing the stranger, he rose, and taking the amber-tubed cigar from his mouth, he said, half laughing,—

"You seem to be in hot haste, Sir. Pray, what have you been hunting?"

Alfred also laughed, as he replied,—

"I have been chasing a charming lit-

tle girl, who would not be caught. Perhaps she was your daughter, Sir?"

"She *is* my daughter," rejoined the gentleman. "A pretty little witch, is she not? Will you walk in, Sir?"

Alfred thanked him, and said that he was in search of a Mr. Duncan, whose residence was in that neighborhood.

"I am Mr. Duncan," replied the patrician. "Jack, go and fetch the gentleman's hat, and bring cigars."

A negro obeyed his orders, and, after smoking awhile on the veranda, the two gentlemen walked round the grounds.

Once when they approached the house, they heard the patterning of little feet, and Mr. Duncan called out, with tones of fondness,—

"Come here, Loo Loo! Come, darling, and see the gentleman who has been running after you!"

But the shy little fairy ran all the faster, and Alfred saw nothing but the long red ribbons of her gypsy hat, as they floated behind her on the wind.

Declining a polite invitation to dine, he walked back to the city. The impression on his mind had been so vivid, that, as he walked, there rose ever before him a vision of that graceful arch with waving vines, the undulating flight of the silver-breasted doves, and the airy motions of that beautiful child. How would his interest in the scene have deepened, could some sibyl have foretold to him how closely the Fates had interwoven the destinies of himself and that lovely little one!

When he entered the counting-room, he found his employer in close conversation with Mr. Grossman, a wealthy cotton-broker. This man was but little more than thirty years of age, but the predominance of animal propensities was stamped upon his countenance with more distinctness than is usual with sensualists of twice his age. The oil of a thousand hams seemed oozing through his pimpled cheeks; his small gray eyes were set in his head like the eyes of a pig; his mouth had the expression of a satyr; and his nose seemed perpetually sniffing the savory prophecy of food. When the clerk

had delivered his message, he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said,—

"So you've been out to Duncan's, have you? Pretty nest there at Pine Grove, and they say he's got a rare bird in it; but he keeps her so close, that I could never catch sight of her. Perhaps you got a peep, eh?"

"I saw a very beautiful child of Mr. Duncan's," replied Alfred, "but I did not see his wife."

"That's very likely," rejoined Grossman; "because he never had any wife."

"He said the little girl was his daughter, and I naturally inferred that he had a wife," replied Alfred.

"That don't follow of course, my gossling," said the cotton-broker. "You're green, young man! You're green! I swear, I'd give a good deal to get sight of Duncan's wench. She must be devilish handsome, or he wouldn't keep her so close."

Alfred Noble had always felt an instinctive antipathy to this man, who was often letting fall some remark that jarred harshly with his romantic ideas of women,—something that seemed to insult the memories of a beloved mother and sister gone to the spirit-world. But he had never liked him less than at this moment; for the sly wink of his eye, and the expressive leer that accompanied his coarse words, were very disagreeable things to be associated with that charming vision of the circling doves and the innocent child.

SCENE II.

TIME passed away, and with it the average share of changing events. Alfred Noble became junior partner in the counting-house he had entered as clerk, and not long afterward the elder partner died. Left thus to rely upon his own energy and enterprise, the young man gradually extended his business, and seemed in a fair way to realize his favorite dream of making a fortune and returning to the North to marry. The subject of Slavery was then seldom dis-

cussed. North and South seemed to have entered into a tacit agreement to ignore the topic completely. Alfred's experience was like that of most New Englanders in his situation. He was at first annoyed and pained by many of the peculiarities of Southern society; and then became gradually accustomed to them. But his natural sense of justice was very strong; and this, added to the influence of early education, and strengthened by scenes of petty despotism which he was frequently compelled to witness, led him to resolve that he would never hold a slave. The colored people in his employ considered him their friend, because he was always kind and generous to them. He supposed that comprised the whole of duty, and further than that he never reflected upon the subject.

The pretty little picture at Pine Grove, which had made so lively an impression on his imagination, faded the more rapidly, because unconnected with his affections. But a shadowy semblance of it always flitted through his memory, whenever he saw a beautiful child, or observed any unusual combination of trees and vines.

Four years after his interview with Mr. Duncan, business called him to the interior of the State, and for the sake of healthy exercise he chose to make the journey on horseback. His route lay mostly through a monotonous region of sandy plain, covered with pines, here and there varied by patches of cleared land, in which numerous dead trees were prostrate, or standing leafless, waiting their time to fall. Most of the dwellings were log-houses, but now and then the white villa of some wealthy planter might be seen gleaming through the evergreens. Sometimes the sandy soil was intersected by veins of swamp, through which muddy water oozed sluggishly, among bushes and dead logs. In these damp places flourished dark cypresses and holly-trees, draped with gray Spanish moss, twisted around the boughs, and hanging from them like gigantic cobwebs. Now and then, the sombre scene was lighted up with a bit

of brilliant color, when a scarlet grosbeak flitted from branch to branch, or a red-headed woodpecker hammered at the trunk of some old tree, to find where the insects had intrenched themselves. But nothing pleased the eye of the traveller so much as the holly-trees, with their glossy evergreen foliage, red berries, and tufts of verdant mistletoe. He had been riding all day, when, late in the afternoon, an uncommonly beautiful holly appeared to terminate the road at the bend where it stood. Its boughs were woven in with a cypress on the other side, by long tangled fringes of Spanish moss. The setting sun shone brightly aslant the mingled foliage, and lighted up the red berries, which glimmered through the thin drapery of moss, like the coral ornaments of a handsome brunette seen through her veil of embroidered lace. It was unlike the woodland picture he had seen at Pine Grove, but it recalled it to his memory more freshly than he had seen it for a long time. He watched the peculiar effects of sunlight, changing as he approached the tree, and the desire grew strong within him to have the fairy-like child and the frolicsome dog make their appearance beneath that swinging canopy of illuminated moss. If his nerves had been in such a state that forms in the mind could have taken outward shape, he would have realized the vision so distinctly painted on his imagination. But he was well and strong; therefore he saw nothing but a blue heron flapping away among the cypresses, and a flock of turkey-buzzards soaring high above the trees, with easy and graceful flight. His thoughts, however, continued busy with the picture that had been so vividly recalled. He recollects having heard, some time before, of Mr. Duncan's death, and he queried within himself what had become of that beautiful child.

Musing thus, he rode under the fantastic festoons he had been admiring, and saw at his right a long gentle descent, where a small stream of water glided downward over mossy stones. Trees on

either side interlaced their boughs over it, and formed a vista, cool, dark, and solemn as the aisle of some old Gothic church. A figure moving upward, by the side of the little brook, attracted his attention, and he checked his horse to inquire whether the people at the nearest house would entertain a stranger for the night. When the figure approached nearer, he saw that it was a slender, barefooted girl, carrying a pail of water. As she emerged from the dim aisle of trees, a gleam of the setting sun shone across her face for an instant, and imparted a luminous glory to her large brown eyes. Shading them with her hand, she paused timidly before the stranger, and answered his inquiries. The modulation of her tones suggested a degree of refinement which he had not expected to meet in that lonely region. He gazed at her so intently, that her eyes sought the ground, and their long, dark fringes rested on blushing cheeks. What was it those eyes recalled? They tantalized and eluded his memory. "My good girl, tell me what is your name," he said.

"Louisa," she replied, bashfully, and added, "I will show you the way to the house."

"Let me carry the water for you," said the kind-hearted traveller. He dismounted for the purpose, but she resisted his importunities, saying that *she* would be very angry with her.

"And who is *she*?" he asked. "Is she your mother?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" was the hasty reply. "I am—I—I live there."

The disclaimer was sudden and earnest, as if the question struck on a wounded nerve. Her eyes swam with tears, and the remainder of her answer was sad and reluctant in its tones. The child was so delicately formed, so shy and sensitive, so very beautiful, that she fascinated him strongly. He led his horse into the lane she had entered, and as he walked by her side he continued to observe her with the most lively interest. Her motions were listless and languid, but flexible as a willow. They puzzled him, as her eyes had done;

for they seemed to remind him of something he had seen in a half-forgotten dream.

They soon came in sight of the house, which was built of logs, but larger than most houses of that description; and two or three huts in the rear indicated that the owner possessed slaves. An open porch in front was shaded by the projecting roof, and there two dingy, black-nosed dogs were growling and tousling each other. Pigs were rooting the ground, and among them rolled a black baby, enveloped in a bundle of dirty rags. The traveller waited while Louisa went into the house to inquire whether entertainment could be furnished for himself and his horse. It was some time before the proprietor of the establishment made his appearance. At last he came slowly sauntering round the end of the house, his hat tipped on one side, with a rowdyish air. He was accompanied by a large dog, which rushed in among the pigs, biting their ears, and making them race about, squealing piteously. Then he seized hold of the bundle of rags containing the black baby, and began to drag it over the ground, to the no small astonishment of the baby, who added his screech to the charivari of the pigs. With loud shouts of laughter, Mr. Jackson cheered on the rough animal, and was so much entertained by the scene, that he seemed to have forgotten the traveller entirely. When at last his eye rested upon him, he merely exclaimed, "That's a hell of a dog!" and began to call, "*Slaboy!*" again. The negro woman came and snatched up her babe, casting a furtive glance at her master, as she did so, and making her escape as quickly as possible. Towzer, being engaged with the pigs at that moment, allowed her to depart unmolested; and soon came back to his master, wagging his tail, and looking up, as if expecting praise for his performances.

The traveller availed himself of this season of quiet to renew his inquiries.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "I reckon we can accommodate ye. Whar ar ye from, stranger?"

Mr. Noble having stated "whar" he was from, was required to tell "whar" he was going, whether he owned that "bit of horse-flesh," and whether he wanted to sell him. Having answered all these interrogatories in a satisfactory manner, he was ushered into the house.

The interior was rude and slovenly, like the exterior. The doors were opened by wooden latches with leather strings, and sagged so much on their wooden hinges, that they were usually left open to avoid the difficulty of shutting them. Guns and fishing-tackle were on the walls, and the seats were wooden benches or leather-bottomed chairs. A tall, lank woman, with red hair, and a severe aspect, was busy mending a garment. When asked if the traveller could be provided with supper, she curtly replied that she "reckoned so"; and, without further parlance, or salute, went out to give orders. Immediately afterward, her shrill voice was heard calling out, "You gal! put the fixens on the table."

The "gal," who obeyed the summons, proved to be the sylph-like child that had guided the traveller to the house. To the expression of listlessness and desolation which he had previously noticed, there was now added a look of bewilderment and fear. He thought she might, perhaps, be a step-daughter of Mrs. Jackson; but how could so coarse a man as his host be the father of such gentleness and grace?

While supper was being prepared, Mr. Jackson entered into conversation with his guest about the usual topics in that region,—the prices of cotton and "niggers." He frankly laid open his own history and prospects, stating that he was "fetched up" in Western Tennessee, where he owned but two "niggers." A rich uncle had died in Alabama, and he had come in for a portion of his wild land and "niggers"; so he concluded to move South and take possession. Mr. Noble courteously sustained his share of the conversation; but his eyes involuntarily followed the interesting child, as she passed in and out to arrange the supper-table.

"You seem to fancy Leewizzy," said Mr. Jackson, shaking the ashes from his pipe.

"I have never seen a handsomer child," replied Mr. Noble. "Is she your daughter?"

"No, Sir; she's my nigger," was the brief response.

The young girl reentered the room at that moment, and the statement seemed so incredible, that the traveller eyed her with scrutinizing glance, striving in vain to find some trace of colored ancestry.

"Come here, Leewizzy," said her master. "What d'ye keep yer eyes on the ground for? You 'a'n't got no occasion to be ashamed o' yer eyes. Hold up yer head, now, and look the gentleman in the face."

She tried to obey, but native timidity overcame the habit of submission, and, after one shy glance at the stranger, her eyelids lowered, and their long, dark fringes rested on blushing cheeks.

"I reckon ye don't often see a poottier piece o' flesh," said Mr. Jackson.

While he was speaking, his wife had come in from the kitchen, followed by a black woman with a dish of sweet potatoes and some hot corn-cakes. She made her presence manifest by giving "Leewizzy" a violent push, with the exclamation, "What ar ye standing thar for, yer lazy wench? Go and help Dinah bring in the fixens." Then turning to her husband, she said, "You'll make a fool o' that ar gal. It's high time she was sold. She's no account here."

Mr. Jackson gave a knowing wink at his guest, and remarked, "Women-folks are ginerally glad enough to have niggers to wait on 'em; but ever sence that gal come into the house, my old woman's been in a desperate hurry to have me sell her. But such an article don't lose nothing by waiting awhile. I've some thoughts of taking a tramp to Texas one o' these days; and I reckon a prime fancy article, like that ar, would bring a fust-rate price in New Orleans."

The subject of his discourse was listening to what he said; and partly from

tremor at the import of his words, and partly from fear that she should not place the dish of bacon and eggs to please her mistress, she tipped it in setting it down, so that some of the fat was spilled upon the table-cloth. Mrs. Jackson seized her and slapped her hard, several times, on both sides of her head. The frightened child tried to escape, as soon as she was released from her grasp, but, being ordered to remain and wait upon table, she stood behind her mistress, carefully suppressing her sobs, though unable to keep back the tears that trickled down her cheeks. The traveller was hungry; but this sight was a damper upon his appetite. He was indignant at seeing such a timid young creature so roughly handled; but he dared not give utterance to his emotions, for fear of increasing the persecution to which she was subjected. Afterward, when his host and hostess were absent from the room, and Louisa was clearing the table, impelled by a feeling of pity, which he could not repress, he laid his hand gently upon her head, and said, "Poor child!"

It was a simple phrase; but his kindly tones produced a mighty effect on that suffering little soul. Her pent-up affections rushed forth like a flood when the gates are opened. She threw herself into his arms, nestled her head upon his breast, and sobbed out, "Oh, I have nobody to love me now!" This outburst of feeling was so unexpected, that the young man felt embarrassed, and knew not what to do. His aversion to disagreeable scenes amounted to a weakness; and he knew, moreover, that, if his hostess should become aware of his sympathy, her victim would fare all the worse for it. Still, it was not in his nature to repel the affection that yearned toward him with so overwhelming an impulse. He placed his hand tenderly on her head, and said, in a soothing voice, "Be quiet now, my little girl. I hear somebody coming; and you know your mistress expects you to clear the table."

Mrs. Jackson was in fact approaching, and Louisa hastily resumed her duties.

Had Mr. Noble been guilty of some culpable action, he could not have felt more desirous to escape the observation of his hostess. As soon as she entered, he took up his hat hastily, and went out to ascertain whether his horse had been duly cared for.

He saw Louisa no more that night. But as he lay awake, looking at a star that peeped in upon him through an opening in the log wall, he thought of her beautiful eyes, when the sun shone upon them, as she emerged from the shadows. He wished that his mother and sister were living, that they might adopt the attractive child. Then he remembered that she was a slave, reserved for the New Orleans market, and that it was not likely his good mother could obtain her, if she were alive and willing to undertake the charge. Sighing, as he had often done, to think how many painful things there were which he had no power to remedy, he fell asleep and saw a very small girl dancing with a pail of water, while a flock of white doves were wheeling round her. The two pictures had mingled on the floating cloud-canvas of dream-land.

He had paid for his entertainment before going to bed, and had signified his intention to resume his journey as soon as light dawned. All was silent in the house when he went forth; and out of doors nothing was stirring but a dog that roused himself to bark after him, and chanticleer perched on a stump to crow. He was, therefore, surprised to find Louisa at the crib where his horse was feeding. Springing toward him, she exclaimed,—

“Oh, you have come! Do buy me, Sir! I will be *so* good! I will do everything you tell me! Oh, I am *so* unhappy! Do buy me, Sir!”

He patted her on the head, and looked down compassionately into the swimming eyes that were fixed so imploringly upon his.

“Buy you, my poor child?” he replied. “I have no house,—I have nothing for you to do.”

“My mother showed me how to sew some, and how to do some embroidery,” she said, coaxingly. “I will learn to do it better, and I can earn enough to buy something to eat. Oh, do buy me, Sir! Do take me with you!”

“I cannot do that,” he replied; “for I must go another day’s journey before I return to Mobile.”

“Do you live in Mobile?” she exclaimed, eagerly. “My father lived in Mobile. Once I tried to run away there, but they set the dogs after me. Oh, do carry me back to Mobile!”

“What is your name?” said he; “and in what part of the city did you live?”

“My name is Louisa Duncan; and my father lived at Pine Grove. It was such a beautiful place! and I was *so* happy there! Will you take me back to Mobile? *Will you?*”

Evading the question, he said,—

“Your name is Louisa, but your father called you Loo Loo, didn’t he?”

That pet name brought forth a passionate outburst of tears. Her voice choked, and choked again, as she sobbed out,—

“Nobody has ever called me Loo Loo since my father died.”

He soothed her with gentle words, and she, looking up earnestly, as if stirred by a sudden thought, exclaimed,—

“How did you know my father called me Loo Loo?”

He smiled as he answered, “Then you don’t remember a young man who ran after you one day, when you were playing with a little white dog at Pine Grove? and how your father called to you, ‘Come here, Loo Loo, and see the gentleman’?”

“I don’t remember it,” she replied; “but I remember how my father used to laugh at me about it, long afterward. He said I was very young to have gentlemen running after me.”

“I am that gentleman,” he said. “When I first looked at you, I thought I had seen you before; and now I see plainly that you are Loo Loo.”

That name was associated with so

many tender memories, that she seemed to hear her father's voice once more. She nestled close to her new friend, and repeated, in most persuasive tones, "You *will* buy me? Won't you?"

"And your mother? What has become of her?" he asked.

"She died of yellow fever, two days before my father. I am all alone. Nobody cares for me. You *will* buy me,—won't you?"

"But tell me how you came here, my poor child," he said.

She answered, "I don't know. After my father died, a great many folks came to the house, and they sold everything. They said my father was uncle to Mr. Jackson, and that I belonged to him. But Mrs. Jackson won't let me call Mr. Duncan my father. She says, if she ever hears of my calling him so again, she'll whip me. Do let me be *your* daughter! You *will* buy me,—won't you?"

Overcome by her entreaties, and by the pleading expression of those beautiful eyes, he said, "Well, little teaser, I will see whether Mr. Jackson will sell you to me. If he will, I will send for you before long."

"Oh, don't send for me!" she exclaimed, moving her hands up and down with nervous rapidity. "Come *yourself*, and come *soon*. They'll carry me to New Orleans, if *you* don't come for me."

"Well, well, child, be quiet. If I can buy you, I will come for you myself. Meanwhile, be a good girl. I won't forget you."

He stooped down, and sealed the promise with a kiss on her forehead. As he raised his head, he became aware that Bill, the horse-boy, was peeping in at the door, with a broad grin upon his black face. He understood the meaning of that grin, and it seemed like an ugly imp driving away a troop of fairies. He was about to speak angrily, but checked himself with the reflection, "They will all think so. Black or white, they will all think so. But what can I do? I must save this child from the fate that awaits her." To Bill he merely said that

he wished to see Mr. Jackson on business, and had, therefore, changed his mind about starting before breakfast.

The bargain was not soon completed; for Mr. Jackson had formed large ideas concerning the price "Leewizzy" would bring in the market; and Bill had told the story of what he witnessed at the crib, with sundry jocose additions, which elicited peals of laughter from his master. But the orphan had won the young man's heart by the childlike confidence she had manifested toward him, and conscience would not allow him to break the solemn promise he had given her. After a protracted conference, he agreed to pay eight hundred dollars, and to come for Louisa the next week.

The appearance of the sun, after a long, cold storm, never made a greater change than the announcement of this arrangement produced in the countenance and manners of that desolate child. The expression of fear vanished, and listlessness gave place to a springing elasticity of motion. Mr. Noble could ill afford to spare so large a sum for the luxury of benevolence, and he was well aware that the office of protector, which he had taken upon himself, must necessarily prove expensive. But when he witnessed her radiant happiness, he could not regret that he had obeyed the generous impulse of his heart. Now, for the first time, she was completely identified with the vision of that fairy child who had so captivated his fancy four years before. He never forgot the tones of her voice, and the expression of her eyes, when she kissed his hand at parting, and said, "I thank you, Sir, for buying me."

SCENE III.

IN a world like this, it is much easier to plan generous enterprises than to carry them into effect. After Mr. Noble had purchased the child, he knew not how to provide a suitable home for her. At first, he placed her with his colored washerwoman. But if she remained in that situation, though her bodily wants

would be well cared for, she must necessarily lose much of the refinement infused into her being by that early environment of elegance, and that atmosphere of love. He did not enter into any analysis of his motives in wishing her to be so far educated as to be a pleasant companion for himself. The only question he asked himself was, How he would like to have his sister treated, if she had been placed in such unhappy circumstances. He knew very well what construction would be put upon his proceedings, in a society where handsome girls of such parentage were marketable; and he had so long tacitly acquiesced in the customs around him, that he might easily have viewed her in that light himself, had she not become invested with a tender and sacred interest from the circumstances in which he had first seen her, and the innocent, confiding manner in which she had implored him to supply the place of her father. She was always presented to his imagination as Mr. Duncan's beloved daughter, never as Mr. Jackson's slave. He said to himself, "May God bless me according to my dealings with this orphan! May I never prosper, if I take advantage of her friendless situation!"

As for his *protégée*, she was too ignorant of the world to be disturbed by any such thoughts. "May I call you Papa, as I used to call my father?" said she.

For some reason, undefined to himself, the title was unpleasant to him. It did not seem as if his sixteen years of seniority need place so wide a distance between them. "No," he replied, "you shall be my sister." And thenceforth she called him Brother Alfred, and he called her Loo Loo.

His curiosity was naturally excited to learn all he could of her history; and it was not long before he ascertained that her mother was a superbly handsome quadroon, from New Orleans, the daughter of a French merchant, who had given her many advantages of education, but from carelessness had left her to follow the condition of her mother, who was a slave. Mr. Duncan fell in

love with her, bought her, and remained strongly attached to her until the day of her death. It had always been his intention to manumit her, but, from inveterate habits of procrastination, he deferred it, till the fatal fever attacked them both; and so *his* child also was left to "follow the condition of her mother." Having neglected to make a will, his property was divided among the sons of sisters married at a distance from him, and thus the little daughter, whom he had so fondly cherished, became the property of Mr. Jackson, who valued her as he would a handsome colt likely to bring a high price in the market. She was too young to understand all the degradation to which she would be subjected, but she had once witnessed an auction of slaves, and the idea of being sold filled her with terror. She had endured six months of corroding homesickness and constant fear, when Mr. Noble came to her rescue.

After a few weeks passed with the colored washerwoman, she was placed with an elderly French widow, who was glad to eke out her small income by taking motherly care of her, and giving her instruction in music and French. The caste to which she belonged on the mother's side was rigorously excluded from schools, therefore it was not easy to obtain for her a good education in the English branches. These Alfred took upon himself; and a large portion of his evenings was devoted to hearing her lessons in geography, arithmetic, and history. Had any one told him, a year before, that hours thus spent would have proved otherwise than tedious, he would not have believed it. But there was a romantic charm about this secret treasure, thus singularly placed at his disposal; and the love and gratitude he inspired gradually became a necessity of his life. Sometimes he felt sad to think that the time must come when she would cease to be a child, and when the quiet, simple relation now existing between them must necessarily change. He said to the old French lady, "By and by, when I can afford it, I will send her to one of the best schools

at the North. There she can become a teacher and take care of herself." Madame Labassé smiled, shrugged her shoulders, and said, " *Nous verrons.*" She did not believe it.

The years glided on, and all went prosperously with the young merchant. Through various conflicts with himself, his honorable resolution remained unbroken. Loo Loo was still his sister. She had become completely entwined with his existence. Life would have been very dull without her affectionate greetings, her pleasant little songs, and the graceful dances she had learned to perform so well. Sometimes, when he had passed a peculiarly happy evening in this fashion, Madame Labassé would look mischievous, and say, "But when do you think you shall send her to that school?" True, she did not often repeat this experiment; for whenever she did it, the light went out of his countenance, as if an extinguisher were placed upon his soul. "I *ought* to do it," he said within himself; "but how *can* I live without her?" The French widow was the only person aware how romantic and how serious was this long episode in his life. Some gentlemen, whom he frequently met in business relations, knew that he had purchased a young slave, whom he had placed with a French woman to be educated; but had he told them the true state of the case, they would have smiled incredulously. Occasionally, they uttered some joke about the fascination which made him so indifferent to cards and horses; but the reserve with which he received such jests checked conversation on the subject, and all, except Mr. Grossman, discontinued such attacks, after one or two experiments.

As Mr. Noble's wealth increased, the wish grew stronger to place Louisa in the midst of as much elegance as had surrounded her in childhood. When the house at Pine Grove was unoccupied, they often went out there, and it was his delight to see her stand under the Gothic arch of trees, a beautiful *tableau vivant*, framed

in vines. It was a place so full of heart-memories to her, that she always lingered there as long as possible, and never left it without a sigh. In one place was a tree her father had planted, in another a rose or a jessamine her mother had trained. But dearest of all was a recess among the pine-trees, on the side of a hill. There was a rustic garden-chair, where her father had often sat with her upon his knee, reading wonderful story-books, bought for her on his summer excursions to New York or Boston. In one of her visits with Alfred, she sat there and read aloud from "Lalla Rookh." It was a mild winter day. The sunlight came mellowed through the evergreens, a soft carpet of scarlet foliage was thickly strewn beneath their feet, and the air was redolent of the balmy breath of pines. Fresh and happy in the glow of her fifteen summers, how could she otherwise than enjoy the poem? It was like sparkling wine in a jewelled goblet. Never before had she read anything aloud in tones so musically modulated, so full of feeling. And the listener? How worked the wine in *him*? A voice within said, "Remember your vow, Alfred! this charming Loo Loo is your adopted sister"; and he tried to listen to the warning. She did not notice his tremor, when he rose hastily and said, "The sun is nearly setting. It is time for my sister to go home."

"Home?" she repeated, with a sigh. "This is my home. I wish I could stay here always. I feel as if the spirits of my father and mother were with us here." Had she sighed for an ivory palace inlaid with gold, he would have wished to give it to her,—he was so much in love!

A few months afterward, Pine Grove was offered for sale. He resolved to purchase it, and give her a pleasant surprise by restoring her to her old home, on her sixteenth birth-day. Madame Labassé, who greatly delighted in managing mysteries, zealously aided in the preparations. When the day arrived, Alfred proposed a long ride with Loo Loo, in honor of the anniversary; and during their ab-

sence, Madame, accompanied by two household servants, established herself at Pine Grove. When Alfred returned from the drive, he proposed to stop and look at the dear old place, to which his companion joyfully assented. But nothing could exceed her astonishment at finding Madame Labassé there, ready to preside at a table spread with fruit and flowers. Her feelings overpowered her for a moment, when Alfred said, "Dear sister, you said you wished you could live here always; and this shall henceforth be your home."

"You are *too good!*" she exclaimed, and was about to burst into tears. But he arrested their course by saying, playfully, "Come, Loo Loo, kiss my hand, and say, 'Thank you, Sir, for buying me.' Say it just as you did six years ago, you little witch!"

Her swimming eyes smiled like sunshine through an April shower, and she went through the pantomime, which she had often before performed at his bidding. Madame stepped in with her little jest: "But, Sir, when do you think you shall send her to that *pension?*"

"Never mind," he replied, abruptly; "Let us be happy!" And he moved toward the table to distribute the fruit.

It was an inspiring spring-day, and ended in the loveliest of evenings. The air was filled with the sweet breath of jessamines and orange-blossoms. Madame touched the piano, and, in quick obedience to the circling sound, Alfred and Loo Loo began to waltz. It was long before youth and happiness grew weary of the revolving maze. But when at last she complained of dizziness, he playfully whirled her out upon the piazza, and placed her on a lounge under the Cherokee rose her mother had trained, which was now a mass of blossoms. He seated himself in front of her, and they remained silent for some minutes, watching the vine-shadows play in the moonlight. As Loo Loo leaned on the balustrade, the clustering roses hung over her in festoons, and trailed on her white muslin drapery. Alfred was struck, as

he had been many times before, with the unconscious grace of her attitude. In imagination, he recalled his first vision of her in early childhood, the singular circumstance that had united their destinies, and the thousand endearing experiences which day by day had strengthened the tie. As these thoughts passed through his mind, he gazed upon her with devouring earnestness. She was too beautiful, there in the moonlight, crowned with roses!

"Loo Loo, do you love me?" he exclaimed.

The vehemence of his tone startled her, as she sat there in a mood still and dreamy as the landscape.

She sprang up, and, putting her arm about his neck, answered, "Why, Alfred, you *know* your sister loves you."

"Not as a brother, not as a brother, dear Loo Loo," he said, impatiently, as he drew her closely to his breast. "Will you be my love? Will you be my wife?"

In the simplicity of her inexperience, and the confidence induced by long habits of familiar reliance upon him, she replied, "I will be anything you wish."

No flower was ever more unconscious of a lover's burning kisses than she was of the struggle in his breast.

His feelings had been purely compassionate in the beginning of their intercourse; his intentions had been purely kind afterward; but he had gone on blindly to the edge of a slippery precipice. Human nature should avoid such dangerous passes.

Reviewing that intoxicating evening in a calmer mood, he was dissatisfied with his conduct. In vain he said to himself that he had but followed a universal custom; that all his acquaintance would have laughed in his face, had he told them of the resolution so bravely kept during six years. The remembrance of his mother's counsels came freshly to his mind; and the accusing voice of conscience said, "She was a friendless orphan, whom misfortune ought to have rendered sacred. What to you is the

sanction of custom? Have you not a higher law within your own breast?"

He tried to silence the monitor by saying, "When I have made a little more money, I will return to the North. I will marry Loo Loo on the way, and she shall be acknowledged to the world as my wife, as she now is in my own soul."

Meanwhile, the orphan lived in her father's house as her mother had lived before her. She never aided the voice of Alfred's conscience by pleading with him to make her his wife; for she was completely satisfied with her condition, and had undoubting faith that whatever he did was always the wisest and the best.

[To be continued.]

CHARLEY'S DEATH.

THE wind got up moaning, and blew to a breeze;
I sat with my face closely pressed on the pane;
In a minute or two it began to rain,
And put out the sunset-fire in the trees.

In the clouds' black faces broke out dismay
That ran of a sudden up half the sky,
And the team, cutting ruts in the grass, went by,
Heavy and dripping with sweet wet hay.

Clutching the straws out and knitting his brow,
Walked Arthur beside it, unsteady of limb;
I stood up in wonder, for, following him,
Charley was used to be;—where was he now?

"'Tis like him," I said, "to be working thus late!"—
I said it, but did not believe it was so;
He could not have staid in the meadow to mow,
With rain coming down at so dismal a rate.

"He's bringing the cows home."—I choked at that lie:
They were huddled close by in a tumult and fret,—
Some pawing the dry dust up out of the wet,
Some looking afield with their heads lifted high.

O'er the run, o'er the hilltop, and on through the gloom
My vision ran quick as the lightning could dart;
All at once the blood shocked and stood still in my heart;—
He was coming as never till then he had come!

Borne 'twixt our four work-hands, I saw through the fall
Of the rain, and the shadows so thick and so dim,
They had taken their coats off and spread them on him,
And that he was lying out straight,—that was all!

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

[Continued.]

Custodit Dominus omnia ossa eorum.

Ps. xxxiii. 20.

III.

NOT quite two miles from the city-gate known as the Porta Pia, there stands, on the left hand of the Nomentan Way, the ancient, and, until lately, beautiful, Church of St. Agnes outside the Walls. The chief entrance to it descends by a flight of wide steps; for its pavement is below the level of the ground, in order to afford easy access to the catacombs known as those of St. Agnes, which opened out from it and stretched away in interlacing passages under the neighboring fields. It was a quiet, retired place, with the sacredness that invests every ancient sanctuary, in which the prayers and hymns of many generations have risen. The city was not near enough to disturb the stillness within its walls; little vineyards, and plots of market-garden, divided from each other by hedges of reeds and brambly roses, with wider open fields in the distance, lay around it; a deserted convent stood at its side; its precious marble columns were dulled and the gold ground of its mosaics was dimmed by the dust of centuries; its pavement was deeply worn; and its whole aspect was that of seclusion and venerable age, without desertion and without decay.

The story of St. Agnes is one of those which at the beginning of the fourth century became popular among the Christians and in the Church of Rome. The martyrdom, under most cruel tortures and terrors, of a young girl, who chose to die rather than yield her purity or her faith, and who died with entire serenity and peace, supported by divine consolations, caused her memory to be cherished with an affection and veneration similar to that in which the memory of St. Cecilia was already held,—and very soon after

her death, which is said to have taken place in the year 304, she was honored as one of the holiest of the disciples of the Lord. Her story has been a favorite one through all later ages; poetry and painting have illustrated it; and wherever the Roman faith has spread, Saint Agnes has been one of the most beloved saints both of the rich and the poor, of the great and of the humble.

In her Acts* it is related that she was buried by her parents in a meadow on the Nomentan Way. Here, it is probable, a cemetery had already for some time existed; and it is most likely that the body of the Saint was laid in one of the common tombs of the catacombs. The Acts go on to tell, that her father and mother constantly watched at night by her grave, and once, while watching, “they saw, in the mid silence of the night, an army of virgins, clothed in woven garments of gold, passing by with a great light. And in the midst of them they beheld the most blessed virgin Agnes, shining in a like dress, and at her right hand a lamb whiter than snow. At this sight, great amazement took possession of her parents and of those who were with them. But the blessed Agnes asked the holy virgins to stay their advance for a moment, when she said to her parents, ‘Behold, weep not for me as for one dead, but rejoice with me and wish me joy; for with all these I have received a shining seat, and I am united in heaven to Him whom while on earth I loved with all my heart.’ And with these words she passed on.” The report of this vision was spread among the Christians of Rome. The pleasing story was received into

* This is the name given to the accounts of the saints and martyrs composed in early times for the use of the Church.

willing hearts; and the memory of the virgin was so cherished, that her name was soon given to the cemetery where she had been buried, and, becoming a favorite resting-place of the dead, its streets were lengthened by the addition of many graves.

Not many years afterwards, Constantia, the daughter of the Emperor Constantine, suffering from a long and painful disease, for which she found no relief, heard of the marvellous vision, and was told of many wonderful cures that had been wrought at the tomb and by the intercession of the youthful Saint. She determined, although a pagan, to seek the aid of which such great things were told; and going to the grave of Agnes at night, she prayed for relief. Falling suddenly into a sweet sleep, the Saint appeared to her, and promised her that she should be made well, if she would believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. She awoke, as the story relates, full of faith, and found herself well. Moved with gratitude, she besought her father to build a church on the spot in honor of Saint Agnes, and in compliance with her wish, and in accordance with his own disposition to erect suitable temples for the services of his new faith, Constantine built the church, which a few centuries later was rebuilt in its present form and adorned with the mosaics that still exist.

Nearly about the same time a circular building was erected hard by the church, designed as a mausoleum for Constantia and other members of the imperial family. The Mausoleum of Hadrian was occupied by the bodies of heathen emperors and empresses, and filled with heathen associations. New tombs were needed for the bodies of those who professed to have revolted from heathenism. The marble pillars of the Mausoleum of Constantia were taken from more ancient and nobler buildings, its walls were lined with mosaics, and her body was laid in a splendid sarcophagus of porphyry. In the thirteenth century, after Constantia had been received into the liberal community of Roman saints, her mausoleum

was consecrated as a church and dedicated to her honor. A narrow, unworn path leads to it from the Church of St. Agnes; it has been long left uncared-for and unfrequented, and, stripped of its movable ornaments, it is now in a half-ruinous condition. But its decay is more impressive than the gaudy brightness of more admired and renovated buildings. The weeds that grow in the crevices of its pavement and hang over the capitals of its ancient pillars, the green mould on its walls, the cracks in its mosaics, are better and fuller of suggestion to the imagination than the shiny surface and the elaborate finish of modern restorations. Restoration in these days always implies irreverence and bad taste. But the architecture of this old building and the purpose for which it was originally designed present a marked example of the rapidity of the change in the character of the Christians with the change of their condition at Rome, during the reign of Constantine. The worldliness that follows close on prosperity undermined the spirit of faith; the pomp and luxury of the court and the palace were carried into the forms of worship, into the construction of churches, into the manner of burial. Social distinctions overcame the brotherhood in Christ. Riches paved an easy way into the next world, and power set up guards around it. Imperial remains were not to mingle with common dust, and the mausoleum of the princess rose above the rock-hewn and narrow grave of the martyr and saint.

The present descent into the catacombs that lie near the churches of St. Agnes and St. Constantia is by an entrance in a neighboring field, made, after the time of persecution, to accommodate those who might desire to visit the underground chapels and holy graves. A vast labyrinth of streets spreads in every direction from it. Many chambers have been cut in the rock at the side of the passages,—some for family burial-places, some for chapels, some for places of instruction for those not yet fully entered into the knowledge of the faith. It is,

one of the most populous of the subterranean cemeteries, and one of the most interesting, from the great variety in its examples of underground architectural construction, and from the number of the paintings that are found upon its walls. But its peculiar interest is, that it affords at one point a marked example of the connection of an *arenarium*, or pit from which *pozzolana* was extracted, with the streets of the cemetery itself. At this point, the bed of compact *tufa*, in which the graves are dug, degenerates into friable and loosely compacted volcanic sand,—and it was here, very probably, that the cemetery was begun, at a time when every precaution had to be used by the Christians to prevent the discovery of their burial-places. No other of the catacombs gives a clearer exhibition of the differences in construction resulting from the different objects of excavation. In the Acts known as those of St. Valentine it is related, that in the time of Claudius many Christians were condemned to work in certain sand-pits. Under cover of such opportunities, occasions might be found in which hidden graves could be formed in the neighboring harder soil. In digging out the sand, the object was to take out the greatest quantity consistent with safety, leaving only such supports as were necessary to hold up the superincumbent earth. There are few regular paths, but wide spaces with occasional piers,—the passages being of sufficient width to admit of the entrance of beasts of burden, and even of carts. The soil crumbles so easily, that no row of excavations one above another could be made in it; for the stroke of the pick-axe brings it down in loose masses. The whole aspect of the sand-pit contrasts strikingly with that of the catacombs, with their three-feet wide galleries, their perpendicular walls, and their tier on tier of graves.

The stratum of *pozzolana* at the Catacombs of St. Agnes overlies a portion of the more solid stratum of *tufa*, and the entrance to the sand-pit from the cemetery is by steps leading up from the end

of a long gallery. Such an entrance could have been easily concealed; and the *tufa* cut out for the graves, after having been reduced to the condition of *pozzolana*, might easily at night have been brought up to the floor of the pit. In many of the Acts of the Martyrs it is said that they were buried in *Arenario*, “in the sand-pit,”—an expression which, there seems no good reason for doubting, meant in the catacombs whose entrance was at the sand-pit, they not having yet received a distinctive name.

It is difficult to convey to a distant reader even a small share of the interest with which one sees on the spot evidences of the reality of the precautions with which, in those early centuries, the Christians of Rome were forced to guard themselves against a persecution which extended to their very burial-places,—or even of the interest with which one walks through the unchanged paths dug out of the rock by this *tenebrosa et lucifugax natio*. In the midst of the obscurity of history and the fog of fable, here is the solid earth giving evidence of truth. Here one sees where, by the light of his dim candle, the solitary digger hollowed out the grave of one of the near followers of the apostles; and here one reads in hasty and ill-spelt inscriptions something of the affection and of the faith of those who buried their dead in the sepulchre dug in the rock. The Christian Rome underground is a rebuke to the Papal Rome above it; and, from the worldly pomp, the tedious forms, the trickeries, the mistakes, the false claims and falser assertions, the empty architecture that reveals the infidelity of its builders, the gross materialism, and the crass superstition of the Roman Church, one turns with relief of heart and eyes to the poverty and bareness of the dark and narrow catacombs, and to the simple piety of the words found upon their graves. In them is at once the exhibition and the promise of a purer Christianity. In them, indeed, one may see only too plainly the evidences of ignorance, the beginnings of superstitions, the

first traces of the corruption of the truth, the proofs of false zeal and of foolish martyrdoms,—but with these are also to be plainly seen the purity and the spirituality of elevated Christian faith.

In the service of the Roman Church used at the removal of the bodies of the holy martyrs from their graves in the catacombs is a prayer in which are the words,—“Thou hast set the bodies of thy soldiers as guards around the walls of this thy beloved Jerusalem”;—and as one passes from catacomb to catacomb, it is, indeed, as if he passed from station to station of the encircling camp of the great army of the martyrs. Leaving the burial-place of St. Agnes, we continue along the Nomentan Way to the seventh milestone from Rome. Here the Campagna stretches on either side in broad, unsheltered sweeps. Now and then a rough wall crosses the fields, marking the boundaries of one of the great farms into which the land is divided. On the left stands a low farm-house, with its out-lying buildings, and at a distance on each side the eye falls on low square brick towers of the Middle Ages, and on the ruinous heaps of more ancient tombs. The Sabine mountains push their feet far down upon the plain, covered with a gray-green garment of olive-woods. Few scenes in the Campagna are more striking, from the mingling of barrenness and beauty, from the absence of imposing monumental ruins and the presence of old associations. The turf of the wide fields was cropped in the winter by the herds driven down at that season from the recesses of the Neapolitan mountains, and the irregular surface of the soil afforded no special indications of treasures buried beneath it. But the Campagna is full of hidden graves and secreted buildings.

In the Acts of the Martyrdom of St. Alexander, who, according to the story of the Church, was the sixth successor of St. Peter, and who was put to death in the persecution of Trajan, in the year 117, it was said that his body was buried by a Roman lady, Severina, “on her

farm, at the seventh milestone from Rome on the Nomentan Way.” These Acts, however, were regarded as apocryphal, and their statement had drawn but little attention to the locality. In the spring of 1855, a Roman archæologist, Signore Guidi, obtained permission from the Propaganda, by whom the land was now held, as a legacy from the last of the Stuarts, the Cardinal York, to make excavations upon it. Beginning at a short distance from the road, on the right hand, and proceeding carefully, he soon struck upon a flight of steps formed of pieces of broken marble, which, at about fifteen feet below the surface of the ground, ended upon a floor paved with bits of marble, tombstones, and mosaics. As the work proceeded, it disclosed the walls of an irregular church, that had been constructed, like that of St. Agnes, partially beneath the soil, for the purpose of affording an entrance into adjoining catacombs. Remains of the altar were found, and portions of the open-work marble screen which had stood before it over the crypt in which the bodies of St. Alexander and one of his fellow-martyrs had been placed. A part of the inscription on its border was preserved, and read as follows: ET ALEXANDRO DEDICATUS VOTUM POSUIT CONSECRANTE URSO EPISCOPO,—“Dedicatus placed this in fulfilment of a vow to — and Alexander, the Bishop Ursus consecrating it.” The Acts supply the missing name of Eventius,—an aged priest, who, it was said, had conversed with some of the apostles themselves. His greater age had at that early and simple time given him the place of honor in the inscription and in men’s memory before the youthful, so-called, Pope Alexander. Probably this little church had been built in the fourth century, and here a bishop had been appointed to perform the rites within it.

It was a strange and touching discovery, that of this long-buried, rude country-church,—the very existence of which had been forgotten for more than a thousand years. On the 3d. of May, 1855, the day set apart in the calendar to the

honor of the saints to whom it was consecrated, the holy services were once more performed upon the ancient altar of the roofless sanctuary. The voices of priest and choir sounded through the long silent chapels, while the larks sang their hymns of gladness over the fields above. On the rough floor, inscriptions, upon which, in the early centuries, the faithful had knelt, were again read by kneeling worshippers. On one broken slab of marble was the word MARTYR; on another, the two words, SPARAGINA FIDELIS; on another, POST VARIAS CURAS, POST LONGÆ MONITA VITÆ.

The catacombs opening from the church have not been entered to a great distance, and though more rudely excavated than most of those nearer the city, as if intended for the burial-places of a poorer population, they are of peculiar interest, because many of their graves remain in their original state, and here and there, in the mortar that fastens their tiled fronts, portions of the vessel of glass or pottery that held the collected blood of the martyr laid within are still undisturbed. No pictures of any size or beauty adorn the uneven walls, and no chapels are hollowed out within them. Most of the few inscriptions are scratched upon the mortar,—*Spiritus tuus in bono quiescat*,—but now and then a bit of marble, once used for a heathen inscription, bears on its other side some Christian words. None of the inscriptions within the church which bear a date are later than the end of the fifth century, and it seems likely that shortly after this time this church of the Campagna was deserted, and its roof falling in, it was soon concealed under a mass of rubbish and of earth, and the grass closed it with its soft and growing protection.

During two years, the uncovered church, with its broken pillars, its cracked altar, its imperfect mosaics, its worn pavement, remained open to the sky, in the midst of solitude. But how could anything with such simple and solemn associations long escape desecration at Rome? How could such an opportunity for restoration be passed over? How

could so sacred and venerable a locality be protected from modern superstition and ecclesiastical zeal? In the spring of 1857, preparations were being made for building upon the ground, and a Carthusian convent, it was said, was to be erected, which would enclose within its lifeless walls the remains of the ancient church. Once more, then, it is to be shut out from the sky; and now it is not Nature that asserts her predominance, protecting while she conceals, and throwing her mantle over the martyrs' graves, to keep them from sacrilege,—but she is driven away by the builders of the papal court, and all precious old associations are incongruous with those of modern Roman architecture and Roman conventional discipline.

One morning, in the spring of 1855, shortly after the discovery had been made, the Pope went out to visit the Church of St. Alexander. On his return, he stopped to rest in the unoccupied convent adjoining the Church of St. Agnes. Here there was a considerable assemblage of those who had accompanied him, and others who were admitted at this place to join his suite. They were in the second story of the building, and the Pope was in the act of addressing them, when suddenly the old floor, unable to support the unaccustomed weight, gave way, and most of the company fell with it to the floor below. The Pope was thrown down, but did not fall through. The moment was one of great confusion and alarm, the etiquette of the court was disturbed, but no person was killed and no one dangerously hurt. In common language, and in Roman belief, it was a miraculous escape. The Pope, attributing his safety to the protection of the Virgin and of St. Agnes, determined at once that the convent should be rebuilt and reoccupied, and the church restored. The work is now complete, and all the ancient charm of time and use, all the venerable look of age and quiet, have been laboriously destroyed, and gaudy, inharmonious color, gilding, and polish have been substituted in their place.

The debased taste and the unfeeling ignorance of restorers have been employed, as so often in Italy, to spoil and desecrate the memorials of the past; and the munificence of Pius, *Munificentia Pii IX.*, is placarded on the inner walls. One is too frequently reminded at Rome of the old and new lamps in the story of Aladdin.

We turn reluctantly from the Nomentan Way, and passing through Rome, we go out of the gate which opens on the Appian. About a mile from the present wall, just where the road divides before coming to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, a little, ugly, white church, of the deformed architecture of the seventeenth century, recalls, by its name of *Domine quo vadis?* "O Lord, whither goest thou?" one of the most impressive, one of the earliest and simplest, of the many legends of the legendary religious annals of Rome. It relates, that, at the time of the persecution of Nero, St. Peter, being then in Rome, was persuaded to fly secretly from the city, in the hope of escaping from the near peril. Just as he reached this place, trembling, we may well believe, not more with fear than with doubt, while past scenes rose vividly before him, and the last words heard from his Master's lips came with a flood of self-reproach into his heart,—as he hurried silently along, with head bowed down, in the gray twilight, he became suddenly aware of a presence before him, and, looking up, beheld the form of that beloved Master whom he was now a second time denying. He beheld him, moreover, in the act of bearing his cross. Peter, with his old ardor, did not wait to be addressed, but said, *Domine, quo vadis?*—"O Lord, whither goest thou?" The Saviour, looking at him as he had looked but once before, replied, *Venio Romam iterum crucifigi*,—"I come to Rome to be crucified a second time"; and thereupon disappeared. Peter turned, reentered the gate, and shortly after was crucified for his Lord's sake. His body, it is said, was laid away in a grave on the Vatican Hill, where his great church was afterwards built.

And here we come upon another legend, which takes us out again on the Appian Way, to the place where now stands the Church of St. Sebastian. St. Gregory the Great relates in one of his letters, that, not long after St. Peter and St. Paul had suffered martyrdom, some Christians came from the East to Rome to find the bodies of these their countrymen, which they desired to carry back with them to their own land. They so far succeeded as to gain possession of the bodies, and to carry them as far as the second milestone on the Appian Way. Here they paused, and when they attempted to carry the bodies farther, so great a storm of thunder and lightning arose, that they were terrified, and did not venture to repeat their attempt. By this time, also, the Romans had become aware of the carrying off of the sacred bodies, and, coming out from the city, recovered possession of them. One of the old pictures on the wall of the portico of the ancient basilica of St. Peter's preserved a somewhat different version of the legend, representing the Romans as falling violently upon the Oriental robbers, and compelling them, with a storm of blows, to yield up the possession of the relics they were carrying away by stealth.

But the legend went on further to state, that, on the spot where they thus had regained the bodies of their saints, the Romans made a deep hole in the ground, and laid them away within it very secretly. Here for some time they rested, but at length were restored to their original tombs, the one on the Ostian Way, the other on the Vatican. But St. Peter was again to be laid in this secret chamber in the earth on the Appian Way. In the episcopate of the saint and scoundrel Callixtus, the Emperor Elagabalus, with characteristic extravagance and caprice, resolved to make a circus on the Vatican, wide enough for courses of chariots drawn by four elephants abreast. All the older buildings in the way were to be destroyed, to gratify this imperial whim; and Callixtus, fearing lest the

Christian cemetery, and especially the tomb of the prince of the apostles might be discovered and profaned, removed the body of St. Peter once more to the Appian Way. Here it lay for forty years, and round it and near it an underground cemetery was gradually formed; and it was to this burial-place, first of all, that the name Catacomb,* now used to denote all the underground cemeteries, was applied.

Though at length St. Peter was restored to the Vatican, from which he has never since been removed, and where his grave is now hidden by his church, the place where he had lain so long was still esteemed sacred. The story of St. Sebastian relates how, after his martyred body had been thrown into the Cloaca Maxima, that his friends might not have the last satisfaction of giving it burial, he appeared in a vision to Lucina, a Roman lady, told her where his body might be found, and bade her lay it in a grave near that in which the apostles had rested. This was done, and less than a century afterward a church rose to mark the place of his burial, and connected with it, Pope Damasus, the first great restorer and adorner of the catacombs, [A. D. 266-285,] caused the chamber that was formed below the surface of the ground around the grave of the apostles to be lined with wide slabs of marble, and to be consecrated as a subterranean chapel. It is curious enough that this pious work should have been performed, as is learned from an inscription set up here by Damasus himself, in fulfilment of a vow, on the extinction among the Roman clergy of the party of Ursicinus, his rival. This custom of propitiating the favor of the saints by fair promises was thus early established. It was soon found out that it was well to have a friend at court with whom a bargain could be struck. If the adorning of this chapel was all that

Damasus had to pay for the getting rid of his rival's party, the bargain was an easy one for him. There had been terrible and bloody fights in the Roman streets between the parties of the contending aspirants for the papal seat. Ursicinus had been driven from Rome, but Damasus had had trouble with the priests of his faction. Some of them had been rescued, as he was hurrying them off to prison, and had taken refuge with their followers in the Basilica of Sta Maria Maggiore. Damasus, with a mob of charioteers, gladiators, and others of the scum of Rome, broke into the church, and slew a hundred and sixty men and women who had been shut up within it. Ursicinus, however, returned to the city; there were fresh disturbances, and a new massacre, on this occasion, in the Church of St. Agnes; and years passed before Damasus was established as undisputed ruler of the Church.

It was then, in fulfilment of the vow he had made during his troubles, that Saint Damasus (for he became a saint long since, success being a great sanctifier) adorned the underground chapel of the apostles. The entrance to it is through the modern basilica of St. Sebastian. It is a low, semicircular chamber, with irregular walls, in which a row of arched graves (*arcosolia*) has been formed, which once were occupied, probably, by bodies of saints or martyrs. Near the middle of the chapel is the well, about seven feet square, within which are the two graves, lined with marble, where the bodies of the apostles are said to have lain hid. Fragments of painting still remain on the walls of this pit, and three faint and shadowy figures may be traced, which seem to represent the Saviour between St. Peter and St. Paul. Over the mouth of the well stands an ancient altar. However little credence may be given to the old legends concerning the place, it is impossible not to look with interest upon it. For fifteen hundred years worshippers have knelt there as upon ground made holy by the presence of the two apostles. The memory of their lives and

* A word, the derivation of which is not yet determined. The first instance of its use is in the letter of Gregory from which we derive the legend. This letter was written A. D. 594.

of their teachings has, indeed, consecrated the place; and though superstition has often turned the light of that memory into darkness, yet here, too, has faith been strengthened, and courage become steadfast, and penitence been confirmed into holiness, by the remembrance of the zeal, the denial of Peter, and the forgiveness of his Master, by the remembrance of the conversion, the long service, the exhortations, and the death of Paul.

The catacombs proper, to which entrance may be had from the Basilica of St. Sebastian, are of little importance in themselves, and have lost, by frequent alteration and by the erection of works of masonry for their support, much that was characteristic of their original construction. During a long period, while most of the other subterranean cemeteries were abandoned, this remained open, and was visited by numerous pilgrims. It led visitors to the church, and the guardians of the church found it for their interest to keep it in good repair. Thus, though its value as one of the early burial-places of the Christians was diminished, another interest attached to it through the character of some of those visitors who were accustomed to frequent its dark paths. Saint Bridget found some of that wild mixture of materialism and mysticism, (a not uncommon mingling,) which passes under the name of her Revelations, in the solitude of these streets of the dead. Here St. Philip Neri, the Apostle of Rome, the wise and liberal founder of the Oratorians, the still beloved saint of the Romans, was accustomed to spend whole nights in prayer and meditation. Demons, say his biographers, and evil spirits assailed him on his way, trying to terrify him and turn him back; but he overcame them all. Year after year he kept up this practice, and gained strength, in the solitude and darkness, and in the presence of the dead, to resist fiercer demons than any that had power to attack him from without. And it is related, that, when St. Charles Borromeo, his friend, the narrow, but pure-minded reformer of the Church, came to

Rome, from time to time, he, too, used to go at night to this cemetery, and watch through the long hours in penitence and prayer. Such associations as these give interest to the cemetery of St. Sebastian's Church.

The preëminence which the Appian Way, *regina viarum*, held among the great streets leading from Rome,—not only as the road to the South and to the fairest provinces, but also because it was bordered along its course by the monumental tombs of the greatest Roman families,—was retained by it, as we have seen, as the street on which lay the chief Christian cemeteries. The tombs of the Horatii, the Metelli, the Scipios, were succeeded by the graves of a new, less famous, but not less noble race of heroes. On the edge of the height that rises just beyond the Church of St. Sebastian stand the familiar and beautiful ruins of the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Of her who was buried in this splendid mausoleum nothing is known but what the three lines of the inscription still remaining on it tell us,—

CAECILIAE

Q. RETICI F.

METELLAE CRASSI.

She was the daughter of Quintus, surnamed the Cretan, and the wife of Crassus. But her tomb overlooks the ground beneath which, in a narrow grave, was buried a more glorious Cecilia.* The contrast between the ostentation and the pride of the tombs of the heathen Romans, and the poor graves, hollowed out in the rock, of the Christians, is full of impressive suggestions. The very closeness of their neighborhood to each other brings out with vivid effect the broad gulf of separation that lay between them in association, in affection, and in hopes.

Coming out from the dark passages of the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, in the clear twilight of a winter's evening, one sees rising against the red glow of the sky the broken masses of the ancient

* Guéranger, *Histoire de St. Cécile.* p. 45.

tombs. One city of the dead lies beneath the feet, another stretches before the eyes far out of sight. The crowded history of Rome is condensed into one mighty spectacle. The ambitions, the hates, the valor, the passions, the religions, the life

and death of a thousand years are there; and, in the dimness of the dusky evening, troops of the dead rise before the imagination and advance in slow procession by opposite ways along the silent road.

[To be continued.]

THE PURE PEARL OF DIVER'S BAY.

[Concluded.]

V.

DID she talk of flesh and blood, when she said that she would find him?—The summer passed away; and when autumn came, it could not be said that search for the bodies of these fishermen was quite abandoned. But no fragment of boat, nor body of father or son, ever came, by rumor or otherwise, to the knowledge of the people of the Bay.

The voyage was long to Clarice. Marvellous strength and acuteness of vision come to the eyes of those who watch. Keen grow the ears that listen. The soldier's wife in the land of Nena Sahib inspires despairing ranks: “Dinna ye hear the pibroch? Hark! ‘The Campbells are coming!’”—and at length, when the hope she lighted has gone out in sullen darkness, and they bitterly resent the joy she gave them,—lo, the bagpipes, banners, regiment! The pibroch sounds, “The Campbells are coming!” The Highlanders are in sight!—But, oh, the voyage was long,—and Clarice could see no sail, could hear no oar!

Clarice ceased to say that she must find the voyagers. She ceased to talk of them. She lived in these days a life so silent, and, as it seemed, so remote from other lives, that it quite passed the understanding of those who witnessed it. Tears seldom fell from her eyes, complaints never;—but her interest was aroused by no temporal matter; she seemed, in her thoughts and her desires, as far removed

as a spirit from the influences of the external world.

This state of being no person who lives by bread alone could have understood, or endured patiently, in one with whom in the affairs of daily life he was associated.

The Revelator was an exile in Patmos.

Dame Briton was convinced that Clarice was losing her wits. Bondo Emmins yielded to the force of some inexplicable law, and found her fairer day by day. To his view, she was like a vision moving through a dream, rather than like any actual woman; and though the drift of the vision seemed not towards him, he was more anxious to compel it than to accomplish any other purpose ever entertained. The actual nearness, the apparent unattainableness, of that he coveted, excited in him such desires of conquest and possession as he would seek to appease in one way alone. To win her would have been to the mind of any other inhabitant of Diver's Bay a feat as impracticable as the capture of the noble ghost of Hamlet's father, as he stands exorcized by Mrs. Kemble.

And yet, while her sorrow made her the pity and the wonder of the people, it did not keep her sacred from the reach of gossip. Observing the frequency with which Bondo Emmins visited Old Briton's cabin, it was profanely said by some

that the pale girl would ere long avert her eyes from the dead and fix them on the living.

Emmins had frequent opportunities for making manifest his good-will towards the family of Briton. The old man fell on the ice one day and broke his thigh, and was constrained to lie in bed for many a day, and to walk with the help of crutches when he rose again. Then was the young man's time to serve him like a son. He brought a surgeon from the Port,—and the inefficiency of the man was not his fault, surely. Through tedious days and nights Emmins sat by the old man's bedside, soothing pain, enlivening weariness, endeavoring to banish the gloomy elements that combined to make the cabin the abode of darkness. He would have his own way, and no one could prevent him. When Old Briton's money failed, his supplies did not. Even Clarice was compelled to accept his service thankfully, and to acknowledge that she knew not how they could have managed without him in this strait.

The accident, unfortunate as it might be deemed, nevertheless exercised a most favorable influence over the poor girl's life. It brought her soul back to her body, and spoke to her of wants and their supply,—of debts, of creditors,—of fish, and sea-weed, and the market,—of bread, and doctor's bills,—of her poor old father, and of her mother. She came back to earth. Now, henceforth, the support of the household was with her. Bondo Emmins might serve her father,—she had no desire to prevent what was so welcome to the wretched old man,—but for herself, her mother, the house, no favor from him!

And thus Clarice rose up to rival Bondo in her ready courage. When her father, at last careful, at last anxious, thoughtful of the future, began to express his fear, he met the ready assurance of his daughter that she should be able to provide all they should ever want; let him not be troubled; when the spring came, she would show him.

The spring came, and Clarice set to work as never in her industrious life before. Day after day she gathered sea-weed, dried it, and carried it to town. She went out with her mother in the fishing-boat, and the two women were equal in strength and courage to almost any two men of the Bay. She filled the empty fish-barrels,—and promised to double the usual number. She dried wagon-loads of finny treasure,—and she made good bargains with the traders. No one was so active,—no one bade fair to turn the summer to such profit as Clarice. She had come back to flesh and blood.—John came back from Patmos.

Her face grew brown with tan; it was not lovely as a fair ghost's, any longer; it was ruddy,—and her limbs grew strong. Bondo Emmins marked these symptoms, and took courage. People generally said, "She is well over her grief, and has set her heart on getting rich. There is that much of her mother in her." Others considered that Emmins was in the secret, and at the bottom of her serenity and diligence.

Dame Briton and her spouse were not one whit wiser than their neighbors. They could not see that any half-work was impossible with Clarice,—that, if she had resolved, for their sake, to live as people must, who have bodies to respect and God-originated wants to supply, she must live by a ceaseless activity. Because she had ascended far beyond tears, lamentation, helplessness, they thought she had forgotten.

Yes, they came to this conclusion, though now and then, not often, generally on some pleasant Sunday, when all her work was done, Clarice would go down to the Point and take her Sabbath rest there. No danger of disturbance there!—of all bleak and desert places known to the people of Diver's Bay, that point was bleakest and most deserted.

The place was hers, then. In this solitude she could follow her thoughts, and be led by them down to the ocean, or

away to heavenly depths. It was good for her to go there in quietness,—to rest in recollection. Strength comes ever to the strong. This pure heart had nothing to fear of sorrow. Sorrow can only give the best it has to such as she. Grief may weaken the selfish and the weak; it may make children of the foolish and drivellers; by grief the inefficient may come to the fulness of their inefficiency;—but out of the bitter cup the strong take strength, though it may be with shuddering.

One Sunday morning Clarice lingered longer about the house than usual, and Emmins, who had resolved, that, if she went that day to the Point, he would follow her, found her with her father and mother, talking merely for their pleasure,—if the languid tones of her voice and the absent look of her eyes were to be trusted.

Emmins thought that this moment was favorable to him. He was sure of Dame Briton and the old man, and he almost believed that he was sure of Clarice. Finding her now with her father and mother at home on this bright Sunday morning, one glance at her face surprised him, and, almost before he was aware, he had spoken what he had hitherto so patiently refrained from speaking.

But the answer of Clarice still more surprised him. With her eyes gazing out on the sea, she stood, the image of silence, while Bondo warily set forth his hopes. Old Briton and the dame looked on and deemed the symptoms favorable. But Clarice said,—

“Heart and hand I gave to him. I am the wife of Luke;—how can I marry another?”

Bondo seemed eager to answer that question, for he hastily waved his hand toward Dame Briton, who began to speak.

“Luke will never come back,” said he, gently expostulating.

“But I shall go to him,” was the quiet reply.

Then the old people, whose hearts were in the wooing, broke out together,

—and by their voices, if one should argue with them, strife was not far off. Clarice staid one moment, as if to take in the burden of each eager voice; then she shook her head:—

“I am married already,” she said; “I gave him my heart and my hand. You would not rob Luke Merlyn?”

When she had so spoken, calmly, firmly, as if it were impossible that she should be moved or agitated by such speech as this she had heard, Clarice walked away to the beach, unmoored her father’s boat, and rowed out into the Bay.

Bondo Emmins stood with the old people and gazed after her.

“Odd fish!” he muttered.

“Never mind,” said Old Briton, hobbling up and down the sand; “it’s the first time she’s been spoke to. She’ll come round. I know Clarice.”

“You know Clarice?” broke in Dame Briton. “You don’t know her! She isn’t Clarice,—she’s somebody else. Who, I don’t know.”

“Hush!” said Bondo, who had no desire that the couple should fall into a quarrel. “I know who she is. Don’t plague her. It will all come out right yet. I’ll wait. But don’t say anything to her about it. Let me speak when the time comes.—Where’s my pipe, Dame Briton?”

Emmins spent a good part of the day with the old people, and did not allow the conversation once to turn upon himself and Clarice. But he talked of the improvements he should like to make in the old cabin, and they discussed the market, and entertained each other with recollections of past times, and with strange stories made up of odd imaginations and still more uncouth facts. Supernatural influences were dwelt upon, and many a belief in superstitions belonging to childhood was confessed in peaceful unconsciousness of the fact that it was Clarice who had turned all their thoughts to-day from the great prosaic highway where plain facts have their endless procession.

VI.

CLARICE went out alone in her fishing-boat, as during all the past week she had purposed to do when this day came, if it should prove favorable. She wished to approach the Point thus,—and her purpose in so doing was such as no mortal could have suspected. And yet, as in the fulfilment of this purpose she went, hastened from her delaying by the address of Bondo Emmins, it seemed to her as if her secret must be read by the three upon the beach.

She wore upon her neck, as she had worn since the days of her betrothal to Luke, the cord to which the pearl ring was attached. The ring had never been removed; but now, as Clarice came near to the Point, she laid the oars aside, and with trembling hands untied the black cord and disengaged the ring, and drew it on her finger, that trembled like a leaf. She was doing now what Luke had bidden her do,—and for his sake. Until now she had always looked upon it as a ring of betrothal; henceforth it was her wedding-ring,—the evidence of her true marriage with Luke Merlyn.

O unseen husband, didst thou see her as anew she gave herself to love, to constancy, to duty?

She was floating toward the Point, when she knelt in the fishing-boat and plunged the hand that wore the ring under the bright cold water. How bright, how cold it was! It chilled Clarice; she shuddered;—was she the bride of Death? But she did not rise from her knees, neither withdraw her hand, until her vow, the vow she was there to speak, was spoken. There she knelt alone in the great universe, with God and Luke Merlyn.

When at last she stood upon the Point, she had strength to meet her destiny, and patience to wait while it was being developed. She knew her marriage covenant was blest, and filial duty was divested of every thought or notion that could tempt or deceive her. Treading thus fearlessly among the high places of

imagination, no prescience of mortal trouble could lurk among the mysterious shadows. By her faith in the eternity of love she was greatly more than conqueror.

The day passed, and night drew near. It was the purpose of Clarice to row home with the tide. But a strange thing happened to her ere she set out to return. As she stood looking out upon the sea, watching the waves as they rolled and broke upon the beach, a new token came to her from the deep.

Almost as she might have waited for Luke, she stood watching the onward drift; calculating the spot at which the waves would deposit their burden, she stood there when the plank was borne inland, to save it, if possible, from being dashed with violence on the rocks.

To this plank a child was bound,—a little creature that might be three years old. At the sight of this form, and this helplessness, the heart of the woman seemed to break into sudden living flame. She carried the plank down to a level spot with an energy that would have made light of a burden even ten times as great; she stooped upon the sand; she unbound the body; and she thought, "The child is dead!" Nevertheless she took him in her arms; she dried his limbs with her apron; she wiped his face, and rubbed his hair;—but he gave no sign of life. Then she wrapped him in her shawl, and laid him in the boat, and rowed home.

There was no one in the cabin when Clarice went in. When Dame Briton came home, she found her daughter with a ring upon her finger, bending over the body of a child that lay upon her bed.

The dame was quickly brought into service, and there was no reason to fear that she would desist from her labors until she had received some evidence of death or life. She and Clarice worked all night over the body of the child, and towards morning were rewarded by the result. The boy's eyes opened, and he tried to speak. By noon of that day he was lying in the arms of Clarice, deathly

pallor on his little face; but he could speak, and his pretty eyes were open.

All those hours of mutual sympathy and striving, Dame Briton had been thinking to say, "Clarice, what's the ring for?" But she had not said it, when, in the afternoon, Bondo Emmins came into the cabin, and saw Clarice with a beautiful boy in her arms, wrapped in her shawl, while before the fire some rags of infant garments were drying.

They talked over the boy's fortune and the night's work, the dame taking the chief conduct of the story; and Bondo was so much interested, and praised the child so much, and spoke with so much concern of the solitary, awful voyage the little one must have made, that, when he subsequently offered to take the child in his arms, Clarice let him go, and explained, when the young man began to talk to the boy, that he could not understand a word, neither could she make out the meaning of his speech.

Emmins heard Clarice say that she must go to the Port the next day and learn what vessel had been lost, and if any passengers were saved; and by day-break he set out on that errand. He returned early in the morning with the news that a merchantman, the "Gabriel," had gone down, and that cargo and crew were lost. While he was telling this to Clarice he observed the ring upon her finger, and he coupled the appearing of that token with the serenity of the girl's face, and hailed his conclusion as one who hoped everything from change and nothing from constancy.

Clarice had found the boy in the place where she had looked for Luke that night when his cap was washed to her feet. Over and over again she had said this to her father and mother while they busied themselves about the unconscious child; now she said it again to Bondo Emmins, as if there were some special significance in the fact, as indeed to her there was. He was her child, and he should be her care, and she would call him Gabriel.

People could understand the burden imposed upon the laborious life of Clai-

rice by this new, strange care. But they did not see the exceeding great reward, nor how the love that lingered about a mere memory seemed blessed to the poor girl with a blessing of divine significance.

To make the child her own by some special act that should establish her right became the wish of Clarice. It was not enough for her that she should toil for him while others slept, that she should stint herself in order to clothe him in a becoming manner, that she should suffer anxiety for him in the manifold forms best known to those who have endured it. She had given herself to Luke, so that she feared no more from any man's solicitation. She would fain assert her claim to this young life which Providence had given her. But this desire was suggested by external influence, as her marriage covenant had been.

Now and then a missionary came down to Diver's Bay, and preached in the open air, or, if the weather disappointed him, in the great shed built for the protection of fish-barrels and for the drying of fish. No surprising results had ever attended his preaching; the meetings were never large, though sometimes tolerably well attended; the preacher was almost a stranger to the people; and the wonder would have been a notable one, had there been any harvest to speak of in return for the seed he scattered. The seed was good; but the fowls of the air were free to carry it away; the thorns might choke it, if they would; it was not protected from any wind that blew.

A few Sundays after Gabriel became the charge of Clarice, the missionary came and preached to the people about Baptism. Though burdened with a multitude of cares which he had no right to assume, which kept him busy day and night in efforts lacking only the concentration that would have made them effective, the man was earnest in his labor and his speech, and it chanced now and then that a soul was ready for the truth he brought.

On this occasion he addressed the parents in their own behalf and that of their children. The bright day, the magnificent view his eyes commanded from the place where he stood to address the handful of people, the truth, with whose importance he was impressed, made him eloquent. He spoke with power, and Clarice Briton, holding the hand of little Gabriel, listened as she had never listened before.

"Death unto sin," this baptism signified, he said. She looked at the child's bright face; she recalled the experience through which she had passed, by which she was able to comprehend these words. *She* had passed through death; she had risen to life; for Luke was dead, and was alive again,—therefore she lived also. Tears came into the girl's eyes, unexpected, abundant, as she listened to the missionary's pleading with these parents, to give their little ones to their Heavenly Father, and themselves to lives of holiness.

He would set the mark of the cross on their foreheads, he said, to show that they were Christ's servants;—and then he preached of Christ, seeking to soften the tough souls about him with the story of a divine childhood; and he verily talked to them as one should do who felt that in all his speaking their human hearts anticipated him. It was not within the compass of his voice to reach that savage note which in brutal ignorance condemns, where loving justice never could condemn. He had an apprehension of the vital truth that belief in the world's Saviour was not belief in a name, but the reception of that which Jesus embodied. He came down to Diver's Bay, expecting to find human nature there, and the only pity was that he had not time to perform what he attempted. Let us, however, thank him for his honest endeavor; and be glad, that, for one, Clarice was there to hear him,—she heard him so gladly.

To take a vow for Gabriel, to give him to God, to confirm him in possession of the name she had bestowed, became

the desire of Clarice. One day when she had some business to transact in the market, she dressed Gabriel in a new frock she had made for him, and took him with her to the Port, carrying him in her arms half the way. She did not find the minister, but she had tested the sincerity of her desire. When he came down again to the Bay, as he did the next Sunday, she was waiting to give him the first fruits of his labors there.

He arrived early in the morning, that he might forestall the fishermen and their families in whatever arrangements they might be making for the day. When Clarice first saw him, her heart for a moment failed her,—she wished he had not come, or that she had gone off to spend the day before she knew of his coming. But, in the very midst of her regrets, she caught up Gabriel and walked forth to meet the preacher.

The missionary recognized Clarice, and he had already heard the story of the child. He was the first to speak, and a few moments' talk, which seemed to her endless, though it was about Gabriel, passed before she could tell him how she had sought him in his own home on account of the boy, and what her wish was concerning him.

A naturalist, walking along that beach and discovering some long-sought specimen, at a moment when he least looked and hoped for it, would have understood the feeling and the manner of the missionary just then. Surprise came before gladness, and then followed much investigation, whereby the minister would persuade himself, even as the naturalist under similar circumstances would do, of the genuineness of what was before him; —he must ascertain all the attending circumstances.

It was a simple story that his questioning drew forth. The missionary learned something in the interview, as well as Clarice. He learned what confidence there is in a noble spirit of resignation; that it need not be the submission of helplessness. He saw anew, what he had learned for himself under different

circumstances, the satisfaction arising from industry that is based on duty, and involves skill in craft, judgment in affairs, and that integrity which keeps one to his oath, though it be not to his profit. He heard the voice of a tender, pitiful, loving womanhood, strongly manifesting its right to protect helplessness, by the utterance of its convictions concerning that helplessness. He knew that to such a woman the Master would have spoken not one word of reproach, but many of encouragement and sympathy. So he spoke to her of courage, and shared her hopes, by directing them with a generous confidence in her. He was the man for his vocation, for in every strait he looked to his human heart for direction,—and in his heart were not only sympathy and gentleness, but justice and judgment.

While he talked to Clarice, the idea which had taken cognizance of Gabriel alone enlarged,—it involved herself.

"What doth hinder me to be baptized?" she asked, in the words of Philip.

"If thou believest, thou mayest."

Accordingly, at the conclusion of the morning prayer, when the preacher said, "Those persons to be baptized may now come forward," Clarice Briton, leading little Gabriel by the hand, rose from her seat and walked up before the congregation, and stood in the presence of all.

Not an eye was turned from her during the ceremony. When she lifted Gabriel, and held him in her arms, and promised the solemn promises for him as well as for herself, the souls that witnessed it thought that they had lost Clarice. The tears rolled down Old Briton's cheeks when he looked upon the girl. What he saw he did not half understand, but there was an awful solemnity about the transaction, that overpowered him. He and Dame Briton had come to the meeting because Clarice urged them to do so;—she had said she was going to make a public promise about Gabriel, and that was all she told them; for, beside that there was little time for explanation in the hurry of preparing Gabriel

and herself, Clarice's heart was too deeply stirred to admit of speech. After she had obtained the promise of her parents, she said no more to them; they did not hear her speak again until her firm "I will" broke on their ears.

Dame Briton was not half pleased at what she saw and heard, during this service. She looked at Bondo Emmins to see what he was thinking,—but little she learned from his solemn face. When the sign of the cross was laid on the forehead of Clarice, and on the forehead of Gabriel, a frown for an instant was seen on his own; but it was succeeded by an expression of feature such as made the dame look quickly away, for in that same instant his eyes were upon her.

Enough of surprise and gaping wonder would Dame Briton have discovered in other directions, had she sought the evidences; but from Bondo Emmins she looked down at her "old man," and she saw his tears. Then came Clarice, and before she knew it she was holding the little Christian Gabriel in her stern old arms, and kissing away the drops of hallowed water that flashed upon his eyelids.

A sermon followed, the like of which, for poetry or wonder, was never heard among these people. The preacher seemed to think this an occasion for all his eloquence; nay, for the sake of justice, I will say, his heart was full of rejoicing, for now he believed a church was grafted here, a Branch which the Rōot would nourish. His words served to deepen the impression made by the ceremonial. Clarice Briton and little Gabriel shone in white raiment that day; and, thanks to him, when he went on to prove the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth one with that mysterious majesty on high, a single leap took Clarice Briton over the boundaries of faith.

VII.

BUT if to others Clarice seemed to have passed the boundary line of their dominion, to herself the bond of neigh-

borhood was strengthened. The missionary told her all he had a right to expect of her now, as a fellow-worker, and pointed out to her the ways in which she might second his labors at the Bay. It was but a new form of the old work to which she had been accustomed her life long. Never, except in the dark summer months when all her life was eclipsed, had Clarice lived unmindful of the old and sick and helpless, or of the little children. Her kindness of heart could surprise no one; her generosity was nothing strange; her caution, her industry, her courage, her gentleness, were not traits to which her character had been a stranger hitherto. But now they had a brighter manifestation. She became more than ever diligent in her service; the Sunday-school was the result of old sentiments in a new and intelligent combination; and the neighbors, who had always trusted Clarice, did not doubt her now. Novelty is always pleasing to simple souls among whom innovation has not first taken the pains to excite suspicion of itself.

For a long time, more than usual uncertainty seemed to attend the chances of Gabriel's life. In the close watching and constant care required of Clarice, the child became so dear to her, that doubtless there was some truth in the word repeated in her hearing with intent to darken any moment of special tenderness and joy, that this stranger was dearer to her than her "born relations."

As much as was possible by gentle firmness and constant oversight, Clarice kept him from hurtful influences. He was never mixed up in the quarrels of ungoverned children; he never became the victim of their rude sport or cruelty. She would preserve him peaceful, gentle, pure; and in a measure her aim was accomplished. She was the defender, companion, playmate of the child. She told him pretty tales, the creations of her fancy, and strove by them to throw a soft illusion around the rough facts of their daily life. The mystery surrounding him furnished her not meagrely with material for her imagination; she could invent

nothing that seemed to herself incredible; her fairy tales were not more wonderful than facts as she beheld them. She taught the boy songs; she gave him language. The clothes he wore, bought with her own money, fashioned by her own hands, were such as became the beauty of the child, and the pure taste and the little purse of Clarice.

Never had a childhood so radiant in beauty, so wonderful in every manifestation, developed before the eyes of the folk of Diver's Bay. He became a wonder to the old and young. His sayings were repeated. Enchantment seemed added to mystery;—anything might have been believed of Gabriel.

Sometimes, when she had dressed him in his Sunday suit, and they were alone together, Clarice would put upon his finger the pearl ring,—her marriage ring. But she kept to herself the name of Luke Merlyn till the time should come when, a child no longer, he should listen to the story; and she would not make that story grievous for his gentle heart, but sweet and full of hope. Well she knew how he would listen as none other could,—how serious his young face would look when the sacred dawn of a celestial knowledge should begin to break; then a new day would rise on Gabriel, and nothing should separate them then.

But, lurking near her joy, and near her perfect satisfaction, even in the days when some result much toiled for seemed to give assurance that she was doing well and justly, was the shadow of a doubt. One day the shadow deepened, and the doubt appeared. Clarice was sitting in the doorway, busy at some work for Gabriel. The boy was playing with Old Briton, who could amuse him by the hour, drawing figures in the sand. Dame Briton was busy performing some household labor, when Bondo Emmins came rowing in to shore. Gabriel, at the sound of the oars, ran to meet the fisherman, who had been out all day; the fisherman took the child in his arms, kissed him, then placed in his hands a toy which he had brought for him from the Point, and

bade him run and show it to Clarice. Gabriel set out with shouts, and Emmins went back smiling to look after his boat-load.

"He's a good runner," said Old Briton, watching the child with laughter in his eyes. Dame Briton, drawn to the door by the unusual noise, looked out to see the little fellow flying into Clarice's arms, and she said, softly, "Pretty creature!" while she strode back to her toil.

Presently, the little flutter of his joy having subsided, Gabriel sat on the doorstep beside Clarice, his eyes seriously peering into the undiscoverable mystery of the toy. Then Bondo came up, and the toy was forgotten, the child darting away again to meet him. Emmins joined the group with Gabriel in his arms, looking well satisfied.

"Gabriel is as happy as if this was his home in earnest," said he. He dropped the words to try the group.

"His home!" cried Dame Briton, quickly. "Well, a'n't it? Where then? I wonder."

The sharp tone of her voice told that the dame was not well pleased with Bondo's remark; for the child had found his way into her heart, and she would have ruined him by her indulgence, had it not been for Clarice's constant vigilance. And this was not the least of the difficulties the girl had to contend with. For Dame Briton, you may be sure, though she might be compelled to yield to her daughter's better sense, could never be constrained by her own child to hold her tongue, and the arguments with which she abandoned many of her foolish purposes were almost as fatal to Clarice's attempts at good government as the perfect accomplishment of these purposes would have been.

Bondo answered her quick interrogatory, and the troubled wonder in the eyes of Clarice, with a confused, "Of course it is his home; only I was thinking, that, to be sure, they must have come from some place, and may-be left friends behind them."

Now it seemed as if this answer were

not given with malicious purpose, but in proper self-defence; and by the time Clarice looked at him, and made him thus speak, Bondo perhaps supposed that he had not intended to trouble the poor soul. But he could not avoid perceiving that a deep shadow fell upon the face of Clarice; and the conviction of her displeasure was not removed when she arose and led the child away. But Clarice was not displeased. She was only troubled sorely. She asked her surprised self a dreary question: If anywhere on earth the child had a living parent, or if he had any near of kin to whom his life was precious, what right to Gabriel had she? Providence had sent him to her, she had often said, with deep thankfulness; but now she asked, Had he sent the child that she might restore him not only to life, but to others, whom, but for her, death had forever robbed of him?

From the day that the shadow of this thought fell across her way, the composure and deep content of the life of Clarice were disturbed. Not merely the presence of Emmins became a trouble and annoyance, but the praise that her neighbors were prompt to lavish on Gabriel, whenever she went among them, became grievous to her ears. The shadow which had swept before her eyes deepened and darkened till it obscured all the future. She was experiencing all the trouble and difficulty of one who seeks to evade the weight of a truth which has nevertheless surrounded and will inevitably capture her.

Nothing of this escaped the eyes of the young fisherman. Time should work for him, he said; he had shot an arrow; it had hit the mark; now he would heal the wound. He might easily have persuaded himself that the wound was accidental, and so have escaped the conviction of injury wrought with intention. All would have been immediately well with him and Clarice, had it not been for Clarice! There are persons, their name is Legion, who are as wanton in offence as Bondo Emmins,—whose souls are black with murderous records of hopes

they have destroyed; yet they will condole with the mourners!

To this doubt as to her duty, this evasion of knowledge concerning it, this silence in regard to what chiefly occupied her conscience, was added a new trouble. As Gabriel grew older, a restless, adventurous spirit began to manifest itself in him. From a distance regarding the daring feats of other children, his impulse was to follow and imitate them. At times, in ungovernable outbreaks of merriment, he would escape from the side of Clarice, with fleet, daring steps which seemed to set her pleasure at defiance; and when, after his first exploit, which filled her with astonishment, she prepared to join him in his sport, and did follow, laughing, a wilfulness, which made her tremble, roused to resist her, and gave an almost tragic ending to the play.

One day she missed the lad. Searching for him, she found that he had gone out in a boat with other children, among whom he sat like a little king, giving his orders, which the rest were obeying with shouted repetitions. When Clarice called to him, and begged the children to return, he followed their example, took off his cap, and waved it at her, in defiance, with the rest.

Clarice sat down on the shore in despair. Bitter tears ran down her cheeks.

Bondo Emmins passed by, and saw what was going on. "Ho! ho! Clarice needs some one to help her hold the rein," said he to himself; and going to the water's edge, he raised his voice, and beckoned the children ashore. He enforced the gesture by a word,—"Come home!"

The little rebels did not wait a second summons, but obeyed the strong voice of the strong man, trembling. They paddled the boat to the shore, and landed quite crestfallen, ashamed, it seemed. Then Bondo, having bid the youngsters disperse, with a threat, if he ever saw them engaged in the like business, walked away, without speaking to Gabriel, or even looking at him.

VIII.

CLARICE was half annoyed at this interference; it seemed to suppose, she thought, that she was unequal to the management of her own affairs.—But was she equal to it?

After Bondo had walked away, she called to Gabriel, who stood alone when the other children had deserted him, and knew not what to do. He would have run away, had he not been afraid of fisherman Emmins.

"Come here, my son," said Clarice. She did not speak very loud, nor in the least sternly; but he heard her quite distinctly, and he hesitated.

"I'm not your son!" he concluded to answer.

A sword through the heart of Clarice would have killed her, but there are pains which do not slay that are worse than the pains of death. Clarice Britton's face was pale with anguish, when she arose and said,—

"Gabriel, come here!"

The child saw something awful in her eyes, and heard in her voice something that made him tremble. He came, and sat down in the place to which Clarice pointed. It was a hard moment for her. Other word bitter as this, which disowned her love and care and defied her authority, the child could not have spoken. She answered him as if he had not been a child; and a truth which no words could have made him comprehend seemed to break upon and overwhelm him, while she spoke.

"It is true," she said, "you are not my son. I have no right to call you mine. Listen, Gabriel, while I tell you how it happens that you live with me, and I take care of you, as if you were my child. I was down at the Point one day,—that place where we go to watch the birds, you know, my—Gabriel. While I sat there alone, I saw a plank that was dashed by the waves up and down, as you see a boat carried when the wind blows hard and sounds so terrible; but there was nobody to take care of that

plank except God,—and He, oh, He, is always able to take care! When that plank was washed near to the shore, I stepped out on the rocks and caught it, and then I saw that a little child was tied fast to it; so I knew that some one must have thrown him into the water, hoping that he would be picked up. I do not know what they who threw the little child into the sea called him; but I, who found him, called him Gabriel, and I carried him, all dripping with the salt sea-water, to my father's cabin. I laid him on my bed, and my mother and I never stopped trying to waken him, till he opened his eyes; for he lay just like one who never meant to open his eyes or speak again. At last my mother said, ‘Clarice, I feel his heart beat!’ and I said in *my* heart, ‘If it please God to spare his life, I will work for him, and take care of him, and be a mother to him.’ And I thought, ‘He will surely love me always, because God has sent him to me, and I have taken him, and have loved him.’ But now he has left me! He is mine no more! And oh, how I have loved him!”

Long before this story was ended, tears were running down Gabriel's face, and he was drawing closer and closer to Clarice. When she ceased speaking, he hid his face in her lap and cried aloud, according to the boisterous privilege of childhood.

“Oh, mother, dear mother, I haven't gone away! I'm here! I do love you! I am your little boy!”

“Gabriel! Gabriel! it was terrible! terrible!” burst from Clarice, with a groan, and a flood of tears.

“Oh, don't, mother! Call me your boy! Don't say, Gabriel! Don't cry!”

So he found his way through the door of the heart that stood wide open for him. Storm and darkness had swept in, if he had not.

The reconciliation was perfect; but the shadow that had obscured the future deepened that obscurity after this day's experience. If her right to the lad needed no vindication, was she capable of the attempted guidance and care?

Could she bear this blessed burden safely to the end?

Sometimes, for a moment, it may have seemed to Clarice that Bondo Emmins could alone help her effectually out of her bewilderment and perplexity. She had not now the missionary with whom to consult, in whose wisdom to confide; and Bondo had a marvellous influence over the child.

He was disposed to take advantage of that influence, as he gave evidence, not long after the exhibition of his control over the boat-load of delinquents, by asking Clarice if she were never going to reward his constancy. He seemed at this time desirous of bringing himself before her as an object of compassion, if nothing better; but she, having heard him patiently to the end of what he had to urge in his own behalf and that of her parents, replied in words that were certainly of the moment's inspiration, and almost beyond her will; for Clarice had been of late so much troubled, no wonder if she should mistake expediency for right.

“I am married already,” she said. “You see this ring. Do you not know what it has meant to me, Bondo, since I first put it on? Death, as you call it, cannot part Luke Merlyn and me. ‘Heart and hand,’ he said. Can I forget it? My hand is free,—but he holds it; and my heart is his.—But I can serve you better than you ask for, Bondo Emmins. You learned the name of the vessel that sailed from Havre and was lost. Take a voyage. Go to France. See if Gabriel has any friends there who have a right to him, and will serve him better than I can; and if he has such friends, I myself will take Gabriel to them. Yes, I will do it.—You will love a sailor's life, Bondo. You were born for that. Diver's Bay is not the place for you. I have long seen it. The sea will serve you better than I ever could. Go, and Clarice will thank you. Oh, Bondo, I beg you!”

At these words the man so appealed to became scarlet. He seemed to re-

flect on what Clarice had said,—seriously to ponder; but his amazement at her words had almost taken away his power of speech.

"The Gabriel sailed from Havre," said he, slowly. "If I went out as a deck-hand in the next ship that sails"—

"Yes!"

"To scour the country—I hope I shan't find what I look for; you couldn't live without him.—Very likely you will think me a fool for my pains. You will not give me yourself. You would have me take away the lad from you."—He looked at Clarice as if his words passed his belief.

"Yes, only do as I say,—for I know it must be the best for us all. There is nothing else to be done,—no other way to live."

"France is a pretty big country to hunt over for a man whose name you don't know," said Emmins, after a little pause.

"You can find what passengers sailed in the Gabriel," answered Clarice, eager to remove every difficulty, and ready to contend with any that could possibly arise. "The vessel was a merchantman. Such vessels don't take out many passengers.—Besides, you will see the world.—It is for everybody's sake! Not for mine only,—no, truly,—no, indeed! May-be if another person around here had found Gabriel, they would never have thought of trying to find out who he—belonged to."

"I guess so," replied Bondo, with a queer look. "Only now be honest, Clarice; it's to get rid of me, isn't it? But you needn't take that trouble. If you had only told me right out about Luke Merlyn"—

While Bondo Emmins spoke thus, his face had unconsciously the very expression one sees on the face of the boy whose foot hovers a moment above the worm he means to crush. The boy does not expect to see the worm change to a butterfly just then and there, and mount up before his very eyes toward the empyrean. Neither did Bondo Emmins anticipate her quiet—

"You knew about it all the while."

"Not the whole," said he,—"that you were married to Luke, as you say"; and the fisherman looked hastily around him, as if he had expected to see the veritable Luke.

"It isn't to get rid of you, then, Bondo," Clarice explained; "but I read in the Book you don't think much of, but it's everything to me, *If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?* So you see, I am a little selfish in it all; for I want peace of mind, and I never shall have peace till it is settled about Gabriel; if I must give him up, I can."

Bondo Emmins looked at Clarice with a strange look, as she spoke these words,—so faltering in speech, so resolute in soul.

"And if I'm faithful over another man's," said he, "better the chance of getting my own, eh? But I wonder what my own is."

"Everything that you can earn and enjoy honestly," replied Clarice.

Emmins rose up quickly at these words. He walked off a few paces without speaking. His face was gloomy and sullen as a sky full of tornadoes when he turned his back on Clarice,—hardly less so when he again approached her.

"I am no fool," said he, as he drew near.—From his tone one could hardly have guessed that his last impulse was to strike the woman to whom he spoke.—"I know what you mean. You haven't sent me on a fool's errand. Good bye. You won't see me again, Clarice—till I come back from France. Time enough to talk about it then."

He did not offer to take her hand when he had so spoken, but was off before Clarice could make any reply.

Clarice thought that she should see him again; but he went away without speaking to any other person of his purpose; and when wonder on account of his absence began to find expression in her father's house, and elsewhere, it was she who must account for it. People thereat praised him for his good heart,

and made much of his generosity, and wondered if this voyage were not to be rewarded by the prize for which he had sought openly so long. Old Briton and his dame inclined to that opinion.

But in the week following that of his departure there was a great stir and excitement among the people of the Bay. Little Gabriel was missing. A search, that began in surprise when Clarice returned home from some errand, was continued with increasing alarm all day, and night descended amid the general conviction that the child was drowned. He had been seen at play on the shore. No one could possibly furnish a more reasonable explanation. Every one had something to say, of course, and Clarice listened to all, turning to one speaker after another with increasing despair. Not one of them could restore the child to life, if he was dead.

There was a suspicion in her heart which she shared with none. It flashed upon her, and there was no rest after, until she had satisfied herself of its injustice. She went alone by night to town, and made her way fearlessly down to the harbor to learn if any vessel had sailed that day, and when the last ship sailed for Havre. The answers to the inquiries she made convinced her that Bondo Emmins must have sailed for France the day after his last conversation with her.

By daylight Clarice was again on the shore of Diver's Bay, there to renew a search which for weeks was not abandoned. Gabriel had a place in many a rough man's heart, and the women of the Bay knew well enough that he was unlike all other children; and though it did not please them well that Clarice should keep him so much to herself, they still admired the result of such seclusion, and praised his beauty and wonderful cleanliness, as though these tokens of her care were really beyond the common range of things,—attainable, in spite of all she could say, by no one but Clarice Briton, and for no one but Gabriel. These fishermen and their wives did not

speedily forget the wonderful boy; the boats never went out but those who rowed them thought about the child; the gatherers of sea-weed never went to their work but they looked for some token of him; and for Clarice,—let us say nothing of her just here. What woman needs to be told how that woman watched and waited and mourned?

IX.

FEW events ever occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the people of Diver's Bay. People wore out and dropped away, as the old fishing-boats did,—and new ones took their place.

Old Briton crumbled and fell to pieces, while he watched for the return of Bondo Emmins. And Clarice buried her old mother. She was then left alone in the cabin, with the reminiscences of a hard lot around her. The worn-out garments, and many rude traces of rough toil, and the toys, few and simple, which had belonged to Gabriel, constituted her treasures. What was before her? A life of labor and of watching; and Clarice was growing older every day.

Her hair turned gray ere she was old. The hopes that had specially concerned her had failed her,—all of them. She surveyed her experience, and said, weighing the result, the more need that she should strive to avert from others the evils they might bring upon themselves, so that, when the Lord should smite them, they, too, might be strong. The missionary had long since left this field of labor and gone to another, and his place at Diver's Bay was unfilled by a new preacher. The more need, then, of her. Remembering her lost child, she taught the children of others. She taught them to read and sew and knit, and, what was more important, taught them obedience and thankfulness, and endeavored to inspire in them some reverence and faith. The Church did not fall into ruin there.

I wish that I might write here,—it were so easy, if it were but true!—that Bondo Emmins came back to Diver's Bay in

one of those long years during which she was looking for him, and that he came scoured by conscience to ask forgiveness of his diabolic vengeance.

I wish that I might write,—which were far easier, if it were but fact,—that all the patience and courage of the Pure Heart of Diver's Bay, all the constancy that sought to bring order and decency and reverence into the cabins there, met at last with another external reward than merely beholding, as the children grew up to their duties and she drew near to death, the results of all her teaching; that those results were attended by another, also an external reward; that the youth, who came down like an angel to fill her place when she was gone, had walked into her house one morning, and surprised her, as the Angel Gabriel once surprised the world, by his glad tidings. I wish, that, instead of kneeling down beside her grave in the sand, and vowed there, "Oh, mother! I, who have

found no mother but thee in all the world, am here, in thy place, to strive as thou didst for the ignorant and the helpless and unclean," he had thrown his arms around her living presence, and vowed that vow in spite of Bondo Emmins, and all the world beside.

But it seems that the gate is strait, and the path is ever narrow, and the hill is difficult. And the kinds of victory are various, and the badges of the conquerors are not all one. And the pure heart can wear its pearl as purely, and more safely, in the heavens, where the white array is spotless,—where the desolate heart shall be no more forsaken,—where the BRIDEGROOM, who stands waiting the Bride, says, "Come, for all things are now ready!"—where the SON makes glad. Pure Pearl of Diver's Bay! not for the cheap sake of any mortal romance will I grieve to write that He has plucked thee from the deep to reckon thee among His pearls of price.

CAMILLE.

I BORE my mystic chalice unto Earth
With vintage which no lips of hers might name;
Only, in token of its alien birth,
Love crowned it with his soft, immortal flame,
And, 'mid the world's wide sound,
Sacred reserves and silences breathed round,—
A spell to keep it pure from low acclaim.

With joy that dulled me to the touch of scorn,
I served;—not knowing that of all life's deeds
Service was first; nor that high powers are born
In humble uses. Fragrance-folding seeds
Must so through flowers expand,
Then die. God witness that I blessed the Hand
Which laid upon my heart such golden needs!

And yet I felt, through all the blind, sweet ways
Of life, for some clear shape its dreams to blend,—
Some thread of holy art, to knit the days
Each unto each, and all to some fair end,

Which, through unmarked removes,
Should draw me upward, even as it behooves
One whose deep spring-tides from His heart descend.

To swell some vast refrain beyond the sun,
The very weed breathed music from its sod;
And night and day in ceaseless antiphon
Rolled off through windless arches in the broad
Abyss.—Thou saw'st I, too,
Would in my place have blent accord as true,
And justified this great enshrining, God!

Dreams!—Stain it on the bending amethyst,
That one who came with visions of the Prime
For guide somehow her radiant pathway missed,
And wandered in the darkest gulf of Time.
No deed divine thenceforth
Stood royal in its far-related worth;
No god, in truth, might heal the wounded chime

Oh, how? I darkly ask;—and if I dare
Take up a thought from this tumultuous street
To the forgotten Silence soaring there
Above the hiving roofs, its calm depths meet
My glance with no reply.
Might I go back and spell this mystery
In the new stillness at my mother's feet,—

I would recall with importunings long
That so sad soul, once pierced as with a knife,
And cry, Forgive! Oh, think Youth's tide was strong,
And the full torrent, shut from brain and life,
Plunged through the heart, until
It rocked to madness, and the o'erstrained will
Grew wild, then weak, in the despairing strife!

And ever I think, What warning voice should call,
Or show me bane from food, with tedious art,
When love—the perfect instinct, flower of all
Divinest potencies of choice, whose part
Was set 'mid stars and flaine
To keep the inner place of God—became
A blind and ravening fever of the heart?

I laugh with scorn that men should think them praised
In women's love,—chance-flung in weary hours,
By sickly fire to bloated worship raised!—
O long-lost dream, so sweet of vernal flowers!
Wherein I stood, it seemed,
And gave a gift of queenly mark!—I *dreamed*
Of Passion's joy aglow in rounded powers.

*I dreamed!—The roar, the tramp, the burdened air
Pour round their sharp and subtle mockery.
Here go the eager-footed men; and there
The costly beggars of the world float by;—
Lilies, that toil not spin,
How should they know so well the weft of sin,
And hide me from them with such sudden eye?*

But all the roaming crowd begins to make
A whirl of humming shade;—for, since the day
Is done, and there's no lower step to take,
Life drops me here. Some rough, kind hand, I pray,
Thrust the sad wreck aside,
And shut the door on it!—a little pride,
That I may not offend who pass this way.

And this is all!—Oh, thou wilt yet give heed!
No soul but trusts some late redeeming care,—
But walks the narrow plank with bitter speed,
And, straining through the sweeping mist of air,
In the great tempest-call,
And greater silence deepening through it all,
Refuses still, refuses to despair!

Some further end, whence thou refitt'st with aim
Bewildered souls, perhaps?—Some breath in me,
By thee, the purest, found devoid of blame,
Fit for large teaching?—Look!—I cannot see,—
I can but feel!—Far off,
Life seethes and frets,—and from its shame and scoff
I take my broken crystal up to thee.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

[Concluded.]

THE most remarkable event of the “Hundred Days” was the celebrated “Champ de Mai,” where Napoleon met deputies from the Departments, and distributed eagles to representatives of his forces. He intended it as an assembly of the French people, which should sanc-

tion and legalize his second accession to the throne, and pledge itself, by solemn adjuration, to preserve the sovereignty of his family. It was a day of wholesale swearing, and the deputies uttered any quantity of oaths of eternal fidelity, which they barely kept three weeks. The dis-

tribution of the eagles was the only real and interesting part of the performance, and the deep sympathy between both parties was very evident. The Emperor stood in the open field, on a raised platform, from which a broad flight of steps descended; and pages of his household were continually running up and down, communicating with the detachments from various branches of the army, which passed in front of him, halting for a moment to receive the eagles and give the oath to defend them.

I was present during the whole of this latter ceremony. Through the forbearance of a portion of the Imperial Guard, into whose ranks I intruded myself, I had a very favorable position, and felt that in this part of the day's work there was no sham.

I would here bear testimony to the character of those veterans known as the "Old Guard." I frequently came in contact with individuals of them, and liked so well to talk with them, that I never lost a chance of making their acquaintance. One, who was partial to me because I was an American, had served in this country with Rochambeau, had fought under the eye of Washington, and was at the surrender of Cornwallis. He had borne his share in the vicissitudes of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire. He was scarred with wounds, and his breast was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he considered an ample equivalent for all his services. My intercourse with these old soldiers confirmed what has been said of them, that they were singularly mild and courteous. There was a gentleness of manner about them that was remarkable. They had seen too much service to boast of it, and they left the bragging to younger men. Terrible as they were on the field of battle, they seemed to have adopted as a rule of conduct, that

"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility."

On this memorable day, I saw Napoleon more distinctly than at any other

time. I was frequently present when he was reviewing troops, but either he or they were in motion, and I had to catch a glimpse of him as opportunities offered. At this time, as he passed through the Champs Elysées, I stood among my friends, the soldiers, who lined the way, and who suffered me to remain where a man would not have been tolerated. He was escorted by the Horse Grenadiers of the Guard. His four brothers preceded him in one carriage, while he sat alone in a state coach, all glass and gold, to which pages clung wherever they could find footing. He was splendidly attired, and wore a Spanish hat with drooping feathers. As he moved slowly through the crowd, he bowed to the right and left, not in the hasty, abrupt way which is generally attributed to him, but in a calm, dignified, though absent manner. His face was one not to be forgotten. I saw it repeatedly; but whenever I bring it up, it comes before me, not as it appeared from the window of the Tuileries, or when riding among his troops, or when standing, with folded arms or his hands behind him, as they defiled before him; but it rises on my vision as it looked that morning, under the nodding plumes,—smooth, massive, and so tranquil, that it seemed impossible a storm of passion could ever ruffle it. The complexion was clear olive, without a particle of color, and no trace was on it to indicate what agitated the man within. The repose of that marble countenance told nothing of the past, nor of anxiety for the deadly struggle that awaited him. The cheering sounds around him did not change it; they fell on an ear that heard them not. His eye glanced on the multitudes; but it saw them not. There was more machinery than soul in the recognition, as his head instinctively swayed towards them. The idol of stone was there, joyless and impassive amidst its worshippers, taking its lifeless part in this last pageant. But the thinking, active man was elsewhere, and returned only when he found himself in the presence of delegated France, and in the

more congenial occupation which succeeded.

Immediately after this event, all the available troops remaining in Paris were sent toward the Belgian frontier, and in a few days were followed by the Emperor. Then came an interval of anxious suspense, which Rumor, with her thousand tongues, occupied to the best of her ability. I was in the country when news of the first collision arrived, and a printed sheet was sent to the château where I was visiting, with an account of the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny and the retreat of the British at Quatre Bras. Madame Ney was staying in the vicinity; and, as the Marshal had taken an active part in the engagement, I was sent to communicate to her the victory. She was ill, and I gave the message to a lady, her connection, much pleased to be the bearer of such welcome intelligence. I returned that day to Paris, and found my schoolmates in the highest exhilaration. Every hour brought confirmation of a decisive victory. It was thought that the great battle of the campaign had been fought, and that the French had only to follow up their advantage. Letters from officers were published, representing that the Allies were thoroughly routed, and describing the conflict so minutely, that there could be no doubt of the result. All was now joy and congratulation; and conjectures were freely made as to the terms to be vouchsafed to the conquered, and the boundary limits which should be assigned to the territory of France.

A day or two after this, we made a customary visit to a swimming-school on the Seine, and some of us entered into conversation with the gendarme, or police soldier, placed there to preserve order. He was very reserved and unwilling to say much; but, at last, when we dwelt on the recent successes, he shook his head mournfully, and said he feared there had been some great disaster; adding, "The Emperor is in Paris. I saw him alight from his carriage this morning, when on duty; he had very few at-

tendants, and it was whispered that our army had been defeated." That my companions did not seek relief at the bottom of the river can be ascribed only to their entire disbelief of the gendarme's story. But, as they returned home, discussing his words at every step, fears began to steal over them when they reflected how seriously he talked and how sorrowful he looked.

The gendarme spoke the truth. Napoleon was in Paris. His army no longer existed, and his star had been blotted from the heavens. His plans, wonderfully conceived, had been indifferently executed; a series of blunders, beyond his control, interrupted his combinations, and delay in important movements, added to the necessity of meeting two enemies at the same moment, destroyed the centralization on which he had depended for overthrowing both in succession. The orders he sent to his Marshals were intercepted, and they were left to an uncertainty which prevented any unity of action. The accusation of treason, sometimes brought against them, is false and ungenerous; and the insinuations of Napoleon himself were unworthy of him. They may have erred in judgment, but they acted as they thought expedient, and they never showed more devotion to their country and to their chief than on the fatal day of Waterloo.

I have been twice over that field, and have heard remarks of military men, which have only convinced me that it is easier to criticize a battle than to fight one. Had Grouchy, with his thirty thousand men, joined the Emperor, the British would have been destroyed. But he stopped at Wavre, to fight, as he supposed, the whole Prussian army, thinking to do good service by keeping it from the main battle. Blücher outwitted him, and, leaving ten thousand men to deceive and keep him in check, hurried on to turn the scale. The fate of both contending hosts rested on the cloud of dust that arose on the eastern horizon, and the eyes of Napoleon and Wellington watched its approach, knowing that it

brought victory or defeat. The one was still precipitating his impetuous columns on the sometimes penetrated, but never broken, squares of infantry, which seemed rooted to the earth, and which, though torn by shot and shell, and harassed by incessant charges of cavalry, closed their thinned ranks with an obstinacy and determination such as he had never before encountered. The other stood amidst the growing grain, seeing his army wasting away before those terrible assaults; and when the officers around him saw inevitable ruin, unless the order for retreat was given, he tore up the unripened corn, and, grinding it between his hands, groaned out, in his agony,—“Oh, that Blücher, or night, would come!”

The last time I was at Waterloo, many years ago, the guide who accompanied me told me, that, a short time before, a man, whose appearance was that of a substantial farmer, and who was followed by an attendant, called on him for his services. The guide went his usual round, making his often-repeated remarks and commenting severely on Grouchy. The stranger examined the ground attentively, and only occasionally replied, saying, “Grouchy received no orders.” At last, the servant fell back, detaining the guide, and, in a low tone, said to him, “Speak no more about Marshal Grouchy, for that is he.” The man told me, that, after that, he abstained from saying anything offensive; but that he watched carefully the soldier’s agitation, as the various positions of the battle became apparent to him. He, doubtless, saw how little would have turned the current of the fight, and knew that the means of doing it had been in his own hands. The guide seemed much impressed with the deep feeling of the Marshal, and said to me, “I will never speak ill of him again.”

The battle of Waterloo is often mentioned as the sole cause of Napoleon’s downfall; and it is said, that, had he gained that day, he would have secured his throne. It seems to be forgotten that a complete victory would have left him with weakened forces, and that he had

already exhausted the resources of France in his preparations for this one campaign; that the masses of Austria and Russia were advancing in hot haste, which, with the rallied remains of Prussia, and the indomitable perseverance and uncompromising hostility of England, quickened by a reverse of her arms, would have presented an array against which he could have had no chance of success. The hour of utter ruin would only have been procrastinated, involving still greater waste of life, and augmenting the desolation which for so many years had been the fate of Europe.

Yes, Napoleon was in Paris,—a general without soldiers, and a sovereign without subjects. The *prestige* of his name was gone; and had the Chamber of Deputies invested him with the Dictatorship, as was suggested, it would have been “a barren sceptre in his gripe,” and the utmost stretch of power could not have collected materials to meet the impending invasion. At no period did he show such irresolution as at this time. He tendered his abdication, and it was accepted. He offered his services as a soldier, and they were declined. He had ceased, for the moment, to be anything to France. Yet he lingered for days about the capital, the inhabitants of which were too intent in gazing at the storm, ready to burst upon them, to be mindful of his existence. There was, however, one exception. The *boys* were still faithful to him, and were more interested in his position than in that of the enemy at their gates.

There was a show of resistance. The fragments of the army of Belgium gathered round Paris; the National Guard, or militia of the city, was marched out; and the youth of the colleges were furnished with field-pieces and artillery officers, who drilled them into very effective cannoneers, and they took naturally to the business, pronouncing it decidedly better fun than hard study. They were of an age which is full of animal courage, and their only fear was a peremptory order from parents or guardians to leave

college and return home. Some of my school-fellows, anticipating such an injunction, joined the camp outside the city, and saw service enough to talk about for the remainder of their lives.

One morning, I was at the Lyceum, where all were prepared for an immediate order to march, and each one was making his last arrangements. No person could have supposed that these young men expected to be engaged, within a few hours, in mortal combat. They were in the highest spirits, and looked forward to the hoped-for battle as though it were to be the most amusing thing imaginable. While I was there, a false report came in that Napoleon had resumed the command of the army. The excitement instantly rose to fever-heat, and the demonstration told what hold he still had on these his steadfast friends. From our position the rear of the army was but a short distance, while the advanced portions of it were engaged. Versailles had been entered by the Allies, who were attacked and driven out by the French under Vandamme. The cannonade was at one time as continuous as the roll of a drum. Prisoners were guarded through the streets, and wagons, conveying wounded men, were continually passing.

Stragglers from the routed army of Waterloo were to be met in all directions, many of them disabled by their pursuers, or the fatigues of a hurried retreat. Pride was forgotten in extreme misery, and they were grateful for any attention or assistance. One of them was taken into our institution as a servant. He had been in the army eighteen years, fifteen of which he had served as drummer. He had been in some of the severest battles, had gone through the Russian campaign, and was among the few of his regiment who survived the carnage of Waterloo. And yet this man, who had been familiar with death more than half his life, and who at times talked as though he were a perfect tornado in the field, was as arrant a poltroon as ever skulked.

After the Allied Troops entered Paris,

and were divided among the inhabitants, some Prussian cavalry soldiers were quartered on us. Collisions occasionally took place between them and the scholars; and in one instance, one of them entered a study-room in an insulting manner, and in consequence thereof made a progress from the top of the stairs to the bottom with a celerity that would have done credit to his regiment in a charge. His comrades armed themselves to avenge the indignity, and the students, eager for the fray, sallied out to meet them with pistols and fencing-foils, the latter with buttons snapped off and points sharpened. There was hopeful promise of a very respectable skirmish; but it was nipped in the bud by the interposition of our peace-making instructors, aided by the authority of a Prussian officer. When the affair was over, some wonder was expressed why our fire-eating military attendant had not given us his professional services; and, on search being made, we found him snugly stowed away in a hole under the stairs, where he had crept on the first announcement of hostilities. He afterwards confessed to me that he was a coward, and that no one could imagine what he had suffered in his agonies of fear during his various campaigns. Yet he came very near being rewarded for extraordinary valor and coolness. His regiment was advancing on the enemy, and as he was mechanically beating the monotonous *pas de charge*, not knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, a shot cut the band by which his drum was suspended, and as it fell, he caught it, and without stopping, held it in one hand while he continued to beat the charge with the other. An officer of rank saw the action, and riding up, said, "Your name, brave fellow? You shall have the cross of honor for that gallant deed." He told me he really did not know what he was doing; he was too frightened to think about anything. But he added, that it was a pity the general was killed in that very battle, as it robbed him of the promised decoration.

I mention this incident as an evidence of what diversified materials an army is composed, and that the instruments of military despotism are not necessarily endowed with personal courage, the discipline of the mass compensating for individual imperfection. It also gives evidence that luck has much to do in the fortunes of this world, and that many a man who "bears his blushing honors thick upon him" would as poorly stand a scrutiny as to the means by which they were acquired, as our friend, the drummer, had he been enabled to strut about, in piping times of peace, with a strip of red ribbon at his button-hole.

While preparations were making for the defense of Paris, and the alarmed citizens feared, what was at one time threatened, that the defenders would be driven in, and the streets become a scene of warfare, involving all conditions in the chances of indiscriminate massacre, the powers that were saw the futility of resistance, and opening negotiations with the enemy, closed the war by capitulation. Whatever relief this may have been to the people generally, it was a sad blow to the martial ardor of my schoolmates. Their opinion of the transaction was expressed in language by no means complimentary to their temporary rulers. To lose such an opportunity for a fight was a height of absurdity for which treason and cowardice were inadequate terms. Their military visions melted away, the field-pieces were wheeled off, the army officers bade them farewell, they were required to deliver up their arms, and they found themselves back again to their old bondage, reduced to the inglorious necessity of attending prayers and learning lessons.

The Hundred Days were over. The Allies once more poured into France, and in their train came back the poor, despised, antiquated Bourbons, identifying themselves with the common enemy, and becoming a byword and a reproach, which were to cling to them until they should be driven into hopeless banishment. The King reentered Paris, ac-

companied by foreign soldiers. I saw him pass the Boulevard, and I then hastened across the Garden to await his arrival at the Tuileries, standing near the spot where, three months before, I had seen Napoleon. The tricolor was no longer there, but the white flag again floated over the place so full of historical recollections. Louis XVIII. soon reached this ancestral abode of his family, and having mounted, with some difficulty and expenditure of breath, to the second story, he waddled into the balcony which overlooked the crowd silently waiting for the expected speech, and, leaning ponderously on the railing, he kissed his hand, and said, in a loud voice, "Good day, my children." This was the exordium, body, and peroration of his address, and it struck his audience so ludicrously, that a laugh spread among them, until it became general, and all seemed in the best possible humor. The King laughed, too, evidently regarding his reception as highly flattering. The affair turned out well, for the multitude parted in a merry mood, considering his Majesty rather a jolly old gentleman, and making sundry comparisons between him and the late tenant, illustrative of the difference between King Stork and King Log.

Paris was crowded with foreign soldiers. The streets swarmed with them; their encampments filled the public gardens; they drilled in the open squares and on the Boulevards; their sentinels stood everywhere. Their presence was a perpetual commentary on the vanity of that glory which is dependent on the sword. They gazed at triumphal monuments erected to commemorate battles which had subjected their own countries to the iron rule of conquest. They stood by columns on which the history of their defeat was cast from their captured cannon, and by arches whose friezes told a boastful tale of their subjugation. They passed over bridges whose names reminded them of fields which had witnessed their headlong rout. They strolled through galleries where the masterpieces of art hung as memorials that

their political existence had been dependent on the will of a victorious foe. Attempts were made to destroy these trophies of national degradation ; but, in some instances, the skill of the architect and the fidelity of the builder were an overmatch for the hasty ire of an incensed soldiery, and withstood the attacks until admiration for the work brought shame on their efforts to demolish it.

But for the Parisians there was a calamity in reserve, which sank deeper into their souls than the fluttering of hostile banners in their streets, or the clanging tread of an armed enemy on their door-stones. It was decided that the Gallery of the Louvre should be despoiled, and that the works of art, which had been collected from all nations, making that receptacle the marvel of the age, should be restored to their legitimate owners. A wail went up from the universal heart of France at this sad judgment. It was felt that this great loss would be irreparable. Time, the soother of all sorrow, might restore her worn energies, recruit her wasted population, cover her fields with abundance, and, turning the activity of an intelligent people into industrial channels, clothe her with renewed wealth and power. But the magnificence of that collection, once departed, could never come to her again ; and the lover of beauty, instead of finding under one roof whatever genius had created for the worship of the ages, would have to wander over all Europe, seeking in isolated and widely-separated positions the riches which at the Louvre were strewed before him in congregated prodigality. But lamentations were in vain. The miracles of human inspiration were borne to the congenial climes which originated them, to have, in all after time, the tale of their journeys an inseparable appendage to their history, and even their intrinsic merit to derive additional lustre from the perpetual boast, that they had been considered worthy a place in the Gallery of Napoleon.

In the general amnesty which formed an article in the capitulation of Paris,

there was no apprehension that revenge would demand an atonement. But hardly had the Bourbons recommenced their reign, when, in utter disregard of the faith of treaties, they sought satisfaction for their late precipitate flight in assailing those who had been instrumental in causing it. Many of their intended victims found safety in foreign lands. Labédoyère, who joined the Emperor with his regiment, was tried and executed. Lavalette was condemned, but escaped through the heroism of his wife and the generous devotion of three Englishmen. Ney was shot in Paris. I would dwell a moment on his fate, not only because circumstances gave me a peculiar interest in it, but from the fact that it had more effect in drawing a dividing line between the royal family and the French people than any event that occurred during their reign. It was treasured up with a hate that found no fit utterance until the memorable Three Days of 1830 ; and when the insurgents stormed the Tuileries, their cries bore evidence that fifteen years had not diminished the bitter feeling engendered by that vindictive, unnecessary, and most impolitic act.

During the Hundred Days, and shortly before the battle of Waterloo, I was, one Sunday afternoon, in the Luxembourg Garden, where the fine weather had brought out many of the inhabitants of that quarter. The lady I was accompanying remarked, as we walked among the crowd, "There is Marshal Ney." He had joined the promenaders, and his object seemed to be, like that of the others, to enjoy an hour of recreation. Probably the next time he crossed those walks was on the way to the place of his execution, which was between the Garden and the Boulevard. At the time of his confinement and trial at the Luxembourg Palace, the gardens were closed. I usually passed through them twice a week, but was now obliged to go round them. Early one morning, I stopped at the room of a medical student, in the vicinity, and, while there, heard a discharge of mus-

ketry. We wondered at it, but could not conjecture its cause; and although we spoke of the trial of Marshal Ney, we had so little reason to suppose that his life was in jeopardy, that neither of us imagined that volley was his death-knell. As I continued on my way, I passed round the Boulevard, and reaching the spot I have named, I saw a few men and women, of the lowest class, standing together, while a sentinel paced to and fro before a wall, which was covered with mortar, and which formed one side of the place. I turned in to the spot and inquired what was the matter. A man replied,—“Marshal Ney has been shot here, and his body has just been removed.” I looked at the soldier, but he was gravely going through his monotonous duty, and I knew that military rule forbade my addressing him. I looked down; the ground was wet with blood. I turned to the wall, and seeing it marked by balls, I attempted, with my knife, to dig out a memorial of that day’s sad work, but the soldier motioned me away. I afterwards revisited the place, but the wall had been plastered over, and no indications remained where the death-shot had penetrated.

The sensation produced by this event was profound and permanent. Many a heart, inclined towards the Bourbons, was alienated by it forever. Families which had rejoiced at the Restoration now cursed it in their bitterness, and from that day dated a hostility which knew no reconciliation. The army and the youth of France demanded, why a soldier, whose whole life had been passed in her service, should be sacrificed to appease a race that was a stranger to the country, and for which it had no sympathy. A gloom spread like a funeral pall over society, and even those who had blamed the Marshal for joining the Emperor were now among his warmest defenders. The print-shops were thronged with purchasers eager to possess his portrait and to hang it in their homes, with a reverence like that attaching to the image of a martyred saint. Had he died

at Waterloo, as he led on the Imperial Guard to their last charge, when five horses were shot under him, and his uniform, riddled by balls, hung about him in tatters, he would not have had such an apotheosis as was now given him, with one simultaneous movement, by all classes of his countrymen.

The inveterate intention of the reigning family was to obliterate every mark that bore the impress of Napoleon. Wherever the initial of his name had been inserted on the public edifices, it was carefully erased; his statues were broken or removed; prints of him could not be exposed for sale; and it appeared to be their fixed determination to drive him from men’s memories. But he had left mementos which jealousy could not conceal nor petty malice destroy. His Code was still the law of the land; the monuments of his genius were thickly scattered wherever his dominion had extended; his mighty name was on every tongue; and as time mellowed the remembrance of him, the good he had done survived and the evil was forgotten or extenuated.

Whoever would judge this man should consider the times which produced him and the fearful authority he wielded. He came to take his place among the rulers of the earth, while she was rocking with convulsions,—seeking regeneration through the baptism of blood. He came as a connecting link between anarchy and order, an agent of destiny to act his part in the great tragedy of revolution, the end of which is not yet. His mission was to give a lesson to sovereigns and people, to humble hereditary power, and to prove by his own career the unsubstantial character of a government which deludes the popular will that creates it. During his captivity, he understood the true causes of his overthrow, and talked of them with an intelligence which misfortune had saddened down into philosophy. He saw that the secret of his reverses was not to be found in the banded confederacy of kings, but in the forfeited sympathy of the great masses of men, who felt

with him, and moved with him, and bade him God-speed, until he abandoned the distinctive principle which advanced him, and relinquished their affection for royal affiances and the doubtful friendship of monarchs. His better nature was laid aside, his common sense became merged in court etiquette, he sacrificed his conscience to his ambition, and the Man was forgotten in the Emperor.

It is creditable to the world, that his divorce did more, perhaps, than anything else to alienate the respect and attachment of mankind; and many who could find excuses for his gravest public misdeeds can never forgive this impiety to the household gods.

I was most forcibly impressed with the relation between him and Josephine, in a visit I made to Malmaison a short time subsequent to her death, which occurred soon after his first abdication. It was the place where they had lived together, before the imperial diadem had seared his brain; and it was the chosen spot of her retreat, when he, "the conqueror of kings, sank to the degradation of courting their alliance." The house was as she left it. Not a thing had been moved, the servants were still there, and the order and comfort of the establishment were as though her return were momentarily expected. The plants she loved were carefully tended, and her particular favorites were affectionately pointed out. The old domestic who acted as my guide spoke low, as if afraid of disturbing her repose, or as if the sanctity of death still pervaded the apartments. He could not mention her without emotion; and he told enough of her quiet, unobtrusive life, of her kindness to the poor, of her gentleness to all about her, to account for the devotion of her dependants. The evidences of her refined taste were everywhere, and there were tokens that her love for her husband had survived his injustice and desertion. After his second marriage, he occasionally visited her, and she never allowed anything to be disturbed which reminded her that he had been there. Books were lying open on

the table as he had left them; the chair on which he sat was still where he had arisen from it; the flower he had plucked withered where he had dropped it. Every article he had touched was sacred, and remained unprofaned by other hands. Doubtless, long after he had returned to his brilliant capital, and all remembrance of her was lost in the glittering court assembled about the fair-haired daughter of Austria, that lone woman wandered, in solitary sadness, through the places which had been hallowed by his presence, and gazed on the senseless objects consecrated by his passing attention.

After his last abdication, he retired once more to Malmaison, where he passed the few days that remained, until he bade a final farewell to the scenes which he had known at the dawn of his prosperity. No man can tell his thoughts during those lonely hours. His wife was in the palace of her ancestors, and his child was to know him no more. He could hear the din of marching soldiers, and the roar of distant battle, but they were nothing to him now. His wand was broken, the spell was over, the spirits that ministered to him had vanished, and the enchanter was left powerless and alone. But, in the still watches of the night, a familiar form may have stood beside him, and a well-known voice again whispered to him in the kindly tones of by-gone years. The crown, the sceptre, the imperial purple, the long line of kings, for which he had renounced a woman worth them all, must have faded from his memory in the swarming recollections of his once happy home. He could not look around him without seeing in every object an accusing angel; and if a human heart throbbed in his bosom, retribution came before death.

Yet call him not up for judgment, without reflecting that his awful elevation and the gigantic task he had assumed had perverted a heart naturally kind and affectionate, and left him little leisure to devote to the virtues which decorate domestic life. The numberless anecdotes related of him, the charm with which he

won to himself all whom he attempted to conciliate, the warm attachment of those immediately about him, tend to the belief that there was much of good in him. But his eye was continually fixed on the star he saw blazing before him, and in his efforts to follow its guidance, he heeded not the victims he crushed in his onward progress. He considered men as mere instruments to extend his dominion, and he used them with wasteful expenditure, to advance his projects or to secure his conquests. But he was not cruel, nor was he steeled to human misery. Had he been what he is sometimes represented, he never could have retained the ascendancy over the minds of his followers, which, regardless of defeat and suffering and death, lived on when even hope had gone.

Accusatory words are easily spoken, and there is often a disposition to condemn, without calculating the compelling motives which govern human actions, or the height of place which has given to surrounding objects a coloring and figure not to be measured by the ordinary rules of ethics. Many a man who cannot bear a little brief authority without abusing it, who lords it over a few dependants with insolent and arbitrary rule, whose temper makes everybody uncomfortable within the limited sphere of his government, and whose petty tyranny turns his own home into a despotic empire, can pronounce a sweeping doom against one who was clothed with irresponsible power, who seemed elevated above the accidents of humanity, whose audience-chamber was thronged by princes, whose words were as the breath of life, and who dealt out kingdoms to his kindred like the portions of a family inheritance. Let censure, then, be tempered with charity, nor be lightly bestowed on him who will continue to fill a space in the annals of the world when the present shall be merged in that shadowy realm where fact becomes mingled with fable, and the reality, dimmed by distance, shall be so transfigured by poetry and romance, that it may even be doubted whether he ever lived.

Seventeen years after the period which I have attempted to illustrate by a few incidents, I stood by his grave at St. Helena. I was returning from a long residence in the East, and, having doubled the stormy Cape of Good Hope, looked forward with no little interest to a short repose at the halting-place between India and Europe. But when I saw its blue mass heaving from the ocean, the usual excitement attendant on the cry of "Land!" was lost in the absorbing feeling, that there Napoleon Bonaparte died and was buried. The lonely rock rose in solitary barrenness, a bleak and mournful monument of some rude caprice of Nature, which has thrown it out to stand in cheerless desolation amidst the broad waters of the Atlantic. The day I passed there was devoted to the place where the captive wore away the weary and troubled years of his imprisonment, and to the little spot which he himself selected when anticipating the denial of his last wish,—now fully answered,—"that his ashes might repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom he had so much loved."

There was nothing in or about the house to remind one of its late occupant. It was used as a granary. The apartments were filled with straw; a machine for threshing or winnowing was in the parlor; and the room where he died was now converted into a stable, a horse standing where his bed had been. The position was naked and comfortless, being on the summit of a hill, perpetually swept by the trade-winds, which suffered no living thing to stand, except a few straggling, bare, shadeless trees, which contributed to the disconsolate character of the landscape. The grave was in a quiet little valley. It was covered by three plain slabs of stone, closely surrounded by an iron railing; a low wooden palisade extended a small distance around; and the whole was overhung by three decaying willows. The appearance of the place was plain and appropriate. Nothing was wanting to its

unadorned and affecting simplicity. Ornament could not have increased its beauty, nor inscription have added to its solemnity.

The mighty conqueror slept in the territory of his most inveterate foes; but the path to his tomb was reverently trodden, and those who had stood opposed to him in life forgot that there had been enmity between them. Death had extinguished hostility; and the pilgrims who visited his resting-place spoke kindly of his memory, and, hoarding some little token, bore it to their distant homes to be prized by their posterity as having been gathered at his grave.

The dome of the Invalides now rises over his remains; his statue again caps the column that commemorates his exploits; and one of his name, advanced by the sole magic of his glory, controls, with arbitrary will and singular ability, the destinies, not of France only, but of Europe.

The nations which united for his overthrow now humbly bow before the family they solemnly pledged themselves should

never again taste power, and, with ill-concealed distrust and anxiety, deprecate a resentment that has not been weakened by years nor forgotten in alliances.

Not to them alone has Time hastened to bring that retributive justice which falls alike on empires and individuals. The son of "The Man" moulders in an Austrian tomb, leaving no trace that he has lived; while the lineal descendant of the obscure Creole, of the deposed empress, of the divorced wife, sits on the throne of Clovis and Charlemagne, of Capet and Bonaparte.

Within the brief space of one generation, within the limit of one man's memory, vengeance has revolved full circle; and while the sleepless Nemesis points with unresting finger to the barren rock and the insulted captive, she turns with meaning smile to the borders of the Seine, where mausoleum and palace stand in significant proximity,—the one covering the dust of the first empire, the other the home of the triumphant grandson of Josephine.

EPIGRAM ON J. M.

SAID Fortune to a common spit,
"Your rust and grease I'll rid ye on,
And make ye in a twinkling fit
For Ireland's Sword of Gideon!"

In vain! what Nature meant for base
All chance for good refuses;
M. gave one gleam, then turned apace
To dirtiest kitchen uses.

BEETHOVEN: HIS CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

(From Original Sources.)

THERE is upon record a remark of Mozart—probably the greatest musical genius that ever lived—to this effect: that, if few had equalled him in his art, few had studied it with such persevering labor and such unremitting zeal. Every man who has attained high preëminence in Science, Literature, or Art, would confess the same. At all events, the greatest musical composers—Bach, Handel, Haydn, Gluck—are proofs that no degree of genius and natural aptitude for their art is sufficient without long-continued effort and exhaustive study of the best models of composition. And this is the moral to be drawn from Beethoven's early life.

"Voilà Bonn ! C'est une petite perle!" said the admiring Frenchwoman, as the Cologne steamboat rounded the point below the town, and she caught the first fair view of its bustling landing-places, its old wall, its quaint gables, and its antique cathedral spires. A pearl among the smaller German cities it is,—with most irregular streets, always neat and cleanly, noble historic and literary associations, jovial student-life, pleasant walks to the neighboring hills, delightful excursions to the Siebengebirge and Ahrthal,—reposing peacefully upon the left bank of the "green and rushing Rhine." Six hundred years ago, the Archbishop-Electors of Cologne, defeated in their long quarrel with the people of the city of perfumery, established their court at Bonn, and made it thenceforth the political capital of the Electorate. Having both the civil and ecclesiastical revenues at their command, the last Electors were able to sustain courts which vied in splendor with those of princes of far greater political power and pretensions. They could say, with the Preacher of old, "We builded us houses; we made us gardens and or-

chards, and planted trees in them of all manner of fruits"; for the huge palace, now the seat of the Frederick-Wilhelm University, and Clemensruhe, now the College of Natural History, were erected by them early in the last century. Like the Preacher, too, "they got them men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts." Music they cherished with especial care: it gave splendor to the celebration of high mass in chapel or cathedral; it afforded an innocent and refined recreation, in the theatre and concert-room, to the Electors and their guests.

In the list of singers and musicians in the employ of Clemens Augustus, as printed in the Electoral Calendar for the years 1759–60, appears the name, "Ludwig van Beethoven, Bassist." We know little of him, and it is but a very probable conjecture that he was a native of Maestricht, in Holland. That he was more than an ordinary singer is proved by the position he held in the Chapel, and by the applause which he received for his performances as *primo basso* in certain of Monsigny's operas. He was, moreover, a good musician; for he had produced operas of his own composition, with fair success, and, upon the accession of Maximilian Frederick to the Electorate in 1761, he was raised to the position of Kapellmeister. He was already well advanced in life; for the same record bears the name of his son Johann, a tenor singer. He died in 1773, and was long afterward described by one who remembered him, as a short, stout-built man, with exceedingly lively eyes, who used to walk with great dignity to and from his dwelling in the Bonngasse, clad in the fashionable red cloak of the time. Thus, too, he was quite magnificently depicted by the court painter, Radoux,

wearing a tasselled cap, and holding a sheet of music-paper in his hand. His wife—the Frau Kapellmeisterinn—born Josepha Poll—was not a helpmeet for him, being addicted to strong drink, and therefore, during her last years, placed in a convent in Cologne.

The Bonngasse, which runs Rhineward from the lower extremity of the Marktplatz, is, as the epithet *gasse* implies, not one of the principal streets of Bonn. Nor is it one of great length, notwithstanding the numbers upon its house-fronts range so high,—for the houses of the town are numbered in a single series, and not street by street. In 1770, the centre of the Bonngasse was also a central point for the music and musicians of Bonn. Kapellmeister Beethoven dwelt in No. 386, and the next house was the abode of the Ries family. The father was one of the Elector's chamber musicians; and his son Franz, a youth of fifteen, was already a member of the orchestra, and by his skill upon the violin gave promise of his future excellence. Thirty years afterward, his son became the pupil of the Beethoven in Vienna.

In No. 515, which is nearly opposite the house of Ries, lived the Salomons. Two of the sisters were singers in the Court Theatre, and the brother, Johann Peter, was a distinguished violinist. At a later period he emigrated to London, gained great applause as a virtuoso, established the concerts in which Haydn appeared as composer and director, and was one of the founders of the celebrated London Philharmonic Society.

It is common in Bonn to build two houses, one behind the other, upon the same piece of ground, leaving a small court between them,—access to that in the rear being obtained through the one which fronts upon the street. This was the case where the Salomons dwelt, and to the rear house, in November, 1767, Johann van Beethoven brought his newly married wife, Helena Keverich, of Coblenz, widow of Nicolas Laym, a former valet of the Elector.

It is near the close of 1770. Helena

has experienced “the pleasing punishment that women bear,” but “remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world.” Her joy is the greater, because last year, in April, she buried, in less than a week after his birth, her first-born, Ludwig Maria,—as the name still stands upon the baptismal records of the parish of St. Remigius, with the names of Kapellmeister Beethoven, and the next-door neighbor, Frau Loher, as sponsors. This second-born is a strong, healthy child, and his baptism is recorded in the same parish-book, Dec. 17, 1770,—the day of, possibly the day after, his birth,—by the name of Ludwig. The Kapellmeister is again godfather, but Frau Gertrude Müller, *née* Baum, next door on the other side, is the godmother. The Beethovens had neither kith nor kin in Bonn; the families Ries and Salomon, their intimate friends, were Israelites; hence the appearance of the neighbors, Frauen Loher and Müller, at the ceremony of baptism;—a strong corroborative evidence, that No. 515, Bonngasse, was the actual birth-place of Beethoven.

The child grew apace, and in manhood his earliest and proudest recollections, save of his mother, were of the love and affection lavished upon him, the only grandchild, by the Kapellmeister. He had just completed his third year when the old man died, and the bright sun which had shone upon his infancy, and left an ineffaceable impression upon the child's memory, was obscured. Johann van Beethoven had inherited his mother's failing, and its effects were soon visible in the poverty of the family. He left the Bonngasse for quarters in that house in the Rheingasse, near the upper steamboat-landing, which now erroneously bears the inscription, *Ludwig van Beethovens Geburtshaus*.

His small inheritance was soon squandered; his salary as singer was small, and at length even the portrait of his father went to the pawnbroker. In the April succeeding the Kapellmeister's death, the expenses of Johann's family were increased by the birth of another

son,—Caspar Anton Carl; and to this event Dr. Wegeler attributes the unrelenting perseverance of the father in keeping little Ludwig from this time to his daily lessons upon the piano-forte. Both Wegeler and Burgomaster Windisch of Bonn, sixty years afterward, remembered how, as boys, visiting a playmate in another house across the small court, they often “saw little Louis, his labors and sorrows.” Cecilia Fischer, too, a playmate of Beethoven in his early childhood, and living in the same house in her old age, “still saw the little boy standing upon a low footstool and practising his father’s lessons,” in tears.

What indications, if any, the child had given of remarkable musical genius, we do not know,—not one of the many anecdotes bearing upon this point having any trustworthy foundation in fact. Probably the father discovered in him that which awakened the hope of some time rivalling the then recent career of Leopold Mozart with little Wolfgang, or at least saw reason to expect as much success with his son as had rewarded the efforts of his neighbor Ries with his Franz; at all events, we have the testimony of Beethoven himself, that “already in his fourth year music became his principal employment”—and this it continued to be to the end. Yet, as he grew older, his education in other respects was not neglected. He passed through the usual course of boys of his time, not destined for the universities, in the public schools of the city, even to the acquiring of some knowledge of Latin. The French language was, as it still is, a necessity to every person of the Rhine provinces above the rank of peasant; and Beethoven became able to converse in it with reasonable fluency, even after years of disuse and almost total loss of hearing. It has also been stated that he knew enough of English to read it; but this is more than doubtful. In fact, as a schoolboy, he made the usual progress,—no more, no less.

In music it was otherwise. The child Mozart seems alone to have equalled or surpassed the child Beethoven. Ludwig

soon exhausted his father’s musical resources, and became the pupil of Pfeiffer, chorist in the Electoral Orchestra, a genial and kind-hearted man, and so good a musician as afterward to be appointed band-master to a Bavarian regiment. Beethoven always held him in grateful and affectionate remembrance, and in the days of his prosperity in Vienna sent him pecuniary aid. His next teacher was Van der Eder, court organist,—a proof that the boy’s progress was very rapid, as this must have been the highest school that Bonn could offer. With this master he studied the organ. When Van der Eder retired from office, his successor, Christian Gottlob Neefe, succeeded him also as instructor of his remarkable pupil.

Wegeler and Schindler, writing several years after the great composer’s death, state, that, of these three instructors, he considered himself most indebted to Pfeiffer, declaring that he had profited little or nothing by his studies with Neefe, of whose severe criticisms upon his boyish efforts in composition he complained. These statements have hitherto been unquestioned. Without doubting the veracity of the two authors, it may well be asked, whether the great master may not have relied too much upon the impressions received in childhood, and thus unwittingly have done injustice to Neefe. The appointment of that musician as organist to the Electoral Court bears date February 15, 1781, when Ludwig had but just completed his tenth year, and the sixth year of his musical studies. These six years had been divided between three different instructors,—his father, Pfeiffer, and Van der Eder; and during the last part of the time, music could have been but the extra study of a schoolboy. That the two or three years, during which at the most he was a pupil of Pfeiffer, and that, too, when he was but six or eight years of age, were of more value to him in his artistic development than the years from the age of ten onward, during which he studied with Neefe, certainly seems an absurd idea. That the chorist may have laid a founda-

tion for his future remarkable execution, and have fostered and developed his love for music, is very probable; but that the great Beethoven's marvellous powers in higher spheres of the art were in any great degree owing to him, we cannot credit. Happily, we have some data for forming a judgment upon this point, unknown both to Wegeler and Schindler, when they wrote.

Neefe was, if not a man of genius, of very respectable talents, a learned and accomplished organist and composer, as a violinist respectable, even in a corps which included Reicha, Romberg, Ries. He had been reared in the severe Saxon school of the Bachs, and before coming to Bonn had had much experience as music director of an operatic company. He knew the value of the maxim, *Festina lente*, and was wise enough to understand, that no lofty and enduring structure can be reared, unless the foundations are broad and deep,—that sound and exhaustive study of canon, fugue, and counterpoint is as necessary to the highest development of musical genius as mathematics, philosophy, and logic are to that of the scientific and literary man. He at once saw and appreciated the marvellous powers of Johann van Beethoven's son, and adopted a plan with him, whose aim was, not to make him a mere youthful prodigy, but a great musician and composer in manhood. That, with this end in view, he should have criticized the boy's crude compositions with some severity was perfectly natural; equally so that the petted and praised boy should have felt these criticisms keenly. But the severity of the master was no more than a necessary counterpoise to the injudicious praise of others. That Beethoven, however he may have spoken of Neefe to Wegeler and Schindler, did at times have a due consciousness of his obligations to his old master, is proved by a letter which he wrote to him from Vienna, during the first transports of joy and delight at finding himself the object of universal wonder and commendation in the musical circles of the great capital. He thanks Neefe

for the counsels which had guided him in his studies, and adds, "Should I ever become a great man, it will in part be owing to you."

The following passage from an account of the virtuosos in the service of the Elector at Bonn, written in 1782, when Beethoven had been with Neefe but little more than a year, and which we unhesitatingly attribute to the pen of Neefe himself, will give an idea of the course of instruction adopted by the master, and his hopes and expectations for the future of his pupil. It is, moreover, interesting, as being the first public notice of him who for half a century has exercised more pens than any other artist. The writer closes his list of musicians and singers thus:—

" Louis van Beethoven, son of the above-named tenorist, a boy of eleven years, and of most promising talents. He plays the piano-forte with great skill and power, reads exceedingly well at sight, and, to say all in a word, plays nearly the whole of Sebastian Bach's 'Wohltemperirtes Klavier,' placed in his hands by Herr Neefe. Whoever is acquainted with this collection of preludes and fugues in every key (which one can almost call the *non plus ultra* of music) knows well what this implies. Herr Neefe has also, so far as his other duties allowed, given him some instruction in thorough-bass. At present he is exercising him in composition, and for his encouragement has caused nine variations composed by him for the piano-forte upon a march* to be engraved at Mannheim. This young genius certainly deserves such assistance as will enable him to travel. He will assuredly become a second Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, should he continue as he has begun."

" Wem er geneigt, dem sendet der Vater der Menschen und Götter
Seinen Adler herab, trägt ihn zu himmlischen Höhn und welches Haupt ihm gefällt, um das flieht er mit liebenden Händen den Lorbeer."

SCHILLER."

* The variations upon a march by Dressler.

In the mere grammar of musical composition the pupil required little of his master. We have Beethoven's own words to prove this, scrawled at the end of the thorough-bass exercises, afterward performed, when studying with Albrechtsberger. "Dear friends," he writes, "I have taken all this trouble, simply to be able to figure my basses correctly, and some time, perhaps, to instruct others. As to errors, I hardly needed to learn this for my own sake. From my childhood I have had so fine a musical sense, that I wrote correctly without knowing that it *must* be so, or *could* be otherwise."

Neefe's object, therefore,—as was Haydn's at a subsequent period,—was to give his pupil that mastery of musical form and of his instrument, which should enable him at once to perceive the value of a musical idea and its most appropriate treatment. The result was, that the tones of his piano-forte became to the youth a language in which his highest, deepest, subtlest musical ideas were expressed by his fingers as instantaneously and with as little thought of the mere style and manner of their expression as are the intellectual ideas of the thoroughly trained rhetorician in words.

The good effect of the course pursued by Neefe with his pupil is visible in the next published production—save a song or two—of the boy;—the

"Three Sonatas for the Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to the most Reverend Archbishop and Elector of Cologne, Maximilian Frederick, my most gracious Lord, by

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN,
Aged eleven years."

We cannot resist the temptation to add the comically bombastic Dedication of these Sonatas to the Elector, which may very possibly have been written by Neefe, who loved to see himself in print.

"DEDICATION

"MOST EXALTED!"

"Already in my fourth year Music began to be the principal employment of my youth. Thus early acquainted with the lovely Muse, who tuned my soul to pure harmonies, she won my love, and, as I oft have felt, gave me

hers in return. I have now completed my eleventh year; and my Muse, in the hours consecrated to her, oft whispers to me, 'Try for once, and write down the harmonies in thy soul!'—'Eleven years!' thought I, 'and how should I carry the dignity of authorship? What would *men* in the art say?' — My timidity had nearly conquered. But my Muse willed it;—I obeyed and wrote.

"And now dare I, Most Illustrious! venture to lay the first fruits of my youthful labors at the steps of *Thy* throne? And dare I hope that Thou wilt deign to cast upon them the mild, paternal glance of Thy cheering approbation? Oh, yes! for Science and Art have ever found in Thee a wise patron and a magnanimous promoter, and germinating talent its prosperity under Thy kind, paternal care.

"Filled with this animating trust, I venture to draw near to *Thee* with these youthful efforts. Accept them as a pure offering of childish reverence, and look down graciously, Most Exalted! upon them and their young author,

"LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN."

"These Sonatas," says a most competent critic,* "for a boy's work, are, indeed, remarkable. They are *bonâ fide* compositions. There is no vagueness about them. . . . He has ideas positive and well pronounced, and he proceeds to develop them in a manner at once spontaneous and logical. . . . Verily the boy possessed the vital secret of the Sonata form; he had seized its organic principle."

Ludwig has become an author! His talents are known and appreciated everywhere in Bonn. He is the pet of the musical circle in which he moves,—in danger of being spoiled. Yet now, when the character is forming, and those habits, feelings, tastes are becoming developed and fixed, which are to go with him through life, he can look to his father neither for example nor counsel. He idolizes his mother; but she is oppressed with the cares of a family, suffering through the improvidence and bad habits of its head, and though she had been otherwise situated, the widow of Laym, the Elector's valet, could hardly be the proper person to fit the young artist for future intercourse with the higher ranks of society.

In the large, handsome brick house still standing opposite the minster in

* J. S. Dwight.

Bonn, on the east side of the public square, where now stands the statue of Beethoven, dwelt the widow and children of Hofrath von Breuning. Easy in their circumstances, highly educated, of literary habits, and familiar with polite life, the family was among the first in the city. The four children were not far from Beethoven's age; Eleonore, the daughter, and Lenz, the third son, were young enough to become his pupils. In this family it was Ludwig's good fortune to become a favorite, and "here," says Wegeler, who afterward married Eleonore, "he made his first acquaintance with German literature, especially with the poets, and here first had opportunity to gain the cultivation necessary for social life."

He was soon treated by the Von Breunings as a son and brother, passing not only most of his days, but many of his nights, at their house, and sometimes spending his vacations with them at their country-seat in Kerpen,—a small town on the great road from Cologne to Aix la Chapelle. With them he felt free and unrestrained, and everything tended at the same time to his happiness and his intellectual development. Nor was music neglected. The members of the family were all musical, and Stephen, the eldest son, sometimes played in the Electoral Orchestra.

No person possessed so strong an influence upon the oft-times stubborn and wilful boy as the Frau von Breuning. She best knew how to bring him back to the performance of his duty, when neglectful of his pupils; and when she, with gentle force, had made him cross the square to the house of the Austrian ambassador, Count Westfall, to give the promised lesson, and saw him, after hesitating for a time at the door, suddenly fly back, unable to overcome his dislike to lesson-giving, she would bear patiently with him, merely shrugging her shoulders and remarking, "To-day he has his *raptus* again!" The poverty at home and his love for his mother alone enabled him ever to master this aversion.

To the Breunings, then, we are indebted for that love of Plutarch, Homer, Shakspeare, Goethe, and whatever gives us noble pictures of that greatness of character which we term "heroic," that enabled the future composer to stir up within us all the finest and noblest emotions, as with the wand of a magician. The boy had an inborn love of the beautiful, the tender, the majestic, the sublime, in nature, in art, and in literature,—together with a strong sense of the humorous and even comic. With the Breunings all these qualities were cultivated and in the right direction. To them the musical world owes a vast debt of gratitude.

Beethoven was no exception to the rule, that only a great man can be a great artist. True, in his later years his correspondence shows at times an ignorance of the rules of grammar and orthography; but it also proves, what may be determined from a thousand other indications, that he was a deep thinker, and that he had a mind of no small degree of cultivation, as it certainly was one of great intellectual power. Had he devoted his life to any other profession than music,—to law, theology, science, or letters,—he would have attained high eminence, and enrolled himself among the great.

But we have anticipated a little, and now turn back to an event which occurred soon after he had completed his thirteenth year, and which proved in its consequences of the highest moment to him,—the death of the Elector, which took place on the 15th of April, 1784. He was succeeded by Maximilian Francis, Bishop of Münster, Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, a son of the Emperor Francis and Maria Theresa of Austria.

A word upon this family of imperial musicians may, perhaps, be pardoned. It was Charles VI, the father of Maria Theresa, a composer of canons and music for the harpsichord, who, upon being complimented by his Kapellmeister as being well able to officiate as a music-director, dryly observed, "Upon the whole, however, I like my present position better!" His daughter sang an air upon the stage of

the Court Theatre in her fifth year; and in 1739, just before her accession to the imperial dignity, being in Florence, she sang a duet with Senesino — of Handelian memory—with such grace and splendor of voice, that the tears rolled down the old man's cheeks. In all her wars and amid all the cares of state, Maria Theresa never ceased to cherish music. Her children were put under the best instructors, and made thorough musicians;—Joseph, whom Mozart so loved, though the victim of his shabby treatment; Maria Antoinette, the patron of Gluck and the head of his party in Paris; Max Franz, with whom we now have to do,—and so forth.

Upon learning the death of Max Frederick, his successor hastened to Bonn to assume the Archiepiscopal and Electoral dignities, with which he was formally invested in the spring of 1785. In the train of the new Elector, who was still in the prime of life, was the Austrian Count Waldstein, his favorite and constant companion. Waldstein, like his master, was more than an amateur,—he was a fine practical musician. The promising pupil of Neefe was soon brought to his notice, and his talents and attainments excited in him an extraordinary interest. Coming from Vienna, where Mozart and Haydn were in the full tide of their success, where Gluck's operas were heard with rapture, and where in the second rank of musicians and composers were such names as Salieri, Righini, Anfossi, and Martini, Waldstein could well judge of the promise of the boy. He foresaw at once his future greatness, and gave him his favor and protection. He, in some degree, at least, relieved him from the dry rules of Neefe, and taught him the art of varying a theme *extempore* and carrying it out to its highest development. He had patience and forbearance with the boy's failings and foibles, and, to relieve his necessities, gave him money, sometimes as gifts of his own, sometimes as gratifications from the Elector.

As soon as Maximilian was installed

in his new dignity, Waldstein procured for Ludwig the appointment of assistant court organist;—not that Neefe needed him, but that he needed the small salary attached to the place. From this time to the downfall of the Electorate, his name follows that of Neefe in the annual Court Calendar.

Wegeler and others have preserved a variety of anecdotes which illustrate the skill and peculiarities of the young organist at this period, but we have not space for them;—moreover, our object is rather to convey some distinct idea of the training which made him what every lover of music knows he afterward became.

Maximilian Francis was as affable and generous as he was passionately fond of music. A newspaper of the day records, that he used to walk about the streets of Bonn like any other citizen, and early became very popular with all classes. He often took part in the concerts at the palace, as upon a certain occasion when "Duke Albert played violin, the Elector viola, and Countess Belderbusch piano-forte," in a trio. He enlarged his orchestra, and, through his relations with the courts at Vienna, Paris, and other capitals, kept it well supplied with all the new publications of the principal composers of the day,—Mozart, Haydn, Gluck, Pleyel, and others.

No better school, therefore, for a young musician could there well have been than that in which Beethoven was now placed. While Neefe took care that he continued his study of the great classic models of organ and piano-forte composition, he was constantly hearing the best ecclesiastical, orchestral, and chamber music, forming his taste upon the best models, and acquiring a knowledge of what the greatest masters had accomplished in their several directions. But as time passed on, he felt the necessity of a still larger field of observation, and, in the autumn of 1786, Neefe's wish that his pupil might travel was fulfilled. He obtained—mainly, it is probable, from the Elector, through the good offices of Waldstein—the means of making the journey to Vienna, then the

musical capital of the world, to place himself under the instructions of Mozart, then the master of all living masters. Few records have fallen under our notice, which throw light upon this visit. Seyfried, and Holmes, after him, relate the surprise of Mozart at hearing the boy, now just sixteen years of age, treat an intricate fugue theme, which he gave him, and his prophecy, that "that young man would some day make himself heard of in the world!"

It is said that Beethoven in after life complained of never having heard his master play. The complaint must have been, that Mozart never played to him in private; for it is absurd to suppose that he attended none of the splendid series of concerts which his master gave during that winter.

The mysterious brevity of this first visit of Beethoven to Vienna we find fully explained in a letter, of which we give a more literal than elegant translation. It is the earliest specimen of the composer's correspondence which has come under our notice, and was addressed to a certain Dr. Schade, an advocate of Augsburg, where the young man seems to have tarried some days upon his journey.

"Bonn, September 15, 1787.

"HONORED AND MOST VALUED FRIEND!

"WHAT you must think of me I can easily conceive; nor can I deny that you have well-grounded reasons for looking upon me in an unfavorable light; but I will not ask you to excuse me, until I have made known the grounds upon which I dare hope my apologies will find acceptance. I must confess, that, from the moment of leaving Augsburg, my happiness, and with it my health, began to leave me; the nearer I drew toward my native city, the more numerous were the letters of my father, which met me, urging me onward, as the condition of my mother's health was critical. I hastened forward, therefore, with all possible expedition, for I was myself much indisposed; but the longing I felt to see my sick mother once more made all hindrances of little account, and aided me in overcoming all obstacles.

"I found her still alive, but in a most pitiable condition. She was in a consumption, and finally, about seven weeks since, after

enduring the extremes of pain and suffering, died. She was to me such a good and loving mother,—my best of friends!

"Oh, who would be so happy as I, could I still speak the sweet name, 'Mother,' and have her hear it! And to whom *can* I now speak? To the dumb, but lifelike pictures which my imagination calls up.

"During the whole time since I reached home, few have been my hours of enjoyment. All this time I have been afflicted with asthma, and the fear is forced upon me that it may end in consumption. Moreover, the state of melancholy in which I now am is almost as great a misfortune as my sickness itself.

"Imagine yourself in my position for a moment, and I doubt not that I shall receive your forgiveness for my long silence. As to the three Carolins which you had the extraordinary kindness and friendship to lend me in Augsburg, I must beg your indulgence still for a time. My journey has cost me a good deal, and I have no compensation—not even the slightest—to hope in return. Fortune is not propitious to me here in Bonn.

"You will forgive me for detaining you so long with my babble; it is all necessary to my apology. I pray you not to refuse me the continuance of your valuable friendship, since there is nothing I so much desire as to make myself in some degree worthy of it. I am, with all respect, your most obedient servant and friend,

"L. v. BEETHOVEN,
"Court Organist to the Elector of Cologne."

We know also from other sources the extreme poverty in which the Beethoven family was at this period sunk. In its extremity, at the time when the mother died, Franz Ries, the violinist, came to its assistance, and his kindness was not forgotten by Ludwig. When Ferdinand, the son of this Ries, reached Vienna in the autumn of 1800, and presented his father's letter, Beethoven said,—"I cannot answer your father yet; but write and tell him that I have not forgotten the death of my mother. That will fully satisfy him."

Young Beethoven, therefore, had little time for illness. His father barely supported himself, and the sustenance of his two little brothers, respectively twelve and thirteen years of age, devolved upon him. He was, however, equal to his situation. He played his organ still,—the instrument which was then above all

others to his taste; he entered the Orchestra as player upon the viola; received the appointment of chamber-musician—pianist—to the Elector; and besides all this, engaged in the detested labor of teaching. It proves no small energy of character, that the motherless youth of seventeen, “afflicted with asthma,” which he was “fearful might end in consumption,” struggling against a “state of melancholy, almost as great a misfortune as sickness itself,” succeeded in overcoming all, and securing the welfare of himself, his father, and his brothers. When he left Bonn finally, five years later, Carl, then eighteen, could support himself by teaching music, and Johann was apprenticed to the court apothecary; while the father appears to have had a comfortable subsistence provided for him,—although no longer an active member of the Electoral Chapel,—for the few weeks which, as it happened, remained of his life.

The scattered notices which are preserved of Beethoven, during this period, are difficult to arrange in a chronological order. We read of a joke played at the expense of Heller, the principal tenor singer of the Chapel, in which that singer, who prided himself upon his firmness in pitch, was completely bewildered by a skilful modulation of the boy upon the piano-forte, and forced to stop;—of the music to a chivalrous ballad, performed by the noblemen attached to the court, of which for a long time Count Waldstein was the reputed author, but which in fact was the work of his *protégé*;—and there are other anecdotes, probably familiar to most readers, showing the great skill and science which he already exhibited in his performance of chamber music in the presence of the Elector.

We see him intimate as ever in the Breuning family, mingling familiarly with the best society of Bonn, which he met at their house,—and even desperately in love! First it is with Fräulein Jeannette d'Honrath, of Cologne, a beautiful and lively blonde, of pleasing manners, sweet

and gentle disposition, an ardent lover of music, and an agreeable singer, who often came to Bonn and spent weeks with the Breunings. She seems to have played the coquette a little, both with our young artist and his friend Stephen. It is not difficult to imagine the effect upon the sensitive and impulsive Ludwig, when the beautiful girl, nodding to him in token of its application, sang in tender accents the then popular song,—

“Mich heute noch von dir zu trennen,
Und dieses nicht verhindern können,
Ist zu empfindlich für mein Herz.”

She saw fit, however, to marry an Austrian, Carl Greth, a future commandant at Temeswar, and her youthful lover was left to console himself by transferring his affections to another beauty, Fräulein W.

We behold him in the same select circle, cultivating his talent for improvising upon the piano-forte, by depicting in music the characters of friends and acquaintances, and generally in such a manner that the company had no difficulty in guessing the person intended. On one of these occasions, Franz Ries was persuaded to take his violin and improvise an accompaniment to his friend's improvisation, which he did so successfully, that, long afterwards, he more than once ventured to attempt the same in public, with his son Ferdinand.

Professor Wurzer, of Marburg, who well knew Beethoven in his youth, gives us a glimpse of him sitting at the organ. On a pleasant summer afternoon, when the artist was about twenty years of age, he, with some companions, strolled out to Godesberg. Here they met Wurzer, who, in the course of the conversation, mentioned that the church of the convent of Marienforst—behind the village of Godesberg—had been repaired, and that a new organ had been procured, or perhaps that the old one had been put in order and perfected. Beethoven must needs try it. The key was procured from the prior, and the friends gave him themes to vary and work out, which he did with such skill and beauty, that at length the

peasants engaged below in cleaning the church, one after another, dropped their brooms and brushes, forgetting everything else in their wonder and delight.

In 1790, an addition was made to the Orchestra, most important in its influence upon the artistic progress of Beethoven, as he was thus brought into daily intercourse with two young musicians, already distinguished virtuosos upon their respective instruments. The Elector made frequent visits to other cities of his diocese, often taking a part or the whole of his Chapel with him. Upon his return that summer from Münster, he brought with him the two virtuosos in question,—Andreas Romberg, the violinist, and now celebrated composer, and his cousin Bernhard, the greatest violoncellist of his age. With these two young men Beethoven was often called to the palace for the private entertainment of Maximilian. Very probably, upon one of these occasions, was performed that trio—not published until since the death of its composer—"the second mouvement of which," says Schindler, "may be looked upon as the embryo of all Beethoven's scherzos," while "the third is, in idea and form, of the school of Mozart,—a proof how early he made that master his idol." We know that it was composed at this period, and that its author considered it his highest attempt then in free composition.

A few words must be given to the Electoral Orchestra, that school in which Beethoven laid the foundation of his prodigious knowledge of instrumental and orchestral effects, as in the chamber-music at the palace he learned the unrivalled skill which distinguishes his efforts in that branch of the art.

The Kapellmeister, in 1792, was Andrea Lucchesi, a native of Motta, in the Venetian territory, a fertile and accomplished composer in most styles. The concert-master was Joseph Reicha, a virtuoso upon the violoncello, a very fine conductor, and no mean composer. The violins were sixteen in number; among them were Franz Ries, Neefe, Anton Reicha,—afterward the celebrated direc-

tor of the Paris Conservatoire,—and Andreas Romberg; violas four, among them Ludwig van Beethoven; violoncellists three, among them Bernhard Romberg; contrabassists also three. There were two oboes, two flutes,—one of them played by another Anton Reicha,—two clarinets, two horns,—one by Simrock, a celebrated player, and founder of the music-publishing house of that name still existing in Bonn,—three bassoons, four trumpets, and the usual tympani.

Fourteen of the forty-three musicians were soloists upon their several instruments; some half a dozen of them were already known as composers. Four years, at the least, of service in such an orchestra may well be considered of all schools the best in which Beethoven could have been placed. Let his works decide.

Our article shall close with some pictures photographed in the sunshine which gilded the closing years of Beethoven's Bonn life. They illustrate the character of the man and of the people with whom he lived and moved.

In 1791, in that beautiful season of the year in Central Europe, when the heats of summer are past and the autumn rains not yet set in, the Elector journeyed to Mergentheim, to hold, in his capacity of Grand Master, a convocation of the Teutonic Order. The leading singers of his Chapel, and some twenty members of the Orchestra, under Ries as director, followed in two large barges. Before starting upon the expedition, the company assembled and elected a king. The dignity was conferred upon Joseph Lux, the bass singer and comic actor, who, in distributing the offices of his court, appointed Ludwig van Beethoven and Bernhard Romberg scullions!

A glorious time and a merry they had of it, following slowly the windings of the Rhine and the Main, now impelled by the wind, now drawn by horses, against the swift current, in this loveliest time of the year.

In those days, when steamboats were not, such a voyage was slow, and not seldom in a high degree tedious. With such

a company the want of speed was a consideration of no importance, and the memory of this journey was in after years among Beethoven's brightest. Those who know the Rhine and the Main can easily conceive that this should be so. The route embraced the whole extent of the famous highlands of the former river, from the Drachenfels and Rolandseck to the heights of the Niederwald above Rüdesheim, and that lovely section of the latter which divides the hills of the Odenwald from those of Spessart. The voyagers passed a thousand points of local and historic interest. The old castles — among them Stolzenfels and the Brothers—looked down upon them from their rocky heights, as long afterwards upon the American, Paul Fleming, when he journeyed, sick at heart, along the Rhine, toward ancient Heidelberg. Quaint old cities—Andernach, with "the Christ," Coblenz, home of Beethoven's mother, Boppard; Bacharach, Bingen—welcomed them; Mainz, the Electoral city, and Frankfurt, seat of the Empire. And still beyond, on the banks of the Main, Offenbach, Hanau, Aschaffenburg, and so onward to Wetterheim, where they left the Main and ascended the small river Tauber to their place of destination.

Among the places at which they landed and made merry upon the journey was the Niederwald. Here King Lux advanced Beethoven to a more honorable position in his court, and gave him a diploma, dated from the heights above Rüdesheim, attesting his appointment to the new dignity. To this important document was attached, by threads ravelled from a boat-sail, a huge seal of pitch, pressed into a small box-cover, which gave the instrument a right imposing look,—like the Golden Bull in the Römer-Saal at Frankfurt. This diploma from His Comic Majesty Beethoven carried with him to Vienna, where Wegeler saw it several years afterward carefully preserved.

At Aschaffenburg, the summer residence of the Electors of Mainz, Ries, Sim-

rock, and the two Rombergs took Beethoven with them to call upon the great pianist, Sterkel. The master received the young men kindly, and gratified them with a specimen of his powers. His style was in the highest degree graceful and pleasing,—as Father Ries described it to Wegeler, "somewhat lady-like." While he played, Beethoven stood by, listening with the most eager attention, doubtless silently comparing the effects produced by the player with those belonging to his own style, which was rather rough and hard, owing to his constant practice upon the organ. It is said that this was his first opportunity of hearing any distinguished virtuoso upon the piano-forte,—a mistake, we think, for he must have heard Mozart in Vienna, as before remarked. Still, the delicacy of Sterkel's style may well have been a new revelation to him of the powers of the instrument. Upon leaving the piano-forte, the master invited his young visitor to take his place. Beethoven was naturally diffident, and was not to be prevailed with, until Sterkel intimated a doubt whether he could play his own very difficult variations upon the air, "Vieni, Amore," which had then just been published. Thus touched in a tender spot, the young author sat down and played such as he could remember,—no copy being at hand,—and then improvised several others, equally, if not more difficult, to the surprise both of Sterkel and his friends. "What raised our surprise to real astonishment," said Ries, as he related the story, "was, that the impromptu variations were in precisely that graceful, pleasing style which he had just heard for the first time."

Upon reaching Mergentheim, music, and ever music, became the order of the day for King Lux and his merry subjects. Most fortunately for the admirers of Beethoven, we have a minute account of two days (October 11 and 12) spent there, by a competent and trustworthy musical critic of that period,—a man not the less welcome to us for possessing something of the flunkeyism of old Diarist

Pepys and Corsica Boswell. We shall quote somewhat at length from his letter, since it has hitherto come under the notice of none of the biographers, and yet gives us so lively a picture of young Beethoven and his friends.

"On the very first day," writes Junker, "I heard the small band which plays daily at dinner, during the stay of the Elector at Mergentheim. The instruments are two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two horns. These eight performers may well be called masters in their art. One can rarely hear music of the kind, distinguished by such perfect unity of effect and such sympathy with each other in the performers, and especially in which so high a degree of exactness and perfection of style is reached. This band appeared to me to differ from all others I have heard in this,—that it plays music of a higher order; on this occasion, for instance, it gave an arrangement of Mozart's overture to 'Don Juan.'

It would be interesting to know what, if any, of the works of Beethoven for wind-instruments belong to this period of his life.

"Soon after the dinner-music," continues our writer, "the play began. It was the opera, 'King Theodor,' music by Paisiello. The part of *Theodor* was sung by Herr Nüdler, a powerful singer in tragic scenes, and a good actor. *Achmet* was given by Herr Spitzeder,—a good bass singer, but with too little action, and not always quite true,—in short, too cold. The inn-keeper was Herr Lux, a very good bass, and the best actor,—a man created for the comic. The part of *Lizette* was taken by Demoiselle Willmann. She sings in excellent taste, has very great power of expression, and a lively, captivating action. Herr Mändel, in *Sandrinus*, proved himself also a very fine and pleasing singer. The orchestra was surpassingly good,—especially in its *piano* and *forte*, and its careful *crescendo*. Herr Ries, that remarkable reader of scores, that great player, directed with his violin. He is a man who may well be placed beside Cannabich, and by his

powerful and certain tones he gave life and soul to the whole.

"The next morning, (October 12,) at ten o'clock, the rehearsal for the concert began, which was to be given at court at six in the afternoon. Herr Welsch (oboist) had the politeness to invite me to be present. It was held at the lodgings of Herr Ries, who received me with a hearty shake of the hand. Here I was an eye-witness of the gentlemanly bearing of the members of the Chapel toward each other. One heart, one mind rules them. 'We know nothing of the cabals and chicanery so common; among us the most perfect unanimity prevails; we, as members of one company, cherish for each other a fraternal affection,' said Simrock to me.

"Here also I was an eye-witness to the esteem and respect in which this chapel stands with the Elector. Just as the rehearsal was to begin, Ries was sent for by the prince, and upon his return brought a bag of gold. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'this being the Elector's name-day, he sends you a present of a thousand thalers.'

"And again I was eye-witness of this orchestra's surpassing excellence. Herr Winneberger, Kapellmeister at Wallenstein, laid before it a symphony of his own composition, which was by no means easy of execution, especially for the wind-instruments, which had several solos *concertante*. It went finely, however, at the first trial, to the great surprise of the composer.

"An hour after the dinner-music, the concert began. It was opened with a symphony of Mozart; then followed a recitative and air, sung by Simonetti; next a violoncello concerto, played by Herr Romberger [Bernhard Romberg]; fourthly, a symphony, by Pleyel; fifthly, an air by Righini, sung by Simonetti; sixthly, a double concerto for violin and violoncello, played by the two Rombergs; and the closing piece was the symphony by Winneberger, which had very many brilliant passages. The opinion already expressed as to the performance of this orches-

tra was confirmed. It was not possible to attain a higher degree of exactness. Such perfection in the *pianos*, *fortes*, *rinforzandos*,—such a swelling and gradual increase of tone, and then such an almost imperceptible dying away, from the most powerful to the lightest accents,—all this was formerly to be heard only at Mannheim. It would be difficult to find another orchestra in which the violins and basses are throughout in such excellent hands."

We pass over Junker's enthusiastic description of the two Rombergs, merely remarking, that every word in his account of them is fully confirmed by the musical periodical press of Europe during the entire periods of thirty and fifty years of their respective lives after the date of the letter before us,—and that their playing was undoubtedly the standard Beethoven had in view, when afterward writing passages for bowed instruments, which so often proved stumbling-blocks to orchestras of no small pretensions. What Junker himself saw of the harmony and brotherly love which marked the social intercourse of the members of the Chapel was confirmed to him by the statements of others. He adds, respecting their personal bearing towards others,—“The demeanor of these gentlemen is very fine and unexceptionable. They are all people of great elegance of manner and of blameless lives. Greater discretion of conduct can nowhere be found. At the concert, the ill-starred performers were so crowded, so incommoded by the multitude of auditors, so surrounded and pressed upon, as hardly to have room to move their arms, and the sweat rolled down their faces in great drops. But they bore all this calmly and with good-humor; not an ill-natured face was visible among them. At the court of some little prince, we should have seen, under the circumstances, folly heaped upon folly.

“The members of the Chapel, almost without exception, are in their best years, glowing with health, men of culture and fine personal appearance. They form truly a fine sight, when one adds the

splendid uniform in which the Elector has clothed them,—red, and richly trimmed with gold.”

And now for the impression which Beethoven, just completing his twenty-first year, made upon him.

“I heard also one of the greatest of pianists,—the dear, good Beethoven, some compositions by whom appeared in the Spires ‘Blumenlese’ in 1783, written in his eleventh year. True, he did not perform in public, probably because the instrument here was not to his mind. It is one of Spath’s make, and at Bonn he plays upon one by Steiner. But, what was infinitely preferable to me, I heard him extemporize in private; yes, I was even invited to propose a theme for him to vary. The greatness of this amiable, light-hearted man, as a virtuoso, may, in my opinion, be safely estimated from his almost inexhaustible wealth of ideas, the altogether characteristic style of expression in his playing, and the great execution which he displays. I know, therefore, no one thing which he lacks, that conduces to the greatness of an artist. I have heard Vogler upon the piano-forte,—of his organ-playing I say nothing, not having heard him upon that instrument,—have often heard him, heard him by the hour together, and never failed to wonder at his astonishing execution; but Beethoven, in addition to the execution, has greater clearness and weight of idea, and more expression,—in short, he is more for the heart,—equally great, therefore, as an adagio or allegro player. Even the members of this remarkable orchestra are, without exception, his admirers, and all ear whenever he plays. Yet he is exceedingly modest and free from all pretension. He, however, acknowledged to me, that, upon the journeys which the Elector had enabled him to make, he had seldom found in the playing of the most distinguished virtuosos that excellence which he supposed he had a right to expect. His style of treating his instrument is so different from that usually adopted, that it impresses one with the idea, that by a path of his own discovery

he has attained that height of excellence whereon he now stands.

"Had I acceded to the pressing entreaties of my friend Beethoven, to which Herr Winneberger added his own, and remained another day in Mergentheim, I have no doubt he would have played to me hours; and the day, thus spent in the society of these two great artists, would have been transformed into a day of the highest bliss."

Doubtless, Herr Junker, judging from the enthusiasm with which you have written, it would have been so; and for our sake, as well as your own, we heartily wish you had remained!

Again in Bonn,—the young master's last year in his native city,—that *petite perle*. It was a fortunate circumstance for the development of a genius so powerful and original, that the place was not one of such importance as to call thither any composer or pianist of very great eminence,—such a one as would have ruled the musical sphere in which he moved, and become an object of imitation to the young student. Beethoven's instructors and the musical atmosphere in which he lived and wrought were fully able to ground him firmly in the laws and rules of the art, without restraining the natural bent of his genius. His taste for orchestral music, even, was developed in no particular school, formed upon no single model,—the Electoral band playing, with equal care and spirit, music from the presses of Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Mannheim, Paris, London. Mozart, however, was Beethoven's favorite, and his influence is unmistakably impressed upon many of the early compositions of his young admirer.

But the youthful genius was fast becoming so superior to all around him, that a wider field was necessary for his full development. He needed the opportunity to measure his powers with those of the men who stood, by general consent, at the head of the art; he felt the necessity of instruction by teachers of a different and higher character, if any could be found. Mozart, it is true, had just pass-

ed away, but still Vienna remained the great metropolis of music; and thither his hopes and wishes turned. An interview with Haydn added strength to these hopes and wishes. This was upon Haydn's return, in the spring of 1792, after his first visit to London, where he had composed for and directed in the concerts of that Johann Peter Salomon in whose house Beethoven first saw the light. The veteran composer, on his way home, came to Bonn, and there accepted an invitation from the Electoral Orchestra to a breakfast in Godesberg. Here Beethoven was introduced to him, and placed before him a cantata which he had offered for performance at Mergentheim, the preceding autumn, but which had proved too difficult for the wind-instruments in certain passages. Haydn examined it carefully, and encouraged him to continue in the path of musical composition. Neefe also hints to us that Haydn was greatly impressed by the skill of the young man as a piano-forte virtuoso.

Happily, Beethoven was now, as we have seen, free from the burden of supporting his young brothers, and needed but the means for his journey.

"In November of last year," writes Neefe, in 1793, "Ludwig van Beethoven, second court organist, and indisputably one of the first of living pianists, left Bonn for Vienna, to perfect himself in composition under Haydn. Haydn intended to take him with him upon a second journey to London, but nothing has come of it."

A few days or weeks, then, before completing his twenty-second year, Beethoven entered Vienna a second time, to enjoy the example and instructions of him who was now universally acknowledged the head of the musical world; to measure his powers upon the piano-forte with the greatest virtuosos then living; to start upon that career, in which, by unwearyed labor, indomitable perseverance, and never-tiring effort,—alike under the smiles and the frowns of fortune, in sickness and in health, and in spite of the saddest calamity which can befall the true

artist,—he elevated himself to a position, which, by every competent judge, is held to be the highest yet attained in perhaps the grandest department of pure music.

Beethoven came to Vienna in the full vigor of youth just emerging into manhood. The clouds which had settled over his childhood had all passed away. All looked bright, joyous, and hopeful. Though, perhaps, wanting in some of the graces and refinements of polite life, it is clear, from his intimacy with the Breuning family, his consequent familiarity with the best society at Bonn, the unchanging kindness of Count Waldstein, the explicit testimony of Junker, that he was not, could not have been, the young savage which some of his blind admirers have represented him. The bare supposition is an insult to his memory. That his

sense of probity and honor was most acute, that he was far above any, the slightest, meanness of thought or action, of a noble and magnanimous order of mind, utterly destitute of any feeling of servility which rendered it possible for him to cringe to the rich and the great, and that he ever acted from a deep sense of moral obligation,—all this his whole subsequent history proves. His merit, both as an artist and a man, met at once full recognition.

And here for the present we leave him, moving in Vienna, as in Bonn, in the higher circles of society, in the full sunshine of prosperity, enjoying all that his ardent nature could demand of esteem and admiration in the saloons of the great, in the society of his brother artists, in the popular estimation.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

LOVE hailed a little maid,
Romping through the meadow :
 Heedless in the sun she played,
Scornful of the shadow.
 “Come with me,” whispered he ;
“Listen, sweet, to love and reason.”
 “By and by,” she mocked reply ;
“Love’s not in season.”

Years went, years came ;
Light mixed with shadow.
 Love met the maid again,
Dreaming through the meadow.
 “Not so coy,” urged the boy ;
“List in time to love and reason.”
 “By and by,” she mused reply ;
“Love’s still in season.”

Years went, years came ;
Light changed to shadow.
 Love saw the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
 “Pass no more; my dream is o’er ;
I can listen now to reason.”
 “Keep thee coy,” mocked the boy ;
“Love’s out of season.”

HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

THERE are more than thirty thousand preachers in the United States, whereof twenty-eight thousand are Protestants, the rest Catholics,—one minister to a thousand men. They make an exceeding great army,—mostly serious, often self-denying and earnest. Nay, sometimes you find them men of large talent, perhaps even of genius. No thirty thousand farmers, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, or traders have so much of that book-learning which is popularly called “Education.”

No class has such opportunities for influence, such means of power; even now the press ranks second to the pulpit. Some of the old traditional respect for the theocratic class continues in service, and waits upon the ministers. It has come down from Celtic and Teutonic fathers, hundreds of years behind us, who transferred to a Roman priesthood the allegiance once paid to the servants of a deity quite different from the Catholic. The Puritans founded an ecclesiastical oligarchy which is by no means ended yet; with the most obstinate “liberty of prophesying” there was mixed a certain respect for such as only wore the prophet’s mantle; nor is it wholly gone.

What personal means of controlling the public the minister has at his command! Of their own accord, men “assemble and meet together,” and look up to him. In the country, the town-roads centre at the meeting-house, which is also the *terminus a quo*, the golden mile-stone, whence distances are measured off. Once a week, the wheels of business, and even of pleasure, drop into the old customary ruts, and turn thither. Sunday morning, all the land is still. Labor puts off his iron apron and arrays him in clean human clothes,—a symbol of universal hu-

manity, not merely of special toil. Trade closes the shop; his business-pen, well wiped, is laid up for to-morrow’s use; the account-book is shut,—men thinking of their trespasses as well as their debts. For six days, aye, and so many nights, Broadway roars with the great stream which sets this way and that, as wind and tide press up and down. How noisy is this great channel of business, wherein Humanity rolls to and fro, now running into shops, now sucked down into cellars, then dashed high up the tall, steep banks, to come down again a continuous drip and be lost in the general flood! What a fringe of foam colors the margin on either side, and what gay bubbles float therein, with more varied gorgeousness than the Queen of Sheba dreamed of putting on when she courted the eye of Hebrew Solomon! Sunday, this noise is still. Broadway is a quiet stream, looking sober, or even dull; its voice is but a gentle murmur of many waters calmly flowing where the ecclesiastical gates are open to let them in. The channel of business has shrunk to a little church-canal. Even in this great Babel of commerce one day in seven is given up to the minister. The world may have the other six; this is for the Church;—for so have Abram and Lot divided the field of Time, that there be no strife between the rival herdsmen of the Church and the World. Sunday morning, Time rings the bell. At the familiar sound, by long habit born in them, and older than memory, men assemble at the meeting-house, nestle themselves devoutly in their snug pews, and button themselves in with wonted care. There is the shepherd, and here is the flock, fenced off into so many little private pens. With dumb, yet eloquent patience, they look up listless, perhaps longing, for such fodder as he may pull out from his spiritual mow and shake down before them. What he gives they gather.

* *Life Thoughts, gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher.*
By a Member of his Congregation. Boston:
Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1858. pp. 298.

Other speakers must have some magnetism of personal power or public reputation to attract men; but the minister can dispense with that; to him men answer before he calls, and even when they are not sent by others are drawn by him. Twice a week, nay, three times, if he will, do they lend him their ears to be filled with his words. No man of science or letters has such access to men. Besides, he is to speak on the grandest of all themes,—of Man; of God, of Religion, man's deepest desires, his loftiest aspirations. Before him the rich and the poor meet together, conscious of the one God, Master of them all, who is no respecter of persons. To the minister the children look up, and their pliant faces are moulded by his plastic hand. The young men and maidens are there,—such possibility of life and character before them, such hope is there, such faith in man and God, as comes instinctively to those who have youth on their side. There are the old: men and women with white crowns on their heads; faces which warn and scare with the ice and storm of eighty winters, or guide and charm with the beauty of four-score summers,—rich in promise once, in harvest now. Very beautiful is the presence of old men, and of that venerable sisterhood whose experienced temples are turbaned with the raiment of such as have come out of much tribulation, and now shine as white stars foretelling an eternal day. Young men all around, a young man in the pulpit, the old men's look of experienced life says "Amen" to the best word, and their countenance is a benediction.

The minister is not expected to appeal to the selfish motives which are addressed by the market, the forum, or the bar, but to the eternal principle of Right. He must not be guided by the statutes of men, changeable as the clouds, but must fix his eye on the bright particular star of Justice, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. To him, office, money, social rank, and fame are but toys or counters which the game of life is played withal; while wisdom, integrity, bene-

gence, piety are the prizes the game is for. He digs through the dazzling sand, and bids men build on the rock of ages.

Surely, no men have such opportunity of speech and power as these thirty thousand ministers. What have they to show for it all? The hunter, fisher, woodman, miner, farmer, mechanic, has each his special wealth. What have this multitude of ministers to show?—how much knowledge given, what wise guidance, what inspiration of humanity? Let the best men answer.

This ministerial army may be separated into three divisions. First, the Church Militant, the Fighting Church, as the ecclesiastical dictionaries define it. Reverend men serve devoutly in its ranks. Their work is negative, oppositional. Under various banners, with diverse and discordant war-cries, trumpets braying a certain or uncertain sound, and weapons of strange pattern, though made of trusty steel, they do battle against the enemy. What shots from antique pistols, matchlocks, from crossbows and catapults, are let fly at the foe! Now the champion attacks "New Views," "Ultraism," "Neology," "Innovation," "Discontent," "Carnal Reason"; then he lays lance in rest, and rides valiantly upon "Unitarianism," "Popery," "Infidelity," "Atheism," "Deism," "Spiritualism"; and though one by one he runs them through, yet he never quite slays the Evil One;—the severed limbs unite again, and a new monster takes the old one's place. It is serious men who make up the Church Militant,—grim, earnest, valiant. If mustered in the ninth century, there had been no better soldiers nor elder.

Next is the Church Termagant. They are the Scolds of the Church-hold, terrible from the beginning hitherto. Their work is denouncing; they have always a burden against something. *Obsta decisus* is their motto,—"Hate all that is agreed upon." When the "contrary-minded" are called for, the Church Termagant holds up its hand. A turbulent people, and a troublesome, are these sons of

thunder,—a brotherhood of universal come-outers. Their only concord is disagreement. It is not often, perhaps, that they have better thoughts than the rest of men, but a superior aptitude to find fault; their growling proves, "not that themselves are wise, but others weak." So their pulpit is a brawling-tub, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." They have a deal of thunder, and much lightning, but no light, nor any continuous warmth, only spasms of heat. *Odi presentem laudare absentem*,—the Latin tells their story. They come down and trouble every Bethesda in the world, but heal none of the impotent folk. To them,

" Of old things, all are over old,
Of new things, none is new enough."

They have a rage for fault-finding, and betake themselves to the pulpit as others are sent to Bedlam. Men of all denominations are here, and it is a deal of mischief they do,—the worst, indirectly, by making a sober man distrust the religious faculty they appeal to, and set his face against all mending of anything, no matter how badly it is broken. These Theudases, boasting themselves to be somebody, and leading men off to perish in the wilderness, frighten every sober man from all thought of moving out of his bad neighborhood or seeking to make it better.—But this is a small portion of the ecclesiastic host. Let us be tolerant to their noise and bigotry.

Last of all is the Church Beneficent or Constructant. Their work is positive,—critical of the old, creative also of the new. They take hold of the strongest of all human faculties,—the religious,—and use this great river of God, always full of water, to moisten hill-side and meadow, to turn lonely saw-mills, and drive the wheels in great factories, which make a metropolis of manufactures,—to bear alike the lumberman's logs and the trader's ships to their appointed place; the stream feeding many a little forget-me-not, as it passes by. Men of all denominations belong to this Church Catholic;

yet all are of one *persuasion*, the brotherhood of Humanity,—for the one spirit loves manifoldness of form. They trouble themselves little about Sin, the universal but invisible enemy whom the Church Termagant attempts to shell and dislodge; but are very busy in attacking Sins. These ministers of religion would rout Drunkenness and Want, Ignorance, Idleness, Lust, Covetousness, Vanity, Hate, and Pride,—vices of instinctive passion or reflective ambition. Yet the work of these men is to build up; they cut down the forest and scare off the wild beasts only to replace them with civil crops,—cattle, corn, and men. Instead of the howling wilderness, they would have the village or the city, full of comfort and wealth and musical with knowledge and with love. How often are they misunderstood! Some savage hears the ring of the axe, the crash of falling timber, or the rifle's crack and the drop of wolf or bear, and cries out, "A destructive and dangerous man; he has no reverence for the ancient wilderness, but would abolish it and its inhabitants; away with him!" But look again at this destroyer, and in place of the desert woods, lurked in by a few wild beasts and wilder men, behold, a whole New England of civilization has come up! The minister of this Church of the Good Samaritans delivers the poor that cry, and the fatherless, and him that hath none to help him; he makes the widow's heart sing for joy, and the blessing of such as are ready to perish comes on him; he is eyes to the blind, feet to the lame; the cause of evil which he knows not he searches out; breaking the jaws of the wicked to pluck one spirit out of their teeth. In a world of work, he would have no idler in the market-place; in a world of bread, he would not eat his morsel alone while the fatherless has nought; nor would he see any perish for want of clothing. He knows the wise God made man for a good end, and provided adequate means thereto; so he looks for them where they were placed, in the world of matter and of men, not outside

of either. So while he entertains every old Truth, he looks out also into the crowd of new Opinions, hoping to find others of their kin : and the new thought does not lodge in the street ; he opens his doors to the traveller, not forgetful to entertain strangers,—knowing that some have also thereby entertained angels unawares. He does not fear the great multitude, nor does the contempt of a few families make him afraid.

This Church Constructant has a long apostolical succession of great men, and many nations are gathered in its fold. And what a variety of beliefs it has ! But while each man on his private account says, *CREDO*, and believes as he must and shall, and writes or speaks his opinions in what speech he likes best,—they all, with one accordant mouth, say likewise, *FACIAMUS*, and betake them to the one great work of developing man's possibility of knowledge and virtue.

Mr. Beecher belongs to this Church Constructant. He is one of its eminent members, its most popular and effective preacher. No minister in the United States is so well known, none so widely beloved. He is as well known in Ottawa as in Broadway. He has the largest Protestant congregation in America, and an ungathered parish which no man attempts to number. He has church members in Maine, Wisconsin, Georgia, Texas, California, and all the way between. Men look on him as a national institution, a part of the public property. Not a Sunday in the year but representative men from every State in the Union fix their eyes on him, are instructed by his sermons and uplifted by his prayers. He is the most popular of American lecturers. In the celestial sphere of theological journals, his papers are the bright particular star in that constellation called the "Independent": men look up to and bless the useful light, and learn therefrom the signs of the times. He is one of the bulwarks of freedom in Kansas,—a detached fort. He was a great force in the last Presidential campaign, and sev-

eral stump-speakers were specially detailed to overtake and offset him. But the one man surrounded the many. Scarcely is there a Northern minister so bitterly hated at the South. The slave-traders, the border-russians, the purchased officials know no Higher Law; "nor Hale nor Devil can make them afraid"; yet they fear the terrible whip of Henry Ward Beecher.

The time has not come—may it long be far distant!—to analyze his talents and count up his merits and defects. But there are certain obvious excellences which account for his success and for the honor paid him.

Mr. Beecher has great strength of instinct,—of spontaneous human feeling. Many men lose this in "getting an education"; they have tanks of rain-water, barrels of well-water; but on their premises is no spring, and it never rains there. A mountain-spring supplies Mr. Beecher with fresh, living water.

He has great love for Nature, and sees the symbolical value of material beauty and its effect on man.

He has great fellow-feeling with the joys and sorrows of men. Hence he is always on the side of the suffering, and especially of the oppressed; all his sermons and lectures indicate this. It endears him to millions, and also draws upon him the hatred and loathing of a few Pharisees, some of them members of his own sect.

Listen to this:—

"Looked at without educated associations, there is no difference between a man in bed and a man in a coffin. And yet such is the power of the heart to redeem the animal life, that there is nothing more exquisitely refined and pure and beautiful than the chamber of the house. The couch! From the day that the bride sanctifies it, to the day when the aged mother is borne from it, it stands clothed with loveliness and dignity. Cursed be the tongue that dares speak evil of the household bed! By its side oscillates the cradle. Not far from it is the crib. In this sacred precinct, the mother's chamber, lies the heart of the family. Here the child learns its prayer. Hither, night by night, angels troop. It is the Holy of Holies."

How well he understands the ministry of grief!

"A Christian man's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colors."

He loves children, and the boy still fresh in his manhood.

"When your own child comes in from the street, and has learned to swear from the bad boys congregated there, it is a very different thing to you from what it was when you heard the profanity of those boys as you passed them. Now it takes hold of you, and makes you feel that you are a stockholder in the public morality. Children make men better citizens. Of what use would an engine be to a ship, if it were lying loose in the hull? It must be fastened to it with bolts and screws, before it can propel the vessel. Now a childless man is just like a loose engine. A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can begin to work for its advancement; and there are no such screws and bolts as children."

He has a most Christ-like contempt for the hypocrite, whom he scourges with heavy evangelical whips,—but the tenderest Christian love for earnest men struggling after nobleness.

Read this:—

"I think the wickedest people on earth are those who use a force of genius to make themselves selfish in the noblest things, keeping themselves aloof from the vulgar and the ignorant and the unknown; rising higher and higher in taste, till they sit, ice upon ice, on the mountain-top of eternal congelation."

"Men are afraid of slight outward acts which will injure them in the eyes of others, while they are heedless of the damnation which throbs in their souls in hatreds and jealousies and revenges."

"Many people use their refinements as a spider uses his web, to catch the weak upon, that they may be mercilessly devoured. Christian men should use refinement on this principle: the more I have, the more I owe to those who are less than I."

He values the substance of man more than his accidents.

"We say a man is 'made.' What do we mean? That he has got the control of his lower instincts, so that they are only fuel to his higher feelings, giving force to his nature? That his affections are like vines, sending out on all sides blossoms and clustering fruits? That his tastes are so cultivated, that all beautiful things speak to him, and bring him their delights? That his understanding is opened, so that he walks through every hall of knowledge, and gathers its treasures? That his moral feelings are so developed and quickened, that he holds sweet commerce with Heaven? Oh, no!—none of these things! He is cold and dead in heart and mind and soul. Only his passions are alive; but—he is worth five hundred thousand dollars!

"And we say a man is 'ruined.' Are his wife and children dead? Oh, no! Have they had a quarrel, and are they separated from him? Oh, no! Has he lost his reputation through crime? No. Is his reason gone? Oh, no! it's as sound as ever. Is he struck through with disease? No. He has lost his property, and he is ruined. The man ruined? When shall we learn that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possessest'?"

Mr. Beecher's God has the gentle and philanthropic qualities of Jesus of Nazareth, with omnipotence added. Religious emotion comes out in his prayers, sermons, and lectures, as the vegetative power of the earth in the manifold plants and flowers of spring.

"The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs, and cries, 'Thou art my sun!' And the little meadow-violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, 'Thou art my sun!' And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, 'Thou art my sun!'

"So God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low, that he may not look up with childlike confidence and say, 'My Father! thou art mine!'"

"When once the filial feeling is breathed into the heart, the soul cannot be terrified by anguish, or justice, or any form of Divine grandeur; for then, to such a one, *all the attributes of God are but so many arms stretched abroad through the universe, to gather and to*

press to his bosom those whom he loves. The greater he is, the gladder are we, so that he be our Father still.

"But, if one consciously turns away from God, or fears him, the nobler and grander the representation be, the more terrible is his conception of the Divine Adversary that frowns upon him. The God whom love beholds rises upon the horizon like mountains which carry summer up their sides to the very top; but that sternly just God whom sinners fear stands cold against the sky, like Mont Blanc; and from his icy sides the soul, quickly sliding, plunges headlong down to unreckoned destruction."

He has hard words for such as get only the form of religion, or but little of its substance.

"There are some Christians whose secular life is an arid, worldly strife, and whose religion is but a turbid sentimentalism. Their life runs along that line where the overflow of the Nile meets the desert. *It is the boundary line between sand and mud.*"

"*That gospel which sanctions ignorance and oppression for three millions of men, what fruit or flower has it to shake down for the healing of the nations? It is cursed in its own roots, and blasted in its own boughs.*"

"Many of our churches defy Protestantism. Grand cathedrals are they, which make us shiver as we enter them. The windows are so constructed as to exclude the light and inspire a religious awe. The walls are of stone, which makes us think of our last home. The ceilings are sombre, and the pews coffin-colored. Then the services are composed to these circumstances, and hushed music goes trembling along the aisles, and men move softly, and would on no account put on their hats before they reach the door; but when they do, they take a long breath, and have such a sense of relief to be in the free air, and comfort themselves with the thought that they've been good Christians!"

"Now this idea of worship is narrow and false. The house of God should be a joyous place for the right use of all our faculties."

"There ought to be such an atmosphere in every Christian church, that a man going there and sitting two hours should take the contagion of heaven, and carry home a fire to kindle the altar whence he came."

"The call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows, *but to be better than yourself.* Religion is relative to the individual."

"My best presentations of the gospel to you are so incomplete! Sometimes, when I

am alone, I have such sweet and rapturous visions of the love of God and the truths of his word, that I think, if I could speak to you then, I should move your hearts. I am like a child, who, walking forth some sunny summer's morning, sees grass and flower all shining with drops of dew. 'Oh,' he cries, 'I'll carry these beautiful things to my mother!' And, eagerly plucking them, the dew drops into his little palm, and all the charm is gone. There is but grass in his hand, and no longer pearls."

"There are many professing Christians who are secretly vexed on account of the charity they have to bestow and the self-denial they have to use. If, instead of the smooth prayers which they *do* pray, they should speak out the things which they really feel, they would say, when they go home at night, 'O Lord, I met a poor curmudgeon of yours to-day, a miserable, unwashed brat, and I gave him sixpence, and I have been sorry for it ever since'; or, 'O Lord, if I had not signed those articles of faith, I might have gone to the theatre this evening. Your religion deprives me of a great deal of enjoyment, but I mean to stick to it. There's no other way of getting into heaven, I suppose.'

"The sooner such men are out of the church, the better."

"The youth-time of churches produces enterprise; their age, indolence; but even this might be borne, did not *these dead men sit in the door of their sepulchres, crying out against every living man who refuses to wear the livery of death.* In India, when the husband dies, they burn his widow with him. I am almost tempted to think, that, if, with the end of every pastorate, the church itself were disbanded and destroyed, to be gathered again by the succeeding teacher, we should thus secure an immortality of youth."

"A religious life is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river, which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity."

"God made the world to relieve an over-full creative thought,—as musicians sing, as we talk, as artists sketch, when full of suggestions. What profusion is there in his work! When trees blossom, there is not a single breastpin, but a whole bosom full of gems; and of leaves they have so many suits, that they can throw them away to the winds all summer long. What unnumbered cathedrals has he reared in the forest shades, vast and grand, full of curious carvings, and haunted evermore by tremulous music! and in the heavens above, how do stars seem to have

flown out of his hand, faster than sparks out of a mighty forge!"

"Oh, let the soul alone! Let it go to God as best it may! It is entangled enough. It is hard enough for it to rise above the distractions which environ it. Let a man teach the rain how to fall, the clouds how to shape themselves and move their airy rounds, the seasons how to cherish and garner the universal abundance; but let him not teach a soul to pray, on whom the Holy Ghost doth brood!"

He recognizes the difference between religion and theology.

"How sad is that field from which battle hath just departed! By as much as the valley was exquisite in its loveliness, is it now sublimely sad in its desolation. Such to me is the Bible, when a fighting theologian has gone through it.

"How wretched a spectacle is a garden into which the cloven-footed beasts have entered! That which yesterday was fragrant, and shone all over with crowded beauty, is to-day rooted, despoiled, trampled, and utterly devoured, and all over the ground you shall find but the rejected cuds of flowers and leaves, and forms that have been champed for their juices and then rejected. Such to me is the Bible, when the pragmatic prophecy-monger and the swinish utilitarian have toothed its fruits and craunched its blossoms.

"O garden of the Lord! whose seeds dropped down from heaven, and to whom angels bear watering dews night by night! O flowers and plants of righteousness! O sweet and holy fruits! We walk among you, and gaze, with loving eyes, and rest under your odorous shadows; nor will we, with sacrilegious hand, tear you, that we may search the secret of your roots, nor spoil you, that we may know how such wondrous grace and goodness are evolved within you!"

"What a pin is, when the diamond has dropped from its setting, is the Bible, when its emotive truths have been taken away. What a babe's clothes are, when the babe has slipped out of them into death and the mother's arms clasp only raiment, would be the Bible, if the Babe of Bethlehem, and the truths of deep-heartedness that clothed his life, should slip out of it."

"There is no food for soul or body which God has not symbolized. He is light for the eye, sound for the ear, bread for food, wine for weariness, peace for trouble. Every faculty of the soul, if it would but open its door, might see Christ standing over against it, and silently asking by his smile, 'Shall I come in

unto thee?' But men open the door and look down, not up, and thus see him not. So it is that men sigh on, not knowing what the soul wants, but only that it needs something. Our yearnings are homesickness for heaven; our sighings are for God; just as children that cry themselves asleep away from home, and sob in their slumber, know not that they sob for their parents. The soul's inarticulate moanings are the affections yearning for the Infinite, but having no one to tell them what it is that ails them."

"I feel sensitive about theologies. Theology is good in its place; but when it puts its hoof upon a living, palpitating, human heart, my heart cries out against it."

"There are men marching along in the company of Christians on earth, who, when they knock at the gate of heaven, will hear God answer, 'I never knew you.' —'But the ministers did, and the church-books did.' —'That may be. I never did.'

"It is no matter who knows a man on earth, if God does not know him."

"The heart-knowledge, through God's teaching, is true wealth, and they are often poorest who deem themselves most rich. I, in the pulpit, preach with proud forms to many a humble widow and stricken man who might well teach me. The student, spectacled and gray with wisdom, and stuffed with lumbered lore, may be childish and ignorant beside some old singing saint who brings the wood into his study, and who, with the lens of his own experience, brings down the orbs of truth, and beholds through his faith and his humility things of which the white-haired scholar never dreamed."

He has eminent integrity, is faithful to his own soul, and to every delegated trust. No words are needed here as proof. His life is daily argument. The public will understand this; men whose taste he offends, and whose theology he shocks, or to whose philosophy he is repugnant, have confidence in the integrity of the man. He means what he says,—is solid all through.

"From the beginning, I educated myself to speak along the line and in the current of my moral convictions; and though, in later days, it has carried me through places where there were some batterings and bruising, yet I have been supremely grateful that I was led to adopt this course. I would rather speak the truth to ten men than blandishments and lying to a million. Try it, ye who think there

is nothing in it! try what it is to speak with God behind you,—to speak so as to be only the arrow in the bow which the Almighty draws."

With what affectionate tenderness does this great, faithful soul pour out his love to his own church! He invites men to the communion-service.

"Christian brethren, in heaven you are known by the name of Christ. On earth, for convenience's sake, you are known by the name of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Congregationalists, and the like. Let me speak the language of heaven, and call you simply Christians. Whoever of you has known the name of Christ, and feels Christ's life beating within him, is invited to remain and sit with us at the table of the Lord."

And again, when a hundred were added to his church, he says:—

"My friends, my heart is large to-day. I am like a tree upon which rains have fallen till every leaf is covered with drops of dew; and no wind goes through the boughs but I hear the pattering of some thought of joy and gratitude. I love you all more than ever before. You are crystalline to me; your faces are radiant; and I look through your eyes, as through windows, into heaven. I behold in each of you an imprisoned angel, that is yet to burst forth, and to live and shine in the better sphere."

He has admirable power of making a popular statement of his opinions. He does not analyze a matter to its last elements, put the ultimate facts in a row and find out their causes or their law of action, nor aim at large synthesis of generalization, the highest effort of philosophy, which groups things into a whole;—it is commonly thought both of these processes are out of place in meeting-houses and lecture-halls,—that the people can comprehend neither the one nor the other;—but he gives a popular view of the thing to be discussed, which can be understood on the spot without painful reflection. He speaks for the ear which takes in at once and understands. He never makes attention painful. He illustrates his subject from daily life; the fields, the streets, stars, flowers, music, and babies are his favorite emblems. He remembers that he does not speak to

scholars, to minds disciplined by long habits of thought, but to men with common education, careful and troubled about many things; and they keep his words and ponder them in their hearts. So he has the diffuseness of a wide natural field, which properly spreads out its clover, dandelions, dock, buttercups, grasses, violets, with here and there a delicate Arethusa that seems to have run under this sea of common vegetation and come up in a strange place. He has not the artificial condensation of a garden, where luxuriant Nature assumes the form of Art. His dramatic power makes his sermon also a life in the pulpit; his *auditorium* is also a *theatrum*, for he acts to the eye what he addresses to the ear, and at once wisdom enters at the two gates. The extracts show his power of thought and speech as well as of feeling. Here are specimens of that peculiar humor which appears in all his works.

"Sects and Christians that desire to be known by the undue prominence of some single feature of Christianity are necessarily imperfect just in proportion to the distinctness of their peculiarities. The power of Christian truth is in its unity and symmetry, and not in the saliency or brilliancy of any of its special doctrines. If among painters of the human face and form there should spring up a sect of the eyes, and another sect of the nose, a sect of the hand, and a sect of the foot, and all of them should agree but in the one thing of forgetting that there was a living spirit behind the features more important than them all, they would too much resemble the schools and cliques of Christians; for the spirit of Christ is the great essential truth; doctrines are but the features of the face, and ordinances but the hands and feet."

Here are some separate maxims:—

"It is not well for a man to pray cream and live skim-milk."

"The mother's heart is the child's school-room."

"They are not reformers who simply abhor evil. Such men become in the end abhorrent themselves."

"There are many troubles which you can't cure by the Bible and the Hymn-book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air."

"The most dangerous infidelity of the day is the infidelity of rich and orthodox churches."

"The fact that a nation is growing is God's own charter of change."

"There is no class in society who can so ill afford to undermine the conscience of the community, or to set it loose from its moorings in the eternal sphere, as merchants who live upon confidence and credit. Anything which weakens or paralyzes this is taking beams from the foundations of the merchant's own warehouse."

"It would almost seem as if there were a certain drollery of art which leads men who think they are doing one thing to do another and very different one. Thus, men have set up in their painted church-windows the symbolisms of virtues and graces, and the images of saints, and even of Divinity itself. Yet now, what does the window do but mock the separations and proud isolations of Christian men? For there sit the audience, each one taking a separate color; and there are blue Christians and red Christians, there are yellow saints and orange saints, there are purple Christians and green Christians; but how few are simple, pure, white Christians, uniting all the cardinal graces, and proud, not of separate colors, but of the whole manhood of Christ!"

"Every mind is entered, like every house, through its own door."

"Doctrine is nothing but the skin of Truth set up and stuffed."

"Compromise is the word that men use when the Devil gets a victory over God's cause."

"A man in the right, with God on his side, is in the majority, though he be alone; for God is multitudinous above all populations of the earth."

But this was first said by Frederic Douglas, and better: "*One with God is a majority.*"

"A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it; else the hand would cut itself, which sought

to drive it home upon another. The worst lies, therefore, are those whose blade is false, but whose handle is true."

"It is not conviction of truth which does men good; it is moral consciousness of truth."

"A conservative young man has wound up his life before it was unreeled. We expect old men to be conservative; but when a nation's young men are so, its funeral-bell is already rung."

"Night-labor, in time, will destroy the student; for it is marrow from his own bones with which he fills his lamp."

A great-hearted, eloquent, fervent, live man, full of religious emotion, of humanity and love,—no wonder he is dear to the people of America. Long may he bring instruction to the lecture associations of the North! Long may he stand in his pulpit at Brooklyn with his heavenly candle, which goeth not out at all by day, to kindle the devotion and piety of the thousands who cluster around him, and carry thence light and warmth to all the borders of the land!

We should do injustice to our own feelings, did we not, in closing, add a word of hearty thanks and commendation to the Member of Mr. Beecher's Congregation to whom we are indebted for a volume that has given us so much pleasure. The selection covers a wide range of topics, and testifies at once to the good taste and the culture of the editress. Many of the finest passages were conceived and uttered in the rapid inspiration of speaking, and but for her admiring intelligence and care, the eloquence, wit, and wisdom, which are here preserved to us, would have faded into air with the last vibration of the preacher's voice.

MERCEDES.

UNDER a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,
I smoulder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies;
He knows where the red gold lies,
He knows where the diamonds shine;—
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings;—
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground,
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup;
With my hand I crush it up;
I tear its flaming leaves apart;—
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate;
In the hedge I lay in wait;
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fire-flies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,
Then I rose and stole away;
I drove my dagger through the gate;—
Now she knows her lover's fate! .

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.

[THIS particular record is noteworthy principally for containing a paper by my friend, the Professor, with a poem or two annexed or intercalated. I would suggest to young persons that they should pass over it for the present, and read, instead of it, that story about the young man who was in love with the young lady, and in great trouble for something like nine pages, but happily married on the tenth

page or thereabouts, which, I take it for granted, will be contained in the periodical where this is found, unless it differ from all other publications of the kind. Perhaps, if such young people will lay the number aside, and take it up ten years, or a little more, from the present time, they may find something in it for their advantage. They can't possibly understand it all now.]

My friend, the Professor, began talking with me one day in a dreary sort of way. I couldn't get at the difficulty for a good while, but at last it turned out that somebody had been calling him an old man.—He didn't mind his students calling him the old man, he said. That was a technical expression, and he thought that he remembered hearing it applied to himself when he was about twenty-five. It may be considered as a familiar and sometimes endearing appellation. An Irish-woman calls her husband "the old man," and he returns the caressing expression by speaking of her as "the old woman." But now, said he, just suppose a case like one of these. A young stranger is overheard talking of you as a very nice old gentleman. A friendly and genial critic speaks of your green old age as illustrating the truth of some axiom you had uttered with reference to that period of life. What I call an old man is a person with a smooth, shining crown and a fringe of scattered white hairs, seen in the streets on sunshiny days, stooping as he walks, bearing a cane, moving cautiously and slowly; telling old stories, smiling at present follies, living in a narrow world of dry habits; one that remains waking when others have dropped asleep, and keeps a little night-lamp-flame of life burning year after year, if the lamp is not upset, and there is only a careful hand held round it to prevent the puffs of wind from blowing the flame out. That's what I call an old man.

Now, said the Professor, you don't mean to tell me that I have got to that yet? Why, bless you, I am several years short of the time when—[I knew what was coming, and could hardly keep from laughing; twenty years ago he used to quote it as one of those absurd speeches men of genius will make, and now he is going to argue from it]—several years short of the time when Balzac says that men are—most—you know—dangerous to—the hearts of—in short, most to be dreaded by duennas that have charge of susceptible females.—What age is that? said I, statistically.—Fifty-two years, an-

swered the Professor.—Balzac ought to know, said I, if it is true that Goethe said of him that each of his stories must have been dug out of a woman's heart. But fifty-two is a high figure.

Stand in the light of the window, Professor, said I.—The Professor took up the desired position.—You have white hairs, I said.—Had 'em any time these twenty years, said the Professor.—And the crow's-foot,—*pes anserinus*, rather.—The Professor smiled, as I wanted him to, and the folds radiated like the ridges of a half-opened fan, from the outer corner of the eyes to the temples.—And the calipers, said I.—What are the *calipers*? he asked, curiously.—Why, the parenthesis, said I.—*Parenthesis*? said the Professor; what's that?—Why, look in the glass when you are disposed to laugh, and see if your mouth isn't framed in a couple of crescent lines,—so, my boy ().—It's all nonsense, said the Professor; just look at my *biceps*;—and he began pulling off his coat to show me his arm.—Be careful, said I; you can't bear exposure to the air, at your time of life, as you could once.—I will box with you, said the Professor, row with you, walk with you, ride with you, swim with you, or sit at table with you, for fifty dollars a side.—Pluck survives stamina, I answered.

The Professor went off a little out of humor. A few weeks afterwards he came in, looking very good-natured, and brought me a paper, which I have here, and from which I shall read you some portions, if you don't object. He had been thinking the matter over, he said,—had read Cicero "*De Senectute*," and made up his mind to meet old age half way. These were some of his reflections that he had written down; so here you have

THE PROFESSOR'S PAPER.

THERE is no doubt when old age begins. The human body is a furnace which keeps in blast three-score years and ten, more or less. It burns about three hun-

dred pounds of carbon a year, (besides other fuel,) when in fair working order, according to a great chemist's estimate. When the fire slackens, life declines; when it goes out, we are dead.

It has been shown by some noted French experimenters, that the amount of combustion increases up to about the thirtieth year, remains stationary to about forty-five, and then diminishes. This last is the point where old age starts from. The great fact of physical life is the perpetual commerce with the elements, and the fire is the measure of it.

About this time of life, if food is plenty where you live,—for that, you know, regulates matrimony,—you may be expecting to find yourself a grandfather some fine morning; a kind of domestic felicity that gives one a cool shiver of delight to think of, as among the not remotely possible events.

I don't mind much those slipshod lines Dr. Johnson wrote to Thrale, telling her about life's declining from *thirty-five*; the furnace is in full blast for ten years longer, as I have said. The Romans came very near the mark; their age of enlistment reached from seventeen to forty-six years.

What is the use of fighting against the seasons, or the tides, or the movements of the planetary bodies, or this ebb in the wave of life that flows through us? We are old fellows from the moment the fire begins to go out. Let us always behave like gentlemen when we are introduced to new acquaintance.

Incipit Allegoria Senectutis.

Old Age, this is Mr. Professor; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

Old Age.—Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

Professor (drawing back a little).—We can talk more quietly, perhaps, in my study. Will you tell me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he

evidently considers you an entire stranger?

Old Age.—I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years*.

Professor.—Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

Old Age.—I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

Professor.—Where?

Old Age.—There, between your eyebrows,—three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token,—“Old Age, his mark.” Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the inner end of the other eyebrow; now separate the fingers, and you will smooth out my sign-manual; that's the way you used to look before I left my card on you.

Professor.—What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

Old Age.—*Not at home.* Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call; get the same answer; leave another card. So for five or six,—sometimes ten years or more. At last, if they don't let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way some time. Then Old Age said again,—Come, let us walk down the street together,—and offered me a cane, an eyeglass, a tippet, and a pair of over-shoes.—No, much obliged to you, said I. I don't want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way and walked out alone;—got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

Explicit Allegoria Senectutis.

We have settled when old age begins. Like all Nature's processes, it is gentle and gradual in its approaches, strewed with illusions, and all its little griefs soothed by natural sedatives. But the

iron hand is not less irresistible because it wears the velvet glove. The buttonwood throws off its bark in large flakes, which one may find lying at its foot, pushed out, and at last pushed off, by that tranquil movement from beneath, which is too slow to be seen, but too powerful to be arrested. One finds them always, but one rarely sees them fall. So it is our youth drops from us,—scales off, sapless and lifeless, and lays bare the tender and immature fresh growth of old age. Looked at collectively, the changes of old age appear as a series of personal insults and indignities, terminating at last in death, which Sir Thomas Browne has called “the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures.”

My lady's cheek can boast no more
The cranberry white and pink it wore;
And where her shining locks divide,
The parting line is all too wide —

No, no,—this will never do. Talk about men, if you will, but spare the poor women.

We have a brief description of seven stages of life by a remarkably good observer. It is very presumptuous to attempt to add to it, yet I have been struck with the fact that life admits of a natural analysis into no less than fifteen distinct periods. Taking the five primary divisions, infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, each of these has its own three periods of immaturity, complete development, and decline. I recognize an *old* baby at once,—with its “pipe and mug,” (a stick of candy and a porringer,)—so does everybody; and an old child shedding its milk-teeth is only a little prototype of the old man shedding his permanent ones. Fifty or thereabouts is only the childhood, as it were, of old age; the graybeard youngster must be weaned from his late suppers now. So you will see that you have to make fifteen stages at any rate, and that it would not be hard to make twenty-five; five primary, each with five secondary divisions.

The infancy and childhood of commencing old age have the same ingenuous simplicity and delightful unconscious-

ness about them that the first stage of the earlier periods of life shows. The great delusion of mankind is in supposing that to be individual and exceptional which is universal and according to law. A person is always startled when he hears himself seriously called an old man for the first time.

Nature gets us out of youth into manhood, as sailors are hurried on board of vessels,—in a state of intoxication. We are hustled into maturity reeling with our passions and imaginations, and we have drifted far away from port before we awake out of our illusions. But to carry us out of maturity into old age, without our knowing where we are going, she drugs us with strong opiates, and so we stagger along with wide open eyes that see nothing until snow enough has fallen on our heads to rouse our comatose brains out of their stupid trances.

There is one mark of age that strikes me more than any of the physical ones;—I mean the formation of *Habits*. An old man who shrinks into himself falls into ways that become as positive and as much beyond the reach of outside influences as if they were governed by clock-work. The *animal* functions, as the physiologists call them, in distinction from the *organic*, tend, in the process of deterioration to which age and neglect united gradually lead them, to assume the periodical or rhythmical type of movement. Every man's *heart* (this organ belongs, you know, to the organic system) has a regular mode of action; but I know a great many men whose *brains*, and all their voluntary existence flowing from their brains, have a *systole* and *diastole* as regular as that of the heart itself. Habit is the approximation of the animal system to the organic. It is a confession of failure in the highest function of being, which involves a perpetual self-determination, in full view of all existing circumstances. But habit, you see, is an action in present circumstances from past motives. It is substituting a *vis a tergo* for the evolution of living force.

When a man, instead of burning up

three hundred pounds of carbon a year, has got down to two hundred and fifty, it is plain enough he must economize force somewhere. Now habit is a labor-saving invention which enables a man to get along with less fuel,—that is all; for fuel is force, you know, just as much in the page I am writing for you as in the locomotive or the legs that carry it to you. Carbon is the same thing, whether you call it wood, or coal, or bread and cheese. A reverend gentleman demurred to this statement,—as if, because combustion is asserted to be the *sine qua non* of thought, therefore thought is alleged to be a purely chemical process. Facts of chemistry are one thing, I told him, and facts of consciousness another. It can be proved to him, by a very simple analysis of some of his spare elements, that every Sunday, when he does his duty faithfully, he uses up more phosphorus out of his brain and nerves than on ordinary days. But then he had his choice whether to do his duty, or to neglect it, and save his phosphorus and other combustibles.

It follows from all this that *the formation of habits* ought naturally to be, as it is, the special characteristic of age. As for the muscular powers, they pass their maximum long before the time when the true decline of life begins, if we may judge by the experience of the ring. A man is "stale," I think, in their language, soon after thirty,—often, no doubt, much earlier, as gentlemen of the pugilistic profession are exceedingly apt to keep their vital fire burning *with the blower up*.

—So far without Tully. But in the mean time I have been reading the treatise, "De Senectute." It is not long, but a leisurely performance. The old gentleman was sixty-three years of age when he addressed it to his friend T. Pomponius Atticus, Eq., a person of distinction, some two or three years older. We read it when we are schoolboys, forget all about it for thirty years, and then take it up again by a natural instinct,—provided always that we read Latin as we drink water, without stopping to taste it,

as all of us who ever learned it at school or college ought to do. •

Cato is the chief speaker in the dialogue. A good deal of it is what would be called in vulgar phrase "slow." It unpacks and unfolds incidental illustrations which a modern writer would look at the back of, and toss each to its pigeon-hole. I think ancient classics and ancient people are alike in the tendency to this kind of expansion.

An old doctor came to me once (this is literal fact) with some contrivance or other for people with broken kneepans. As the patient would be confined for a good while, he might find it dull work to sit with his hands in his lap. Reading, the ingenious inventor suggested, would be an agreeable mode of passing the time. He mentioned, in his written account of his contrivance, various works that might amuse the weary hour. I remember only three,—*Don Quixote*, *Tom Jones*, and *Watts on the Mind*.

It is not generally understood that Cicero's essay was delivered as a lyceum lecture, (*concio popularis*,) at the Temple of Mercury. The journals (*papyri*) of the day ("Tempora Quotidiana,"—"Tri-bunus Quirinalis,"—"Praeco Romanus," and the rest) gave abstracts of it, one of which I have translated and modernized, as being a substitute for the analysis I intended to make.

IV. Kal. Mart. . . .

The lecture at the Temple of Mercury, last evening, was well attended by the *élite* of our great city. Two hundred thousand sestertia were thought to have been represented in the house. The doors were besieged by a mob of shabby fellows, (*illotum vulgus*,) who were at length quieted after two or three had been somewhat roughly handled (*gladio jugulati*). The speaker was the well-known Mark Tully, Eq.,—the subject, Old Age. Mr. T. has a lean and scraggy person, with a very unpleasant excrescence upon his nasal feature, from which his nickname of *chick-pea* (Cicero) is said by some to be derived. As a lecturer is

public property, we may remark, that his outer garment (*toga*) was of cheap stuff and somewhat worn, and that his general style and appearance of dress and manner (*habitus, vestitusque*) were somewhat provincial.

The lecture consisted of an imaginary dialogue between Cato and Lælius. We found the first portion rather heavy, and retired a few moments for refreshment (*pocula quædam vini*).—All want to reach old age, says Cato, and grumble when they get it; therefore they are donkeys.—The lecturer will allow us to say that he is the donkey; we know we shall grumble at old age, but we want to live through youth and manhood, *in spite* of the troubles we shall groan over.—There was considerable prosing as to what old age can do and can't.—True, but not new. Certainly, old folks can't jump,—break the necks of their thigh-bones, (*femorum cervices*), if they do, can't crack nuts with their teeth; can't climb a greased pole (*malum inunctum scandere non possunt*); but they can tell old stories and give you good advice; if they know what you have made up your mind to do when you ask them.—All this is well enough, but won't set the Tiber on fire (*Tiberim accendere nequam potest*).

There were some clever things enough, (*dicta haud inepta*), a few of which are worth reporting.—Old people are accused of being forgetful; but they never forget where they have put their money.—Nobody is so old he doesn't think he can live a year.—The lecturer quoted an ancient maxim,—Grow old early, if you would be old long,—but disputed it.—Authority, he thought, was the chief privilege of age.—It is not great to have money, but fine to govern those that have it.—Old age begins at *forty-six* years, according to the common opinion.—It is not every kind of old age or of wine that grows sour with time.—Some excellent remarks were made on immortality, but mainly borrowed from and credited to Plato.—Several pleasing anecdotes were told.—Old Milo, champion of the heavy

weights in his day, looked at his arms and whimpered, "They are dead." Not so dead as you, you old fool,—says Cato; —you never were good for anything but for your shoulders and flanks.—Pisistratus asked Solon what made him dare to be so obstinate. Old age, said Solon.

The lecture was on the whole acceptable, and a credit to our culture and civilization.—The reporter goes on to state that there will be no lecture next week, on account of the expected combat between the bear and the barbarian. Betting (*sponsio*) two to one (*duo ad unum*) on the bear.

—After all, the most encouraging things I find in the treatise, "De Senectute," are the stories of men who have found new occupations when growing old, or kept up their common pursuits in the extreme period of life. Cato learned Greek when he was old, and speaks of wishing to learn the fiddle, or some such instrument, (*fidibus*,) after the example of Socrates. Solon learned something new, every day, in his old age, as he gloried to proclaim. Cyrus pointed out with pride and pleasure the trees he had planted with his own hand. [I remember a pillar on the Duke of Northumberland's estate at Alnwick, with an inscription in similar words, if not the same. That, like other country pleasures, never wears out. None is too rich, none too poor, none too young, none too old to enjoy it.] There is a New England story I have heard more to the point, however, than any of Cicero's. A young farmer was urged to set out some apple-trees.—No, said he, they are too long growing, and I don't want to plant for other people. The young farmer's father was spoken to about it; but he, with better reason, alleged that apple-trees were slow and life was fleeting. At last some one mentioned it to the old grandfather of the young farmer. He had nothing else to do,—so he stuck in some trees. He lived long enough to drink barrels of cider made from the apples that grew on those trees.

As for myself, after visiting a friend

lately,—[Do remember all the time that this is the Professor's paper,]—I satisfied myself that I had better concede the fact that—my contemporaries are not so young as they have been,—and that,—awkward as it is,—science and history agree in telling me that I can claim the immunities and must own the humiliations of the early stage of senility. Ah! but we have all gone down the hill together. The dandies of my time have split their waistbands and taken to high-low shoes. The beauties of my recollections—where are they? They have run the gantlet of the years as well as I. First the years pelted them with red roses till their cheeks were all on fire. By and by they began throwing white roses, and that morning flush passed away. At last one of the years threw a snow-ball, and after that no year let the poor girls pass without throwing snow-balls. And then came rougher missiles,—ice and stones; and from time to time an arrow whistled, and down went one of the poor girls. So there are but few left; and we don't call those few *girls*, but ——

Ah, me! here am I groaning just as the old Greek sighed *Ai, ai!* and the old Roman, *Eheu!* I have no doubt we should die of shame and grief at the indignities offered us by age, if it were not that we see so many others as badly or worse off than ourselves. We always compare ourselves with our contemporaries.

[I was interrupted in my reading just here. Before I began at the next breakfast, I read them these verses;—I hope you will like them, and get a useful lesson from them.]

THE LAST BLOSSOM.

Though young no more, we still would dream
Of beauty's dear deluding wiles;
The leagues of life to graybeards seem
Shorter than boyhood's lingering miles.

Who knows a woman's wild caprice?
It played with Goethe's silvered hair,
And many a Holy Father's "niece"
Has softly smoothed the papal chair.

When sixty bids us sigh in vain
To melt the heart of sweet sixteen,
We think upon those ladies twain
Who loved so well the tough old Dean.

We see the Patriarch's wintry face,
The maid of Egypt's dusky glow,
And dream that Youth and Age embrace,
As April violets fill with snow.

Tranced in her Lord's Olympian smile
His lotus-loving Memphian lies,—
The musky daughter of the Nile
With plaited hair and almond eyes.

Might we but share one wild caress
Ere life's autumnal blossoms fall,
And Earth's brown, clinging lips impress
The long cold kiss that waits us all!

My bosom heaves, remembering yet
The morning of that blissful day
When Rose, the flower of spring, I met,
And gave my raptured soul away.

Flung from her eyes of purest blue,
A lasso, with its leaping chain
Light as a loop of larkspurs, flew
O'er sense and spirit, heart and brain.

Thou com'st to cheer my waning age,
Sweet vision, waited for so long!
Dove that wouldst seek the poet's cage,
Lured by the magic breath of song!

She blushes! Ah, reluctant maid,
Love's *drapeau rouge* the truth has told!
O'er girlhood's yielding barricade
Floats the great Leveller's crimson fold!

Come to my arms!—love heeds not years;
No frost the bud of passion knows.—
Ha! what is this my frenzy hears?
A voice behind me uttered,—Rose!

Sweet was her smile,—but not for me;
Alas, when woman looks *too* kind,
Just turn your foolish head and see,—
Some youth is walking close behind!

As to giving up because the almanac or the Family-Bible says that it is about time to do it, I have no intention of doing any such thing. I grant you that I burn less carbon than some years ago. I see people of my standing really good for nothing, decrepit, effete, *la lèvre inférieure déjà pendante*, with what little life they have left mainly concentrated in their epigastrium. But as the disease of old age is epidemic, endemic, and spo-

radic, and everybody that lives long enough is sure to catch it, I am going to say, for the encouragement of such as need it, how I treat the malady in my own case.

First. As I feel, that, when I have anything to do, there is less time for it than when I was younger, I find that I give my attention more thoroughly, and use my time more economically than ever before; so that I can learn anything twice as easily as in my earlier days. I am not, therefore, afraid to attack a new study. I took up a difficult language a very few years ago with good success, and think of mathematics and metaphysics by-and-by.

Secondly. I have opened my eyes to a good many neglected privileges and pleasures within my reach, and requiring only a little courage to enjoy them. You may well suppose it pleased me to find that old Cato was thinking of learning to play the fiddle, when I had deliberately taken it up in my old age, and satisfied myself that I could get much comfort, if not much music, out of it.

Thirdly. I have found that some of those active exercises, which are commonly thought to belong to young folks only, may be enjoyed at a much later period.

A young friend has lately written an admirable article in one of the journals, entitled, "Saints and their Bodies." Approving of his general doctrines, and grateful for his records of personal experience, I cannot refuse to add my own experimental confirmation of his eulogy of one particular form of active exercise and amusement, namely, *boating*. For the past nine years, I have rowed about, during a good part of the summer, on fresh or salt water. My present fleet on the river Charles consists of three row-boats. 1. A small flat-bottomed skiff of the shape of a flat-iron, kept mainly to lend to boys. 2. A fancy "dory" for two pairs of sculls, in which I sometimes go out with my young folks. 3. My own particular water-sulky, a "skeleton" or "shell" race-boat, twenty-two feet long,

with huge outriggers, which boat I pull with ten-foot sculls,—alone, of course, as it holds but one, and tips him out, if he doesn't mind what he is about. In this I glide around the Back Bay, down the stream, up the Charles to Cambridge and Watertown, up the Mystic, round the wharves, in the wake of steamboats, which have a swell after them delightful to rock upon; I linger under the bridges,—those "caterpillar bridges," as my brother Professor so happily called them; rub against the black sides of old wood-schooners; cool down under the overhanging stern of some tall Indian-man; stretch across to the Navy-Yard, where the sentinel warns me off from the Ohio,—just as if I should hurt her by lying in her shadow; then strike out into the harbor, where the water gets clear and the air smells of the ocean,—till all at once I remember, that, if a west wind blows up of a sudden, I shall drift along past the islands, out of sight of the dear old State-house,—plate, tumbler, knife and fork all waiting at home, but no chair drawn up at the table,—all the dear people waiting, waiting, waiting, while the boat is sliding, sliding, sliding into the great desert, where there is no tree and no fountain. As I don't want my wreck to be washed up on one of the beaches in company with devils'-aprons, bladder-weeds, dead horse-shoes, and bleached crab-shells, I turn about and flap my long, narrow wings for home. When the tide is running out swiftly, I have a splendid fight to get through the bridges, but always make it a rule to beat,—though I have been jammed up into pretty tight places at times, and was caught once between a vessel swinging round and the pier, until our bones (the boat's, that is) cracked as if we had been in the jaws of Behemoth. Then back to my moorings at the foot of the Common, off with the rowing-dress, dash under the green translucent wave, return to the garb of civilization, walk through my Garden, take a look at my elms on the Common, and, reaching my habitat, in consideration of my advanced period of

life, indulge in the Elysian abandonment of a huge recumbent chair.

When I have established a pair of well-pronounced feathering-calluses on my thumbs, when I am in training so that I can do my fifteen miles at a stretch without coming to grief in any way, when I can perform my mile in eight minutes or a little less, then I feel as if I had old Time's head in chancery, and could give it to him at my leisure.

I do not deny the attraction of walking. I have bored this ancient city through and through in my daily travels, until I know it as an old inhabitant of a Cheshire knows his cheese. Why, it was I who, in the course of these rambles, discovered that remarkable avenue called *Myrtle Street*, stretching in one long line from east of the Reservoir to a precipitous and rudely paved cliff which looks down on the grim abode of Science, and beyond it to the far hills; a promenade so delicious in its repose, so cheerfully varied with glimpses down the northern slope into busy Cambridge Street with its iron river of the horse-railroad, and wheeled barges gliding back and forward over it,—so delightfully closing at its western extremity in sunny courts and passages where I know peace, and beauty, and virtue, and serene old age must be perpetual tenants,—so alluring to all who desire to take their daily stroll, in the words of Dr. Watts,—

“Alike unknowing and unknown,”—

that nothing but a sense of duty would have prompted me to reveal the secret of its existence. I concede, therefore, that walking is an immeasurably fine invention, of which old age ought constantly to avail itself.

Saddle-leather is in some respects even preferable to sole-leather. The principal objection to it is of a financial character. But you may be sure that Bacon and Sydenham did not recommend it for nothing. One's *hepar*, or, in vulgar language, liver,—a ponderous organ, weighing some three or four pounds,—goes up and down like the dasher of a churn in the midst of

the other vital arrangements, at every step of a trotting horse. The brains also are shaken up like coppers in a money-box. Riding is good, for those that are born with a silver-mounted bridle in their hand, and can ride as much and as often as they like, without thinking all the time they hear that steady grinding sound as the horse's jaws triturate with calm lateral movement the bank-bills and promises to pay upon which it is notorious that the profligate animal in question feeds day and night.

Instead, however, of considering these kinds of exercise in this empirical way, I will devote a brief space to an examination of them in a more scientific form.

The pleasure of exercise is due first to a purely physical impression, and secondly to a sense of power in action. The first source of pleasure varies of course with our condition and the state of the surrounding circumstances; the second with the amount and kind of power, and the extent and kind of action. In all forms of active exercise there are three powers simultaneously in action,—the will, the muscles, and the intellect. Each of these predominates in different kinds of exercise. In walking, the will and muscles are so accustomed to work together and perform their task with so little expenditure of force, that the intellect is left comparatively free. The mental pleasure in walking, as such, is in the sense of power over all our moving machinery. But in riding, I have the additional pleasure of governing another will, and my muscles extend to the tips of the animal's ears and to his four hoofs, instead of stopping at my hands and feet. Now in this extension of my volition and my physical frame into another animal, my tyrannical instincts and my desire for heroic strength are at once gratified. When the horse ceases to have a will of his own and his muscles require no special attention on your part, then you may live on horseback as Wesley did, and write sermons or take naps, as you like. But you will observe, that, in riding on horseback, you always have a feeling, that, after all, it

is not you that do the work, but the animal, and this prevents the satisfaction from being complete.

Now let us look at the conditions of rowing. I won't suppose you to be disgracing yourself in one of those miserable tubs, tugging in which is to rowing the true boat what riding a cow is to be-striding an Arab. You know the Esquimaux *kayak*, (if that is the name of it,) don't you? Look at that model of one over my door. Sharp, rather?—On the contrary, it is a lubber to the one you and I must have; a Dutch fish-wife to Psyche, contrasted with what I will tell you about.—Our boat, then, is something of the shape of a pickerel, as you look down upon his back, he lying in the sunshine just where the sharp edge of the water cuts in among the lily-pads. It is a kind of a giant *pod*, as one may say,—tight everywhere, except in a little place in the middle, where you sit. Its length is from seven to ten yards, and as it is only from sixteen to thirty inches wide in its widest part, you understand why you want those "outriggers," or projecting iron frames with the rowlocks in which the oars play. My rowlocks are five feet apart; double or more than double the greatest width of the boat.

Here you are, then, afloat with a body a rod and a half long, with arms, or wings, as you may choose to call them, stretching more than twenty feet from tip to tip; every volition of yours extending as perfectly into them as if your spinal cord ran down the centre strip of your boat, and the nerves of your arms tingled as far as the broad blades of your oars,—oars of spruce, balanced, leathered, and ringed under your own special direction. This, in sober earnest, is the nearest approach to flying that man has ever made or perhaps ever will make. As the hawk sails without flapping his pinions, so you drift with the tide when you will, in the most luxurious form of locomotion indulged to an embodied spirit. But if your blood wants rousing, turn round that stake in the river, which you see a mile from here; and when you come in

in sixteen minutes, (if you do, for we are old boys, and not champion scullers, you remember,) then say if you begin to feel a little warmed up or not! You can row easily and gently all day, and you can row yourself blind and black in the face in ten minutes, just as you like. It has been long agreed that there is no way in which a man can accomplish so much labor with his muscles as in rowing. It is in the boat, then, that man finds the largest extension of his volitional and muscular existence; and yet he may tax both of them so slightly, in that most delicious of exercises, that he shall mentally write his sermon, or his poem, or recall the remarks he has made in company and put them in form for the public, as well as in his easy-chair.

I dare not publicly name the rare joys, the infinite delights, that intoxicate me on some sweet June morning, when the river and bay are smooth as a sheet of beryl-green silk, and I run along ripping it up with my knife-edged shell of a boat, the rent closing after me like those wounds of angels which Milton tells of, but the seam still shining for many a long rood behind me. To lie still over the Flats, where the waters are shallow, and see the crabs crawling and the sculpins gliding busily and silently beneath the boat,—to rustle in through the long harsh grass that leads up some tranquil creek,—to take shelter from the sunbeams under one of the thousand-footed bridges, and look down its interminable colonnades, crusted with green and oozy growths, studded with minute barnacles, and belted with rings of dark muscles, while overhead streams and thunders that other river whose every wave is a human soul flowing to eternity as the river below flows to the ocean,—lying there moored unseen, in loneliness so profound that the columns of Tadmor in the Desert could not seem more remote from life,—the cool breeze on one's forehead, the stream whispering against the half-sunken pillars,—why should I tell of these things, that I should live to see my beloved haunts invaded and the waves blackened

with boats as with a swarm of water-beetles? What a city of idiots we must be not to have covered this glorious bay with gondolas and wherries, as we have just learned to cover the ice in winter with skaters!

I am satisfied that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage. Of the females that are the mates of these males I do not here speak. I preached my sermon from the lay-pulpit on this matter a good while ago. Of course, if you heard it, you know my belief is that the total climatic influences here are getting up a number of new patterns of humanity, some of which are not an improvement on the old model. Clipper-built, sharp in the bows, long in the spars, slender to look at, and fast to go, the ship, which is the great organ of our national life of relation, is but a reproduction of the typical form which the elements impress upon its builder. All this we cannot help; but we can make the best of these influences, such as they are. We have a few good boatmen,—no good horsemen that I hear of,—nothing remarkable, I believe, in cricketing,—and as for any great athletic feat performed by a gentleman in these latitudes, society would drop a man who should run round the Common in five minutes. Some of our amateur fencers, single-stick players, and boxers, we have no reason to be ashamed of. Boxing is rough play, but not too rough for a hearty young fellow. Anything is better than this white-blooded degeneration to which we all tend.

I dropped into a gentlemen's sparring exhibition only last evening. It did my heart good to see that there were a few young and youngish youths left who could take care of their own heads in case of emergency. It is a fine sight, that of a gentleman resolving himself into the primitive constituents of his humanity. Here is a delicate young man now, with an intellectual countenance, a slight figure, a

sub-pallid complexion, a most unassuming deportment, a mild adolescent in fact, that any Hiram or Jonathan from between the ploughtails would of course expect to handle with perfect ease. Oh, he is taking off his gold-bowed spectacles! Ah, he is divesting himself of his cravat! Why, he is stripping off his coat! Well, here he is, sure enough, in a tight silk shirt, and with two things that look like batter puddings in the place of his fists. Now see that other fellow with another pair of batter puddings,—the big one with the broad shoulders; he will certainly knock the little man's head off, if he strikes him. Feinting, dodging, stopping, hitting, countering,—little man's head not off yet. You might as well try to jump upon your own shadow as to hit the little man's intellectual features. He needn't have taken off the gold-bowed spectacles at all. Quick, cautious, shifty, nimble, cool, he catches all the fierce lunges or gets out of their reach, till his turn comes, and then, whack goes one of the batter puddings against the big one's ribs, and bang goes the other into the big one's face, and, staggering, shuffling, slipping, tripping, collapsing, sprawling, down goes the big one in a miscellaneous bundle.—If my young friend, whose excellent article I have referred to, could only introduce the manly art of self-defence among the clergy, I am satisfied that we should have better sermons and an infinitely less quarrelsome church-militant. A bout with the gloves would let off the ill-nature, and cure the indigestion, which, united, have embroiled their subject in a bitter controversy. We should then often hear that a point of difference between an infallible and a heretic, instead of being vehemently discussed in a series of newspaper articles, had been settled by a friendly contest in several rounds, at the close of which the parties shook hands and appeared cordially reconciled.

But boxing you and I are too old for, I am afraid. I was for a moment tempted, by the contagion of muscular electricity last evening, to try the gloves

with the Benicia Boy, who looked in as a friend to the noble art; but remembering that he had twice my weight and half my age, besides the advantage of his training, I sat still and said nothing.

There is one other delicate point I wish to speak of with reference to old age. I refer to the use of dioptric media which correct the diminished refracting power of the humors of the eye,—in other words, spectacles. I don't use them. All I ask is a large, fair type, a strong daylight or gas-light, and one yard of focal distance, and my eyes are as good as ever. But if *your* eyes fail, I can tell you something encouraging. There is now living in New York State an old gentleman who, perceiving his sight to fail, immediately took to exercising it on the finest print, and in this way fairly bullied Nature out of her foolish habit of taking liberties at five-and-forty, or thereabout. And now this old gentleman performs the most extraordinary feats with his pen, showing that his eyes must be a pair of microscopes. I should be afraid to say to you how much he writes in the compass of a half-dime,—whether the Psalms or the Gospels, or the Psalms *and* the Gospels, I won't be positive.

But now let me tell you this. If the time comes when you must lay down the fiddle and the bow, because your fingers are too stiff, and drop the ten-foot sculls, because your arms are too weak; and, after dallying awhile with eye-glasses, come at last to the undisguised reality of spectacles,—if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low that where its flames reverberated there is only the sombre stain of regret, and where its coals glowed, only the white ashes that cover the embers of memory,—don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long. As our friend, the Poet, once said, in some of those old-fashioned heroics of his which he keeps for his private reading,—

Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.

For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children with their
play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his
heart,—
Turn to the record where his years are told,—
Count his gray hairs,—they cannot make him
old!

End of the Professor's paper.

[The above essay was not read at one time, but in several instalments, and accompanied by various comments from different persons at the table. The company were in the main attentive, with the exception of a little somnolence on the part of the old gentleman opposite at times, and a few sly, malicious questions about the "old boys" on the part of that forward young fellow who has figured occasionally, not always to his advantage, in these reports.

On Sunday mornings, in obedience to a feeling I am not ashamed of, I have always tried to give a more appropriate character to our conversation. I have never read them my sermon yet, and I don't know that I shall, as some of them might take my convictions as a personal indignity to themselves. But having read our company so much of the Professor's talk about age and other subjects connected with physical life, I took the next Sunday morning to repeat to them the following poem of his, which I have had by me some time. He calls it—I suppose, for his professional friends—THE ANATOMIST'S HYMN; but I shall name it—]

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then kindling each decaying part
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms
And mould it into heavenly forms!

LITERARY NOTICES.

Library of Old Authors.—Works of John Marston. London : John Russell Smith. 1856-7.

MR. HALLIWELL, at the close of his Preface to the Works of Marston, (Vol. I. p. xxii.,) says, "The dramas now collected together are reprinted absolutely from the early editions, which were placed in the hands of our printers, who thus had the advantage of following them without the intervention of a transcriber. They are given as nearly as possible in their original state, the only modernizations attempted consisting in the alternations of the letters *i* and *j*, and *u* and *v*, the retention of which" (does Mr. Halliwell mean the letters or the "alternations"?) "would have answered no useful purpose, while it would have unnecessarily perplexed the modern reader."

This is not very clear; but as Mr. Halliwell is a member of several learned foreign societies, and especially of the Royal Irish

Academy, perhaps it would be unfair to demand that he should write clear English. As one of Mr. Smith's editors, it was to be expected that he should not write it idiomatically. Some malign constellation (Taurus, perhaps, whose infaust aspect may be supposed to preside over the makers of bulls and blunders) seems to have been in conjunction with heavy Saturn when the Library was projected. At the top of the same page from which we have made our quotation, Mr. Halliwell speaks of "conveying a favorable impression on modern readers." It was surely to no such phrase as this that Ensign Pistol alluded when he said, "*Convey the wise it call.*"

A literal reprint of an old author may be of value in two ways: the orthography may in certain cases indicate the ancient pronunciation, or it may put us on a scent which shall lead us to the burrow of a word among the roots of language. But in order to this, it surely is not needful

to undertake the reproduction of all the original errors of the press; and even were it so, the proofs of carelessness in the editorial department are so glaring, that we are left in doubt, after all, if we may congratulate ourselves on possessing all these sacred blunders of the Elizabethan typesetters in their integrity and without any debasement of modern alloy. If it be gratifying to know that there lived stupid men before our contemporary Agamemnons in that kind, yet we demand absolute accuracy in the report of the *phenomena* in order to arrive at anything like safe statistics. For instance, we find (Vol. I. p. 89) "ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIMUS," and (Vol. III. p. 174) "*exit ambo*," and we are interested to know that in a London printing-house, two centuries and a half ago, there was a philanthropist who wished to simplify the study of the Latin language by reducing all the nouns to one gender and all the verbs to one number. Had his emancipated theories of grammar prevailed, how much easier would that part of boys which cherubs want have found the school-room benches! How would birchen bark, as an educational tonic, have fallen in repute! How white would have been the (now black-and-blue) memories of Dr. Busby and so many other educational *lictors*, who, with their bundles of rods, heralded not alone the consuls, but all other Roman antiquities to us! We dare not, however, indulge in the grateful vision, since there are circumstances which lead us to infer that Mr. Halliwell himself (member though he be of so many learned societies) has those vague notions of the speech of ancient Rome which are apt to prevail in regions which count not the *betula* in their *Flora*. On page xv. of his Preface, he makes Drummond say that Ben Jonson "was dilated" (*detated*,—Gifford gives it in English, *accued*) "to the king by Sir James Murray,"—Ben, whose corpulent person stood in so little need of that malicious increment!

What is Mr. Halliwell's conception of editorial duty? As we read along, and the once fair complexion of the margin grew more and more pimply with pencil-marks, like that of a bad proof-sheet, we began to think that he was acting on the principle of every man his own washer-woman,—that he was making blunders of

set purpose, (as teachers of languages do in their exercises,) in order that we might correct them for ourselves, and so fit us in time to be editors also, and members of various learned societies, even as Mr. Halliwell himself is. We fancied, that, magnanimously waving aside the laurel with which a grateful posterity crowned General Wade, he wished us "to see these roads *before* they were made," and develope our intellectual muscles in getting over them. But no; Mr. Halliwell has appended notes to his edition, and among them are some which correct misprints, and therefore seem to imply that he considers that service as belonging properly to the editorial function. We are obliged, then, to give up our theory that his intention was to make every reader an editor, and to suppose that he wished rather to show how disgracefully a book might be edited and yet receive the commendation of professional critics who read with the ends of their fingers. If this were his intention, Marston himself never published so biting a satire.

Let us look at a few of the intricate passages, to help us through which Mr. Halliwell lends us the light of his editorial lantern. In the Induction to "What you Will" occurs the striking and unusual phrase, "Now out up-pont," and Mr. Halliwell favors us with the following note: "Page 221, line 10. *Up-pont*.—That is, upon't." Again in the same play we find—

"Let twattling fame cheatd others rest,
I um no dish for rumors feast."

Of course, it should read,—

"Let twattling [twaddling] Fame cheate oth-
ers' rest,
I am no dish for Rumor's feast."

Mr. Halliwell comes to our assistance thus: "Page 244, line 21, [22 it should be.] *I um*,—a printer's error for *I am*." *Dignus vindice nodus!* Five lines above, we have "whole" for "wh'll," and four lines below, "helmeth" for "whelmeth"; but Mr. Halliwell vouchsafes no note. In the "Fawn" we read, "Wise neads use few words," and the editor says in a note, "a misprint for *heads*!" Kind Mr. Halliwell!

Having given a few examples of our "Editor's" corrections, we proceed to

quote a passage or two which, it is to be presumed, he thought perfectly clear.

"A man can scarce put on a tuckt-up cap,
A button'd frizado sute, scarce eate good
meate,
Anchores, caviare, but hee's satyred
And term'd phantasticall. By the muddy
spawne
Of slymies newghtes, when troth, phantas-
ticknesse—
That which the naturall sophysters tearme
Phantusia incomplexa—is a function
Even of the bright immortal part of man.
It is the common passe, the sacred dore,
Unto the prive chamber of the soule;
That bar'd, nought passeth past the baser
court.
Of outward scence by it th' inamorate
Most lively thinkes he sees the absent beau-
ties
Of his lov'd mistres."—Vol. I. p. 241.

In this case, also, the true readings are clear enough :—

" And termed fantastical by the muddy spawn
Of slimy newts ";

and

——— " past the baser court
Of outward sense " ;—

but, if anything was to be explained, why are we here deserted by our *fida compagna* ?

Again, (Vol. II. pp. 55–56,) we read, "This Granuffo is a rright wise good lord, a man of excellent discourse, and never speakes his signes to me, and men of profound. reach instruct abundantly ; hee begges suites with signes, gives thanks with signes," etc.

This Granuffo is qualified among the "Interlocutors" as "a silent lord," and what fun there is in the character (which, it must be confessed, is rather of a lenient kind) consists in his genius for saying nothing. It is plain enough that the passage should read, " a man of excellent discourse, and never speaks; his signs to me and men of profound reach instruct abundantly," etc.

In both the passages we have quoted, it is not difficult for the reader to set the text right. But if not difficult for the reader, it should certainly not have been so for the editor, who should have done what Broome was said to have done for Pope in his Homer,— " gone before and swept the way."

An edition of an English author ought to be intelligible to English readers, and, if the editor do not make it so, he wrongs the old poet, for two centuries lapt in lead, to whose works he undertakes to play the gentleman-usher. A play written in our own tongue should not be as tough to us as *Æschylus* to a ten-years' graduate, nor do we wish to be reduced to the level of a chimpanzee, and forced to gnaw our way through a thick shell of misprints and misspellings only to find (as is generally the case with Marston) a rancid kernel of meaning after all. But even Marston sometimes deviates into poetry, as a man who wrote in that age could hardly help doing, and one of the few instances of it is in a speech of *Erichho*, in the first scene of the fourth act of "Sophonisba," (Vol. I. p. 197,) which Mr. Halliwell presents to us in this shape :—

———"hardby the reverent (!) ruines
Of a once glorious temple rear'd to Jove
Whose very rubbish yet beares
. A deathlesse majesty, though now quite rac'd,
[razed,]
Hurl'd down by wrath and lust of impious
kings,
So that where holy Flamins [Flamens] wont
to sing
Sweet hymnes to Heaven, there the daw and
crow,
The ill-voyc'd raven, and still chattering pye,
Send out ungratefull sounds and loathsome
filth;
Where statues and Joves acts were vively
limbs,
. Where tombs and beautious urnes of well dead
men
Stood in assured rest," etc.

The verse and a half in Italics are worthy of Chapman; but why did not Mr. Halliwell, who explains *up-pont* and *I um*, change "Joves acts were vively limbs" to "Jove's acts were lively limned," which was unquestionably what Marston wrote ?

In the "Scourge of Villanie," (Vol. III. p. 252,) there is a passage which has a modern application in America, though happily archaic in England, which Mr. Halliwell suffers to stand thus :—

"Once Albion lived in such a cruel age
Than man did hold by servile vilenage:
Poore brats were slaves of bondmen that
were borne,

And marted, sold: but that rude law is
torne
And disannuld, as too too inhumane."

This should read—

"*Man* man did hold in servile villanage;
Poor brats were slaves (of bondmen that
were born)";

and we hope that some American poet will one day be able to write in the past tense similar verses of the barbarity of his forefathers.

We will give one more scrap of Mr. Halliwell's text :—

"Yfaith, why then, caprichious mirth,
Skip, light moriscoes, in our frolick blond,
Flagg'd veines, sweete, plump with fresh-
infused joyes!"

which Marston, doubtless, wrote thus :—

"I'faith, why then, capricious Mirth,
Skip light moriscoes in our frolic blood!
Flagged veins, swell plump with fresh-infused
joys!"

We have quoted only a few examples from among the scores that we had marked, and against such a style of "editing" we invoke the shade of Marston himself. In the Preface to the Second Edition of the "Fawn," he says, "Reader, know I have perused this copy, *to make some satisfaction for the first faulty impression; yet so urgent hath been my business that some errors have stilled passed, which thy discretion may amend.*"

Literally, to be sure, Mr. Halliwell has availed himself of the permission of the poet, in leaving all emendation to the reader; but certainly he has been false to the spirit of it in his self-assumed office of editor. The notes to explain *up-pont* and *I um* give us a kind of standard of the highest intelligence which Mr. Halliwell dares to take for granted in the ordinary reader. Supposing this *nousometer* of his to be a centigrade, in what hitherto unconceived depths of cold obstruction can he find his zero-point of entire idiocy? The expansive force of average wits cannot be reckoned upon, as we see, to drive them up as far as the temperate degree of misprints in one syllable, and those, too, in their native tongue. *A fortiori*, then, Mr. Halliwell is bound to lend us the aid of his great learning wherever his author has introduced foreign words and the old printers have made *pie* of them. In a single case he has accepted his responsibility as dragon-

man, and the amount of his success is not such as to give us any poignant regret that he has everywhere else left us to our own devices. On p. 119, Vol. II., *Francischina*, a Dutchwoman, exclaims, "O, mine aderliver love." Here is Mr. Halliwell's note. "Aderliver.—This is the speaker's error for *alder-liever*, the best beloved by all." Certainly not "the speaker's error," for Marston was no such fool as intentionally to make a Dutchwoman blunder in her own language. But is it an error for *alder-liever*? No, but for *alderliefster*. Mr. Halliwell might have found it in many an old Dutch song. For example, No. 96 of Hoffmann von Fallersleben's "*Niederländische Volkslieder*" begins thus :—

"Mijn hert altijt heeft verlanghen
Naer u, die *alderliefste* mijn."

But does the word mean "best beloved by all"? No such thing, of course; but "best-beloved of all,"—that is, by the speaker.

In "Antonio and Mellida" (Vol. I. pp. 50-51) occur some Italian verses, and here we hoped to fare better; for Mr. Halliwell (as we learn from the title-page of his Dictionary) is a member of the "*Reale Accademia di Firenze*." This is the *Accademia della Crusca*, founded for the conservation of the Italian language in its purity, and it is rather a fatal symptom that Mr. Halliwell should indulge in the heresy of spelling *Accademia* with only one *c*. But let us see what our Della Cruscan's notions of conserving are. Here is a specimen :—

"Bassiammi, coglier l' anra odorata
Che in sua neggia in quello dolce labra.
Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore."

It is clear enough that the first and third verses ought to read,

"Lasciami coglier,—Dammi l' impero,"

though we confess that we could make nothing of *in sua neggia* till an Italian friend suggested *ha sua seggia*. But a Della Cruscan academician might at least have corrected by his dictionary the spelling of *labra*.

We think that we have sustained our indictment of Mr. Halliwell's text with ample proof. The title of the book should have been, "The Works of John Marston, containing all the Misprints of the Original

Copies, together with a few added for the First Time in this Edition, the whole carefully let alone by James Orchard Halliwell, F. R. S., F. S. A." It occurs to us that Mr. Halliwell may be also a Fellow of the Geological Society, and may have caught from its members the enthusiasm which leads him to attach so extraordinary a value to every goose-track of the Elizabethan formation. It is bad enough to be, as Marston was, one of those middling poets whom neither gods nor men nor columns (Horace had never seen a newspaper) tolerate; but, really, even they do not deserve the frightful retribution of being reprinted by a Halliwell.

We have said that we could not feel even the dubious satisfaction of knowing that the blunders of the old copies had been faithfully followed in the reprinting. We see reason for doubting whether Mr. Halliwell ever read the proof-sheets. In his own notes we have found several mistakes. For instance, he refers to p. 159 when he means p. 153; he cites "I, but her life," instead of "lip"; and he makes Spenser speak of "old Pithonus." Marston is not an author of enough importance to make it desirable that we should be put in possession of all the corrupted readings of his text, were such a thing possible even with the most minute painstaking, and Mr. Halliwell's edition loses its only claim to value the moment a doubt is cast upon the accuracy of its inaccuracies. It is a matter of special import to us (whose means of access to originals are exceedingly limited) that the English editors of our old authors should be faithful and trustworthy, and we have singled out Mr. Halliwell's Marston for particular animadversion only because we think it on the whole the worst edition we ever saw of any author.

Having exposed the condition in which our editor has left the text, we proceed to test his competency in another respect, by examining some of the emendations and explanations of doubtful passages which he proposes. These are very few; but had they been even fewer, they had been too many.

Among the *dramatis personae* of the "Fawn," as we said before, occurs "Granuffo, a silent lord." He speaks only once during the play, and that in the last scene. In Act I., Scene 2, Gonzago says, speaking to Granuffo,—

"Now, sure, thou art a man
Of a most learned *scilence*, and one whose
words
Have bin most pretious to me."

This seems quite plain, but Mr. Halliwell annotates thus:—" *Scilence*.—Query, *science*? The common reading, *silence*, may, however, be what is intended." That the spelling should have troubled Mr. Halliwell is remarkable; for elsewhere we find "god-boy" for "good-bye," "seace" for "cease," "bodies" for "boddice," "police" for "policy," "pititying" for "pitying," "scence" for "sense," "Misenzius" for "Mezentius," "Ferazes" for "Ferrarese,"—and plenty beside, equally odd. That he should have doubted the meaning is no less strange; for on page 41 of the same play we read, "My Lord Granuffo, you may likewise stay, for I know *you'l say nothing*,"—on pp. 55–56, "This Granuffo is a right wise good lord, a man of excellent discourse and never speaks,"—and on p. 94, we find the following dialogue:—

"Gon. My Lord Granuffo, this Fawne is an excellent fellow.

"Don. Silence.

"Gon. I warrant you for my lord here."

In the same play (p. 44) are these lines:—

"I apt for love?
Let lazy idlenes, fild full of wine
Heated with meates, high fedde with lustfull
ease
Goe dote on culler [color]. As for me, why,
death a sence,
I court the ladie?"

This is Mr. Halliwell's note:—" *Death a sence*.—'Earth a sense,' ed. 1633. Mr. Dilke suggests:—'For me, why, earth's as sensible.' The original is not necessarily corrupt. It may mean,—why, you might as well think Death was a sense, one of the senses. See a like phrase at p. 77." What help we should get by thinking Death one of the senses, it would demand another Oedipus to unriddle. Mr. Halliwell can astonish us no longer, but we are surprised at Mr. Dilke, the very competent editor of the "Old English Plays," 1815. From him we might have hoped for better things. "Death o' sense!" is an exclamation. Throughout these volumes we find *a* for *o'*,—as, "a clock" for "o'clock," "a the side" for "o' the side."

A similar exclamation is to be found in three other places in the same play, where the sense is obvious. Mr. Halliwell refers to one of them on p. 77,—“Death a man! is she delivered?” The others are,—“Death a justice! are we in Normandy?” (p. 98); and “Death a discretion! if I should prove a foole now,” or, as given by Mr. Halliwell, “Death, a discretion!” Now let us apply Mr. Halliwell’s explanation. “Death a man!” you might as well think Death was a man, that is, one of the men!—or a discretion, that is, one of the dispositions!—or a justice, that is, one of the quorum! We trust Mr. Halliwell may never have the editing of Bob Acres’s imprecations. “Odd’s triggers!” he would say, “that is, as odd as, or as strange as, triggers.”

Vol. III., p. 77, “the vote-killing mandrake.” Mr. Halliwell’s note is, “*vote-killing*.—‘Voice-killing,’ ed. 1613. It may well be doubted whether either be the correct reading.” He then gives a familiar citation from Browne’s “Vulgar Errors.” “Vote-killing” may be a mere misprint for “note-killing,” but “voice-killing” is certainly the better reading. Either, however, makes sense. Although Sir Thomas Browne does not allude to the deadly property of the mandrake’s shriek, yet Mr. Halliwell, who has edited Shakspeare, might have remembered the

“Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake’s
groan,”
(2d Part Henry VI., Act III. Scene 2.)

and the notes thereon in the *variorum* edition. In Jacob Grimm’s “Deutsche Mythologie,” (Vol. II. p. 1154,) under the word *Alraun*, may be found a full account of the superstitions concerning the mandrake. “When it is dug up, it groans and shrieks so dreadfully that the digger will surely die. One must, therefore, before sunrise on a Friday, having first stopped one’s ears with wax or cotton-wool, take with him an entirely black dog without a white hair on him, make the sign of the cross three times over the *alraun*, and dig about it till the root holds only by thin fibres. Then tie these by a string to the tail of the dog, show him a piece of bread, and run away as fast as possible. The dog runs eagerly after the bread, pulls up the root, and falls stricken dead by its groan of pain.”

These, we believe, are the only instances in which Mr. Halliwell has ventured to give any opinion upon the text, except as to a palpable misprint, here and there. Two of these we have already cited. There is one other,—“p. 46, line 10. *Inconstant*.—An error for *inconstant*.” Wherever there is a real difficulty, he leaves us in the lurch. For example, in “What you Will,” he prints without comment,—

“Ha! he mount Chirall on the wings of fame!” (Vol. I. p. 239.)

which should be “mount cheval,” as it is given in Mr. Dilke’s edition (Old English Plays, Vol. II. p. 222). We cite this, not as the worst, but the shortest, example at hand.

Some of Mr. Halliwell’s notes are useful and interesting,—as that on “keeling the pot,” and some others,—but a great part are utterly useless. He thinks it necessary, for instance, to explain that “*to speak pure fool*,” is in sense equivalent to ‘I will speak like a pure fool,’”—that “belkt up” means “belched up,”—“aprecocks,” “apricots.” He has notes also upon “meal-mouthed,” “luxuriousnesse,” “termagant,” “fico,” “estro,” “a nest of goblets,” which indicate either that the “general reader” is a less intelligent person in England than in America, or that Mr. Halliwell’s standard of scholarship is very low. We ourselves, from our limited reading, can supply him with a reference which will explain the allusion to the “Scotch barnacle” much better than his citations from Sir John Maundeville and Giraldus Cambrensis,—namely, note 8, on page 179 of a Treatise on Worms, by Dr. Ramesey, court physician to Charles II.

Next month we shall examine Mr. Hazlitt’s edition of Webster.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 16mo.

THIS beautiful edition of Scott’s Novels will be completed in forty-eight volumes. Thirty are already published, and the remaining eighteen will be issued at the rate of two volumes a month. As this edition, in the union of elegance of mechanical execution with cheapness of price, is the best which has yet been published in the United States, and reflects great credit on

the taste and enterprise of the publishers, its merits should be universally known. The paper is white, the type new and clear, the illustrations excellent, the volumes of convenient size, the notes placed at the foot of the page, and the text enriched with the author's latest corrections. It is called the "Household Edition"; and we certainly think it would be a greater adornment, and should be considered a more indispensable necessity, than numerous articles of expensive furniture, which, in too many households, take the place of such books.

The success of this edition, which has been as great as that of most new novels, is but another illustration of the permanence of Scott's hold on the general imagination, resulting from the instinctive sagacity with which he perceived and met its wants. The generation of readers for which he wrote has mostly passed away; new fashions in fiction have risen, had their day, and disappeared; he has been subjected to much acute and profound criticism of a disparaging kind; and at present he has formidable rivals in a number of novelists, both eminent and popular;—yet his fame has quietly and steadily widened with time, the "reading public" of our day is as much his public as the reading public of his own, and there has been no period since he commenced writing when there were not more persons familiar with his novels than with those of any other author. Some novelists are more highly estimated by certain classes of minds, but no other comprehends in his popularity so many classes, and few bear so well that hardest of tests, re-perusal. Many novels stimulate us more, and while we are reading them we think they are superior to Scott's; but we miss, in the general impression they leave on the mind, that peculiar charm which, in Scott, calls us back, after a few years, to his pages, to revive the recollection of scenes and characters which may be fading away from our memories. We doubt, also, if any other novelist has, in a like degree, the power of instantaneously withdrawing so wide a variety of readers from the perplexities and discomforts of actual existence, and making them for the time denizens of a new world. He has stimulating elements enough, and he exhibits masterly art in the wise economy with

which he uses them; but he still stimulates only to invigorate; and when he enlivens jaded minds, it is rather by infusing fresh life than by applying fierce excitements, and there is consequently no reaction of weariness and disgust. He appeases, satisfies, and enchanteth, rather than stings and inflameth. The interest he rouses is not of that absorbing nature which exhausts from its very intensity, but is of that genial kind which continuously holds the pleased attention while the story is in progress, and remains in the mind as a delightful memory after the story is finished. It may also be said of his characters, that, if some other novelists have exhibited a finer and firmer power in delineating higher or rarer types of humanity, Scott is still unapproached in this, that he has succeeded in domesticating his creations in the general heart and brain, and thus obtained the endorsement of human nature as evidence of their genuineness. His characters are the friends and acquaintances of everybody,—quoted, referred to, gossipped about, discussed, criticized, as though they were actual beings. He, as an individual, is almost lost sight of in the imaginary world his genius has peopled; and most of his readers have a more vivid sense of the reality of Dominic Sampson, Jeanie Deans, or any other of his characterizations, than they have of himself. And the reason is obvious. They know Dominic Sampson through Scott; they know Scott only through Lockhart. Still, it is certain that the nature of Scott, that essential nature which no biography can give, underlies, animates, disposes, and permeates all the natures he has delineated. It is this, which, in the last analysis, is found to be the source of his universal popularity, and which, without analysis, is felt as a continual charm by all his readers, whether they live in palaces or cottages. His is a nature which is welcomed everywhere, because it is at home everywhere. The mere power and variety of his imagination cannot account for his influence; for the same power and variety might have been directed by a discontented and misanthropic spirit, or have obeyed the impulses of selfish and sensual passions, and thus conveyed a bitter or impure view of human nature and human life. It is, then, the man in the imagination, the cheerful, healthy, vigorous, sym-

pathetic, good-natured, and broad-natured Walter Scott himself, who, modestly hidden, as he seems to be, behind the characters and scenes he represents, really streams through them the peculiar quality of life which makes their abiding charm. He has been accepted by humanity, because he is so heartily humane,—humane, not merely as regards man in the abstract, but as regards man in the concrete.

We have spoken of the number of his readers, and of his capacity to interest all classes of people; but we suppose, that, in our day, when everybody knows how to read without always knowing what to read, even Scott has failed to reach a multitude of persons abundantly capable of receiving pleasure from his writings, but who, in their ignorance of him, are content to devour such frightful trash in the shape of novels as they accidentally light upon in a leisure hour. One advantage of such an edition of his works as that which has occasioned these remarks is, that it tends to awaken attention anew to his merits, to spread his fame among the generation of readers now growing up, and to place him in the public view fairly abreast of unworthy but clamorous claimants for public regard, as inferior to him in the power to impart pleasure as they are inferior to him in literary excellence. That portion of the public who read bad novels cannot be reached by criticism; but if they could only be reached by Scott, they would quickly discover and resent the swindle of which they have so long been the victims.

A Dictionary of Medical Science, etc. By ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M. D., LL. D. Revised and very greatly enlarged.

It does not fall within our province to enter into a minute examination of a professional work like the one before us. As a Medical Dictionary is a book, however, which every general reader will find convenient at times, and as we have long employed this particular dictionary with great satisfaction, we do not hesitate to devote a few sentences to its notice.

We remember when it was first published in 1833, meagre, as compared with its present affluence of information. A few years later a second edition was honorably noticed in the "British and Foreign

Medical Review." At that time it was only half the size of Hooper's well-known Medical Dictionary, but by its steady growth in successive editions it has reached that obesity which is tolerable in books we consult, but hardly in such as we read. The labor expended in preparing the work must have been immense, and, unlike most of our stereotyped medical literature, it has increased by true interstitial growth, instead of by mere accretion, or of remaining essentially stationary—with the exception of the title-page.

We can confidently recommend this work as a most ample and convenient book of reference upon Anatomy, Physiology, Climate, and other subjects likely to be occasionally interesting to the general reader, as well as upon all practical matters connected with the art of healing.

In the present state of education and intelligence, he must be a dull person who does not frequently find a question arising on some point connected with this range of studies. The student will find in this dictionary an enormous collection of synomyms in various languages, brief accounts of almost everything medical ever heard of, and full notices of many of the more important subjects treated,—such as Climate, Diet, Falsification of Drugs, Feigned Diseases, Muscles, Poisons, and many others.

Here and there we notice blemishes, as must be expected in so huge a collection of knowledge. Thus, *Bronchlemnitis* is not *Polypus bronchialis*, but *Croup*.—The accent of *laryngeal* and *pharyngeal* is incorrectly placed on the third syllable. In this wilderness of words we look in vain for the New York provincialism "Sprue." The work has a right to some scores, perhaps hundreds, of such errors, without forfeiting its character. If the Elzevirs could not print the "Corpus Juris Civilis" without a false heading to a chapter, we may excuse a dictionary-maker and his printer for an occasional slip. But it is a most useful book, and scholars will find it immensely convenient.

Scenes of Clerical Life. By GEORGE ELIOT. Originally published in "Blackwood's Magazine." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858.

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